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HARPER'S WEEKLY

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

Stanford University
JAN 4

AUTOMOBILE NUMBER

January 2 1909 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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THE NEXT SECRETARY OF STATE

SENATOR PHILANDER C. KNOX HAS BEEN DESIGNATED BY PRESIDENT-ELECT TAFT TO SUCCEED MR. ROOT AS SECRETARY OF STATE, AND HAS ANNOUNCED HIS WILLINGNESS TO SERVE

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Comment

The Interdependent League

No doubt about it! The ABBOTT-HEARST-ROOSEVELT Interdependent League is going to be a very strong combination. The component parts seemed so diverse and have been so discordant on certain regrettable occasions, that we doubted at first whether even mutual interest would be sufficiently potent to make a perfect blend. But hope is rapidly resolving into certainty. The first requisite of such an alliance is the rendering of prompt and effective aid by the others whenever any one of the parties may feel the need of—shall we say—moral support. The affinity has stood the first tests admirably. As we noted parenthetically last week, Brother HEARST did not lose a second when Brother PULITZER recklessly resented Future-Brother ROOSEVELT'S gentle rebuke. He fairly leaped into the arena, and not only clawed at Brother PULITZER personally, but denounced with the vehemence of a proselyte what have been termed modern methods in American journalism. The difficulty of making his new theory gibe with his past practice did not deter him in the least. Brushing away as cobwebs all minor considerations and soaring high in the ethereal blue over all apparent inconsistencies, he dropped bomb after bomb into the camp of the enemy, to the intense delight and gratification of his noble ally. This was fine.

Militant Brother Abbott

Meanwhile, Brother ABBOTT repelled the attack by Congress on the left, and we cannot recall a finer exhibition of strategy. The situation was perilous, and the cry for help was as desperate and discriminative as that of the colored preacher who, at the time of the Charleston earthquake, beseeched the Almighty to come Himself, on the ground that that was no work for boys. So this was no place for MABIE. It was a veteran's job, if there ever was one. You see, ordinarily the *Outlook* would not approve of a President denouncing Congress as a band of criminals, unless very positive evidence accompanied the accusation, any more than it would applaud a like attack—which, by the way, it had better begin to brace for—upon the Supreme Court. After all, Congress represents the people directly, and the reflection that it is composed of men conscious that their lives will not bear investigation is a disagreeable one. But Brother ABBOTT made good, all right. After indicating a pained surprise that Congressmen should have taken exception to the President's assertion that "the chief argument in favor of the provision was that the Congressmen did not themselves wish to be investigated by Secret Service men," he sternly declared that this sentence had been "grossly perverted" by the newspapers. Already, we perceive, Brother ABBOTT is forming the habit of lusty expression. "Grossly and maliciously" would have been better, but "grossly" will do for a beginner, and "perverted" is fine. But what was the nature of the perversion? Brother ABBOTT defines it clearly. The assertion was "not an expression of the President's opinion of the motives of Congress" at all. What was it, then? Why, says Brother ABBOTT, "it is perfectly clear that he simply states that this argument was, in fact, put forward in Congress"; in other words, that duly accredited Representatives—Senators, too, by the way—solemnly and shamelessly rose in their places and opposed the unrestricted use of the Secret Service by the Executive, on the ground that "they themselves did not wish to be investigated." We wonder how they could have done it without attracting attention. Really, it seems incredible. We could hardly believe such a thing possible but for the fact that Brother ABBOTT says that that is what the President meant to say. Mind you, Brother ABBOTT does not himself vouch for the truth of the statement. He merely interprets the President's words, and hastens to add, "Whether the debates in Congress and other expression of opinion by Congressmen will or will not sustain the statement will doubtless be brought out by the investigation." Here is a plain intimation that Future-Brother ROOSEVELT may have made a misstatement, and we don't like it. Of course the *Congressional Record's* reports of the debates will "sustain the statement." They ought to, anyway, if they don't; so that settles that. On the whole, as we have said, Brother ABBOTT has made good, in bold, manly fashion. Brother HEARST himself could hardly have done better.

Absolution for Brother Hearst

What service, meanwhile, has Future-Brother ROOSEVELT rendered to demonstrate his fidelity to the alliance? That he would do his full part was a certainty; to what extent, in conformity with his predilections, he would overdo it, was a question. Brother HEARST, in any case, can find no cause for complaint, if he will stop to measure the quantity of moral courage required to put him right before the people and so cement the affinity. True, there was little that demanded regard as being personally offensive in President ROOSEVELT'S first message to Congress, in which he pityingly spoke of the assassin of MCKINLEY as one inflamed "by the reckless utterances of those who, on the stump and in the public press, appeal to the dark and evil spirits of malice and greed, envy and sullen hatred." Even his further righteously indignant and ringing declaration that "the deliberate demagogue" and "the exploiter of sensationalism" could not "escape their share of responsibility for the whirlwind that is reaped" from the wind they had sowed, was ostensibly general and easily brushed aside by one who felt himself to be innocent. But later, during the HUGHES-HEARST campaign, when the President became disgusted with what he depicted to his intimates as the attempt of the New York Republicans to "fight a skunk with rosewater" and sent Secretary ROOT to Utica with instructions to repeat the words of his message and to add, "I say, by the President's authority, that in penning these words, with the horror of President MCKINLEY'S murder fresh before him, he had Mr. HEARST specifically in his mind. And I say, by his authority, that what he thought of Mr. HEARST then he thinks of Mr. HEARST now," the commitment became quite specific. Whether what our Future Brother thought of Mr. HEARST in 1901 and continued to think of him in 1906, he "thinks of Mr. HEARST now," is a question still awaiting a definite answer. Probably not. Something must have happened to change his mind. In any case, it was an heroic act on the part of the President to receive Mr. HEARST at the White House and engage with him in friendly discourse for an hour or more, since doing so clearly placed him in the humiliating position of one willing to disavow his previous utterances or to condone the offence. The former construction being, of course, the only one possible, Mr. HEARST is exonerated officially from any suspicion of having had the remotest connection with the assassination of President MCKINLEY, as, in our judgment, since it was proven at the time that the assassin had never read a line in Mr. HEARST'S papers and in fact could not read at all, he should have been long ago. But the lifting of the accusation even at this late day suffices amply to show that, with respect to Brother HEARST, our Future Brother has made not only good, but better or even best.

Backing Up Brother Abbott

Brother LYMAN ABBOTT has received less because his manner of life has been such as to require less. But, following the Scriptural injunction, what he wanted he asked for, and he got it. As is well known, our Future Brother used to be all kinds of a reformer. Detestation of the spoils system and opposition to high tariffs constituted two of the most vital articles in his creed, but his stronghold was woman suffrage. No power could or indeed was ever able to move him from that firm base of all. Brother ABBOTT'S beseeching voice re[illegible] from the wilderness. Brother ABBOTT, be it understood, is opposed to the idea, not violently, of course, but suitably and conscientiously. In fact, barring perhaps Brother RICHARD WATSON GILDER and Mr. RICHARD CROKER, he might be considered the leading exponent of the glorious anti-suffrage cause. Well, the time came for him to strike out boldly and effectively in response to an appeal from some lady friends, who think that other ladies—especially bad ladies—ought not to be permitted to vote, whether they want to or not. Judging from the fact that many of the women who attended the meeting by request went away and joined the suffragists, Brother ABBOTT was a little shy of arguments. We looked for his speech impatiently in this week's *Outlook*, only to be grievously disappointed by an announcement that it was withheld temporarily from publication, presumably for revision. But the newspaper instinct was strong in Brother ABBOTT and he tried for a ten-strike and—well, some thought he made it and some thought he didn't. Anyhow, he utilized his position as a member of the Interdependent League and—what do you think?—he got a letter from the President of the United States. It was a peculiar letter in some ways—one of those, like that recently addressed to Mr. FULLER of Indiana, distinctly and positively *not* for publication or any such vulgar parading, but just for private, genteel consumption. As the *Outlook* politely remarks, "Doctor ABBOTT explained that it was not written to the meeting nor for publication, but was read by him with the President's consent." Incidentally it is published brazenly in the *Outlook*. One odd thing about it is that it isn't addressed to anybody. It is just a bolt shot into the blue. But clever! Never before was there so happy a marriage of consistency and expediency. The President is for the law but ag'in' its enforcement. He stands squarely and immovably upon "an equality of right," but has his doubts concerning "identity of function." Some women he finds "actively for it" and some "actively against it"; therefore, they are "likewise." He, too, is "rapid," because, after all, woman's chief mission is breeding. And so on, sincerely yours, etc. It was no great shakes of a letter, but it was the best our Future Brother could do, without making the impossible admission that he once held a wrong opinion. More could hardly have been asked by Brother ABBOTT, and he presented the document with an air of finality.

A Powerful Coalition

Now it only remains for Brothers HEARST and ABBOTT to make good, each to the other, to definitely weld the Interdependent League. The rumors of pending consolidation of the *Outlook* and *Evening Journal* we unhesitatingly dismiss as unworthy of credence. Actual combination would tend to weaken rather than strengthen the alliance. Each member of the League has his own clientele—Brother ABBOTT his anti-suffragists and the like, Brother HEARST the great army of 82,163 whom he rallied to the support of Honest Tom, and Future-Brother ROOSEVELT all creation. It is, as we have said, a powerful coalition, admirably moulded by a master hand to shape the destinies of the nation and perhaps of the world, to say nothing of the sun, the moon, and the shooting-stars.

Secretary Root on Woman Suffrage

Secretary ROOT did not emulate the example of his chief and shoot into space. He addressed his communication plainly to one of the ladies who are determined to prevent other ladies from voting. He thinks that when "a very large majority" of American women want the suffrage they will get it. But listen!

"For the purpose of exercising the right of suffrage if they should ever get it, and for the purpose of determining intelligently whether they really want it, the women of the country generally ought to have and to seize the opportunity for a greater degree of education in questions of government and in the practical art of government than they have had up to this time."

In other words, he would approve of women manifesting a purely academic interest. Mr. ROOT is a great lawyer. We wonder if he would have lessons one if, when he began his studies, there had been any doubt in his mind of his opportunity to apply his technical knowledge when he should have acquired it. And when he had absorbed the theories, whence did he derive his mastery of practice if not from the school of experience? Nevertheless, while urging women to acquire the "practical art of government," he would not only deprive them of the only con-

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reliable incentive, but also in the process would withhold from them the only real "opportunity," afforded by actual practice, to achieve the very purpose which he lauds as praiseworthy. Our next Senator's definition of a square deal would be fascinating, if not illuminating.

Progress of the Suffrage Movement

Meanwhile, the suffrage movement itself is rapidly acquiring both strength and breadth. The cautious Springfield *Republican* is certain that it will gain more ground in the next ten years than it has in the past twenty. In this city, we may inform the *Republican*, it has gained more in the past year than in the twenty preceding. Nearly every newspaper, nearly every day, bears testimony to this fact. The subject is almost invariably uppermost at every dinner-table. The Interurban League showed the quality of its membership and indicated its size and earnestness at the meeting in Carnegie Hall addressed by Mrs. SNOWDEN—the largest and most enthusiastic ever held in America. Recruits by the score or hundreds are joining the various suffrage associations. The Collegiate League, started last May, has more than three hundred local members and has a chapter in nearly every university and college in the country. For the first time, there is no lack of funds. One distinguished woman has pledged five thousand dollars a year for an indefinite period, another has given ten thousand dollars, and scores of others possessing large means are contributing freely of both money and time. The four hundred thousand wage-working women in Greater New York are thoroughly aroused. The *Times* truly says that the powerful trade-unions "have become training-schools for the woman-suffrage organizations." The Equality League, established only two years ago, has nearly twenty-five thousand active members. "So insistent has become woman's plea for the right to vote," says the *Times*, which is opposed editorially but eminently fair in presentation of news, that it sounded the Federal legislators and published their replies, showing forty-nine per cent. unqualifiedly in favor of suffrage, twenty-three per cent. in favor of limited suffrage or non-committal, and only twenty-eight per cent. opposed, under the lead of the representatives of the highly progressive State of Mississippi. "It is the beginning of a revolution," declares the *World*, and the *World* is right. We ask all throughout the country who have any doubt of the earnestness or magnitude of the movement in this vicinity to keep their eyes on New York during the next few months.

A Yule-tide Sentiment

Peace on earth! Good will to Africa!

A Suggestion to Brother Pulitzer

We respectfully suggest to Brother PULITZER that he take a leaf from a neighbor's book and go to Washington, attend a theatre, send an usher to the White House to say that he would like to slip over between the acts to make a social call, and see what will happen. We cannot positively guarantee a favorable response, but there's a chance. Brother HEARST took it. Why shouldn't Brother PULITZER? Let us have peace and a joyous reunion around the festive board to mark a hearty welcome to our city.

The Kaiser is Commended

At the Methodist preachers' meeting in New York, on December 21, a resolution was introduced which the papers describe as "commending the German Emperor for his published intention henceforth to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and expressing a hope for his active future co-operation in combating the tremendous forces of evil embodied in the liquor traffic, and also assuring him of their high respect and prayers for himself and the great German people." A committee was appointed to place the resolution in the hands of the German ambassador at Washington for transmission to the Emperor. And will the Kaiser rejoice to receive them? Perhaps; but we take it that the Kaiser has made the lately advertised change in his habits for personal and hygienic reasons rather than moral ones or with intention to afford the world an example of teetotal preferences. His general views on drinks are probably still far removed from coincidence with those of the Methodist brethren, and he may be only moderately gladdened by the welcome they give him to the ranks of the embattled dry. For our part, we admit to an impression that the terrors of complete abstention are sufficiently great without adding to them the congratulations of the professional teetotalers. When Mr. TAFT went dry the other day, the president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union issued an announcement of approval which will probably be qualified after the first state dinner that the victim gives in the White House. For though Mr. TAFT will doubtless continue to abstain, he is not the kind of man who is likely to impose abstention on reluctant guests. Any formal deliverance seems to us unfortunate that conveys the impression that any squad of folks has a proprietary interest in temperance, or even in abstinence, and is authorized to applaud in public expressions of patronizing approval whenever a brand is plucked from the alcoholic burning.

Castro

It was in the papers the other day that ANC HUMPH. was having a good time in Europe, and, with plenty of friends to amuse himself with, was leading a very happy and satisfactory life. So it seems to be with President CASTRO. He is a very interesting and remarkable barbarian; a man of great force, courage, and native shrewdness, but very imperfectly civilized. It is a fact that he has got safely to Europe, and it seems to be a fact that he has either sent ahead or carried with him a very large collection of money. Everything else about him is doubtful—the state of his health, his standing in Venezuela, and his future intentions. He seems to be not a well man. Though shrewder than HUMPH, in getting out of his country without any jail experience, he is doubtless not nearly so wise as ANC in the pursuit of pleasure. He seems to have overtaxed his strong body with food and drink, and hurt his health, and his powers of self-restraint are so rudimentary that it may be hard to restore him to sound physical health and keep him well. There are reports that he has made large purchases of firearms. That looks (if true) as if he meant to go back to Caracas. On the other hand, the reports that Acting-President GOMEZ has ousted the CASTRO government and set up a Ministry of his own favors the idea that Europe will be a much healthier place for Venezuela's President than Venezuela. Did he cut stick because he saw a revolution coming? That would have been a reasonable proceeding and in accord with South-American precedent; but who expects reasonable conduct of CASTRO is likely to be disappointed. Nothing that he may do should surprise anybody, not even if he should take a notion to explore Africa.

Professionalism in Scholarship

In the effort to make scholarship more glorious and alluring to Harvard undergraduates, the Harvard authorities hold an annual meeting, at which the academic distinctions are awarded and some eminent person makes an address. Last year Mr. OWEN WISTER was the speaker. This year the meeting was held on December 11, and President HADLEY of Yale gave the discourse. He made a very good speech. He felt of which was in what he said about competitions in scholarship for valuable prizes. Recalling that Lord KELVIN, in Cambridge, England, was beaten for a Senior wranglership by a man who never afterwards did anything worth talking about, he said that if there had been many such cases it would have killed the Cambridge system, since "a scholastic system which makes prize-winners of the large men can stand, but one which makes prize-winners of the small men must perish." Going on to speak of the propensity of graduates or friends of institutions to offer prizes for competitions, he said:

> Up to a certain point this is well. A substantial recognition commensurate with the honor increases the keenness of competition. But when, as sometimes happens, the money recognition is more than commensurate with the honor, it attracts competition of the wrong kind—competition of men who seek the money rather than the honor, and who are never likely in after life to do public service corresponding to the distinction which has been accorded them. We talk about the evils of professionalism in athletics. There is ten times more immediate danger from professionalism in scholastic prize-winning than there is in all the intercollegiate contests with which Harvard and Yale are likely ever to have anything to do. A man becomes a professional when he enters into a competition designed to show what he can do, and uses it to see what he can get. It is this kind of professionalism which, to quote an expressive phrase of your President, has overcrowded our graduate departments; it is this which constitutes the greatest menace to true scholarship in America.

We never saw professionalism better defined than Dr. HADLEY has there defined it, but that its existence among prize-seeking students is a menace to true scholarship will be a new idea to many persons. It is not a particularly pleasant idea, but reflection upon it conduces to persuasion that it is well founded. At Harvard, apparently, high scholarship has tended too much to be confined to youths who must attain it in order to win the stipends that it will bring them. Appreciation of that led to the institution some years ago of a large number of scholarships without incomes and purely honorary, to be awarded to high scholars who did not happen to need financial aid. It makes a various and perplexing situation. In all the great universities there is the same complaint that the distinctions the students value are athletic or social rather than scholastic. Efforts are constantly being made to turn generous ambition and high ability more in the direction of scholarship, and Dr. HADLEY says that one great trouble is too much "professionalism" among the studious students. We suppose there is a certain tincture of professionalism in the efforts of students to win scholarships that have incomes attached, and that it hurts the standing of scholarship; and yet the money that is spent in helping to give willing youths a chance to study is well invested, and the deserving students who need the scholarship incomes which they work for ought to have them, and have them without prejudice. Verily in that situation there is a hard nut to crack. We know the love of money is the root of all evil, but suspect also that the need of money is the root of much evil. The problem is, then, to relieve the need without permitting the pernicious love to influence effort and poison competition.

A Doubtful Foundling

Two priests at Chapelle Aux Saints, in southwest France, lately dug up some bones which have been almost as much advertised since their appearance as the Kaiser or the President. They were found "in a pleistocene formation in the upper layer of tertiary beds," which makes the Learned assign them to the epoch of the mammoth. The chief bone is a skull, described as having practically no forehead and several simian characteristics, but the chin is unlike a monkey's, and the skull, although the walls are very thick, had a greater capacity than a monkey's. The jaw is very long, like the muzzle of an animal, the crown like that of a gorilla; the facial bones are like those of a chimpanzee; the chin retreats, the occipital cavity is monkeylike in form and place, and the skull and other bone fragments are thought to indicate that the creature must have found it hard to stand upright. Dr. PENNIER of the Paris Museum of Natural History, is quoted as declaring these bones to be the earliest known vestiges of man. Professor BOULE, paleontologist in the same museum, thinks they are bones of the missing link. Dr. WILLIAM HAYES finds in them additional proof of the existence of man in the glacial epoch. Perhaps the bones have not had justice done them in the cabled description, but judging from what is said of them, if their owner landed in New York he would be sent, not to the Naturalization Bureau, but to the Zoo. We do not see in him the familiar characteristics of a prospective voter. There are no better judges of what European products are human than our naturalization commissioners, and if Messrs. PENNIER and BOULE wish an expert opinion on those bones, they might do worse than ship them to New York. Dr. KEMP of Columbia seems to regard them cautiously, as evidence of things hoped for rather than as proof of things that were.

Didn't Know Where to Stop

J. C. MARTIN, of Canton, Ohio, who wrote a letter to the President about Mr. TAFT's religion, to which the President replied in his letter of November 6, has written a long reply which some of the newspapers have printed. It is a pity, so far as Mr. MARTIN is concerned, that his letter has been printed. What was vulnerable in the President's letter in reply to his had already been effectively punctured by the Lutheran ministers. MARTIN added nothing of value to what they had said, and he wound up with a rant about the nastiness of a Unitarian to be President, which was a painful and complete exposure of the defects of his mental apparatus, and put him so conclusively and absolutely in the wrong that Mr. ROOSEVELT seems almost right by comparison.

Forty-six Years a Subscriber

Enclosing a draft for two subscriptions to HARPER'S MAGAZINE and one to HARPER'S WEEKLY, HENRY CAPLE, of Oakfield, New York, adds: "This is the forty-sixth year of my subscription to the WEEKLY." Mr. CAPLE is a subscriber worth having. If he will keep on with the WEEKLY four years more, we shall ask the privilege of making him an honorary subscriber with all rights except that of paying subscription bills.

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The Attic Instinct

THE attic instinct hangs on surprisingly, and an observing eye can tell how many years a person has lived in the city by merely glancing under her bed. If there are three hat-boxes one will contain letters, one scraps of ribbons and laces—if it's a man it's newspaper clippings—and one anything from a broken back to old road maps. If besides these there are bundles of magazines and piles of newspapers, not to mention a bicycle seat and a green umbrella that one might use in private theatricals—if all these things have been placed under the bed against the protests of the family, if they are patiently moved every cleaning-day and clung to through a moving, then their owners have the attic instinct to such an extent that there is not the slightest hope of their ever being cured. They will think from an attic point of view for the rest of their lives, and their family might as well become resigned.

When people are willing to make themselves disagreeable over a bit of string, and absolutely objectionable on the subject of stray pieces of brown paper, they should not be accused of having bad dispositions, nor should they be suspected of doing it to annoy one: they are merely suffering from the attic instinct and cannot help themselves. It is hereditary, it proves that they had ancestors. It is a thoroughly respectable quality. Such people will fill every case with useless things they are incapable of throwing away. They are irresistibly attracted to old gas-tips, lost nails, and corners that came off "something." They will, in a hall bedroom, preserve all the "nice bones" that come into their possession. If they are living in a small room with another person, that person can suffer all the discomforts in the calendar, but they will, with their dying gasp, retain three-year-old Easter cards because "now some day some child will like these."

Their characters were formed, and have now hardened, for a scheme of life where certain things were always kept in the cellar, others in the wood-shed, others in the pantry and the cupboard on the first floor, still others in the closets on the next floor, and everything and anything that overflowed from any of these places was just taken up to the attic. And now these poor dear souls live with a cellar, three stories, and an attic still lodged in their minds, and, though they will in time disappear, like all unnecessary members—seventh toe, tails, an appendix—in the mean time they are having trouble with them, they are suffering and fighting for them, and it takes a serious operation to remove as much as one scrap look if the owner thinks he may like to read it over in his old age.

A modern young thing who was conceived and planned for a flat can tear up her own and her grandmother's love-letters without a sigh merely because she hasn't room for them. She eliminates everything from her life except what will go in a small hand-bag and a steamer trunk, and then, gazing at those of the last generation with a cold, orderly eye, she gives them clearly enunciated convincing reasons why it is folly to have "associations" with old pin-cushions and hand-painted satin lunacers. She is a horror to her parents, and stray corners know her to be pitiless.

It is one of the characteristics of the confirmed attirer that she sees no reason why human beings should not be made uncomfortable in the holy cause of preserving "your aunt Sara's wedding-dress and your grandfather's school-books." She takes one of the seven rooms of the apartment for a storeroom—this sends one member of the family to sleep in the sitting-room; she fills all the top shelves of all the closets; she "just slips" a pile of things into your bottom drawer, and when the apartment is bulging every one consents to being blind and inconvenienced in order that "she" may feel she still has an attic. Not that the head of the house for a moment thinks she is inconveniencing any one: she is merely finding places for the necessities, and the oddity and number of her necessities prove the tenacity of the attic instinct. If a quilt that was made by "Hetty Samson—she married a Wilbur, one of George Wilbur's sons, and lived next to the Unitorian church on Main Street"—is ruined by an unhappy chance, the person who had treasured that quilt goes to bed for the day and abandons herself to uncontrolled grief.

Lately in front of two distinct second-hand shops have been seen two different cradles, and the sight was a good deal of a shock. Both cradles were scratched by gently-rocking feet, there were some fine dents made by lustily manipulated rattles, and the coats of varnish were countless, telling of trips made to the attic, the cradles being hauled out and carried down stairs on some one's shoulder, with an evening of renovation following, sweetened by a discussion of possible names. With such histories clinging to them these cradles lay exposed on the pavement, subject to barter and trade, bobnobbing with chromos and mechanical rocking-chairs. The puzzle as to how they got there, the marvelling at the idea of some one selling the contents of her attic, of disturbing the sacred dust, and calling in the profaning second-hand man, blended with the exciting idea that if any one, having just finished a country house, was now about to stock her attic, here was a bargain, the chance of a lifetime, an attic necessity with which to begin.

If people have ever had a background, an enhancing shadow into which they faded (for the most part Americans are outlined with all the glare of a machine-made product), it is easy to understand that they would cling to it and carry about the things that symbolized it, even though they in time degenerated into bothersome, never-opened bundles. To have an attic atop of a house is like a cap on a gray head, and between the home with the attic and the house with the raftered billiard-room there is the same difference as between a courtesy and a curt nod. A place to tiptoe to, knowing your grandmother will call you back if she hears you on the attic stairs; a place where you find a lap organ quite broken and asthmatic, a lap organ that your great-grandfather used to sing his hymns to, and when he had worked himself into a frenzy he would write the sermons, to the rhetorical blue ink, that lie tied with red tape in the horse-hair trunk in the corner. If you do not had a nail-studded chest belonging to a seafaring uncle, then your attic is hardly worthy of the name. All proper families have had seafaring uncles who brought home shells—one still finds broken bits of them in the corner of the trunk—and, as a rule, they have left vigorous attributes of themselves, showing their florid faces and their bright blue coats, with the top button so gallantly left undone, and their high stocks encircling their chins and giving them a magisterial good humor. A red glass case is at home in an attic, particularly if it has the comfort and companionship of a fire-screen. Photographs of indistinct-eyed, cadaverous-cheeked men and serene plump women fall from bundles of letters, and they gaze at you reprovingly as you discover their ages and love affairs.

On the whole, with so dusty, so sentimental, so pleasant a source, one is brought to the conclusion that anything that flows from it must share its characteristics, and the pile of newspapers under the bed, being the lawful descendant of the attic, should be more tenderly borne with. As for the attic instinct itself, though excessively annoying, it must be borne with a while longer, for a disappearing tail, no matter how embarrassing it might be at moments, would inevitably remind one that though one had dangled, one had, after all, dangled most enjoyably and in extremely good company.

Correspondence

THE KILLING OF PROFESSOR DAVIS

CINCINNATI, O., *November 16, 1908*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I notice in your issue of the 31st ult. an article by Dr. C. F. Thwing on "College Disorders, etc." in which he alludes to an unhappy circumstance which occurred at the University of Virginia in 1840. Dr. Thwing says, "The student was disguised. Seeing Professor Davis, he retired a few paces and deliberately shot him." This was assassination pure and simple—a murder in the first degree, without any extenuating circumstances. But Dr. Thwing is mistaken, and has evidently been misinformed. Professor Davis was killed by a student at that time, is buried in the cemetery of the university, his grave being marked by a broken shaft, but not in the manner related by Dr. Thwing. I was there as a student about twenty years afterwards, and college tradition had still preserved the facts of the case. In addition to this, I accidentally met in South Carolina a Colonel J. M. Rutland, who was there at the time, and who knew as much, or perhaps more about the matter, than any one else. It was in 1865, a short time before General Sherman occupied Columbia, South Carolina, that I met this gentleman. One evening, while we were smoking together, after a game of chess, the conversation happened to turn on the University of Virginia. Colonel R. said: "I was there when Professor Davis was killed. Jos Semmes, the man that stabbed Professor Davis, came into my room immediately afterwards, the knife in his hand, and his hand and the knife bloody, and washed them in my wash-bowl, and told me all about it. He said Professor D. attempted to take the mask off his face, and he stabbed him to prevent it." He added, "It was a small pocket-knife, the blade not more than three inches long." I asked him if he was a witness at the trial. He said no, that no one knew that he knew anything about the affair, he was not summoned, and he did not say anything about it; and added, "You or I, under like circumstances, might have acted just as Semmes did."

When I saw Dr. Thwing's account in HARPER'S WEEKLY I remembered at once what Rutland had told me. I wrote to Mr. Howard Winston, the registrar of the university, and enclose his letter, confirming in part what J. M. Rutland told me. As De Quincey says, "Of this, at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the brain. Accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever." As soon as I saw Dr. Thwing's account, although years had elapsed, I remembered at once what Colonel Rutland had told me.

I am, sir,
T. J. TAYLOR.

MR. WINSTON'S LETTER

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA,
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., *November 9, 1908*

Dr. T. J. Taylor, Cochran, Va.

DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of yours of the 6th, and note what you say. In reply to your two questions, I find that J. M. Rutland was at the university 1840–41. He *did* room on the university grounds, but, just where, I am unable to ascertain. The university books for that session show that he paid $23 for one half rent of dormitory and use of public rooms. I presume this means he had a room-mate.

In reply to your second question, I find from the records that Joseph G. Semmes was accused of having assassinated Dr. Davis. When suspicion rested upon him he absconded, but a large body of the students, being in full sympathy with the university authorities, organized themselves as a body and made search for Semmes. He was found concealed in some woods about three miles from the university, and brought before the authorities. He was committed for the murder, and there was a fight over the question of bail, the commonwealth attorney being opposed to this, while Semmes's attorney urged it because of Semmes's precarious health, physicians attesting this. Bail was granted in the sum of $25,000. William A. Kincaid was laid as a principal witness. Bail was required of Kincaid. He returned home, and later applied for entrance to the university as a student, which was granted. Semmes's trial seems to have been set for October, '41, but Semmes seems never to have been apprehended, forfeiting his bail, and no trial seems to have taken place. About a year following, Semmes committed suicide in a hotel in Washington, Georgia. This is about all of the information I can give you based upon our records. Our present librarian, Mr. John S. Patton, in his recent book on Jefferson, Tabell, and the University of Virginia, gives an account of the affair.

Very truly yours,
HOWARD WINSTON, *Registrar.*

AS TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

BOSTON, MASS., *December 22, 1908*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your editorial of November 14, 1908, was extremely interesting, but, as I do not agree with what you say, I would like to write a few lines in reply.

Every one who is at all intelligent and who is not biased knows that in all kinds of business to-day that is carried on in a large way there is a tremendous amount of graft and trying to get around the law, either in a mean way or otherwise by technicalities, the reason being that these powerful and sell-made men think they are stronger than the law. Besides, the great majority of them are of little education and of extremely low standards.

You speak of President Roosevelt almost as if he was an harangueer. "No more vicious attacks on honest judges, no more insolence!" you say. Now, then, what do you mean by that?

I maintain that there are both a lot of bad judges and bad decisions. I think most of the things that the President has done and wants to have accomplished are splendid. There is no doubt among intelligent people that the Federal law should have more power over the different States. As it is to-day, what is right in one State is wrong in another, and the result is perfect bedlam. The President has, I think, done a vast amount of good to the average person. The average American, as is well known, is not only extremely careless, but extremely commonplace. I think that the President has taught them both to think more and to have higher ideals.

I am, *sir*,
RUTGERS SEARS.
Harvard, 1891.

EGGS

OIL CITY, PA., *November 30, 1908*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In the last issue of the paper is a heading "Eggs!" If you wish to answer your questions, why do you not consider the price of chicken food? Take corn alone. Watch its high price be away months past—even when eggs were down. It is right that some time in the range of the months the finished product of the hen should measure up to the cost of producing it.

I am, *sir*,
A. T. CIVILL.

A Farewell

By-by, poor old nineteen-eight!
You've been wiped clean off the slate.
Nineteen nine has come along
With a much more hopeful song.
While you in the past recede
With a record that, indeed,
Strikes the reader like a nail—
Like a gloomy hard-luck tale.

There are people that we know
Who have suffered all the woe
That a man could ever dream,
As you passed along the stream—
Depths of trouble past the probe,
Who if you should speak of Job
Would reply, "His luck was great!
Didn't live in nineteen-eight!"

Yet for all of that, my boy,
Though you haven't brought much joy,
I must say that I can see
Spots quite pleasing unto me.
Once I owned a yellow pup,
Flees had nearly sat him up,
Yet like you, though full of blots,
He was quite a dog—in spots.

You have put old Bryan out,
Sent him hiking up the spout,
And the Solar Plexus you
Gave the Doc ans good and true.
Tally one for you, old chap
One good eighteen-karat slap
Where 'twas needed—thats ten
You have given better men.

Air's been fresh all through the year;
No charge on the atmosphere;
Words and phrases have been cheap;
No one's had to pay for sleep;
And the finest scenery
To all comers has been free.
Glad you've gone—don't feel bereft,—
But you've got some credit left!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE NEW LIGHT

DRAWN BY W. L. JACOBS

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The Varnishing-Day Reception

By Charles Henry White

DRAWINGS BY DAN BAYBE GROESBECK

COMING from the rain-swept street into the warm interior of the gallery, the walls seemed to glow with a golden radiance and smoulder with harmonious color. A confused mass of great hats nodding with plumes bobbed like corks adrift on a sea of people, as women moved slowly back and forth critically eyeing one another and occasionally glancing at the paintings. Those who were peevish enough to complain of not being able to see the exhibits merely revealed a lamentable ignorance of the term "Varnishing-day"—a day set apart by the exhibitors for the purpose of allowing the public to exhibit itself. It did. And the result was well worth the trip to Fifty-seventh Street.

The tall man who has borrowed the "Prince Albert" from the short landscape-painter

From the stairs one overlooked a dense throng that moved luxuriously about, spotted with restless blots of splendid color where the feminine portion sifted lightly through the sombre groups of patriarchal white-bearded men busily engaged in stepping briskly about dodging the brims of picture-hats or pumping the trains of Empire gowns. It was an exhilarating sight. Everybody was there. From the man who sees and paints nature in little bilious specks to the colossal temperament who in ten years has produced nothing but a Vandyke beard, a child, and a certain flabbiness about the face and neck. If you are posted and take the pains to look, you may see elbowing their way through the crowd that passes the predatory paw, with nothing to lose and everything to gain, circling about like birds of prey, with an ever-watchful eye focussed on the possible future patron.

The painter whom adversity drove to Harlem has shaken the moth-balls out of his frock coat and blossomed out to-day with a new lease on life; and the tall man—the optimist—who borrowed the "Prince Albert" from the short landscape-painter of the studio below, to be used as a decoy for future sitters. Sits about in the dark corners like a shadow, for the coat hits him far above the knees. Ye gods! How the thing pinches across the chest and shoulders! In this shell of respectability he is limited to a few primitive movements. If the lady drops her catalogue and he stoops to pick it up he is lost. Pop goes the seam in the back, leaving an opening like a mail bag; and then the dash for the cloistral repose and envelopment of the basement. Now he is radiant and has sold a picture.

"It will be a great year for American art," he exclaims, grasping my hand feverishly, and with no further comment he vanishes. As you look about, you see those young men who wear a wide black ribbon around their necks attached to something in their pockets. This is an inexpensive and harmless device to awaken the layman's interest and occasionally intimidate him.

Even as I watch them a young lady at my right exclaims, "Mother, what *have* those men got on the end of those ribbons?"

"Don't dare to mention such things here. Where *are* your manners, child? I'll tell you when we get home."

We try to follow her, but are brushed aside by a large man who is alternately mopping the perspiration from a receding forehead and conversing with an elderly lady—a tentative patron of the arts. Half hidden beneath the wall of humanity above him, I discover an artist friend—an extremely small, dapper, confident individual with keen ferret-like eyes. He chose one eye gravely as a sign of recognition and I try to extricate myself and pass on. But a slight hectic flush barely noticeable on his cheek, and his strange air of suppressed agitation, tell me that he is in the midst of a profitable campaign.

"Quite so," he replies to a remark I have missed. "You see, I am getting that same quality of color that is peculiar to Puturicchio."

"Oh dear me, yes! Wonderful man he was. Do you hear, dear?" The elderly lady gives her daughter a somewhat virulent prod for her to take up her cue. "Pinturicchio, dear. . . . Did you *hear?*"

"Yes, mother."

"Speaking of Pinturicchio," begins my friend from the gloom below. "I don't know whether you heard of the desperate effort that was made a short time ago to steal the famous frescos in Siena."

"Why, you don't mean to say . . ."

"I *certainly* do," he replies, with emphasis.

The elderly party is now showing genuine interest, as is the stout gentleman. "Do tell us more about it," she urged.

"Oh, well, to make a long story short, arrangements had been made by a powerful syndicate to corrupt the men working on the repair of a section of the dome where the decorations were. Scaffolding was all ready to lower the frescos bodily into a barge waiting in the canal below after they had been cut from the wall, when—ker-plunk! down came a big piece of the stuff one night—woke up the night watchman—all off! All hands pinched."

"Well, I *declare!*"

The stout gentleman is now thoroughly awake and noticing things. I gasp with amazement. I must see my friend in time to warn him of his danger. In the crush I draw him aside for a moment. "Perhaps you don't know my dear fellow, that there is not enough water to float a cherry, let alone a barge, at the place where you have staged your Pinturicchio tableau."

"There *isn't*, eh? Well, that's too bad, but it doesn't matter. They'll never look it up, and, after all, it's our business to make people happy and give the rich something to think about. It pays. Entertain them and you land the job. They remember you. Just keep on talking till tonsilitis grabs you. I'm not worrying. After they tell this lovely business to their friends, and the friends tell it to their circle of acquaintances pretty soon the thing will be confirmed in the Sunday newspapers. If a man wants to land a job in this tight little town he must be a talker and be well informed, or he had better see an undertaker."

When he had joined his party again the Pessimist pulled my sleeve. "Here comes a painter stalking a woman in a Directoire. The fashionable portrait is his game. A combination of teas, receptions, and the walls hung with press' testimonials and alleged armor, and refreshments served by the best caterer—you know the sort of thing. Hurry up. I believe he'll get an introduction. I want you to see him land her."

He drags me after him as the newcomer shakes hands with his prey.

"Madam," he exclaims, fervently, "you are a *perfect* portrait as you stand. What an *exquisite* color your gown is! What a paintable thing! Why, if I had chosen it myself it couldn't have been . . ."

"I am so glad you approve of it," she replies, sweetly, breaking in on his eulogy. "I have just had one painted."

In an instant he has dropped her hand like a dead weight and vanished in the crowd in quest of another victim.

"Nine people may know he is a social parasite and a grafter, but the tenth one falls for his game," says the Man-who-knows, edging up to us.

"That's where you're mistaken," the Pessimist remonstrates. "Nine people fall where one side-steps. It's the portrait-painter's shell-game and it never fails. It has come to stay. What's a decent man to do? Stay in his studio and starve?"

He looks about him with an injured and threatening air. Nobody cares to contradict him and we retapse into a gloomy silence. We wander on, each busy with his thoughts, when the familiar face of a talented and distinguished painter looms up above the crowd.

"You got in, then, after all?" The Pessimist reaches for his hand to congratulate him.

"Fired."

"Too bad. Shameful!"

"Oh, nonsense! The fortunes of war," he answers, gracefully accepting the situation with a light heart. "While the jury invariably accepts the wrong thing and hangs it in the right place, I feel confident that

"Speaking of Pinturicchio," begins my friend from the gloom below

"Madam, you are a perfect portrait as you stand"

this year they are free from corruption, as they are all of a sufficiently low grade of intellect to be *absolutely* virtuous. I'll see you later," and with this he left us to meet a friend who beckoned to him.

The crowd becomes more dense, for a steady stream of people has emptied itself during the last two hours into the gallery, taxing its capacity to the limit. One moves only with the greatest difficulty. Late comers struggle in desperation to catch a fleeting glimpse of the little pink faced nemesis as round and instead with like as a mad hall, as he sits forcing his wretched dog to kiss him in spite of its better nature. Or, again, we find them breathless in vague amazement contemplating one of those typical exhibition pictures in which one sees a group of porcelain like figures moving in Indian file with no purpose across a canvas field that goes nowhere in particular. However, it might be worse, as the catalogue tells us it is "Early Morning," and undoubtedly few people were about to see the dismal spectacle.

"Now, don't hunch it, old man," says an admirer of the painter, who has brought the Pessimist to give his candid opinion of it.

"I don't have to," the latter replies, with a sepulchral laugh, and moves rapidly away.

"Ain't that cute!"

The voice is a clear treble and rises above the hum of voices.

"Don't point, dear."

"I ain't pointing. Say—Queenie said chiaroscuro was great. Is he a Frenchman?"

"No, you fool; he's an Eyetalian. You're going nuccomly, talking kind like that. For all you know, he may be standing right beside me."

On we drift helplessly with the current. Now the Pessimist has been separated from me and is wedged firmly in a corner. By the crowd I see there is something the matter.

"Is there anything over there that I'm missing?" I ask, making a megaphone of my hands.

"Yes," he calls back, "a *wonderful* frame."

If you have the courage to fight your way through the maelstrom of people at this point you may see, above the forest of hats and shoulders, a sweet pure woman occupying some stage property on the side of a hill or mountain. She is a woman of means, expensively dressed, and menaced by a threatening sky hovering above. It is going to be a bleak day or has just been one, but she doesn't care. She is lost in a wistful revery and may cry. If she does not she should. It is obvious to the most casual observer that some man will have to ruin his digestion working after hours to replace the gown after the scenes, and the appeal here is universal. A thrill of innocent pleasure runs like an electric current through the spectators. Near by, the splendid "Portrait of a Man," by Mr. George Bellows—one of the most significant portraits in the entire exhibition—is passed by practically unnoticed. The same late wants his wonderful "View of the Hudson River."

In the mean time the crowd still struggles manfully with the problem in the corner.

"Say, do you know why she's out there in that costume?"

The man who makes this query lives to regret it.

"Don't you know a fancy picture when you see one?"

"But I didn't quite see the reason of her being out there in that dress under those conditions," he persists, weakly and somewhat apologetically.

"If you could see it wouldn't be fancy. Fancy begins where the reason stops. Oh, well, there's no sense of my talking to you. I'm sorry I brought you."

As I watch him trying to efface himself a slight commotion is visible in the crowd, for here comes the Prophet with his little following. He is usually the prosperous business man, turned art critic on the strength of a few paintings of merit in his possession. Fresh from his office down town, well fed, well groomed, devoid of any sense of humor, vain as a demi mondaine, too much of an imbecile ever to make a successful charlatan, he arrives pompously, leading a small group of happy, unsuspecting visitors. He clears his throat to deliver his "message."

"What a *wonderful* temperament!" he sighs, tilting his head and half closing his eyes. A sympathetic shudder runs through his diminutive audience. He proceeds:

"Please note the quality of that gauze."

It is duly noted. There is an embarrassing silence in which each member of the group tries to think of something appropriate to say, and, finding nothing, hangs his head in guilt.

"That's going some," ventures the Philistine, who loathes art and was dragged from his office under protest to the exhibition, but is nevertheless trying his best to be decent.

The Prophet withers him with a glance and moves along to another portrait and continues:

"Now this has some chawming featchas. Can you all see and heah me?"

"Oh, *lovely!* Tom, isn't it *just grand* to see the exhibition with somebody who *knows?*"

Silence on the part of Tom.

"Now, as I was about to say before to you all . . . you will notice heah that the artist painted this when his vibrations were highest, don't cherhauw? . . . Nevah rested up till he finished the thing. Catch the idea? So the result is that this lovely exatchah existe—sair as *thesh*, so to speak . . . a thing of cultchah, and flesh and blood . . . solid, and all that sort of thing . . . it's pe'ffly bully, and beh Jove! she stands on her feet, if you know what I mean."

"But, Jack, where the hell would you have her stand under the circumstances?" whines the Philistine, who has borne all he can and is on the verge of a nervous crisis with the involved conversation and the crowd and the heat.

"Tom! Where *do* you think you are?"

His wife looks nameless things at him through her lorgnon.

"*Scratch* me," he sighs, with a real touch of pathos in his reply.

"Now this has some chawming featchas. Can you all see and heah me?"

The Hygienics of Automobiling

In summing up his observations on the physical effects of automobiling, a French physician, Dr. Le Gendre, decides that it is either beneficial or injurious, according to the physical condition of the rider. The influences to be considered are the motion, the speed, the rush of air which the body of the rider is called upon to resist, the sudden cooling of the body, the forced immobility of the legs while imprisoned in the vehicle under swift movement, and the psychical condition of the rider.

These details—all but the last—have an important effect upon the functions of the skin, certain organs of the senses, the respiratory organs, the circulation of the blood, and the digestive apparatus. The general nutrition is dependent upon all the different influences.

The sudden rush of air causes a spasm of the capillary glands and the small arteries. As soon as the automobile stops the sensation of chill is followed by heat reaction, which may go as far as smarting or tingling. This fact alone would show that the effect of automobiling on the human organism is so radical that it justifies serious consideration of possible ultimate results.

If the rider starts when in perspiration, he must expect the effects of checked perspiration. The rapid movement, with its attendant direct action upon the system of the rider, causes more or less important loss of animal heat. Consequently, the automobilist should wear clothes warm enough to protect him when his temperature is lowered, although it must be said that automobile riding soon habituates the rider to the cold.

In dealing with some cases under observation, Dr. Le Gendre noted that the wind and the dust caused eruptions on the face and hands. To counterbalance this fact, another patient, an arthritic and neurotic subject, was cured of such troubles by undertaking automobile rides. Another, a man who had intermittent nettle rash, was compelled to give up automobiling because he was seized with acute attacks whenever he rode. Generally speaking, people possessed of normal mucous membranes are not affected by the douche of air. In simple emphysema, where there is no bronchial catarrh, moderately fast rides are beneficial in some cases. Some of Dr. Le Gendre's patients who were sufferers from nervous asthma were helped by automobile rides. A man who was subject to extremely violent spasms of asthma was cured by automobiling. But no doctor, whatever his experience, would dare promise a cure in any case, because the influence of the automobile differs in every case.

In the first stages of tuberculosis, when there is no congestive tendency, slow rides may be permitted; but they must be taken behind a high and broad glass screen. In no case, no matter how short a time, can they be taken unless there is a screen to cut off the current of air and to shut out the dust.

In cases of anæmia and chlorosis short rides are beneficial, but the anæmic and the chlorotic must avoid long rides.

Sufferers from heart disease may ride occasionally, but at a slow pace, behind glass screens. The intelligent patient of this class takes the first hint of pulmonary annoyance as a warning to let the automobile alone. Dr. Le Gendre's experiments prove that the rush of air and dust causes pulmonary congestion, and they prove also that it is not impossible for the movement to cause liver trouble. If in certain cases sufferers from heart trouble may ride slowly, when well protected from the dust and air, no one, man or woman, who is conscious of having any abnormal heart condition, can be justified in driving a motor. Some of Dr. Le Gendre's patients were attacked by heart trouble accompanied by angina whenever they rode in an automobile after a hearty meal.

Keeping the Land Yacht Shipshape

By Larry McKilwin

Recharging the acetylene-generator that supplies gas to the head-lights

Is there anything about motoring or the ownership of a car that makes a man negligent or forgetful? The idea seems absurd, yet innumerable experiences point to the conclusion either that automobile owners must be careless by nature, or that the possession of a car produces some psychological effect that tends to absent-mindedness and carelessness.

It is the common experience that automobile trips, whether of a day or a week, are rarely begun without the discovery after starting that some important matter about the car has been neglected or forgotten. Perhaps it is nothing of more consequence than the failure to recharge the acetylene generator that supplies the gas lamps, but quite as likely it is as serious a matter as neglect to tighten the brake bands. The amount of personal experience that has been gained in driving makes little difference: men who have almost lived at the steering-wheels of cars for years seem as prone to this form of shortcoming as the veriest tyro. Perhaps it is the multiplicity of things that have to be done and looked after in connection with an automobile that is the cause of the common fault, yet there are quite as many matters calling for attention about a yacht, and he would be considered a poor captain who would regularly sail from port with something overlooked. So careful and minute is the attention given by the officers of a vessel to getting her ready in every particular for leaving harbor that the term "shipshape" is synonymous with order and preparedness for any contingency.

Automobiles are the yachts of the land. The dangers of negotiating the roads are as great as those of navigating the highways of the sea; the emergencies met with are more sudden and dangerous than those encountered by water craft. Automobiles ought, therefore, to be kept always shipshape, and their captain pilots should cultivate the habit of giving attention to every little detail. It is really inexcusable, for example, for a motorist to run out of gasoline unexpectedly on an ordinary day's run of 100 miles or less when the fuel tank has capacity sufficient for 150 to 200 miles; yet it is not an unusual experience for a pleasure party to get stalled for want of gasoline on an ordinary run, and find themselves under the annoying necessity of walking a mile, or quite likely several miles, to buy a fresh supply, which, as often as not, has to be carried back aboard. Since gasoline is the first essential to progress in a motor car, and it requires only the simple removal of the filling cap and "sounding" with a lead-pencil, bit of string, wire, or clean stick, to determine the quantity remaining in the tank, the motorist might with reason be expected to assure himself of an amply sufficient quantity before starting on a trip of whatever length.

Next to fuel, lubricating oil is absolutely requisite, but since the oiler requires less frequent filling than the gasoline tank, it is more likely to be forgotten. But the consequences of such neglect are apt to be expensive as well as annoying, for the giving out of the oil supply is not immediately apparent unless the oiling system is provided with dashboard sight-feeds, and the driver keeps a watchful eye on them so that the cylinders and bearings may not run dry and cut badly, before the driver is made aware of anything amiss by the "seizing" of the pistons or bearings and stoppage of the engine. Even the regular dropping of the oil through the sight-feeds is not a guarantee that the oil is reaching the proper points, for unless the person in charge has been looking for such defects in the garage, the oil may be wasting away through a loose connection or a split oil-pipe. Not infrequently, too, the oil-pipes become clogged and should be cleaned out.

Exhaustion of the water in the cooling system is not attended with such serious consequences to the motor, and is likely to be made manifest by boiling of the water before the cylinders become so overheated as to cause loss of power and sticking of the pistons. Nevertheless, it is a simple and advisable act to draw off some of the old water from the radiator, and add a gallon or so of clean fresh water before starting, which will prevent any necessity for making an inconvenient stop on the road and bothering some roadside resident for water and the loan of a bucket. Folding canvas and rubber buckets are made especially for carrying in automobiles, and are not very expensive. They would enable the motorist to dip up water for his radiator from any handy wayside brook, pond, or water-trough, without an apology or "by your leave" to any one, but the automobilist who carries such a convenient article has thus in common with the American dollar, that he is a pluribus unum.

The habit of depending upon residents of the country through which one passes for a variety of things, from information regarding routes to meals and lodgings, seems to be contrary to the real spirit of automobiling, one of whose chief charms is the feeling of independence—the freedom from time-tables, from fixed and inflexible routes, from the proximity of other human beings than one's chosen companions; the ability to go where and when one wills, to linger and stop where the scenery is beautiful and the way pleasant, or to rush through unattractive surroundings, to select the best places to eat and sleep; and the satisfaction that comes from a knowledge that one need ask favors or accommodation from no one nor trespass on anybody's property or privacy. Rather than borrow a tool or ask a favor, this spirit would prompt the motorist to carry the tools of a workshop and the stock of a sundries store with him.

Cleaning the spark plugs and examining them for cracks that might cause short-circuiting

There is, to be sure, a limit to the amount of "junk" that can be carried on a car, but the necessary or desirable articles can be reduced to a reasonable minimum by cultivating a habit of forethought and preparedness. Fewer spare tire shoes and inner tubes will have to be carried, for instance, by the man who looks for and vulcanizes small cuts in the garage, as soon as they appear, than by him who gives no heed to the condition of the tires on the wheels until forced to do so by a blow-out. Small portable electric vulcanizers now offered in the market make this easy of accomplishment. Nails, tacks, and splinters that often become imbedded in the thick rubber of the tire tread can be easily removed if looked for at once upon returning from a ride, but if neglected will work through the fabric and inner tube and eventually cause a puncture. Tire valve-stem caps and lug nuts work loose, and sometimes detachable tire fastenings do the same, and unless tightened they may give trouble on the road. It is, in fact, an excellent practice to go over the car with a wrench and screw-driver in hand every time it is brought in from a long ride, tightening any loose nuts on steering-gear, spring hangers and shackles, mud-fenders and lamp-brackets, spreading split pins that may have been overlooked, tightening set-screws on head-lights, side-lamps, and tail-lamps, and examining the power plant and transmission for anything out of order, from a loose cylinder bolt to a slipping fan belt. If the car is carefully inspected upon its return to the garage after each trip there will be less need of carrying along a large stock of spare nuts and bolts, washers and split pins, bits of wire, and miscellaneous small parts and materials and tools.

Not so much work as in former years is now done to the engine of the modern car, for the makers have done much to simplify the mechanism and to reduce the number of parts that require attention. Nevertheless, there is still enough to do to keep the motorist busy, and the more he does himself the more he will know about his car and the better he will be able to keep it in order. Many of the adjustments that were formerly made by the driver are now made automatically, as the valve-tappets, the carburetor, the spark-advance, and the oiling system, but there are still enough left to keep the driver busy. Cleaning the spark-plugs and examining them for cracks that might cause short-circuiting, cleaning the carburetor, and adjusting the valve-tappets are among the most frequent of the tasks that fall to the driver's lot.

Cars of recent model have provision for carrying tools and supplies in special drawers under the front seat, so that no one is disturbed except the driver

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on the road that can be better and more conveniently done in the garage, yet its total can well be further reduced. To give the best service and most pleasure to its owner and his family and friends, a car really should be in every way fully prepared to make a run of at least one hundred miles every time it leaves the garage. Not only this, but it should be ready to go out at all times—except, of course, when work is being done on it. In other words, it is bad policy to run it into the garage and allow it to stand with tanks empty and covered with dirt until it is to be used again, when all the work of cleaning, filling, and adjusting must be done while there are probably many other matters that demand attention. The inclination is strong, of course, upon returning from a long ride, tired, hungry, and dirty, to hurry from the car to the bathroom and then to the dinner-table. While this is excusable, one should not put off beyond a day the getting of the machine into first-class condition for the next run. Sickness or accident may demand a hurried drive for the doctor at any hour of day or night, and if the fuel tank is empty or the engine refuses to run a dangerous delay may result. A true amateur huntsman does not put his expensive fowling-piece away after a shooting trip to rust and become pitted inside from the burned powder, nor does the angler neglect his jointed rod, lines, and flies in this way. And the last thoroughbred sired driven by the horse-fancier needs the most careful attention immediately upon his return to the stable after a spin, and such care in not begrudged him.

It is, of course, very much easier to tell what ought to be done than it is to do it, and the one who writes instructions has this advantage that he not possessed by the preacher—he doesn't have to live up to his sermons. But most of us, including some who are very free to give advice, need occasionally to be reminded that the lackadaisical care of a car may bring about disaster. There is a certain sort of negligence in connection with the automobile that borders closely upon criminal carelessness. This is the failure to make certain before the car leaves the garage on a trip out of town that every part whose breakage or failure might cause an accident is in perfectly safe condition. Some, at least, of the fatal disasters ascribed to derangement of the steering gear might be prevented by the simple precaution of examining and readjusting the steering mechanism and steering knuckles before starting. An incident that impressed this upon the writer's mind occurred several years ago, when he and a party of friends were riding in a forty-horse-power touring-car over the course for the first Vanderbilt Cup race. The speed germ was in the air at the time, and the driver "let her out" on the long, straight, level Hempstead Turnpike. The engine had been carefully "tuned up" to its highest efficiency, and the car doubtless made a better performance than even her builders thought she could. At any rate, the mile-posts flew by at the rate of just about one for every revolution of the second-hand of a watch, and the car tounded and swayed threateningly on the narrow road, which was there raised several feet above the level of the plain. Some minor derangement of the machinery caused a stop during which an examination was made of the tires and running-gear. It was then discovered that a nut on the steering arm that was not secured by a lock-nut or split-pin, as it should have been, had worked nearly all the way off, and that another mile at such high speed, or several miles at ordinary speed, probably would have allowed the nut to drop off and the bolt to slip out, throwing the car from the road, with what results on one could foretell. The safety of every occupant of a car is at all times dependent directly upon the integrity of the steering mechanism, for the machine cannot stay on the road if connection between the front wheels and the steering-wheel is broken, and even at very low speed the wheels may turn at such a sharp angle as to cause an upset in which some member of the party may be caught under the machine as it rolls over.

Many a bad accident on a hill could be avoided by proper attention and forethought. Brake bands will wear and the cables to the brake lever will stretch, but it is not at all necessary to wait until an accident happens before adjusting the brakes and taking up the slack. It is easier to do this work in the garage than on the road, but it is a fault that is not readily detected except when the car is in motion. Consequently, if the fault develops after a start has been made on a run that is likely to call for positive action of the brakes, it is wiser to stop at once and correct it than to put it off with the intention of attending to the matter when a stop is made for some other purpose. Procrastination is often followed by forgetfulness, and the fault is recalled, perhaps, only when one feels the car rolling backward down a steep hill after the engine has been stopped unintentionally in changing gears, or when the brakes are hastily applied at a railroad crossing.

Putting in a fresh dry-battery cell and tightening the connecting wires

Springs and spring clips need frequent inspection. They would be examined oftener, perhaps, if motorists would stop to realize that the inconspicuous and insignificant clips are often all that holds the car and its precious load upon the axles. This applies particularly to the front axle, for the sudden giving way of a cracked leaf spring or its clips would be likely to wreck a car running at high speed. It is equivalent to inviting one's family or friends to possible death or sacrifice of limb to ask them to go for a ride in a car that, since its last previous run, has not been properly inspected and attended to in the respects mentioned.

Scarcely secondary in importance to assuring the safety of passengers in the car is the moral as well as the legal obligation that the automobilist is under to take every precaution to secure the safety of other users of the highways. Quite aside from refraining from speeding, which is usually done under the exhilaration of the moment, there are several ways in which the motorist can proceed in his more quiet, judicious moments to guard against collisions and the running down of persons afoot. By far the most important of these is fitting the car with a thoroughly effective horn and lamps. Not so long ago as to be forgotten, I helped to take to the hospital a poor man who was knocked down by the machine in which myself and friends were riding, and who had his scalp laid open by the granite block pavement. He had been drinking, it is true, and attempted to cross the street after he had seen the car coming, evidently too befuddled in mind correctly to judge its rate of speed, which was moderate. Nevertheless, the accident probably would not have happened if the lamps had been burning with their usual brilliancy, and the horn had not been out of order, as that its wheezy blast could hardly be heard a block.

On at least two other occasions myself and friends have come close to having bad accidents owing to insufficient lighting. In the first instance, it had just grown dusk at about eight o'clock of a fall evening, and as we were to make a run of only a few miles across the country the acetylene head-lights were not lighted.

If memory serves right, the generator needed recharging, and, everybody being hungry, this unpleasant job, which should have been attended to in the garage, was put off until after supper. One of the large oil side-lamps had a piece broken out of the front glass which should have been replaced immediately after the breakage occurred, and as a result only one lamp gave any useful light. With such inefficient illumination we were hurrying along a straight, smooth, hard macadam road at twenty miles an hour or more, when an indefinable haze appeared fifty to one hundred yards ahead. The driver, who had wonderfully keen eyes that can discover a policeman on horseback or bicycle long before those who are with him can note his reason for slowing down, mistook the haze for a cloud of dust raised by a farm wagon and did not slacken the pace. It was not until we were within two or three rods of it that the object became visible as an earth bank and board fence that marked the end of the road where it turned abruptly at right angles into another. About ten seconds later the car was safely around the turn, with the engine "dead," the brakes set, and ignition cut off, but for an instant the car had hung balanced with two wheels in the ditch, undecided whether to topple or make the turn.

On the other occasion we were hurrying back to New York across the Jersey meadows. It was in the hour preceding dawn on an autumn night, and a heavy mist hung over the three-mile-wide salt-water marsh. The road was good and straight, with no cross-roads, and there was no traffic on it at that hour, so it seemed entirely safe to put on full speed. But the acetylene head-lights were small ones, and the gas generator was nearly exhausted, so that the light was too weak to penetrate the fog more than twenty or thirty feet. As there were street-car tracks in the middle of the road the driver kept on the right side, and the only possible danger that one could foresee was the overtaking of a vehicle ahead.

With a suddenness that made every one hold his breath, however, there sprang into view, a scant rod ahead, a small bridge over a narrow stream, and instead of being the full width of the paved road the planking extended to within only about four feet of the edge of the road on each end. At the end a wooden rail shaped up from the road level to meet another from the opposite side, giving support to the structure and supposedly guarding the end. The car was headed directly for this rail and the end of the planking, and only the most extraordinary promptness on the part of the man at the wheel in swerving the machine to the left prevented two wheels from running off the end of the bridge and the overturning of the machine with its five passengers into the water.

Tail-lamps seem to be looked upon by many motorists as of little importance, and they will usually be found to be badly smoked up and belched even if they are not badly out of order. Sometimes the oil-reservoir drops off and is lost because the precaution has not been taken to lock it in position by the necessary twist or attention to a latch. It is easy to forget that the tail-lamp is the only safeguard against being run into from behind; the attention of the occupants of the car is always directed ahead. Unless the rear lamp is burning brightly, any stop on the road in a dark spot gives rise to a dangerous situation.

Accidents are not liable to happen as a result of derangements of the power plant, but the most wearisome delays often occur because of failure of the carburetor or ignition system to function as it should. Such trouble cannot be wholly avoided on the road, but it can be greatly reduced by simple precautions in the garage. The battery, for instance, should be tested for strength by means of a handy pocket voltmeter or by the sound of the vibrators. If the current is weak and the battery is of the "wet" or storage type it should be recharged; or, if a dry battery is in use, some fresh reserve dry cells should be stored in the car to take the place of any in the battery-box that may become exhausted on the next trip. Battery connections often work loose, and these should be examined and tightened, if necessary. If any "missing" of the cylinders has been detected it is best to take out and clean the spark plugs, and examine them closely for cracks which may cause short-circuiting of the ignition current.

Since probably nine-tenths of the involuntary road stoppages are due to trouble with carburetion or ignition, the carburetor and its attachments and the connections from the fuel tank need special and frequent attention. A not infrequent cause of trouble on the road is stoppage of the flow of gasoline from the tank to the carburetor. Usually the location of the trouble takes considerable time, which might be saved by periodical cleaning of the pipe and draining of the carburetor, to remove any particles of dirt that may have collected. It is worth while, also, to examine occasionally the connections of the piping, which sometimes become loosened and permit the gasoline to leak, and to look at the connections between the throttle and its operating lever, which are usually of a delicate nature, and either easily damaged or deranged when working about the engine with heavy tools.

If the motorist cares for the comfort and pleasure of his family and friends he will not neglect to give attention to such items as a suitable top with storm aprons, all ready to be raised and secured in place without delay when a storm breaks, and blankets and heavy coats to be used when the temperature takes a sudden drop, as it usually does in spring and fall with the setting of the sun. Nor will he carry tools and such frequently needed supplies as calcium car-lide, cotton waste, and cans of lubricating oil under the rear seat, making it necessary to disturb the passengers and even to ask them to alight when any of these articles is wanted. A motor-car has a perverse habit of making its bulky stops at the most inconvenient times and in the least inviting places, so that women may, under these circumstances, have to step out into falling rain upon a muddy road, or stand around in the broiling sun until the repair has been made and the articles and seat cushion replaced. Cars of recent model have provision for carrying tools and supplies in boxes on the running-board, in special drawers under the front seat, or in a compartment under the rear seat which has a hinged door at the back that opens from the outside of the body, so that no one need be disturbed but the man who is running the car.

Storage compartment for cans of oil and carbide in car of recent model

A good rule for the motorist to adopt would be to take a pessimistic view of matters relating to his machine, and to be constantly anticipating trouble. The optimist is too likely to belong to the Don't Worry Club, and to be negligent on the principle of letting well enough alone. Constant vigilance and forethought are the price that must be paid for pleasure and safety in automobiling.

MISS JU[illegible]OPP

MISS OPP, WHO IN PRIVATE LIFE IS MRS. WILLIAM FAVERSHAM, IS NOW AT [illegible] IN AN ADAPTATION OF JOSE ECHEGARAY'S DRAMA "EL GRAN GALEOTO." MRS. FAVERSHAM'S [illegible] PLAYED WITH GREAT SUCCESS, WAS ONE OF [illegible] POPULAR BOOKS OF LAST YEAR

HUSBAND AT DALY'S THEATRE IN "THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE" [illegible] IZATION OF "THE SQUAW MAN," IN WHICH HER HUSBAND AP-

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Motor Clubs of Five Nations

By Harry Wilkin Perry

WITHIN the last decade the principal automobile clubs of the five great nations that are foremost in the manufacture and use of motor cars—America, France, England, Germany, and Italy—have grown to a size, and acquired an influence that are annually making their existence felt more and more in the great activities of the times; in industrial affairs, in sporting circles, and in the social life of the communities and countries in which they exist. They not only promote, through their racing or sporting committees, the great national and international motor-car contests that have become of equal importance as sporting events, in public attention, with the international yacht-races, rowing matches, and Olympic games, but they have taken a strong hand, through their law committees, in legal matters, so far as they affect the regulation of automobile driving and street and road construction and repair. They have also encouraged and in many ways assisted touring, and have promoted social intercourse between the manufacturers of motor-cars and leading men of wealth and position, thereby, and in other ways as well, aiding tremendously in the rapid development of a new industry that gives employment to many thousands of working-people in each country and whose aggregate business mounts into millions of dollars annually.

Although there are many automobile clubs in the several countries named, there is but one in each that is recognized as "national" by the International Congress of Automobile Clubs, which meets every year in Paris during the mid-winter automobile show held in the French capital. These, and the recognized national clubs of other nations and colonies, are bound together by agreements and have reciprocal relations that are of advantage to their members in the matters of racing, touring, passports, duties on members' cars, and admittance to the club houses of the several organizations when visiting and touring in foreign countries.

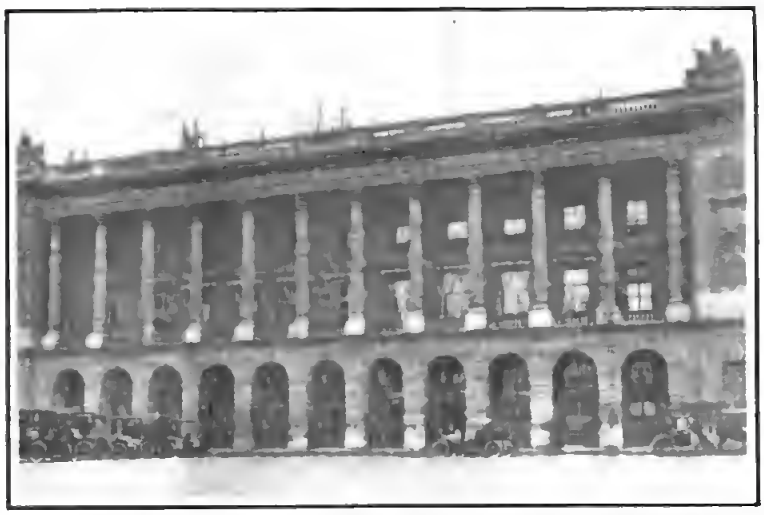
Something of the prominence and importance of the national clubs of the five leading automobile nations can be gathered from the facts that the Automobile Club of France, which is the oldest, having been organized thirteen years ago, has a membership now of 2000, among whom are a number of Ministers of the cabinet and members of the Chamber of Deputies; that the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland has grown to a membership of 3500 since its organization eleven years ago, and has enlisted the active interest of King Edward and a number of members of the royal family, as well as of members of the House of Lords and Commons; that the Imperial Automobile Club of Germany is much patronized by royalty, while the Automobile Club of Italy has for honorary president the King of Italy and a prince of royal blood for acting president; and that the Automobile Club of America now has a membership of more than 1600, embracing many of America's most wealthy and influential men, whose names are familiar throughout the country and in most civilized lands.

Bearing in mind how closely these organizations have been identified with every-day activities of the twentieth century since it was ushered in, it is worth while to see how they are housed and what conveniences their club houses afford their distinguished and wealthy members, as well as the greater number of those who are less influential, but in many cases no less useful and desirable. It is particularly interesting, in studying the photographs and descriptions of the several establishments, to observe how characteristic each is of the national taste and temperament.

It was largely a matter of chance that the Automobile Club of France came to be installed in a former royal palace on the largest and one of the most beautiful public squares Europe can boast; yet none will deny that no more fitting position could have been found for the first automobile club the world knew, and one which represents an industry unexampled for its sudden rise to prosperity.

About half a dozen years ago the Marquise de Plessis-Bellière died, leaving to the Pope her magnificent town residence—the Hôtel Pastoret, on the Place de la Concorde. The good lady's knowledge of French law was not so deep as her love for the Church, or she would have known that it was impossible to bequeath property in France to a foreign sovereign. Consequently her last wishes were disregarded, and the Hôtel Pastoret was sold and fell into the hands of the Automobile Club of France, at that time lodged in much smaller quarters on the Place de l'Opéra.

The important nature of the acquisition can be realized by recalling to memory the Place de la Concorde, known to every visitor to Paris on account of its magnificent proportions, its artistic beauty, and its historic associations. Standing with the River Seine



The Automobile Club of France, Paris, formerly the palace of the Marquise de Plessis-Bellière

in the rear, the visitor has two palaces in front, identical in size and construction, separated by the Rue Royale, with the tiercion columns of the Madeleine visible in the distance. The most easterly of the two buildings—the one nearer to the Rue de Rivoli—is the Ministry of Marine; its companion on the opposite side of the Rue Royale is the Hôtel Pastoret, headquarters of the Automobile Club of France.

When the Automobile Club took possession of its new home, plans were laid for extensive alterations; for the palace, having been used since its erection in the early part of the eighteenth century as a private residence, was hardly suited as the headquarters of partisans of the most modern of sports. It was forbidden, however, by the Minister of Fine Arts, to make any changes to the exterior, in order that the harmony of the Place might be preserved. In October, 1898, workmen tore down a large portion of the interior, and constructed behind the familiar colonnade club rooms and apartments suited for modern needs.

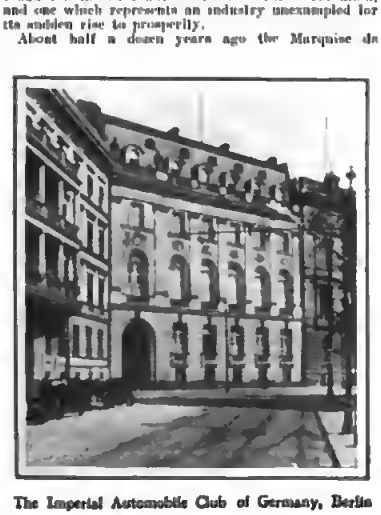
On the ground floor are various secretarial offices, cloak rooms near the main entrance, and, in the rear, a large modern garage for the storage of members' cars. Immediately above, on the *entresol*, are other offices and committee-rooms; and on the second floor the more imposing reception-rooms and halls. Conspicuous among these is a large banqueting-hall, the windows of which open on a long balcony overlooking the Place de la Concorde. On the same floor are the members' ordinary dining hall, several billiard-rooms, a *salon*, and a large library well stocked with automobile literature. Most of the halls are finely upholstered and decorated in red, white, and gold, and their lofty ceilings, large dimensions, and artistic carvings give them an air of majesty not found in the average club premises. At the rear of the building, approached by a handsome marble staircase, is one of the prettiest theatres in Paris, the scene of numerous private theatrical representations, and an annual members' art exhibition. The roof is laid out in gardens, where, while sipping an *apéritif* or lingering over the after-dinner coffee, members enjoy the fresh air and obtain a magnificent bird's-eye view of the city.

Since the social side of the club is of as much importance as its professional or sporting character, large kitchens have been installed on a scale capable of handling important banquets. On the top floor a long series of rooms is set aside for the regiment of plush-breeched *laquais*, cooks, and servants necessary for the up-keep of one of the most palatial clubs of the city.

Although having externally the appearance of one building, the Automobile Club of France consists of two dwellings, Nos. 8 and 6, the former being the Hôtel Cochin, bought from the Baron Denis Cochin in 1903 for $200,000, and the latter the Hôtel Pastoret. The total area of the two is about 2300 square yards, all of the space being now occupied by the club. At No. 6 the Association Générale Automobile occupies a certain proportion of space; but as this body was formed by the Automobile Club of France to develop some of the purely business features of automobiling, it may be considered as a part of the parent body.

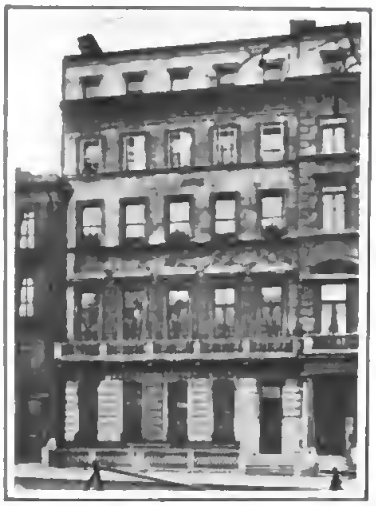
It was in December, 1895, that the Automobile Club of France came into existence. The Paris-Bordeaux contest of the previous year—the first automobile competition the world had ever seen—had created such interest that it was decided to hold a race from Bordeaux and back in the summer of 1895. This was a distinct success, and at the end of the year a number of gentlemen interested in the new method of locomotion met at the house of the Marquis de Dion and drew up the by-laws of the new club. They were only a handful then, among them being Baron de Zuylen, who was elected president and has retained that position to the present day; James Gordon Bennett; Marquis de Dion; Count Chasseloup-Laubat; Deputy Georges Berger; Marcel Deprez, a scientist and engineer of wide repute; M. Empain, the Belgian financier, and a number of well-known French engineers. To-day the membership numbers about 2000. The club is the richest of any in existence—its annual budget reaches $248,000—and it is the recognized leader in all automobile matters.

The annual show in the Grand Palais has been held for ten successive years under the direction of the club, and is of such magnitude and importance that no rival has ever been possible or even mentioned. The club's sporting committee, with Chevalier René de Knyff as president, has organized and brought to a successful issue more automobile races than any other organization; the technical committee unites the most distinguished engineers of the automobile world, and has rendered incalculable service in the solution of automobile problems. The club has its own laboratory in a suburb of the city, its own technical magazine, and a distinct technical and clerical staff. Other committees are charged especially with touring conditions and contests, competitions and fêtes, sentimental matters, and a few undertakings of lesser importance.



The Imperial Automobile Club of Germany, Berlin

One end of the German club's banquet-hall



The Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain, London

What has made for the strength and usefulness of the club more than anything else is the unanimity with which it is supported. There are other automobile associations in France, but they are not rivals of the Automobile Club of France; they work on well-defined lines, giving their help to the older body wherever necessary, thus making possible the realization of colossal schemes which rivalry and petty jealousies have thwarted in other countries.

It is quite characteristic of the United States that, although it did not adopt the automobile until several years after France and Germany, it forged to the front in about a decade in the manufacture and use of motor-cars; and it is the only nation whose leading automobile clubs are housed in structures especially designed and built for the convenience and comfort of their members. This applies to the Automobile Club of America in New York, the Chicago Automobile Club, the Automobile Club of Massachusetts in Boston, and the Germantown Automobile Club in Philadelphia. We have to do now, however, only with the magnificent new domicile of the Automobile Club of America, whose national character has just been conclusively demonstrated once more in a controversy over the control of racing in the United States, in which the International Association of Recognized Automobile Clubs declined to consider the claims of any other organization to the right to represent the motoring interests of this country abroad. Considering all that the Automobile Club of America has done to promote the automobile industry and sport in the United States, its great roster of members from all parts of the land, and its very influential position, any attempt to depose it from the representative position it has held for seven or eight years seems somewhat presumptuous.

For several years the club occupied a very small suite of rooms at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street, near the southeast entrance to Central Park, and it had vastly outgrown its exceedingly limited accommodations when, in April, 1907, it moved into the present spacious quarters of its new building in West Fifty-fourth Street, between Broadway and Eighth Avenue. The premises represent an outlay of nearly $800,000, of which $210,000 went for the purchase of eight building lots, $350,000 for the structure, and the balance for the equipment and furnishings.

In order that the interests of the members, so far as they pertain to motoring, might be centred in one place, extraordinary facilities for the storage and repair of cars were provided in connection with the club rooms. The great eight story building, having a frontage of 131 feet, contains, in fact, one of the largest garages in the world, with which are combined most ingeniously suitable assembly, reading, and dining rooms for the members, offices for the secretary's staff, and rooms for the chauffeurs and servants. The two floors reserved for the use of the members are so effectually separated from the rest of the building as to form a complete entity, and exclude all evidence of the more utilitarian features, yet are so intimately related that one may step from the lobby into his waiting machine without passing outside, or may ascend conveniently by elevator to the top floor, where he can oversee repairs in the machine shop or put his ear through a rigid series of tests on the club dynamometer. This dynamometer, by the way, is the only one of its kind extant, and was installed at a cost of $10,000. It is so built that a car can be driven upon its pair of rollers, and the driver, without leaving his seat, can read on scales arranged in front and at one side the horse power delivered at the wheels at different speeds, the speed attained, the hill climbing ability, draw bar pull, and observe fluctuations due to his manipulations of throttle and spark levers. The scales are all marked in plain figures, and no calculation is needed to determine the results.

Fire proof construction is employed throughout, the building having a steel skeleton and concrete walls and floors. No inflammable materials have been used in the finishing and furnishing except in the club rooms, and these are separated from the rest of the building by heavy fire walls and fire doors. On the pillars on every garage floor hang buckets of dry sand for instant use in case of fire, and there are numerous chemical fire-extinguishers.

Except for the great lobby, the ground floor is given over to the care of automobiles, which can be accommodated to the number of 300 in the garage. There are several huge balanced doors especially designed to fold up out of the way against the ceiling, in order to give the cars ingress and egress, and there are two enormous electric elevators of four tons' capacity each to raise and lower the cars between the different floors. There are turn-tables, scales for weighing cars, and a checking room in which an attendant records the arrival and departure of every machine, day or night. Between the garage and lobby on the ground floor is a coat room with several hundred metal lockers, while in the basement are shower-baths and wash rooms.

Under the middle landing of the grand white marble staircase is a very dainty ladies' room with toilet and writing tables. The floor of the lobby is of white marble, and the furnishings are massive carved oak settees and chairs, upholstered in red leather, with a few oak writing-desks. At the top of the stairs a foyer opens directly into the grand assembly hall in front, and at the right into the grill-room and to a flight of stairs admitting to the secretary's offices on the third or mezzanine floor. The assembly room extends clear across the front of the building and has a depth of two stories. It has a parquet floor and heavily beamed ceiling. An eight foot oak wainscoting runs around the walls, and at one end is a great marble fireplace flanked on either side by oak book shelves, while at the other end is a suspended balcony of heavily carved oak for the accommodation of an orchestra. Light theatricals can be held for the entertainment of the members and their guests, as provision has been made for the erection of a temporary stage at one end of the hall. Six great windows with Venetian blinds admit a flood of southern sunlight by day, and at night a cold illumination is shed by electric lights supported by a dozen great bronze flambeaux sconced to the walls. In architecture and furnishing this room is a careful reproduction of the hall of the Château Cheverney, of the period of Francois I. The tables, sofas, and chairs are of dark carved oak, very massive, and upholstered with red leather.

Half a dozen great doors on the rear side of the hall that balance the windows in front give into the grill room, which is Flemish in style, with plain furniture stained black and cement floor of terra-cotta color. Daylight illumination is secured by means of five big leaded windows and several large skylights on the north side. This room seats from eighty to one hundred diners. In one corner is an elaborately supplied buffet, and opening off from another corner are the butler's serving-room and a kitchen that is modern in its every detail. On the opposite side is located the directors' meeting-chamber, furnished with a long oval mahogany table and chairs to match.

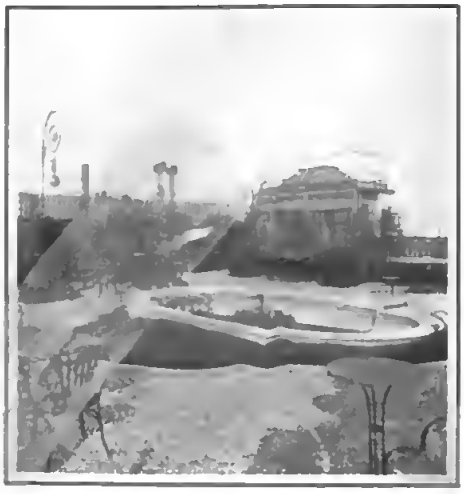
On the mezzanine floor above this is a billiard room containing a pool table and two billiard tables of mahogany. The floor is softly carpeted in rich red. Woodwork and ceiling are enamelled white, while the walls are papered and the chairs upholstered in red. Adjoining this room is the secretary's private office, which on the opposite side also opens into the office where the clerical work of the club is carried on. One of the most important features of this work is the conduct of the touring bureau, which gathers and compiles information relating to routes and hotel accommodations, prepares maps, and plans club tours. Altogether the new building seems to be ideal for the purposes which it was designed to fulfil, and will doubtless furnish ideas that will be copied freely in future edifices for similar organizations. That the Automobile Club of America does not consider that the present structure will prove adequate to its needs indefinitely, however, is indicated by the recent purchase of the property directly in the rear of the new club house and fronting on Fifty-fifth Street.

The acting president of the Automobile Club of America is Mr. E. H. Gary, president of the United States Steel Corporation. Mr. Henry Sanderson is first vice-president, and Mr. William C. Whitney, to whose initiative and energy is due the completion of the passenger tunnel system under the Hudson River between New York city and Hoboken, is second vice-president. Prominent among the active members may be mentioned Colonel John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, George J. Gould, William Rockefeller, William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., John F. Archbold, E. H. Harriman, John T. Ruvenmeyer, August Belmont, C. K. G. Billings, P. F. Collier, Paul D. Cravath, Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, J. B. Duke, Alfred I. DuPont, Stuyvesant Fish, John H. Flagler, John W. Gates, Robert Goelet, and others.

An entirely erroneous impression of the status of Great Britain's automobile club would be gained by a

The home of the Automobile Club of Turin, Italy

The salon of prizes and conversation-room in the Turin Automobile Club



The roof garden above the French club's premises

mere external examination of the club house occupied by the Royal Automobile Club at 119 Piccadilly, London, W., overlooking the appropriately named Green Park. Even a walk through the building, under the leadership of genial Secretary Orde, would probably fail to give a just appreciation of the position occupied by one of the most important automobile bodies in Europe, for the Royal Automobile Club has outgrown its quarters, and outgrown them to such an extent that it has had to seek refuge for its extensive limbs in almost any corner in the neighborhood which was at all habitable. The inadequacy of the present quarters, which have served as club house and offices for almost ten years, has long been recognized by members and officials, and arrangements have been made recently for a building to be erected on the site of the old War Office at St. James's. In about two years the British club will be worthily housed in a building that will hardly be equalled in the world for this purpose.

Founded December 15, 1897, at a time when motoring was a mere lad, the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland first occupied a few rooms on an upper floor, but it was not long before it removed to larger quarters and finally took up its dwelling in Piccadilly. From a mere handful its membership has grown to 3500; it has a recently formed associate membership which promises to run into large figures, and has affiliated with it scores of provincial clubs throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland. A couple of years ago King Edward, who has taken a closer interest in automobiling from its very inception than is generally realized by the public, conferred the title of "Royal" on the club.

Before being taken over by the club, the building at 119 Piccadilly was a private residence occupied by the Marquis of Cholmondeley. On the ground floor are the vestibules, with telephonic installation, dining-rooms, and in the rear committee-rooms and a small hall in which examinations for driving certificates are held. Every inch of space in the basement is occupied by wine-cellars, kitchens, and servants' hall.

On the second floor are spacious reading-rooms with an excellent view over Piccadilly and the wide expanse of park stretching away almost to the banks of the Thames. On this floor are the secretarial offices, in which a huge staff of clerks is engaged upon the varied work of the club. The remaining floors are occupied by a card-room, billiard-room, a library which contains a collection of books and prints relating to automobiling that is probably unequalled in the world, and by a series of bedrooms placed at the disposition of out-of-town members. So extensively are the bedrooms patronized by them that it is rare for one to be without an occupant.

But the five-story building on Piccadilly is not the full extent of the Royal Automobile Club's quarters. A few doors away are the motor house and garage, unpretentious enough from the outside, but holding within its narrow walls a mass of secretarial machinery worthy of better quarters. Entering from Piccadilly, the visitor is shown a few private boxes and two or three cars in a narrow, passage-like entrance. The feeling of pity for such cramped quarters has not time to give itself expression before Secretary Orde has marched a few yards further ahead and pointed out a garage of very tolerable dimensions. A plunge down stairs and still another garage floor is disclosed; a climb up a narrow flight and more cars are brought to view.

In a maze of wanderings office upon office is brought to light, and before the visit has come to an end the impression has become fixed that the Royal Automobile Club has buried some part of itself in every nook and cranny of this part of Piccadilly. At the motor house are an additional suite of bedrooms for visiting members, those at the main establishment being altogether insufficient; there is an extensive touring department, an editorial and clerical staff in connection with the weekly journal of the club, which in itself is a hive of industry; there is the examination department, the technical section, legal staff, the Auto-cycle Union, with a membership of over 2000, and a dozen other offices grafted on to the rambling quarters as conditions demanded.

At 112 Piccadilly is the associate-membership section of the Royal Automobile Club, the material organization of which consists of a large hall with complete equipment of maps, touring literature, books, papers, etc. This section, the latest of the many branches of the club, was formed as a convenience to those automobilists who were not eligible to regular membership or who had no use for the social features of a London club. This section, too, with its low membership fee of about five dollars, is a direct rival of the Motor Union—a body which has broken away from the Royal Automobile Club and appears to be determined to struggle with its parent for national supremacy.

The amount of work accomplished by the club can be appreciated from the fact that the London club house requires the services of 200 persons, including clerks, servants, and garage attendants. One of the problems of the British club ever since its formation, has been to find room for the staff which its increasing activities have rendered necessary. If the rate of growth during the next two years is in the same ratio as in the past, even the commodious mansion on the War Office site will be none too large to house Britain's national club.

In Berlin the Imperial (or Kaiserlicher) Automobile Club, formerly the Deutscher Automobile Club, and not to be confounded with the Berliner Automobile Club, is housed in a centrally located building at No. 10 Leipziger Platz, which offers the members every comfort and convenience, and is admirably adapted to the purpose. The sandstone façade adds no little to the handsome appearance of a public square already graced with several magnificent pal-

The Automobile Club of America,
Fifty-fourth Street, New York

aces. The building was erected between 1896 and 1900 by Geheimer Oberbaurat Ihne.

One enters a white *porte-cochere* from which a few steps lead to the heavily carpeted vestibule in lime-stone, with floor of Cipolino and Carrara marbles, and white marble chimney-piece. Opening off from this vestibule are cloak-rooms, done in cream color, and toilet rooms. The principal rooms on the Leipziger Platz side of the ground floor are the president's room and the conference-room, while on the opposite side lie the ladies' rooms, which are also used as breakfast-rooms. Decorations and furniture throughout are in the Louis XV. and Louis XVI. styles. Walls are covered with silk damasks and moiré silk in gray and pale red, while the floors are richly covered with soft red carpets. The furniture is heavy mahogany, with bronze ornamentation and sometimes inlaid with metal, and upholstered in blue moquette and pressed velvets.

A banqueting-hall of sufficient size to accommodate from eighty to one hundred guests, and conversation, smoking, and card rooms occupy the second floor, which is reached by a broad staircase of Paris marble ascending from the vestibule on the ground floor. The purest Louis XVI. style prevails in this suite also. The floor of the banquet-hall is carpeted in blue, and the walls are hung in French Gobelin tapestry bought originally from the estate of the late Baron Hirsch by Dr. James von Bleichröder, after whom is named one of Germany's classic events—the Bleichröder automobile-race. A touch of modern club comfort is given to the smoking room by divans in the corners confronted by small marble-topped tables, by comfortable armchairs and writing-table, and a marble mirror shelf which is loaded with prizes won in automobile contests. A feature of the suite is a winter garden furnished in white rattan and decorated with potted palms and ferns. This nook opens off from a small club dining room whose walls are in carved walnut.

A carved wooden staircase, costing 36,000 marks, or nearly $9000, ascends from this floor to a series of rooms furnished with the material which the club had in its former more modest quarters. On one side be the library, the reading and writing rooms, and the great meeting-room. Connected with these is the billiard-room, opening into which is a dressing-room. On the floor above this are the offices of the general secretary, Lieutenant Delacroix.

The former stables have been altered into a garage with space for ten automobiles.

The president of the club is the Duke of Ratibor, and the patroness the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. The Imperial Automobile Club has taken an active part in the conduct of many great international motor events in Germany, and claims among its members princes, dukes, and others high in the affairs of state.

In an ancient palace in the centre of the city of Turin—the palace of the Counts Tolli di Felizzano—the Automobile Club of Turin makes its headquarters. This is the oldest club in Italy, founded in 1898; consequently, the other clubs of the peninsula, when they established the Automobile Club of Italy in 1905, honored the Turin club by making it their headquarters. So it comes about that both the Automobile Club of Italy and the Automobile Club of Turin have their homes together in the palace on the Via Bogino.

The Turin club formerly had its headquarters in a very beautiful villa in the Parc du Valentino, where it occupied many rooms and had a garage and a course on which the members could speed their cars. But since nearly all of the members preferred to have their cars in the city, the club room... were transferred to the old palace, which affords a suitable meeting-place for the members, although there is no garage in connection with it. It has been fitted up with reading-rooms where one may find the automobile and political publications of the world, with assembly and committee rooms, rooms for games and billiards, and, of course, with offices for the secretaries.

As Turin is the principal city in Italy for the manufacture of automobiles, lovers of the sport abound there, and the club now has 300 members or more. Among the events which it has organized may be mentioned the annual International Automobile Exhibition at Turin, whose success increases enormously from year to year, and the Susa Mont Cenis race, which has been repeated during several successive years.

The honorary president of the Turin Club is the Duke of Genoa, while the Marquis Forero Ventimiglia is acting president. Similar offices in the Automobile Club of Italy are held by the King of Italy and Prince Piero Strozzi.

The Automobile Club of America's plant for testing horse-power, speed, and grade-climbing ability

My Home

By Aileen Cleveland Higgins

YOU think my home is up the street
In that big house with lots of steps,
All worn in places by our feet
With track 'bout look like mine and Jep's.

You think it's where I always eat
Where I can find my spoon and bowl,
My napkin folded clean and neat—
And milk and sometimes jelly-roll.

You think it's where I always sleep
Where I get in my puffy bed
And fall right in a comfy heap
Some nights before my prayers are said.

But that's not home—just roof and walls—
A place like anybody buys,
With shiny floors and stairs and halls—
My home is in my mother's eyes.

Haiti's Refugee Despot in Jamaica

By George V. L. Barton

KINGSTON, JAMAICA.

FOR the third time in his long and eventful life, Nord Alexis, who, until a short time ago, was lord of life and death in Haiti, is a refugee from his native land.

Through French intervention, the old man to whom such terrible acts of ferocity are attributed, escaped the murderous rage of the citizens of Port-au-Prince, and took refuge on board the French training-ship *Jeanne Tiarca*. From this he was taken by the Hamburg American Company's steamer *Saxonia*, which made a special trip to Jamaica to bring the deposed President here.

The fugitive President of Haiti on the hotel veranda at Kingston

HE IS USING THE GOLD-RIMMED MAGNIFYING-GLASS WHICH SERVES HIM IN LIEU OF SPECTACLES

The steamship was expected at about 2 P.M., and at that hour fifty or sixty Firminists and Fouchardists, who had fled here in the past nine months to escape the vengeance of Nord Alexis, assembled on the wharf to see the fallen tyrant land. The majority of the men carried about coco-marasque sticks, and ill would it have gone with Alexis had this not been a British country, with enough policemen on hand to quell anything like a hostile demonstration.

The *Saxonia* headed for her wharf, but, having too much headway on, gave the pier a rather heavy bump. With one accord the vengeful Haitians turned tail and fled landwards, front fear either that they would be drowned or that Nord Alexis, even in the hour of his humiliation, had been able to threaten their destruction. The steamship company took no chances, and when the landing-stage was finally in place only the late Haitian consul, the officers of the company, and newspaper reporters were allowed aboard.

Nord Alexis was found sitting in a deck chair on the starboard promenade-deck, surrounded by twelve members of his family who had succeeded in escaping with him. The shrunken and emaciated figure, with gray hair and long bony fingers, betokened advanced age, but Nord Alexis does not look as if ninety-eight years really have passed over his head. The shrunken temples, prominent eyebrows, long, lean cheeks, and black lips that open to disclose two complete rows of large strong teeth, teeth that are yellowed with age, the high receding forehead—all go to show a man who in his prime must have possessed great physical strength and force of character beyond the ordinary.

The old man was dressed in black, being still in mourning for his dead wife. A band of crêpe was wound around his soft black felt hat, but a splendid diamond ring flashed and sparkled on his left hand, and on the index finger of his right were two plain gold bands. Across his waistcoat were displayed a couple of inches of gold curb-pattern watch-chain.

When first seen the fallen despot was peering landwards through a gold-bound magnifying-glass, as his sight, in slightly impaired.

The old man chatted volubly in French with his late representative here, who told him what provisions had been made for his residence in Kingston. Still, although there was nothing to keep him aboard, and the ship was not to stay many minutes, Nord Alexis showed no desire to go ashore. He wouldn't budge until he had been twice assured by the inspector of police that he would not be molested in any way. Then, supported on each side by an attendant, and carrying a big, gold-headed cane, Nord Alexis tottered down the gangway. In a moment he was surrounded by a crowd of cowering men whose brothers and fathers he had condemned to death, but the fear of British law prevailed, and, beyond the utterance of a few sneering remarks, the late autocrat over the destinies of one million human beings was in no way molested.

Entering carriages, Nord Alexis and his suite—the old man keeping an unswerving eye upon a small hallern bag containing the gold coin he had managed to get together at the time of his flight—were driven to the South Camp Road Hotel, which he has made his headquarters, and where he is being closely guarded by his devoted followers. No Firminist or Fouchardist is allowed to come near him.

Nord Alexis one evening gave out an interview to a local newspaper editor, in which, in answer to questions, he said:

"The prospects for Haiti are dark, very dark—everything is in a disturbed condition. One cannot say what will be the outcome of it all. It was my determination to divest power peacefully at the end of my term, which would have come on May 5, next year.

"That would have given the country an opportunity of quietly and constitutionally electing another President. But now I fear is danger of a great deal of trouble. Every man is fighting for himself, and every man will fight for himself."

Asked if it was true that he intended to put Jena Gilles on his place, he said:

"That is not true. I had no candidate. Jean Gilles is merely an old friend of mine. I would have given the House of Representatives and the Senate and the people the opportunity of choosing whom they liked." He added, after a pause, "I would have retired quietly like Roosevelt."

"I should have been allowed to leave office quietly. As it is, I am still President of Haiti. I have not resigned. I did not leave with the intention of coming to Jamaica or going anywhere out of Haiti. All my Ministry, except four, proved false to me. My Minister of War, who had married a goddaughter of Antoine Simon, was all the time in league with Simon. All these led me to believe that when I left the palace I was to be taken to the *Nord Alexis*. At first it was my intention to fortify the palace and defend myself against any attacks that might be made upon me, but when I decided to leave it was to go on board the *Nord Alexis*, sail to Cape Haitien, and there put myself at the head of an army for the purpose of marching to Port-au-Prince, restoring order, and resuming power until May next year. Jean Gilles and my other friends at Cape Haitien assured me that the people there and on all the north were on my side. But I was deceived. I was taken aboard the French warship, and not the Haitian gunboat. I have neither fled from Haiti nor have I resigned."

"But in Port-au-Prince the people were against you?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered. "One regiment that remained faithful to me went through the streets of Port-au-Prince on the night I left, and shouted, '*Vive le Président!*' as they marched. Not a soul answered. And as I drove in my carriage from the palace to the pier some of the crowd shot at me. One shot grazed me here," and the old man touched his left shoulder, "The place pains me a little now, but that is not of any importance."

In reply to an inquiry whether he hoped to return to Haiti some day, Nord Alexis said:

"Certainly. There is my wife's property, which has still to be looked after, as well as my own. I hope to go back."

"You had some trouble with the financial situation when you became President, your Excellency. How did you leave it?"

"In perfect order, and that is why I have been driven from office," said Nord Alexis. "I was told that if I attempted to prevent fraud there would be a revolution. I sent inspectors everywhere. I sent an inspector to Gonaives. I sent as inspector to Aux Cayes. I sent one to every important place. It was owing to troubles connected with the custom-houses of the south, for which I reproached Simon, that he rebelled against my government. When I first became President, too, I made all the governors of the different towns responsible to me direct. Theretofore they had been responsible one to another according to order of precedence. My new plan did not please Simon, who as delegates of the south would have had all of the governors of that department under him." So it seems that Simon [illegible] some ancient grudges against Nord Alexis.

Nord Alexis [illegible] era.

Lawless New York

Experts' Opinions on the Causes of the Crimes that Clog the Courts and break down the Machinery of Justice

By Victor Rousseau

PART III

SPEAKING in Carnegie Hall, New York, on Wednesday, December 16 last, President Eliot, of Harvard University, gave utterance to the following words:

"The defences of society against criminals have broken down. A State mounted police, with a military organization, is needed in every part of our country—North, South, East, and West. The impotunity with which crimes of violence are now committed is a disgrace to the country, and demonstrates the urgent need of much more effective protective forces.

"Society at large must bear the chief responsibility for lawlessness. It neglects to provide the protective forces necessary to secure order and peace. It permits lawless persons to carry on with impunity their operations against the public welfare. It fails to educate the children in reverence and obedience, and to inspire them with the love of liberty under law.

"It is time that the American people realized that a government that cannot secure order, tranquillity, and immunity from criminal violence does not deserve the term 'civilized.'"

How far this statement of increasing lawlessness is true regarding New York was shown in a previous article, in which attention was called to the fact that the number of arrests for felonies in New York County is increasing exactly twice as quickly as the population. At the same time there is a continual leakage at various stages of the criminal procedure, until the actual percentage of criminals landed finally in the net of the law is insignificant. During the year 1907 there were 9600 arrests for homicide in Greater New York. Of these 581 were soon afterward discharged, 30 were dismissed by the grand juries, 43 were acquitted, and only 45 convicted. The chief, and by far the greatest, leakage occurs owing to lack of evidence to warrant holding the prisoner for the grand jury.

An ex-chief of the detective force, whose name was and is still a terror to criminals, discussed this phase fully and emphatically.

"The trouble lies with the Detective Bureau," he said. "In the old days Tom Byrnes had forty detective sergeants under him, and he stamped crime out in New York—all except pocket-picking and petty larceny and misdemeanors of those kinds. To-day McCafferty has almost three hundred men, and yet he can't cope with crime in the manner of Byrnes.

"Byrnes drew his dead line along Fulton Street. Below that everything was absolutely safe. Every man that he had under him was a trained sleuth: he had to be, or he wouldn't have lasted ten minutes. Every crook that blew into town knew that he would be located within twenty-four hours. Byrnes had the city divided into twenty districts, with two detectives to each. If a crime was committed in any one of these districts information was transmitted to the central office immediately, and two sergeants would come along on the run. When they got to the district where the crime had been committed they took full charge of everything.

"Inspector Byrnes knew every crook in town. He knew his style of work. He had them all listed—gunmen, second story men, safe-men, dry-battery men, etc. He knew at a glance who had done a particular job—for, mind you, a crook of any standing is a specialist in his own line, and he puts the half-mark of his personality upon every job that he pulls off. Byrnes could lay his hand on any crook in town. He had a record of each as soon as he came out of jail. When he saw the hand of a crook in any little job he would send for him. 'Where were you on the night of the seventeenth?' he'd ask. And the crook had to prove an alibi or go to jail.

"I'll tell you why it is McCafferty, with three hundred men, can't do the work Byrnes did with forty. No, it isn't the immigrants: it's because the detective force is spending its time doing patrolmen's work. Patrolmen can take care of larcenies and petty assaults. The detectives should be kept exclusively for cases of robbery, arson, and homicide.

"Here's another thing, too. There are too many photographs in the Rogues' Gallery. Why, they have from twelve to thirty-five crooks lined up every day at headquarters. 'John Jones,' says the inspector, 'hold up your hand. This is John Jones, arrested by Patrolman Knickerbacker last night at Fourteenth Street and Broadway for petty larceny. Look at him.' In front of John Jones stand the three hundred swell sleuths in their white masks, watching and peering. They look over a couple of dozen new crooks every day. How many are they going to remember in six months' time? Not one of them.

"The old men have lain down, and the young patrolmen called detectives don't know their work. New York is swarming with crooks. I see two or three of them every evening when I go home on the street-cars. I give them a kick on the ankle and throw them off. Here's something else: a large percentage of street conductors are crooks or else in league with them."

It is undeniable that there exists to-day a widespread contempt for law, a belief among crooks that the course of justice is slow and devious, aided in large measure by the adroitness of unscrupulous lawyers in taking issue on technicalities which they spring unexpectedly upon the judge, who has to be in a position to give an immediate ruling. Any one failure on his part to solve instantly the most complicated question of such a nature renders the result of the trial liable to be nullified by the higher courts.

The whole procedure of criminal law seems to be devised in order to give the defendant every opportunity to evade justice. For example: the defendant is given the right of appeal on matters of law through all the State courts, and thence to the Federal courts. The prosecution has no right of appeal at all. Again, whereas an English judge practically directs the jury, in his summing up, upon the question of the defendant's culpability, the American judge who attempted to do anything of the kind would be the cause of the quashing of the verdict by a superior court.

The slowness of the numerous legal processes to be gone through is another feature that inculcates in the minds of criminals a contempt for law. Take the case of a prisoner who has been arrested for grand larceny—theft of anything to the value of $25 or more. This constitutes a felony and requires the setting in motion of various legal processes. Were the stolen article of the value of only $24.98, the prisoner could be dealt with summarily as a misdemeanant. But, being accused of a felony, he has to play his part in the complicated law comedy that now confronts him. As we have seen, he will probably be discharged for lack of evidence by the magistrate before whom he is arraigned in the first instance. But suppose there is evidence of a convincing nature, or suppose he pleads guilty—no matter: he will be held for the grand jury. Some time later the grand jury will consider his case. Here occurs his second chance of escape; they may not return a true bill. But he has pleaded guilty, suppose, and is held for the Court of General Sessions. By this time some one of the disreputable lawyers who prowl in the purlieus of the law courts has got hold of him—we are assuming him to be a first offender—and induced him to plead not guilty. Now the lawyer demands that the trial be postponed; perhaps he is engaged elsewhere, or perhaps some other excuse is devised by the attorney. Meanwhile the prisoner is out on bail. When the case finally comes to be tried—if it ever does—he may either have disappeared from the ken of the court, or he may succeed in inducing the jury to accept the possible truth of some preposterous story and to discharge him.

Nearly seventy-five per cent. of all cases are disposed of by plea, by the court's direction, or on the written application of the District Attorney that the defendant's bail be discharged. These represent cases in which a reasonable doubt exists upon the evidence, or where the witnesses for the prosecution have disappeared or left the jurisdiction of the court, or where there is reason to believe no jury would convict. It is, in fact, astonishing that any convictions are secured at all. That the prisoner is sometimes brought to justice is due to the fact that when he has been brought through the various legal processes and faces the jury, his guilt is usually demonstrable beyond any possibility of doubt. As a general rule, however, the "old hand" who is "caught with the goods" puts in a plea of guilty, upon the indefinite but well-understood agreement that such a plea will secure for him some slight mitigation of his punishment.

During the year 1907 out of 4573 indictments in New York County 82 per cent. resulted in convictions. This includes cases in which pleas of guilty were made. More accurately, the cases were disposed of as follows: 12 per cent. were convicted by verdict, 50 per cent. pleaded guilty, 8 per cent. were acquitted by verdict, 8 per cent. were acquitted by direction, 17 per cent. were discharged from custody, and the balances were disposed of in various ways.

"It is largely due to the severity of the sentences imposed by some of our judges that criminals are kept in fear of the law at all," said the ex-chief of detectives above referred to. "Judges Mulqueen, Malone, and Rosalsky will give a crook the limit if only the police present the proper kind of evidence. Judge Malone has thrown all political considerations to the winds, and in doing it out to the crooks to the best of his ability. Why, he recently gave a man seven years for having a blackjack in his possession.

"Credit must be given to County-Judge Aspinall, who kept the crooks out of Brooklyn. As soon as any New York thief crossed the bridges and was placed on trial in Kings County Court he got the limit.

"Judges will act every time, but the police and the detectives have got to submit the proper evidence. 'Judge,' says the detective, 'these are well-known crooks who were picked up last night on suspicion.' 'There is no such offence known to the law,' says the judge, and he has to let them go."

There is a general agreement that politics enters scarcely at all into a judge's determination of his sentence. Nevertheless, there are a thousand factors that enter imperceptibly into the matter. Judges are overworked; they attempt honestly and conscientiously to find out the records and reputation of prisoners before imposing sentence, but are often compelled to rely almost entirely upon the word of the officer who made the arrest. In other instances they are bombarded with letters, affidavits, and personal pleas on behalf of, or more rarely against, the prisoner, while the persons who intercede are almost never sworn or placed on the witness-stand.

It is claimed at the office of the chief clerk of the District Attorney for New York County that the average period of time between the arrest and the final disposition of a case is just ten days. This may be so; but it must be remembered that in the enormous majority of cases the prisoner is discharged either by the magistrate before whom he is first arraigned or by the grand jury, while the majority of the crooks plead guilty in order to secure some mitigation of punishment. It is safe to say that the professional criminal who is able to furnish bail and to employ the services of one of the many unscrupulous lawyers who are always ready to be hired can drag the prosecutor through interminable months of procrastination, until he goes away, vowing never again to set the law in motion, but to take it into his own hands.

There are not enough judges. In October, 1906, a law came into force providing for the creation of a fifth part of General Sessions. In spite of this there were so many cases upon the calendar during the months of last summer that it became necessary to extend part three of General Sessions, continuing the September term, so that six parts are now in session.

The Court of Special Sessions should consist of an additional part. At present the three judges that comprise it try from sixty-five to seventy cases a day. Again, in many instances a prisoner is arrested of the theft of some article of the value of perhaps $30. This act would constitute grand larceny, and necessitate the consideration of a grand jury, while in the end it may be discovered that the value of the article was below $25, so that the case should have been remitted to the Court of Special Sessions as a misdemeanor. The limit for petty larceny should be run up to $50. Magistrates are apt, too, to shift their responsibility by holding prisoners for the higher courts when there is not sufficient evidence, thereby clogging the machinery of the law with insignificant cases while housebreakers are left lying for months in the Tombs awaiting trial.

One reform of urgent import is the institution of some system for the better control of pawnbrokers' shops. An ordinance should be passed compelling the entry of every article taken in pledge upon a blank form, with a full description, and such forms should be forwarded every morning to police headquarters.

"The present system of inspecting a pawnbroker's books is a farce," said a member of the Police Department. "The pawnbroker slips the patrolman a Christmas present, or perhaps presents him with a gun if he has lost his. The cop comes round once in a week or so and asks, 'Anything doing?' 'Nothing doing,' replies the pawnbroker; and that's all the inspection amounts to.

"When a complainant finds his stolen property at a pawnbroker's, he is entitled to have it restored to him free of cost. But in order to stand in with the pawnbroker the patrolman tells the complainant he must pay the pawnbroker for what he has lost. The complainant can replevan his property at the cost of three dollars. But he doesn't know that. He pays.

"Should the court issue an order for the pawnbroker to turn over the property, and the patrolman fail to induce the complainant to recoup the pawnbroker for his loss, the pawnbroker wouldn't let the patrolman in on anything."

Finally, let us see what the Police Commissioner has to say upon the subject of crime.

"Lawbreaking is the easiest business and the most lucrative, for the work involved, of any business now conducted in New York," says Police Commissioner Bingham in his last annual report.

"Its profits for slight effort are enormous, and lawbreaking has been able to entrench itself behind such a rampart of legislation and highly paid lawyers that the forces of law and order are placed in the astonishing position of being actually on the defensive as against the lawbreakers.

"These lawbreakers and their highly paid lawyers are so ingenious and resourceful that they many times fool even the courts into giving them protection against the police on the ground of illegal interference or oppression.

"Of course, crooks and their political friends will fight a stringent law against vagrancy.

"Of course they will fight a law to put the pawnbrokers' shops under rigid surveillance.

"Of course they hate to have their photographs taken as a means of future identification.

"The police force is coping with the situation and is competent and able to carry on its work, shorthanded though it is.

"It is deemed vitally important for the detective work of New York city that there should be in the detective bureau a branch composed entirely of 'civilians' engaged and discharged at will by the Police Commissioner, to be composed of the best men who can be found anywhere in the world, regardless of any conditions but efficiency. The necessity for this is apparent to the casual student of police affairs.

(Continued on page 31.)

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"CAN'T YOU REALLY

DRAWN BY JA...

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AKE IT GO, GEORGE?"

TGOMERY FLAGG

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OF COURSE AUTOMOBILES KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING

HIS TRIBUTE

THE essential difference between the signification of words and terms in the English tongue which are almost the same in etymology and origin is a great element of difficulty to a foreigner also is learning the language—a fact to which a certain *attaché* of a foreign mission at Washington recently testified.

When the budding diplomatist in question arrived at our national capital a year or two ago, he soon capitulated to the charms of a young woman of the official set, and they speedily became the best of friends. A month or so ago the *attaché* returned to this country after a lengthy leave of absence passed in his own land. About the first thing he did on reaching Washington was to send a note to the lady of his admiration, wherein, to her astonishment and indignation, he gave expression to this sentiment:

"Once more, my dear friend, I shall gaze upon your unmatched eyes."

A THOUGHTFUL MAN

"THE great trouble with the general run of gifts that our misguided friends send us these days," said Horatio, "is their vast, their abysmal, inappropriateness. Look at my case. On Christmas Day I was in receipt of some three dozen very handsome gifts. Three patent safety-razors, although I wear a full beard; a beautifully embroidered smoking-cap six sizes too small, but possibly available for a cuff box if turned upside down and sent to somebody who wears detachable cuffs, which I do not. A volume called *Sixty Soups and How to Make Them*, in spite of the fact that I neither eat soup nor do my own cooking. A Guest Register, although I live in a bachelor's apartment where nobody ever calls except a stray tailor or two with an unpaid bill, and so on. With the possible exception of a check for fifty dollars from my uncle Ebenezer, who is now in his second childhood, there was hardly a thing in the whole bunch that I could use. I have had to pack 'em all away in a trunk until next Christmas, when I shall redistribute them as my gifts to kindly friends whom I wish to remember."

"Oh, well," said Antonio, "it is pretty hard these days to decide what is and what is not appropriate. Your own uncle Ebenezer is a case in point. What the deuce, for instance, could you find to send to an old chap like that who, according to your own statement, is in his second childhood?"

"That," said Horatio, complacently, "was the easiest thing in the world. It required only a little thought on my part to fill Uncle Ebenezer's heart with joy."

"What did you send him?" inquired Antonio, rather curious to know.

"A copy of *Mother Goose*," said Horatio.

WHAT THEY WERE DOING

THERE is a government official in Washington to whom an unnecessary or inane question is as a red rag to a bull.

Last summer he made his usual trip to Europe. On the first day out from New York he was strolling on the promenade deck, when suddenly there appeared before him a man whom he had not seen for years.

"Why, Professor!" exclaimed the man. "To meet you, of all men! Are you going across?"

"Yes!" growled the professor. "Are you?"

MATRIMONIAL REFERENCES

MISTRESS. "So you are going to marry the postman, Norah? You've been here a long time and we shall be sorry to lose you; but if your mind is made up, Mr. Morse will make inquiries about the young man, for we should feel sorry to have you marry any one whose morals were not good."

NORAH. "Yes, ma'am; thank you, ma'am."

MISTRESS (*to cook later*). "Well, Norah, Mr. Morse says you have made a very good choice, and that the postman is a very worthy young fellow."

NORAH. "Yes, ma'am; thank you and Mr. Morse so much. But I've decided to marry the grocer's clerk instead. He's just lovely! Would Mr. Morse mind finding out about *him*?"

WHY NOT?

"SAY, pa!"

"What is it?"

"Can a Plymouth Rock hen join the Daughters of the Revolution?"

MERITED

TREE Beerbohm Tree, the player, has a caustic wit in evidenced by an incident wherein he and an unknown playwright figured.

The writer had obtained permission to read his offering to Tree. The actor evinced no great degree of enthusiasm, either during or after the reading; but he did take the manuscript, upon which he scribbled hastily a few suggestions for its betterment.

"See here, Mr. Tree," was the indignant ejaculation of the ambitious playwright, "it's hardly fair of you to dispose of my work in this summary and nonchalant fashion. I'd have you know that this play cost me a year's hard labor!"

"So?" queried Tree. "My dear fellow, any impartial judge would give you at least five!"

HIS DEFICIENCY

A CERTAIN Chicago merchant died, leaving to his only son the conduct of an extensive business, and great doubt was expressed in some quarters whether the young man possessed the ability to carry out the father's policies.

"Well," said one kindly disposed friend, "for my part, I think Henry is very bright and capable. I'm sure he will succeed."

"Perhaps you're right," said another friend. "Henry is undoubtedly a clever fellow; but take it from me, old man, he hasn't got the head to fill his father's shoes."

COMPENSATION

A YOUNG cadet was complaining of the tight fit of his uniform.

"Why, father," he declared, "the collar presses my Adam's apple so hard I can taste cider!"

HIS METHOD

"MAMMA, did Santa Claus get in his sleigh on Christmas eve and drive around to all of the houses of the little girls and boys?" asked Willie.

"Yes, dear," answered his mother.

"An' did he stop at each chimney as he went along, and did he have just the right thing for everybody?"

"Why, of course, dearie."

"Well, mamma, he must have been mighty quick to visit all the places in town in one night."

"He is very quick, dear."

"I don't believe he did it that way," said Willie, after a moment of deep thought.

"How do you think he did it?" asked his mother.

"Why, I think he planned ahead."

"What makes you think that, dearie?"

"Cause, cause he had all my presents put away in the closet under the stepa two days before Christmas."

THE DELIGHTS OF UNCERTAINTY

ETHEL. "BUT WHY DON'T YOU OPEN IT AND READ IT?"
ETHELFRIDA. "AH, MY DEAR, BUT THEN I SHOULD KNOW WHAT HE SAYS!"

OBEYING ORDERS

THE manager of an electric-light construction concern in the West tells an amusing story in connection with the work of a new line in an Iowa town.

The workmen had begun to dig a post-hole in front of a house occupied by a grouchy German. Suddenly he appeared and forbade the men to go on with the work; whereupon they explained that they had authority from the proper officials, which explanation, however, did not pacify the indignant householder. After a good deal of wrangling, the men announced that they could not waste their time in talking, and so prepared to go to work again. At this juncture the German person called his wife, and with a dexterous and unexpected movement succeeded in flinging over the hole the men were digging a large, flat piece of slate, upon which he established his Frau.

"Yust you schtay dere, und I go get der injunction!" he directed.

No sooner had the husband disappeared than the leader of the gang directed his men to take the slate with the Frau upon it and lift it from its place. After a severe tug this was accomplished, and with perfect politeness the corpulent lady was set to one side, just as if she had been an inanimate object of some sort.

The work of digging then went merrily forward, and while the stolid wife held to the letter of her instructions with silent fidelity the men set up the pole for the light. This was well in place when the husband returned, waving in his hand the paper of injunction.

When he saw what had been done the irate householder became beside himself with rage.

"Vy did you not stand on der hole as I haf told you?" he demanded of his better half.

"It was on der stone you put me, not on der hole," she answered.

FEMININE AMENITIES

ELLA. "Bella never passes a mirror without looking in it."

STELLA. "Brave girl!"

INCONTESTABLE

THEY were trying an Irishman, charged with a petty offence in an Oklahoma town, when the judge asked:

"Have you any one in court who will vouch for your good character?"

"Yis, your Honor," quickly responded the Celt. "There's the sheriff there."

Whereupon the sheriff evinced signs of great amazement. "Why, your Honor," declared he, "I don't even know the man!"

"Observe, your Honor," said the Irishman, triumphantly—"observe that I've lived in the county for over twelve years an' the sheriff doesn't know me yit! Ain't that a character for ye?"

THE UNIVERSAL STRUGGLE

MRS. BENHAM. "What habit are you going to give up the first of the year?"

BENHAM. "I am going to try to give up writing '1908.'"

WATCHED

The late Dr. Drummond, the Habitant poet, once related an amusing anecdote indicative of the simplicity of the rural French Canadian.

He was summering in Megantic County, Quebec, when, early one evening, he was visited by a young farmer named Ovide Leblanc. "Bon soir, Docteur," said Ovide, by way of greeting. "Ma brudder Moise, heem ver sick. You come on d'house for see heem, Doc?"

Drummond, always kind-hearted and obliging, complied with the request of Ovide, and found the unfortunate Moise suffering from what he diagnosed as a fairly severe case of typhoid.

"Wishing to provide Moise with some medicine," said the doctor-poet, "I asked Ovide to accompany me back to the village. The prescription compounded, I proceeded to instruct Ovide. The dose was to be administered every three hours during the night, and, trying to be as brief, plain, and explicit as possible, I said: 'Be sure and keep watch on Moise to-night; and give him a teaspoonful of this at nine o'clock, twelve o'clock, and at three and six in the morning. Come and see me again about nine in the morning.'"

Ovide understood and departed. The following morning he again presented himself, and Drummond asked: "How's Moise? Did you do as I told you?"

"Ma brudder Moise, I t'ink he some better dan las' night," replied Ovide. "I give heem de medecin, but I doan have no watch in d'house, Doc. I tak d'leetle clock; d'one what mak d'beep dresturb for get up. I keep eet on hees shee' all night. Tink eet do heem good, dat, jus' lak d'watch. Wat you t'ink, Doc?"

A BULL MARKET

A LITTLE Washington girl had for a long time wanted a Boston bull-terrier. One day, during her convalescence from an attack of pneumonia, the youngster broached the subject to her mother, begging that she implore the father to procure such a dog.

Her mother's response was to the effect that as Daddy did not like dogs the chances were that he would be unwilling to buy one. Then, perceiving the expression of disappointment that came to the face of the little invalid, the mother's heart melted, and she said:

"Wait till you get well, dear; then we will see."

"Oh no," answered the child. "The sicker I am, the more likely he will be to buy it for me."

"I WANT TO GO, TOO"

THE MISSING LINK

A LAWYER having offices in a Philadelphia building wherein there are some hundreds of tenants recently lost a cuff-link, one of a pair that he greatly prized.

Being absolutely certain that he had dropped the link somewhere in the building, he caused a notice to be posted in the following terms:

"Lost. A gold cuff-link. The owner, William Ward, will deeply appreciate its immediate return."

That afternoon, on passing the door whereon this notice was posted, what were the feelings of the lawyer to observe that appended thereto were these lines:

"The finder of the missing cuff-link would deem it a great favor if the owner would kindly lose the other link."

ACCOMMODATING

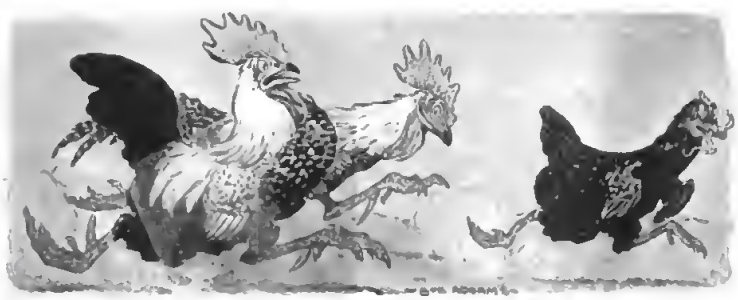
"SOME years ago," says a Boston lawyer, "a man in Nantucket was tried for a petty offence and sentenced to four months in jail. A few days after the trial the judge who had imposed sentence, in company with the sheriff, was on his way to the Boston boat, when they passed a man busily engaged in sawing wood.

"The man stopped his work, touched his hat politely, and said: 'Good morning, your Honor.'

"The judge, after a careful survey of the man's face, asked:

"'Isn't that the man I sentenced to jail a few days ago?'

"'Yes,' replied the sheriff, with some hesitation, 'that's the man. The fact is, Judge, we—er—we don't happen to have anybody else in jail just now, so we thought it would be a sort of useless expense to hire some one to keep the jail four months just for this one man. So I gave him the jail key and told him it would be all right if he'd sleep there o' nights.'"



THE HEIRESS

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An Arrested Pursuit

By Louise Closser Hale

DRAWINGS BY WALTER HALE

"IF I make the repair in half an hour," said the illustrator, "I can easily catch up."

I had been assisting the man up to the moment of his assertion. At least, I had unlaced the covering of a shoe and removed an inner tube. But at this I walked across the white French road and sat down in the three foot shade of a vineyard. I was bitter. "Catch up!" I snorted to myself. "Catch up—with what, I'd like to know?"

The illustrator pumped on profanely, and, unheeding him, I busied myself in my reflections. I was familiar with them—my inner thoughts; they had not varied greatly ever since a cheering populace blocked our departure from the port of Malaga. Now as to this "catching up" business: there are many ways of doing it, and a number of things to be caught up with.

For instance, in one's youth, by running, one may catch up with his brother, or, by walking, with his grandmother. Again, catching up in arithmetic has been done, although not so often; the pursuit of history, however, is quite possible, as the study possesses a sort of human interest which fascinates the young. Grown older, one may catch up a child in delight, or rage, or time of danger, the last being the portion of firemen. One may also catch up a coat, or a friend in a falsehood. Inanimate creatures may catch up a number of things: a tire, for example, on a French road may catch up a sabot nail before one can say Jack Robinson—witness the pumping illustrator.

But how had this expression become a motoring one? To me, at least, who had no schedule this side the first snowfall, no boundary unless it were the limitations of car travellers' checks, and nothing to pass along the road but the villages which disdained to enter into speed competitions, and evidently felt only a great relief when they were left behind—intact?

The man at this point of my reasoning was growing less vituperative. He saw the tire inflating. The long road stretched before his blood-shot vision; shortly his motor would be devouring it as a buzzard takes a snake. He knew that by a spurt he might yet make Avignon before the sun was down, or, if too late, at sunrise he could prod his consort into activity and thus "catch up." He thought of those days in Spain when the bad roads had kept them back, and how by hard and furious driving they had recovered the hours they had lost.

"Recovered them for what?" I murmured. "What are we pursuing, yet never overtaking, both of us, rushing insanely through a holiday? Now let us analyze: what came we out for, and what are we lacking?"

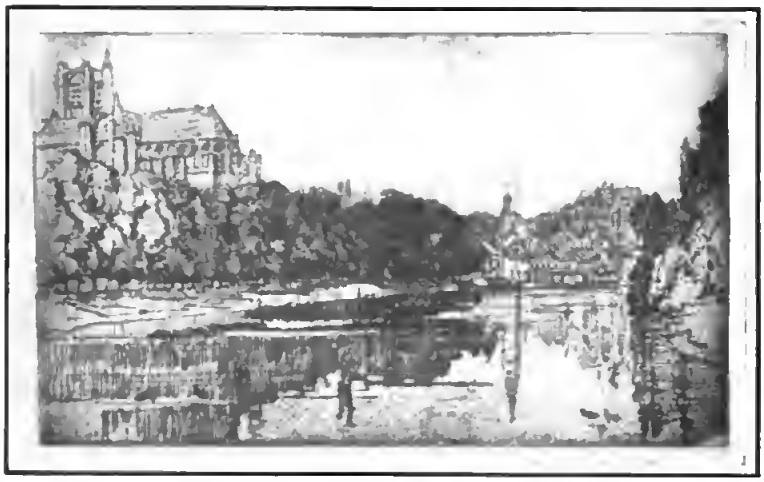
I looked at the weary illustrator, tired shoulders stooped, vexed lines about his mouth; triumphant, yes, that the difficulty had been conquered, and yet not— I laughed aloud, for suddenly the thing came to me which we were missing, yet like all the world were witlessly pursuing. "I think it might catch up with us if we would give it time." I said, aloud.

"Oh, we'll catch up," replied the illustrator, as his favorite expression reached his ears.

I did not go into the matter. I locked the tool-chest, and we swept on, only I planned with cunning. This was not difficult. Deceit had become a part of me, a guilelessness that sprang originally from fear; fear and, I might add, distrust of husbands.

There is no more curious phase of motoring (always excepting the madness to catch up) than the one of distrusting a husband. It takes one away back to that glorious spring when we picked limousines, which we could never afford, from the magazines during the evening, and had free drives every afternoon. Those were halcyon days. I sat, relaxed, in the tonneau, lounging about happily, and the illustrator sat by my side, the while making up his mind not to take the car, and (listen to this) there was a wretched hotnotes, that even a husband in the grain business was unworthy of blind faith, and as for him who took an engineering course at Yale, "A thousand deaths, my dear, from Fifty ninth Street to the Viaduct."

And another thing. Understand me before I go more deeply into it. I would not exchange my husband for the grain man, nor would the grain husband's wife; yet in some ways am I better suited to the merchant



We had left behind the valleys of the Rhone and Saone

tle squirt of a demonstrator in greasy clothes with a cigarette between his lips, who hair breadth escaped us through the streets. He was a miserable creature; yet I had no fear, for that wretched little squirt was not my husband.

It does not come to us, womenly speaking, during these first days, that terror is to form so large a part of our motoring experiences. We have no realization of the gravity of the situation until the hour comes when we are to go out with our husbands alone, unaided, squireless, into the great world. And they are to keep to one side, yet pass on the other side, holding out right hands when turning to the right, and left hands when turning to the left, and remaining cool as ice when we must cross the car tracks.

Then we look at our husbands; fine, tall men in new caps, upon whom we have put our trust for better or worse; and fear enters into our souls, for we do not think that they can get away with the undertaking. The little squirt in greasy clothes can get away with it. Oh yes, but not husbands. It makes no difference as to his walk in life (and this was some consolation to me), he need not be an illustrator with a soul for the beautiful. I found, upon comparing notes, that even a husband in the grain business was unworthy of blind faith, and as for him who took an engineering course at Yale, "A thousand deaths, my dear, from Fifty ninth Street to the Viaduct."

And another thing. Understand me before I go more deeply into it. I would not exchange my husband for the grain man, nor would the grain husband's wife; yet in some ways am I better suited to the merchant and she to the illustrator, for when I go in their car and sit beside the produce driver I am happy; and when she goes in ours her laugh does not sound like a joyless garden party in the third act. For we have faith each in the other's bird.

The illustrator noticed this, and commented peevishly upon it, yet I did not resent his limited perspicacity. If I could but keep from him half the truth as to my opinion of his skill I might still be rated as the companion, not of his bosom, but of his motor-car, than which there is naught higher. In this way became I a observer. Leaving the man, I daily planned beneath my blouse, "In case of death, please notify," in several different languages, and coasted down the mountainsides.

As time went on I branched out into various dissimulations, and, I may add, took pride in them. I could, for instance, inscribe on post cards to bored ones at home, safely rocking on front porches, what a lovely, restful trip I was enjoying. At the time of writing, however, there would be some truth in the statement. Sitting on the wobbly chairs of a café, with the motor in an unbacked stable where the chance was most excellent for even a butter-fingered child to steal it, life took on a better aspect. And as we sped on to Avignon something of the placidity of a stationary person possessed my spirit, for in the City of the Popes I was convinced our catching up would cease.

There was nothing in the attitude of the illustrator when we reached the town conducive to our staying longer than the night. He had put oil in the leaders before our dinner, and there was a glint in his eye as he read to me scraps from a small blue book concerning the trip up the Rhone Valley that bode ill for my shattered nerves.

We were taking our coffee on the sidewalk of the main street, an avenue which presented pleasing features—and restful ones. The *bonnes* in plaid headdresses with long streamers nourished their babies cheerily in the graveyard opposite; bugles up at the palace and down at the barracks exchanged musical compliments constantly, and at dusk a body of soldiers, headed by a gay young band, swung by at a quick step, as though on a very important mission indeed, and, shortly afterwards, swung back again, evidently with task unaccomplished, but not yet disheartened. Then the red-trousered soldiers began to fill up the tables, for it was not a proud café; the glasses clinked, and the bioscope sought to educate us by strange doings.

The bioscope was a minute affair; the views thrown on a sheet that ran at right angles across the pavement, greatly interfering with the pedestrian—but no matter, he should stop and drink. It is doubtful if the illustrator appreciated these good things, for he had discovered in the small blue book that the route up the Rhone was the one chosen by the Marseilles Battalion for their long march on Paris.

"It is especially fitting," he said, closing the volume momentarily to sip his *café verre*, "that we are going over the road they chose."

"Why?" I asked.

The man wriggled uneasily. There are truths which do not bear the cold searchlight of wifely interrogation. "Because they were brave fellows too," he finally asserted.

"Why too?" I relentlessly pursued.

The illustrator gazed upon me fondly—it was only

Saulieu, in the Cote d'Or districts, a good warm town, and quite as peaceful in the day as the lawmaker himself

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in the car that he became irascible. "Don't be so modest. Haven't we proved it? Touring across Spain, as we did—no roads, no maps, no guns—"

"No gumption," I supplemented, *sotto voce*.

"What?" queried the man, in doubt.

"I said no gutters," very calmly from me.

His face cleared. "No, no gutters, either, though I can't say I felt the loss of them. Then the descending of the Pyrenees with the lock-brake out of order. What did those Spanish motorists swear—won't get down alive? I imagine that wasn't handed as a parting bouquet to the Marseilles Battalion. But we did it, we made the descent; and as for you—why, game, pure game."

It was now my turn to wriggle, as the scene of sickening fear that I had experienced during the rush down again swept over me, and I turned to the biograph. The honest laborer was at that moment being marched to jail, while the real thief in the background was uttering silent cries of triumph. The patrons were deeply moved, a bourgeois and his family next to me were shedding tears.

"How kind they are," I murmured.

"Nonsense!" scoffed my companion. "Wait till they put on a bull-fight, and hear them shout." He opened his small book again and read aloud, translating from the French with honesty if not fluency. "They had gone—no, went, chanting from Marseilles to Paris, joyously, with pax—no, *pace*—oh yes, peace, the 'Marseillaise' of Rouget de Lisle, and demanded of him his mother, remote and far away in a corner, 'What is now this revolutionary hymn that a horde of bandits who traverse the France are singing, and to the which one mixes up our name?'" The reader marked the page with his finger and sighed for them. "Think of it, singing all the way to Paris and *walking* as they sang!"

The laboring man was in the prisoner's dock by now, and the interrupting voice annoyed me—and the bourgeois family.

"*But* walking," I amended.

"What?" said the man once more.

I swallowed down the truth. "Aren't you a little deaf? *Loved* walking. They loved it, don't you see? That's why they sang. They had never looked upon a motor-car."

This was a mistake, and I knew it; there should have been no reference to motoring. The illustrator, who enjoyed his emotions, became very cool. "And they never will. It took them twenty-eight days to cover just six hundred miles. Poor souls! I wish they could be here for me to show them."

I gasped. How quickly I had reaped the whirlwind. I waved toward the winking pictures on the screen, and cried, distractingly: "It's over, and the man is free. I don't know which are happier, those men and women on the screen or those before it."

The man beside me heeded not; he was figuring swiftly on the margin of his book. "Five days to their twenty-eight—that is, with ease, and allowing time to catch up in case of accidents, but four is ample—"

I spoke emphatically. "They are throwing on another view."

"I don't care; four is ample—"

"Don't you think that they're instructive to the people?"

"I'm not the people. Four is ample, and if we tried—"

"It's something of America, I tell you."

"And serves 'em right. Now let me see—a night at Lyons, one more at— Why, if we're sports, it could be done in three—"

The illustrator threw back his head, eyes half shut in rapid calculation. Despairingly I stared at him—then came the change. I saw his closed lids open wide as he leaned forward, concentrating on the screen. In wonder I continued gazing at him. Saw a smile creep to his mouth as with his head he motioned towards the picture.

I turned and looked at Riverside, with Grant's tomb in the distance. "Comme une fromage," the bourgeois ejaculated, but we frowned him silent. It was not a story, it was just the scene on a bright day with the trees in leaf—and motors slipping by. There were landaus and victorias as well, buggies from the country, men on horseback, some perambulators, but always all were there motors. They came in from the top of the sheet by the café door, and they winked off at the bottom of the sheet by the curb.

The illustrator named the motors as they ran along; he thought he recognized some faces; he knew the mounted cop; one of the big cars had a tire down, another would be arrested in five minutes if it kept up that speed; and then—and then—rapidly, but within the limits, controlled, direct, with dignity, stepped a car down the screen—a roadster, a beauty!—from out the corner by the café door down towards the curb. And the illustrator rose to his feet, taking me with him, but unconsciously, and in a hushed voice cried:

"It's me!"

And it was me. I in my best hat looking anxious, and the illustrator lifting his just as we departed from the joyous scene. That was all which we could gather in the first glad surprise. But long after we had left we stayed—if one can understand me—for we may come round again," the illustrator breathed.

We didn't, however. The picture was winked off the screen, and we turned to each other, he simple in his joy, I complex in my guile.

"Did you notice how well I made that turn?" he asked.

"No," I answered. "Let's stay to-morrow night and see." I waited trenchantly.

"Sure thing," replied the illustrator.

We all have one opportunity in life, and we must seize it. I seized mine. Beset by his own petard was the man. During the first day in Avignon he walked about the town feverishly waiting for evening, but the second day he sent his motor in have the mudguards straightened (they had been quite perfect in the picture), and in the mean time loved some beauty in the palace, and took a guilty pleasure in sketching it. Cleaning spark plugs had, for a long time, taken the place of manual exercises with the pencil, and my weak protests had been waved aside with the edict that the towns through which we charged did not lend themselves artistically to perpetuation through the medium of his work. Now, as we sat outside the old bull fighters' ring across the river, he acquiesced with me that sketching would do to kill the time—" until the mud guards were straightened."

We did not at first admit that we were staying on to see ourselves creeping across a piece of muslin. But by some strategy after each evening was over, or, at least, the great event, a question would arise as to the manner of our driving, or of our costume, which (by stoutly opposing him) would occasion a dispute that could be settled only by another night.

It was the fourth day, when our car was more than ready, when I had explored every nook and corner of the town, when I was deeply conscious that the Marseilles Battalion was already eighty-four miles ahead of us—it was on this day that the question of the mustache arose. There had been no argument on the night before, probably for the reason that I was ready to move on; but at breakfast on the day we had intended for departure the illustrator startled me with a question of his own.

"Do you think that I was wearing my mustache?" he asked.

The man is clever before he enters Europe he cultivates a hirsute growth on his upper lip that he may not be mistaken for a waiter or, far worse, an actor. At the moment of his inquiry he was cleverer than I, for he seized my momentary hesitation to order back the luggage. "To-night we'll see," was his decision.

But we did not see. We made the usual pretenses of coffee, and, grown more generous, watched patronizingly the story pictures that were first thrown on the screen. We even made a small wager at ten o'clock or thereabouts as to the wearing of the mustache. The illustrator was under the impression that he had not yet assumed the disguise, stating as his reason that otherwise he would be recognized by at least a few habitués of the place. He said that he was glad of this, which was not the truth, although I called no attention to the falsehood. They were all finished (the pictures), and the lights of the café were flickering up and down in warning, when at last we called the garçon and asked why new views had formed the evening's entertainment. "Where is the 'False Arrest'—and—and others?" said the illustrator, trying to speak coldly.

The waiter put down his tray, and having freed his hands, became immediately dramatic. "They come and they go, *n'est-ce-pas monsieur*, like the tourists. They have marched up the valley—Orange—Lyons—Macon—who knows? They began at Marseilles, they end at Paris. That have I learned from the operator who makes to take them under his care. You have need of anything, *m'sieu messieurs*?"

We had, but not from Alphonse. In the early morning we started, three days behind the battalion, one day behind the biscope. At last we had something to pursue, but it could not be with haste, or we would go beyond it. This was a sweetly placid thought. It would be a shame to let the band of five hundred heroes know how quickly we reached Orange. They who marched through the dust, taking their turn at the

Auxerre, from the river

cannon and forge, gave a long day to it; while we swept up the road, and behold us!

At this point the dissimilarity ceases, for the Marseillaise and we spent the night at Orange. They had speeches in the Roman amphitheatre, we had pictures. The authorities were setting up a biscope when we peered in through the stage door, or what was presumably the stage door. At all events, it was a very humble entrance. We wished to ask if we would be on the programme, but were seized with shyness; we walked in circles, for a time around the authorities, or strictly speaking, in half circles, as the amphitheatre did not lend itself to a complete *tournure*, and finally compromised on wondering in a loud voice if the views would be instructive. At that several ladies with tickets in their hands and church fair expressions swept down upon us, claiming that they would be, and did we care to buy.

So we did buy, and the illustrator made a sketch that afternoon, putting himself surreptitiously in it with his mustache off, as a sort of preparation for the evening's surprise to those staring over his shoulder. And that night we witnessed scenes of the Holy Land in the theatre where the plays of Euripides had been applauded, and the Battalion (four days ahead of us) had roared the song which sets our pulses beating whenever a French tenor takes an encore.

The next day was a busy one. At Montelimar, through increased laziness of speech, we learned that the biscope had spent the previous night on a side walk, but the operator's views had been thought uninteresting (this seemed incredible—we hated Montelimar), and he had taken train for Vienne. The illustrator and I sang in unison as we motored on. "I have

(Continued on page 29.)

The Rise of the Motorcycle

Reasons for its Growing Popularity, and Practical Advice to Users

By Alfred H. Bartsch

THERE is no possible mistaking the sound growth and popularity of the motorcycle. Within the past two years it has jumped from a practically unknown sport and recreation to one of the largest phases of the new era of pleasure travel; it must grow, it will grow. Think of a mechanically propelled vehicle, comfortable and reliable, which will carry a man a distance of 205 miles with an expense for fuel of but twenty-seven cents, which needs practically no care,

After an endurance run

and requires for storage space a portion of one's hallway 6×2 feet.

A few years ago the sport was looked upon by the general public as more or less of a public nuisance; the motorcycle then was very, very slowly creeping into prominence, with more or less setbacks provided by individual riders, who seemed to think that their appearance while motoring necessitated the use of their oldest wardrobe which was on the verge of collapse; consequently, these little conveyers of man were the centre of a much-talked-of nuisance, which was further agitated by the rider's regardlessness of the sensitiveness of man or beast. They would ride in city or open country with their mufflers cut out, or in numerous cases absolutely devoid of a muffling attachment. In some instances it was the rider's desire for noise, or to bring attention to the fact that he owned a motorcycle, in other instances it was the owner's desire for more power; but whichever the case, this offence in principle and in conjunction with that of insufferable attire has done more to retard the advancement of motorcycling in general than all other arguments combined.

Most of the machines on the market to-day are built and equipped to run quietly, and will do so if the rider will refrain from tinkering with his muffler in a foolish attempt to gain power from that source. The results in nine cases out of ten are futile; his desire is, however, to relieve the motor of the seeming back pressure developed in the muffler by the harboring of the burnt gases and exhaust and allowing them to enter into the free air slowly and therefore noiselessly. There are a few manufacturers who have sensibly provided for 1909 a most efficient muffler, but, on the other hand, have foolishly attached the cut out, which will be more abused than necessarily used; whol the rider will gain in power is more than lost in the harm done by public sentiment and loss of self-respect.

It is a difficult matter to find any other possible explanation of why the American people were seemingly quite overlooking the great advantages of the motorcycle, and under no other explanation excepting that of the undesirable appearances and the noise, or probably the ignorance of the two-wheeler's capabilities, does this neglect seem to be accounted for. Personally I have found the motorcycle an ideal and reliable vehicle, for recreation or business purposes—that is, for travelling from town to town in the more rural districts. I have found it exceedingly economic in upkeep, and, contrary to the belief of the uninitiated, the high class motorcycle of to-day is as reliable and more simple than the best of automobiles, while the actual cost of up-keep is less than one-sixth that of any other steam or gasoline or animal propelled vehicle.

A particular and important point is its wonderful reliability and simplicity. All the ordinary care and repair that a motorcycle might require involves the use of only the simplest of tools—the wrench, screwdriver, and pliers. In nine cases out of ten one of the above tools with but the average amount of mechanical ingenuity or cleverness will be sufficient to make the general necessary repair or adjustment. The motorcycle of to-day is as reliable as its pedal propelled prototype, with which it has so often been brought into comparison with detriment to the motor. The reliability of a motorcycle is in reality no news to the motorcyclist; he has proven that fact for himself, but the intention now of the manufacturer is to prove and show this to the intending buyer. The average business man has no time to make constant adjustments. If he motorcycles for business or for pleasure he must have a machine that can be ridden at any time without requiring much of his previous leisure hours to be spent in getting the mount ready for use. Let him rest content, for the best motorcycles have now arrived at this stage.

Another dumper wrongfully placed on the sport is that the motorcycle is the frequent cause of accidents, but let an unprejudiced investigator refer to statistics of accidents caused by motorcycles and he will find that they are of very rare occurrence indeed, and infinitesimal when compared with those caused by any other vehicle, even to the seemingly harmless horse and carriage. Why? Because the motorcycle, while in some instances capable of fifty to sixty miles an hour on the road, is more amenable to control than any other road vehicle. Years ago the two wheeler motor propelled vehicle depended on the coaster brake of the bicycle type, but by constant requests on the part of enthusiasts the American market is following that of Europe and providing the motorcycle with an efficient brake, and in some instances two brakes, operated by the hand and foot, respectively. To-day by raising a single lever, or revolving the pedal a half turn back, any motorcycle travelling at a speed of fifteen to twenty miles an hour may be brought to a standstill in an incredibly short space, so that the risk of an accident in that direction is reduced to a minimum.

Of course the inevitable hen who persists in crossing the road, a dog, etc., may cause you to occasionally take a nasty fall, but invariably it was the fault of the third party concerned; accidents of this nature, while rare, are just as liable to happen to the bicyclist as to the motorcyclist. As to hitting stones and other obstructions, the pedal cyclist would be easily thrown by such obstructions, while a motorcyclist would not notice them; this is caused by the fact that the average rider is setting on a comfortable spring saddle, and that his mount is equipped with spring forks; also the weight is an important factor in keeping the rider from being dismounted, and the fact that the centre of gravity is low prevents the side sway or thrust that might result when recovering from hitting an obstruction.

THE YEAR AB

During the past year, while the motorcycle was crowding into the public eye, numerous comments to the effect that the motorcycle was the stingy man's pleasure were often mailed to my care. This is true, but only to a certain extent, for if the rider were married and wished to enjoy the recreation afforded by his mount his wife would have to remain home in a more or less remonstrant solitude. Still another seeming slur was often brought to my ears to the effect that the motorcycle was "the poor man's auto." This, however, does not reflect upon the conveyance, as the motorcycle is generally ridden by a man who can afford to do so without reducing the thickness of his wallet to that of an alarming skeleton.

With the help of very neat attachments termed tricars or side cars the two-wheeler can be quickly and neatly converted into an exceedingly comfortable and practical passenger vehicle that will give all the joys and comforts of automobiling at a minimum cost, and would be far better fitted for the man who, after he purchases his automobile to spite his neighbor of "only a motorcycle" fame, necessarily has to mortgage his home to meet the enormous running expenses and repair bills.

With the idea to introduce the gentler sex in order to make motorcycling all it should be, several manufacturers have been extensively experimenting in tricar and side-car models, with the result that, exhibited at Madison Square Garden during the week of January 16 to 23 will be a number of these attachments which are bound to appeal to the public on account of their comfort and sensibleness.

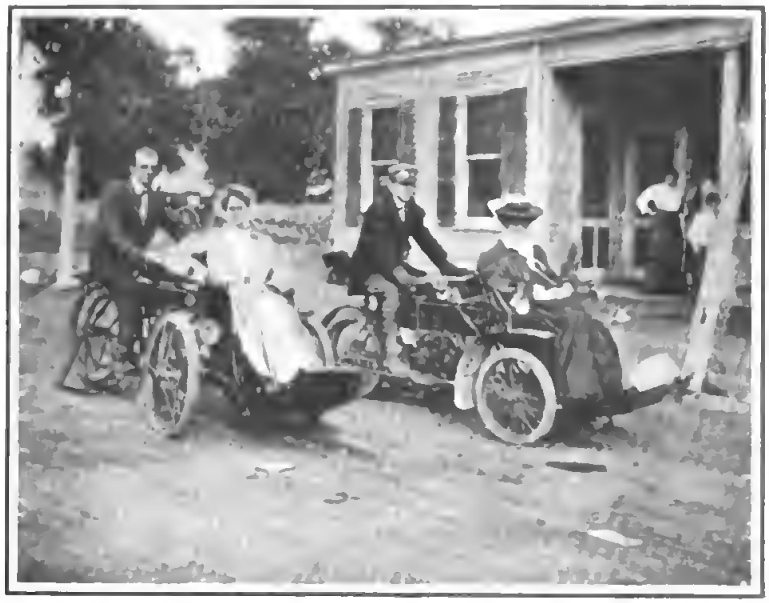
At one time a foreign concern introduced an attachment known as a "trailer," which consisted of a wicker-work chair balanced on springs between two wheels, and, setting to the rear of the motorcycle, was attached by a single bar to the seat post. As the lady occupant generally objected seriously to the quantity of road dust necessarily swallowed, this kind of passenger attachment was soon abandoned. I know of a certain enthusiast on this model who, on several occasions, when the usual call from his motorcycle saddle was sent forth, "Hello! are you there?" received no answer, and a backward glance showed him that a broken attachment bar alone remained; the passenger generally was found lying in the road several miles back with one or more scalp indentations and no desire to ride thusly thereafter.

More successful, however, were the fore and side car attachments which were first sold extensively in Europe about six years ago, but which, owing to their heavy weight and inability to climb hills, died an early but undeserving death. However, experimenting never ceased, and to-day the American market presents a number of side and fore cars that are a credit to the country and can be safely invested in with satisfaction assured to the most exacting buyer. One firm especially will offer a most luxurious line of these attachments which will offer the fastidious buyer a motorcycle that can be admirably used for single or passenger work, and the change from one to the other made simply and quickly. These types have been given the title of "affinity cars," and besides being exquisitely upholstered are comfortably placed upon elliptical springs and provided with a two speed and free-engine attachment incorporated in the rear hub. It certainly makes an ideal, economic, and easily handled passenger vehicle—a serious rival in every respect to the most reasonable automobile.

WHICH MAKE WILL I BUY?

Going farther into the motorcycle question, the young man may have decided, after collecting a host of catalogues and reading hundreds of clippings, etc., that he really wants to enter into the joys of the two-wheeler. He rightly fears to buy the motorcycle which has achieved fame by special machines on race tracks, yet if the good points of these motors are embodied

Rounding a curve in a motorcycle race at Morris Park, New York



A pleasant motorcycle adaptation for honeymoon tours or family outings

into the touring models let him decide there and then. However, the weight is of prime importance: then one must consider the general surrounding country. Should the roads be rough and rocky, he would do well to buy a heavier motorcycle than would be necessary in the macadamized suburbs. However, the centre of gravity should be low, yet, on the other hand, at least six inches clearance space should prevail between the base of the crank-case and road. The handle-bars should not be too long reaching from the head. While this may be comfortable, they are absolutely useless in soft dirt and sand.

It need not contain a two-speed gear, yet, while this device is exceedingly handy for easy starting and almost necessary in starting while climbing steep hills and in deep sandy stretches, there are but a very, very few that have outlived a year's experience of real hard work. In the purchase of this attachment, as well as a motorcycle, it would be well to look into their respective accomplishments in real endurance trials. It might be well to mention that the Federation of American Motorcyclists hold annually a very severe endurance contest which has been a boon to progressive manufacturers on account of the uncovering of flaws in design and construction that results from this contest.

A novice should never buy a multi-cylinder for his first mount. They generally prove too fast for the first run or two, and, while very powerful, they only offer real pleasure in good hands on clean roads. It also takes seemingly more knowledge to understand a multi-cylinder model, and in reality takes more looking after and real ingenuity after a time. I advise a single-cylinder for the novice. He will be more pleased and well marvel at its simplicity; then, after he has acquired the necessary knowledge of the first principles and ridden a few thousand miles, he may safely enter into the twin class. By taking this method of promotion he will not only benefit himself, but will considerably help the game.

In selecting a single-cylinder motorcycle, one of about three and one half horse-power would be the ideal machine. Should the rider be heavy—175 pounds or over—he should sacrifice speed for comfort and hill-climbing abilities and gear his mount to at least five and one-quarter or five and one-half to one. The saddle should be comfortably sprung, and as to whether the top be padded or not I leave to your own decision. For five years I've used a plain leather top, and found it to be very comfortable even on rides of 275 miles in one day. It should be no more than thirty-three inches from the ground. Twenty six-inch wheels and two-and-one-quarter-inch tires for single, and two-and-one half-inch tires for twin cylinder, will give the desired low riding position which tends to make the rider feel secure.

Mechanically operated valves are the best principle, as the machine can be run more slowly up a hill and in traffic, while the idea of the inlet valve being over the exhaust, with the sparking plug between, is ideal, as the exhaust valve is less liable to overheat and the plug points will always be kept clean. Be very careful that the brake, or in some cases brakes, are of simple and most efficient design. The band-brake type is preferable to the coaster hub style. Handle-bar control, while not absolutely necessary, is very handy for the novice. I have had several complaints from new riders concerning the grip control, as when one becomes excited or when it breaks it becomes a serious matter. More expert motorcyclists prefer to have a control that tends to acquaint them with the exact position of the throttle, air, and spark controls. This is on account of the occasional endeavors to put up new records for season economy. The most important and last items I will treat of are transmission and ignition.

TRANSMISSION

The novice looking for simplicity no doubt will find that the belt is undoubtedly the simplest form of transmission; it does away with the wear of sprockets, gears, and the exact and proper adjustment of the compensating device necessary for chain drive on account of its harshness or lack of give. The question of chain vs. belt has been a long and tiresome argument in motorcycle circles, and it probably will never be decided in either's favor. Of course the belt enthusiasts proclaim the winning of the argument on the grounds that every belt driven motorcycle will hold on to this method, while every chain-driven motorcycle manufactury of any consequence is offering the belt for 1909 as an option. In the Stanley show recently held in London, of 267 machines exhibited, 190 had belt transmission, 9 had chain, and 8 used a gear drive. If we take these for argument one can easily imagine which is the simplest or best. The chain is, it seems, fast dying. It still survives on a number of makes both here and abroad, that have stuck to this method of transmission for the past seven or eight years, and it seems that they are having very satisfactory results; but it is a fair inference that if they have adopted the belt as an option the necessary demand for the belts will soon overthrow the use of the chain. A broken chain is a hard matter to fix for the best of us, as the steel used is generally so hardened that the ordinary file will not even make a mark, while, on the other hand, it takes but a few seconds to fix up a belt and no special or mechanical knowledge is at all necessary. Another drawback to the chain is that it requires frequent cleaning, which is undoubtedly a messy proceeding, while the belt, especially that of the rubber V type, needs absolutely no attention excepting that of a damp cloth. Therefore, I leave the above argument for you to settle on its merits.

IGNITION

Authorities have estimated that ninety per cent. of motorcycle troubles are chargeable to the ignition system. Therefore, anything that will reduce this enormous percentage is and will prove a distinct gain. It is here—the everlasting battery, the magneto. The American market has been sleeping the past few years, and, I am sorry to say, had to wait till our foreign brothers literally came over and took us by the ear, saying, "This is it; it will solve your ignition troubles; it no longer is a mystery-box." Therefore, for 1909 the magneto, to a large extent, will be a standard equipment, and for that reason I would advise the novice to have a magneto ignition on his motorcycle by all means. I have had a fair amount of experience in both the battery and magneto types, and it seems almost absurd for any one to cling to the fast-failing battery and coil when the magneto offers such freedom from trouble and worry. For the past three years I have depended on a magneto to supply the necessary ignition, and can honestly say that during the thousands of miles covered I have never once looked for trouble at the magneto end. It seems to me that it is only a question of time before the magneto will be universally adopted on automobiles as well as motorcycles. I might here mention that I have tried both the Bosch high tension and the Kiesman low-tension systems—the two most universally used—and both have afforded me most complete and entire satisfaction.

As for difficulty in starting—the usual complaint—I might say that my personal experience has proven to me that my motorcycles have started always on the first push of the pedals. And when the kindly gentleman appeared I have repeatedly started to his utmost surprise, on compression. If the ignition be fully advanced and the plug points closely set, an engine will start far more easily and regularly on a magneto than on a battery. To test a magneto one does not have to pedal his legs off on account of its technical construction. I have repeatedly shown a bright and hot spark by merely rocking the back wheel backward and forward. If the spark did not occur, then something was wrong. But don't start dissecting here. Slip off the wires and test the magneto with the small spanner provided, and ten to one the trouble is not where you expect. The magneto seldom, if ever, becomes deranged, and I recommend it to novices as well as enthusiastic riders with a clear conscience. I would, however, advise the use of a special magneto-plug, with points setting as close as possible together—four-tenths of a millimeter, or be more exact. On account of the hot spark the points rarely ever soot, and a cheap plug should never be bought, as its satisfaction will be and has proven rare. A communication to the effect, "How long will a magneto last?" amused me, and I almost was tempted to say forever, which at that is not so far from being correct, as the parts are interchangeable and the magneto can be remagnetized every four or five years.

I firmly believe that the motorcycle will rival the past bicycle craze, and believe it a most practical, pleasant, healthy, and economic conveyance. I take as my argument for its coming popularity the fact that on the small British Isles there are nearly 70,000 registered motorcycles, while the popularity here in America is only beginning, and the enthusiasm is almost unbounded in this early season preceding the shows.

A tandem team in modern style

In the French section

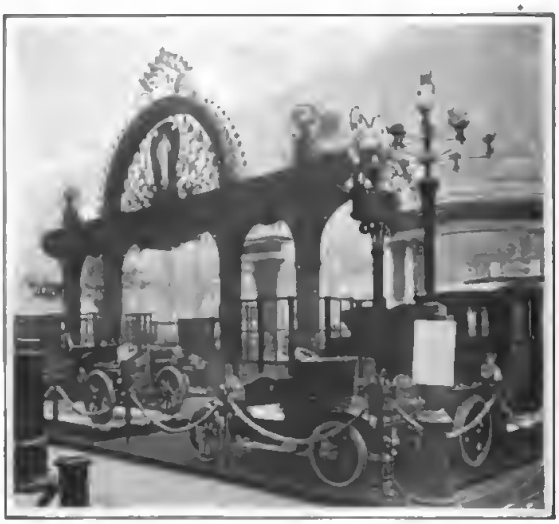
A general view of the exhibition

The Werner display

An Italian exhibit

The Darracq cars

How the Brasier cars were shown



The elaborate booth of the Clement-Bayard cars

THE PARIS AUTOMOBILE SHOW

THE MARMON

Marmon "Thirty-two", $2400

An Automobile Classic--A Conspicuous Value

The Marmon "Thirty-two" is neither a cheaply-built car at a low price, nor a "good enough" car at a high price.

It is a high-grade car in every sense of the word, built as carefully as a fine watch. The parts are interchangeable, all of them manufactured by us, rigidly tested and carefully assembled into a harmonious whole.

Weighing not over 2100 pounds, with 32-40 H. P., this "Thirty-two" has a world of speed and ability. In performance, as in appearance, it is a car that needs no apologies—occasions no regrets—a car you will be proud to own.

The "Thirty-two" sustains the Marmon reputation for mechanical excellence. It can be depended upon to stand up under the most severe usage, year after year.

To the man who looks ahead and buys with his eyes wide open, this car is an emphatic bargain. No other car on the market at $3000 or less offers so much actual value.

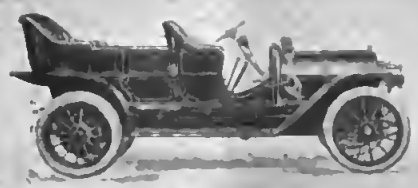
Get the specifications, notice the character of design and equipment, and make a few careful comparisons.

Genuine Krupp and Chrome Nickel Steels are used for important parts. Bosch magneto and battery — dual system. Three-point motor support. Straight-line shaft drive. Rear axle and transmission in one unit. Marmon oiling system. Large brakes. Hess-Bright imported ball bearings. Big tires (34x4 all around). Complete equipment. Furnished as Touring Car, Roadster, Four-Passenger Suburban, Coupé, or Limousine Town Car.

The Marmon "Fifty," $3750

A superb car, of most distinguished appearance. In hard, practical cash value, it is the superior of the most famous foreign cars selling at two or three times the price. Furnished with Seven-passenger body. 50-60 H. P. Completely equipped

Marmon "Forty-five" Roadster, a special model, $3500



Marmon "Fifty," $3750

Built Here

The Easiest Riding Car In The World

The 1909 Marmon models are being exhibited at the Grand Central Palace Show, New York. They will also be exhibited at the Chicago Show, Feb. 6-13

The Use of Tears

Tears flow under two very different emotional conditions—great sorrow and great joy. How is it that emotions so diverse are manifested by the same outward expression?

To answer this question we must recall the fact that there is, on either side of the neck a great artery called the carotid. Near the larynx this artery parts and forms two branches. One of these branches carries the blood to the brain, the other to the face and to the scalp. These two systems intercommunicate by means of the ophthalmic artery at the back of the eye. The ophthalmic artery is a ramified channel between the internal and external carotids.

Dr Waynbaum, a French physician, has recently advanced the "vascular theory," as it is known, which demands a reconsideration of the simple facts of the construction of the human neck and head as related to the brain. The immoderate laugh, he says, is, from a physiological point of view, nothing but an effort. When we laugh immoderately we force into action nearly the same muscles that work when we make an effort to lift a heavy weight, and we use all these muscles in very nearly the same way. In both cases we begin by contracting the muscles which form the glottis, we lower the diaphragm, and immobilize the muscles whose play works the thoracic cage. The harder we laugh the more muscles we use, Darwin says that during the act of the "crazy" laugher the whole body is thrown backward and shaken. Such a laugh may go so far as to resemble convulsions; in some cases the respiration is arrested.

During a fit of violent laughter the laugher's face turns black, the lips are livid and the veins of the forehead swell as the effect of the intense congestion of the brain. The man or the woman who laughs immoderately ought to remember that hard laughing disturbs the delicate channels of the brain with overheated blood, and that the cerebral congestion, *the apoplexy* that always threatens when the laughter is immoderate, cannot fail to be aggravated by the contractions of the muscles.

When the muscles contract they compress the lateral carotid vein. The blood rushes from the carotid toward the face; it finds that it cannot use the external carotid; it cannot go in the face, and it cannot stand still, therefore, it rushes to the brain. The brain is already congested and gorged with the venous blood halted by the arrest of the breathing. Naturally the brain gives way under the push of the blood rushing in on it from the arteries. Knowing all this, it is difficult to laugh at the man seized with laughter. His condition is dangerous; he stands close to apoplexy. Apoplexy would be the result of all violent laughter were it not for the ophthalmic artery. By the ophthalmic artery, the canal between the internal and external carotids, the blood rushing toward the brain is turned into the canal between the eyes and crowds the conjunctives and the lachrymal glands. The conjunctives and the lachrymal glands react against the rush of blood by means of an abundant secretion of tears. To speak better, the lachrymal glands transform the flood of blood into tears, the composition of which is exactly the same as that of the liquid part of the blood. Tears act on the congested brain just as a leech would act; and they may be called the best of all leeches, since they do their work at the expense of the blood on its way to cause apoplexy. So one point is made: tears are of incontestable utility in laughter.

They are very useful in sorrow; but in this state they act on the brain differently. In grief, tears drain the blood destined for the brain, and by doing so increase the anemia of the nerve centres, creating a mental stupor—a species of psychic indolence, or indifference, which is a little like anesthesia of the brain. The brain is so drilled that the mourner's mind is dulled to its grief. He may not know that his mind is dull; the acuteness of his sorrow is so great that he knows nothing else, but the anesthetic is at work, the anemic brain feels less, the grief appears less sharp, less unendurable.

In a word tears—the "white leech"—accomplish the drainage of the blood, and the anemia, which is the result, is a natural defence against the dangers of excessive grief. So we may say that tears are a natural anesthetic. The mourner drowns his grief in tears as the drinker drowns his trouble in alcohol.

The grimaces caused by weeping are nearly all the result of the contractions of the muscles which act, either in one way or another, on the lachrymal glands and the ophthalmic arteries. It is precisely the same as in the case of the muscles of the eyelids the muscles which lower the corners of the mouth, etc. All those muscles exercise a compressive action on the lachrymal glands and therefore they compress the ramifications of the ophthalmic artery, whose blood is part of the blood destined for the brain.

Thus as a very suggestive anatomical fact. Things seem to have been arranged with a view to facilitating the secretion of tears and realizing, or bringing about, anesthesia of the brain, whenever it is useful, if not necessary, by the action of "the white leech"—tears.

We can prove the facts here stated by a rapid glance at mourners. We hear it said often, "Oh! if I could only weep!" Grown people know that tears bring relief. Children could not live without tears. Their nervous system is so high in organized that tears are a veritable safety valve. Without that escape the fragile brain would burst. The floods of tears which rush from the eyes of children at the least psychical attack, either of regret, grief, or fear, are the best an esthetic, the most necessary and most soothing balm for the wounds of feeble souls, the best protector against the moral shocks of which children are the victims. Knowing this, it is difficult to look on in silence when the child is forced by ignorant parents to check his tears.

Treasures in Old Curiosity-Shops

By Virginia Brush

Any one seeking and appreciating articles that have a value of the past attached to them will find the antique and curiosity shops that abound in the old French quarter of New Orleans well worth a visit. Of course things are not always as represented, but a connoisseur can tell a genuine from a spurious piece, and therein lies the interest, but the inexperienced are often duped, especially in the so-called "antique furniture," which is frequently so good a reproduction that to the untrained it looks the real thing. The dealers' attitude is well expressed in the remark made to a prospective purchaser by one of them: "Not one in fifty can tell the difference, every one is supposed on styles and periods."

"Well," the client replied, "I happen to be a decorator, and it is imperative that I should be informed; but at the same time, don't you be too sure that every one in these enlightened times is ignorant and cannot distinguish the genuine from the fake—especially in the North. Many of these things are good, but they are not all genuine, and you have betrayed yourself in trying to sell to one who does know."

He laughed and remarked, "It's well for us all are not so keen."

As we may not all be so fortunate as to be able to tell the real from the false, let us follow this decorator and look through his trained eye on the treasures displayed here and there.

The next shop visited was a small, quaint, dusty rookery off in a back street. An old Frenchman came forward as he entered, and with Gallic courtesy tugged him to look through his collections at his leisure. His things were rare and well selected, as might be seen at a glance, and with an intuition rare in his kind he knew that the visitor would appreciate his choicer goods.

The traveller sauntered about, enjoying the taste everywhere displayed. There were no heavy pieces of furniture in sight; everything was more delicate, and showed a finer mind in selecting and arranging. A collection of miniatures attracted his attention, and a glance satisfied him that they had been painted by famous artists who had long since joined the majority. The beautiful subjects were visions of the past, and renowned women whose court intrigues had made many an ear tingle, and each had a history of her own.

The dealer was standing beside him when he asked, "Where did they come from? Paris could not show finer specimens."

The old man smiled, and pointing to several, remarked: "Those came from the *monte-de-piété* [pawnshops] of Europe, and I know the histories of them all. These were descendants of the old grandees of Spain; on this side are those bought from families who were impoverished during the Franco-Prussian war and compelled to sell them and other heirlooms from necessity during the commune. I was there at the time and was able to pick up many a treasure, but not many of them are left now.

Miniatures, especially when their histories are known to be authentic, are always interesting. The old Frenchman proved to be a veritable storehouse of anecdote and reminiscence, and, once launched on his hobby of collecting, the way in which he had accumulated his things seemed like a fairy tale. He went over to another part of the shop, and, opening a door of a small room, revealed a charming set of six pieces of Louis XVI. old gilt furniture, beautifully carved by hand and covered with some fine tapestries with Watteau subjects; every piece was in good and in perfect preservation.

How quickly the visitor would have become the owner if he had had a place to put them! The dealer wanted a good price, but they were worth it. He had bought them from a family who were leaving France after the Prussians were triumphant. Offers had not been wanting, but he knew the value of the set, and would keep it until he got his price.

He had travelled in Spain, too, and from a hidden nook in the room, out of an old carved chest he brought some fine old Spanish embroideries in panels and church vestments rich in color and perfectly preserved, and yet they must have been worked in the seventeenth century, and by the nuns' nimble fingers in some Andalusian convent, and who knows but their thoughts of the outside world they would never see were put to with every needleful of silk and gold, and perhaps with regrets that came too late!

Quaint tiles from Alcanada and Barcelona—rich Spanish pottery in varied colors and designs, small models of the famous Alhambra with its storied past entranced the senses of things beautiful until minutes flew into hours. In his enthusiasm over rare finds the dealer carried him into the Orient. In China he had discovered rich treasures of the old Chinese dynasties, and ivories, too, and was fortunate enough to get valuable pieces after the loot of the Boxer period. His memory was wonderful: how he could recall the outlandish names of the people from whom they came was a miracle to his listener.

He raised a plate of rare Japanese porcelain which had a slight crack on one side.

"This china is very hard to find. A customer had a complete dinner set sent her from Japan, and as she knew it was valuable she used it only on rare occasions, and when she did cautioned her servants to be very careful in the handling of it. One night, through some mischance, one plate got broken and another cracked. She was in despair. Hearing that I was going to the East, she asked me if I would order some made for her. I consented, but told her the order must be written exactly as she wished the things made for I would execute the commission in no other way.

"In a couple of days she returned. 'The broken plate is no good, but here is the one that was cracked,' she said. 'Order me two dozen exactly like it. It is all written on this order. There must not be the slightest variation; they must be exact.'

"'All right, they will be made according to your order, but it may be a year before you will get them.'

"'It can't be helped if it takes two, but they must be exact.'

"After reaching Japan, I placed the plate and the order with a well-known house. To reproduce a rare piece of porcelain is no easy matter and very costly. In ten months the plates arrived, when, lo, and behold! the crack was in every plate, so pallet was the imitation, for they had followed the order to the letter—they were to copy exactly, and they did! Of course the lady had to take the plates and pay a big price for the cracks."

This old Frenchman had some marvellous antique Japanese lacquers and embroideries, too, and never had so many enjoyable hours been passed in an old curiosity shop.

As he turned to leave, the visitor caught sight of a case of jewels varied and unique. There were quaint necklaces studded with gems, bracelets, too, of curious pattern, and rings of every conceivable shape; among those artistic designs, as he stopped to look closer, were two cold ones—a double headed jewelled snake and a fish whose scales fairly scintillated with tiny diamonds. Another ring caught his attention, not for its value in jewels, although it was a fine cat's eye surrounded by pearls, but because he had seen it before.

Lifting it from the tray and turning it toward the light, he saw, cut on the inside of the golden circlet, the initials "G. K. to C. P. K. 1791."

"Where did this come from?"

"About twenty years ago it was sold to my son by a woman, who either could or would not give any clue to the owner. By the date we knew it had a history, and often puzzled over it."

"Is it for sale?"

"Certainly," naming the price.

"Now," said the visitor when the ring was in his possession, "it is my turn, and I can tell you the history of this bit of jewelry.

"It is a family heirloom. When the youngest child of my great great grandmother was born this ring was made for her and given to her by her husband, a famous Revolutionary general and intimate friend of Washington's." Touching a tiny spring, cleverly concealed, two locks of hair under a fine crystal were revealed. "These are their initials, and the date of the birth of the child—1791. She lived to be ninety years old and prized this ring highly. She left it, with her father the general's miniature, by will to me, and after her death it was lost or stolen and all efforts to recover it were vain. Now, after a lapse of twenty years, the legatee finds it again all these miles from home!"

The venerable Frenchman's surprise and interest were great.

"It seems incredible," he exclaimed, "that a piece of jewelry should be lost years ago in New York and afterwards found here in an old curiosity shop. Why, it is like a romance!"

He was a born story-teller, and this incident acted as a stimulus to his wonderful memory and, imagination, and it was with keenest regret that the visitor at last parted from him with the sincerely expressed hope that in his future wanderings more quaint characters will be found in old curiosity shops where made script treasures are for sale.

A New System of Measures in China

The Chinese are a conservative nation and it is with the greatest reluctance that they make the slightest change in any of their ancient rules or customs. Hence the announcement comes as a surprise that their system of weights and measures has been revised. Foreigners long ago recognized the impossibility of ever understanding the Chinese measures, because the units vary with each province, and often in the same town carpenters, surveyors, and others will differ to a considerable extent in their estimates of the units of measure supposed to be identical.

An imperial edict was issued on October 9, 1907, which ordered the Board of Revenue and Commerce to devise a new system of weights and measures for general use throughout the Chinese Empire. The table which the board submitted was accepted by the Committee of Reforms and has now become a law. The metric system is used for defining the new units, which are as follows: the unit of weight is the "liang," or 37.301 grains; the unit of length is the "chi," equal to 32 centimeters, and the unit of capacity is the "ho," which is equivalent to 10.355 litres.

A PLEASING DESSERT

always wins favor for the housekeeper. The many possibilities of Bensdorp's Plain and Dessert Cocoa offer a wide choice. Mrs Housewife, make it a point to the woman who wishes to provide these delicacies for her family with convenience and economy. Delicate Pastries, Buns to dainty delicacies and use cocoa as fresh milk or cream.

THE BEST WORM LOZENGES for CHILDREN are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS. 25 CENTS A BOX.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pears'

Pears' is essentially a toilet soap. A soap good for clothes won't benefit face and hands. Don't use laundry soap for toilet or bath. That is, if you value clear skin.

Pears' is pure soap and matchless for the complexion.

Sold in town and village

Steel sectional filing cabinets are now made so much like wood that their true comparison can only be detected by the sense of touch.

Therefore they match up perfectly with quartered oak or mahogany fittings.

But whether you select filing devices in wood or steel, get the best obtainable—those made by the Globe-Wernicke Co., Cincinnati, whose agents sell at factory prices, which are uniform everywhere.

Sold on approval—freight paid—catalogue on request.

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"OH, IF YOU WERE ONLY A HORSE!"

A Composite "Faust" for French Charity

THE Press Association of Paris recently gave a concert at the Paris Opera house for the benefit of the victims of the great fire at Constantinople. The entire programme was made up of selections from works by Gounod, Wagner, Liszt, Berlioz, and Boito which had been inspired by Goethe's "Faust."

The vocal numbers were sung by Mmes. Brival, Brozia, Dalcd, Feart, Gall, Hatto, Henriquez, Lapeyrette, Merentie, Zambelli, and by Messrs. Alvarez, Altchewsky, Danges, Delmas, Dubois, Van Dyck, Gilly, Greese, Marreux, Muratore, Thalmia, and Unsebunrg, and by the chorus of the Paris Grand Opera. The instrumental numbers were directed by Messrs. Colonne, Messager, Henri Rabaud, and Paul Vidal.

The programme comprised the "Faust Overture" of Wagner, four excerpts from Gounod's "Faust," three scenes from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," Liszt's Mephisto Waltz, and the Prison Scene from Boito's "Mefistofele."

Among those who by taking boxes contributed to the fund which was realized by the performance were President Fallières, M. Clémenceau, the Bank of France, the Rothschilds, James Hazen Hyde, and the president of the Senate.

AN ARRESTED PURSUIT

(Continued from page 23.)

always wanted to examine thoroughly the cathedral at Vienne," said the man at the helm. We did this, and incidentally he was some musicale.

The illustrator had grown to take a proprietary interest in the picture, although he concealed his pride from me, and I did not know its strength until the second night in the cathedral town, when, joining him at a late hour at the café, my ear was met with vigorous cries of "Encore!" from a conspicuous foreigner banging with his beer mug on the table. As he was not supplemented in his demand by other patrons, the scene did not appear again. However, as we left a general bow one to all the company upon withdrawing, I noticed a covert waving of the illustrator's hand towards the perspiring operator, and knew that he had made acquaintance with the little man. After there was a positiveness about his motoring schedule, and a very lazy one it was, that beckoned a familiarity with the future movements of the travelling bluejays.

At Lyons the illustrator appeared in time for dinner with a clean shaven face, wearing a motor coat that had been reserved for Paris, and, so far, limited exclusively to Riverside. I was enjoying Lyons, there were silks and many churches of great beauty, and I complimented him on the improvement in his looks, and in a great rush we sought a café in a distant street. But the French of the Provencal had been misinterpreted; there was no hippodrome, and Lyons was a large city. For two nights we searched, then the illustrator, consulting a small lettered card, took the road for Macon.

If one inquires the way to Mahe-on, after the pronunciation of its Georgia namesake, he will never get there, although Mack-ong is worth a struggle. It is a town of wooden-beamed houses, old towers, and a stretch of quiet street along the River Sâone where a café entertained some moving pictures and two stationary tourists. Sabbertage was from this time forth abandoned; the illustrator and the operator met like lost brothers (by another village, I feared they would salute each other on the cheek), and, most beautiful of all, on the first night a gaunt Frenchman, brain-clogged by absinthe, but with a discovering eye, shrilled forth a "Coucle," at the great moment, and pointed like a clock at 3.15 hour hand to happy, conscious illustrator, minute hand to man in picture motoring down the screen.

Then it became mixed about—Macon is a small place. The café did a thriving business, the illustrator, blue shirted, walked about the streets with the operator in clay, sipped cognac with him by night. No longer need he cry encore, nor demand order fiercely when "le Tombeau de l'Arte Stats' Unnit" (pronounced by translated by the audience) was thrown before them. It would be repeated by acclamation once, twice, even thrice; and on a Saturday night, when the workmen had been paid off, the illustrator and his wife were forced to rise and bow!

When we left Macon the operator sat on the left step of my car, his paraphernalia strapped to the turtle deck, while all our luggage was shipped on ahead. Our guest's eyes were full of fear, for he had not gone deeply into automobiling, and, out of respect for him, and the plates in the rear, we limited our speed. Indeed, the illustrator had been heard to say in Macon that there were better things than tearing through a country. I sat back in relaxed bliss, and we all three sang the song of the Battalion (eight days ahead). The little man of the Midi knew even the fifth verse. "Francois in war magnanimous" he shouted, as we left behind the Valleys of the Rhone and Sâone and climbed the hills as far as Autun.

There the driver shut off his engine and developed a new and beautiful trait, for he wished to stop and make a sketch! Although Autun was not our destination, although from there on were little to coast, yet he stopped to make a sketch, and for no other reason than that the scene was lovely. The wife of the artist learned to herself as she searched for the pencils, "I think we have aboard 'eangirt up,'" she said, but, wisely, not yet aloud.

At Saulieu I could speak. Saulieu of the one meandering street, of the Hôtel de la Poste at the head of it, of the pool at the right where the horses drink, of the Baby hills at the left, of so soft an air that one could stroke it. In the great courtyard at the back of the inn where the Battalion bound up their bleeding feet, in preparation for their forced march of seven days and nights on Paris, stood our idle car log that same length of time. For a week, although "The Tomb of U. S. Grant" went on the fifth day, we lived in Saulieu.

And "lived" is a fine word. It does not fraternize with haste. It is not akin to stopped or visited or toured. It can be best acquired by strategy.

After Saulieu came Avallon, and then Auxerre. In each we lived until I, in the end, was the one to see the goal. "This is the twenty seventh day." I urged upon the bridge at Auxerre, "and the Marseilles Battalion are within sight of Paris. Sha'n't we catch up?"

The illustrator shook out his camp stool and "made to sit."

"Oh, well," he answered, "you can't blame the Battalion for 'beating it'; but I don't believe we get our happiness that way."

"No," I responded, smiling sphinxlike. "Once we were in pursuit of happiness, but we did not succeed in our mad striving until we ceased it, then happiness caught up with us. You see, don't you?"

The illustrator gazed at me fixedly, light dawning on his face.

I think I am beginning to," he said, with meaning

Don't Guess Which Tire Is Best—Here Is Proof

In New York City there are 1,000 Taxicabs.

On the tires, more than on any other one thing, depends the profit of the Taxicab business.

You may be sure that the owners of the 1,000 Taxicabs did not GUESS.

They TRIED all the tires that were offered, and checked them up with the TAXIMETER—which told them the mileage unerringly, indisputably.

There was no personal preference. No friendship. No prejudice. It was a cold-blooded BUSINESS test.

And the result: 800 out of the 1,000 Taxicabs in New York, operated by several competing owners, have contracted for Goodyear Tires to be used EXCLUSIVELY.

GOODYEAR

To understand why the Goodyear Tire stood head and shoulders above its competitors in the Taxicab test, you must understand first the difference between a *moulded* tire and a *wrapped tread* tire.

The moulded tire is built up, layer by layer, on an iron core. Over it is clamped an iron mould. When the heat of the curing process is applied, that rubber expands—and in expanding forces a perfect union between the various layers of rubber and of fabric.

You will realize the pressure that is exerted on the tire when you know that a two-inch tube of rubber, enclosed in an iron mould, with walls two inches thick, will *crack the iron* under the heat of the curing process.

With the moulded tire, so far so good.

But consider this. In building up that tire on its iron core, a skilled workman lays before on fabric, rubber on rubber, with a feat of dexterity well worth watching.

Yet, skilled as he may be, he cannot wholly avoid wrinkles, irregularities, unevenness, which, under the pressure of curing, multiply themselves into *hidden* weaknesses and defects.

It is these *hidden* weaknesses, these *concealed* defects, that make you wonder, sometimes, why one tire does 2,500 miles while its mate stands up for 10,000 to 15,000.

Some tires, instead of being cured on an iron core, are cured on an *air bag*, which is really an extra strong inner tube.

When the tire has been completely built up on this inner tube, strong tape is wound around it, and then it is cured in live steam.

The advantage of the wrapped tread process is that the air bag, full of compressed air, smoothes out these wrinkles and irregularities and prevents those hidden weaknesses and defects.

The advantage of the wrapped tread process is, for this reason, unquestionable.

But the tire made by this process does not get the *terrific squeeze* that the moulded tire gets when the heat expands it between core and mould—the squeeze that forces the rubber into the fabric, making a perfect union between fabric and rubber.

In losing that squeeze, it loses durability, strength, unity—which more than offsets the fact that the wrapped tread tire can have no hidden wrinkles or unevenness.

Obviously, the tire you ought to have is the one which is built up on an iron core, *squeezed* the same as a moulded tire, and *finished* on an air bag to smooth out the irregularities.

There is just one tire made in this way—*only one*. It is the Goodyear Quick Detachable.

This one point of superiority is reason enough why the Goodyear Quick Detachable should have won the Taxicab test.

But there are other reasons—other superiorities.

The Goodyear Quick Detachable is, for example, an oversize tire.

That is the 4-inch size is really a 4½-inch tire—and other sizes are oversize, in proportion.

The Goodyear Tire is made larger than the specifications call for. It is simply 15 per cent larger and 15 per cent better than any other tire marked the same size.

There are countless other Goodyear superiorities.

There is, for instance, the Goodyear rubber-rivet breaker strip, which makes it impossible for the tread to split or peel from the carcass of the tire. This exclusive Goodyear device, protected by patent, deserves a full page of description here.

But it is cited merely as one of the Goodyear superiorities—superiorities which extend from the raw materials to the workmanship—from scores of exclusive Goodyear processes to the Goodyear piano-wire tape which would hold the tire on the rim even if both the detachable flanges were off.

When you think of tire, think of that Taxicab test.

Those 800 Taxicabs in New York are doing 60,000,000 tire miles a year!

More than 1,000,000 tire miles a week!

And what is true of the Taxicab of New York is equally true of practically every large Eastern city where Taxicabs are used.

Eight out of every ten of them are using Goodyear tires exclusively.

Think of that, you who have bought tires because you have heard of their use on some tour or some race!

Think of that, you who have almost abandoned motoring because you have had the wrong tires!

Think of that, you who blindly grope at the tire problem—you who have bought tires wholly by hearsay!

Don't you see now, that tire-buying has been reduced to a "science basis"?

Isn't the tire that the Taxicab took—isn't that the tire for you?

A hundred times more about tires than can be explained here can be found in our book, "How to Select an Auto Tire."

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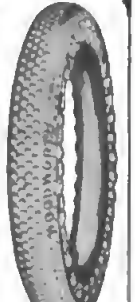
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Absolute and positive protection to the pneumatic tire, the automobile, and the automobilist, whether on country road or city street, up hill or down hill, or on wet slippery, sloping, clayey, rough, rocky, rutty, muddy, icy or sandy roads.
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The Shark of Warfare

THE torpedo is universally believed to be destined to have a large share in future naval warfare. Battleships of the *Dreadnought* type, possessing vastly increased offensive power, are being acquired by all of the great naval Powers, but meanwhile the torpedo is becoming more effective because of modern improvements. The range and directness of travel of this deadly agent of destruction have been increased materially by means of superheaters, turbine propulsion, and better gyroscopic gear. A speed of thirty-five knots for a distance of 1800 yards can be maintained by the eighteen-inch torpedo, and the twenty-one-inch can make twenty-seven knots for 4000 yards. The search-lights now used on war ships are seldom able to locate such an inconspicuous vessel as a torpedo-boat at a greater distance than 1500 yards, and therefore the torpedo has a decided advantage. A range of 1500 yards, with a moving target, and generally under cover of darkness, a torpedo cannot be aimed very accurately.

Some interesting statistics were secured recently by the maneuvers of the British navy, in which a flotilla of torpedo-destroyers made a night attack upon a squadron of battleships and cruisers. Torpedoes with collapsible heads were used, and a hit was to be recorded only when a vessel struck was identified before being fired upon. The flotilla got within range and a number of blank torpedoes were launched before the battleships discovered the "enemy," but not a vessel was struck, nor were any of them recognized by the men on the destroyers.

The utter failure of this test by England's efficient navy does not speak very well for the torpedo-boat, because if it is compelled to fire at vessels too far distant for identification there is danger of mistaking a friend for a foe. For this reason the importance of the submarine, which can approach much closer to an enemy than a surface boat, is evident to us. Of course it would meet with the same difficulty of aiming and firing the projectile, so as to allow for the speed of the target and the direction in which it is moving, but this can be remedied by means of an observing instrument as easily as though the boat were on the surface of the water. Considering these facts, together with the incalculable advantage over the ordinary torpedo-boat of being able to approach within accurate striking distance of the hostile ship, our submarine appears to be the most serviceable of all torpedo craft.

Football and Fish

THE strenuous game of football hardly appeals to the average man as a field for the exercise of humor, yet Dr. S. B. Newton, a famous Pennsylvania star of a few years ago, finds as much fun on the gridiron that he takes his annual vacation in the late autumn, so that he can spend it coaching an eleven.

They had on the Williams team last season a large and active youth named Brooks, who was so full of strength that he simply would not "step high" as he ran. As every schoolboy knows, it is necessary for a player to run with high knee action, so that when the enemy tackles him his knees will hurt the enemy down and out. This principle was carefully explained to Brooks, but he was so fast and heavy that he bowled over his men with ease, and he could not be persuaded to step high. At least, he thought he couldn't be persuaded.

A visiting coach noted, a few weeks later, a great change in Brooks.

"How has it happened?" he asked Dr. Newton. "How have you made him run high?"

"Oh, I invented a new game for him," answered the doctor, grinning. "When I found that talk did no good, I blindfolded him and started him sprinting. He still dragged his toes. Then I started him again and had a few substitutes throw bags of straw in his way. Do you know, he didn't turn more than three or four somersaults before he began to step high like a nice, obedient, little boy. He's cured, all right."

Every schoolboy knows, furthermore, that it is the chief duty of a tackle on a football team to go wherever the ball goes; never, under any circumstances, to allow himself to be separated from the ball. Dr. Newton surprised one of his tackles one afternoon by asking him whether he was feeling ill.

"No, Doctor," replied the youth, rather flattered to find himself singled out for especial attention by the head coach. "No, indeed, Doctor. I never felt better."

"Hm! Your heart weak?"

"No, Doctor."

"Hm! Your legs full of rheumatism?"

"No, Doctor; there's nothing wrong," said the tackle. "But why do you ask?"

"Oh, no special reason," replied the dry Dr. Newton. "Only you haven't been within forty yards of the ball in the last two weeks."

The Doctor enjoyed his pet joke of the season when he was umpiring the late Brown-Yale game. A Brown tackle was "holding"—an offence visited by football law with a severe penalty. The Doctor, who vigorously howling his umpire horn—a large automobile instrument—in order to stop further play so that he could penalize the Brown team. In the midst of his hooking he was interrupted by an excited Yale forward, who dashed at him, crying:

"Did you see that holding? *Did* you see that holding?"

"Holding?" mused the Doctor, still hooking violently. "Holding, did you say? Why, no, I didn't see any holding. I'm just blowing this horn to sell fish."

Ready-made Cities

By E. A. Clancy

THAT towns and cities are the result of a natural process of evolution is generally looked upon as a common school truism. The grave expounders of the methods of civilization have taught us to believe that population, the gathering of many people in one place, is the cause; the town or city, with its improvements, conveniences, and latter-day comforts the effect. It would seem, however, that the process is about to be reversed, and another venerable belief left high and dry. Modern humanity has formed the set habit of doing a great many things upside down in calm defiance of supposedly rigid laws, and our up-to-date real-estate boomers are not backward in adding their quota to the general topsy-turvy in confutation of the sages.

A glance at some recent real-estate doings in Long Island, New Jersey, and possibly, in many other parts of the country reveals a strange phenomenon characteristic of the curious achievements of a feverishly progressive age. It is the sight of brand-new towns and miniature cities absolutely complete, boasting every necessity and comfort of modern life, and lacking nothing except—inhabitants. There they are—streets accurately laid out and beautifully paved and sewered, gas and electric lights and telephones, fine walks, hedges, cars every minute—all facilities, in fact. One can almost feel the presence of the crowds that should be hurrying about but are not. One will look in vain for a glimpse of a single fellow being, unless it is some homeless soul who has fallen a victim to the seductions of the gorgeous advertisement describing the wonders of the new city. The model houses and stores, glistening in their bright paint, stand vacant, deserted as the elegant avenues they grace.

Of course, while the conditions are actually as stated, these "Cities of Dreadful Silence" are not very imposing in size. Though curious and interesting in themselves, they are chiefly remarkable for the changed ideas they represent and the possibilities they suggest to the imagination. They point the way of future colonization. Build your city first; then get people to come and live in it. Cities have been founded in this way in the past, but the new method is not one of mere establishment. It is to build towns and cities complete in every detail of convenience and luxury as a speculation on the prospect of people taking a liking to them and being inveigled thither. Formerly the complaints of the home-seeker revolved around the absence of gas, water, pavements, etc. In future, having harkened to the siren song of the real-estate man and gone forth in the Promised Land, we will doubtless be saying: "Yes, it's perfect. But look here, doesn't anybody live in this place?"

New-Yorkers and other *bona fide* urban dwellers, with an evil and sinful inclination towards commuting, will in time take their Lares and Penates into these uncanny, still-born towns, but in the mean while the Daniel Boones who built them should take a hint from the melodrama stage, and hire a sort of property population to make things look cheerful and create an atmosphere. One can laugh and feel at ease in a struggling village, and it is even possible to look quite citified and have a clear conscience in an isolated Queen Anne cottage, but a residence in a "silent city" will cause most men to read Poe with unhealthy satisfaction and cogitate on cobwebs, plagues, and suicide.

This idea of building whole cities on speculation is new and confined as yet, but once it gets going, there is no telling where it might end. For instance, groups of millionaires might combine and build cities the size of New York in the vast waste sections of the country, then hold them in reserve for future population. There the splendid piles might stand for years; deserted, wind-swept, and, perhaps, grass-grown, waiting for the market price of cities to rise to the profit-giving point.

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The Cost of the Census

THE next census of the United States is for the year 1910 and appropriations for the cost of collecting the statistics must be made by our next Congress. The Director of the Census has issued his annual report to the Secretary of Commerce and Labor and has asked for an appropriation for the next fiscal year of $14,500,000. It is estimated that the actual cost of the census proper will be $12,930,000, but the remainder will be taken up in paying for the four annual investigations and the two biennial reports.

The cost of our last census, that of 1900, was $12,520,000, and the Director believes that the count for 1910 can be made at an increased cost of only $410,000. Formerly the cost of taking the census was increased 50 per cent. from decade to decade, so that an increase of $410,000 is remarkably low in view of our greatly enlarged population. However, there are several reasons for this enormous saving—the tabulating apparatus will be built by the Census Bureau instead of renting it as heretofore, and the machines are of greater speed and efficiency; the operators of this machinery will be paid by piece-work; and, in the words of the Director, "the fact that the office is now organized at the highest point of efficiency, that no time will be lost in getting ready, in testing the aptitude of green clerks, and in developing new systems, means fully a million dollars' saving in the organization of the Thirteenth Census."

LAWLESS NEW YORK

(Continued from page 17.)

Every member of the police force of New York City is known or quickly becomes known to criminals of every class, whereupon his efficiency is reduced to a minimum.

"It is utterly impossible to obtain results when the members of the force are known to 'professional' crooks, or even to 'crooked' politicians.

"Two of the recommendations made in my letter of January 5, 1907, were: (a) That the tenure of office of the Police Commissioner should be prolonged; (b) that his removal from office should be only upon publication of reasons. The above recommendations are renewed.

"These points are necessary in order that scheming politicians may be deprived of any possibility of summarily getting rid of an honest commissioner and in order that the honest men of the police force may be encouraged. The men of the force to-day are not yet quite sure as to who is their real 'boss'—whether it is the 'machine' or the commissioner. If once satisfied that it is a commissioner with a long term and only removable on publication of charges they will obey him.

"It is highly desirable that legislation should be had requiring persons who sell pistols of any character, daggers or knives with blades over four inches long, sling shots, 'blackjacks,' brass knuckles, etc., to record at the time of sale the name and address of the seller, the date and the hour, description of the weapon sold, price paid, etc., and make a complete return of all these details to the Police Department.

"Pawnbrokers, of whom there are 150 in Manhattan alone, should be required to furnish the police daily with a written report showing articles pawned with them."

New York's condition to-day may be summed up in the following series of axioms:

Sections of the city, notably the East Side and Tenth and Eleventh avenues on the West, are at the mercy of organized gangs, who rob, murder, and blackmail with impunity.

The police, while efficient in the repression of petty offences, are unable to protect the lives and property of citizens, by admission of the Police Commissioner, who ascribes this partly to political influences.

In proportion to its seriousness, crime becomes more difficult of detection.

There are between 19 and 20 homicides each week in Greater New York.

Of every 100 suspects arrested for homicide 76 are discharged before their cases reach the grand jury, 16 are discharged or acquitted, and only 8 are found guilty of some degree of homicide. Only 4 out of each thousand suffer the death penalty.

Of every 100 suspects arrested for burglary, 38 are discharged before their cases go to the grand jury; 28 are discharged or acquitted; 34 are convicted.

Of every 100 suspects arrested for grand larceny, 41 are discharged before their cases are investigated by the grand jury; 31 are discharged or acquitted; 28 are convicted.

Professional criminals who can obtain the services of dishonest lawyers and supply bail are able to clog the machinery of the law, thereby immunizing the crook with a "pull" against punishment.

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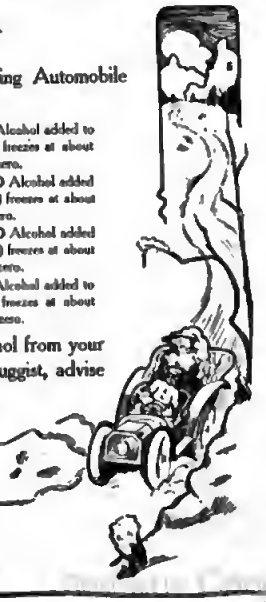

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With such a generation requirements you simply can't help it but that these **continual tendency**, the absolutely necessary tough of the **thorough and permanent** carried by every stroke.

Every time you use broom or carpet sweeper some more effort drives dirt down into the carpet deeper and deeper and steadily adds new layers, until the fabric is packed.

And that is why you have to renovate.

It is true that the Vacuum System of cleaning is the only absolutely flawless system, but a large part of its remarkable efficiency is due to the fact that its **continual tendency** is exactly opposite to that of broom and carpet sweeper.

Whereas broom and carpet sweeper push in the dirt even to its middle the Ideal Vacuum Cleaner lifts out by its suction force more and more dirt from layer and layer deeper. Thus it does constantly and cleans

In other words, Ideal Vacuum Cleaning removes all the dirt that has been ground into the fabric as well as that which has been on the surface, so that with every application the veil of broom and carpet sweeper

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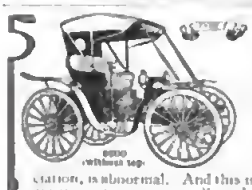

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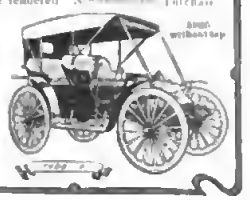

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The New Boston Museum of Fine Arts

In February, 1870, the Legislature of Massachusetts at the joint solicitation of Harvard College, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Boston Athenæum, and the Boston Social Science Association, chartered a corporation "to make, maintain, and exhibit in the City of Boston collections of works of art and to afford instruction in the fine arts." When six years later, a wing of the picturesque building in Copley Square which the museum is to-day on the point of abandoning was first occupied, the treasures which the institution could boast were comprehended in the rather meagre array of six pictures, four tapestries, two statues, a few bronzes, prints, and other objects, the property of the museum, and a loan collection. In twenty years' time thereafter the property of the enterprise not only compiled two considerable additions to the facilities for housing, but demonstrated the ultimate necessity of removal to quarters more commodious and more scientifically constructed; and during the past five years the same splendid public and private munificence that has made the museum one of the greatest in the world—in some of its departments absolutely peerless—has provided a structure, now nearing completion, which promises to represent for some time the acme, in America, of architecture of its type.

Consideration of the project for a new building was actively begun in 1902, and more than three years of painstaking study were required before the architects —Messrs. R. Clipston Sturgis, Edmund M. Wheelwright, and D. Despradelle—were able to report a plan entirely acceptable to the trustees. The execution of the plan was entrusted to Mr. Guy Lowell, and ground was broken in April, 1907.

The building stands upon a plot of twelve acres, admirably located in Boston's future centre of cultural institutions—the Back Bay Fens—and affording, by deep setbacks and large garden courts, splendid opportunity for an ideal setting of natural beauty. Architecturally complete, it is yet designed to form merely the central portion of the greatest museum of twenty, fifty, or a hundred years hence—a structure which will be seven times as large as that in Copley Square, and which will provide space for collections almost beyond the possibility of computation. The portion of the building soon to be occupied will of itself afford triple the space hitherto available for the exhibition of the museum's treasures, as well as very superior conditions for their leisurely contemplation or their serious study.

It is a curious fact that, structurally, few of the world's great storehouses of art are at all adapted to their purposes. Conditions of lighting in particular are apt to be bad. Only within very recent years have museums begun to be erected —notably in Berlin, Munich, Cologne, Zürich, and Darmstadt—that give evidence of having been conceived with definite reference to their contents and purposes. It is believed that in the fundamentals of adaptation the new Boston museum will surpass the best in Amer and equal any in Germany or France. The underlying principles of arrangement are very simple: (1) a vertical division of the whole structure into segments to contain departments—as classical art, Egyptian art, Chinese and Japanese art, etc.—each constituting a museum in itself, with a well-defined circuit for the visitor; (2) a division horizontally into a main floor for general exhibition purposes, with the opportunity for overhead illumination, and a lower floor devoted to objects compactly exhibited and accessibly stored and to curators' offices, special libraries, and class-rooms; and (3) the provision in every room, on both floors, of ample light, free of disturbing reflections, and arranged to fall in the direction which will show to the best advantage the objects displayed. That the style of the building should be classical is, of course, inevitable for arches, both round and pointed, have been tried in museum construction and found wanting, and that it should lean toward Greek rather than Roman precedent is demanded by simplicity and good taste. The most conspicuous external feature will be the great Huntington Avenue facade 501 feet in length.

Visited annually by more than a quarter of a million people, markedly efficient in its administration, and of increasing public service through its unrivalled library, its varied lecture courses, and its school for technical instruction, the museum is entering upon a new and larger chapter of its history. It is distinctly worth while that its treasures and its workshops be housed in a structure which shall itself be an artistic achievement of enduring worth—a work of inspiration and devotion, if not of positive genius. And if the experiments involved in the present enterprise shall prove successful, it is not too much to add that the whole technique of museum construction in America will have been revolutionized.

The Secret of Germany's Budget

Translated from "Le Figaro"

Prince Von Bülow's very clever speech in the Reichstag, in which he pleaded for an increase of taxes of more than $100,000,000 per year had a great effect on its hearers, and not much less of an effect in France. Those of our politicians whose ideal it is to bleed taxpayers hope Prince Bülow will obtain all he wishes and they in turn hope to bleed the French taxpayers in equal measure.

Has not the Chancellor of the Empire given as a reason for higher taxes that in France the taxes are much smaller than in Germany, although France is a much richer country? Our predatory legislators say, "your care to complain of the increase in taxation each year, look at Germany; they pay more than nine thousand million francs (81,800,000,000) and our budget is hardly four thousand million francs (4000,000,000)."

This seems convincing at first sight, but on examination we find that things are not what they seem.

According to the official German figures, the total expenses of the Empire are 3,448,000,000 francs (800,000,000). To this is to be added the expenses of the individual states forming the Empire, each one of which has its own budget. The total of these individual budgets is 6,308 million francs (1,241,600,000). In other words, the grand total is 9,656,000,000 francs (1,861,200,000).

Now, nothing is more deceptive than figures. From what sources do the German governments draw the enormous grand total? From taxes? No!

In the first place the German Empire has not forgotten that it is the successor of the Holy Roman Empire, which itself was the successor of the Roman Empire, and which pushed centralization to such a degree that it died of it. It owns railroads, mines, forests, springs, quarries, the telegraph system, etc.

Look at the total receipts of the individual states. We find that the budget is made up as follows in round numbers:

From railroads which belong to the state	3,250,000,000
Receipts from post-office, telegraph	828,000,000
Forests	428,000,000
Mines, springs etc.	656,000,000
Lotteries	207,000,000
Figures which are duplicated in the budgets, in consequence of their complexity, about	400,000,000

Deducting all the above, none of which represent taxes, leaves a total of 3,887,000,000 francs (777,400,000), which are the result of taxation, and this amount is the total of taxation for the Empire and for the kingdoms, principalities, duchies and republics of the Empire.

Compare our receipts with those of Germany in the same way and we find the following:

From railroads	13,000,000
Post office, telegraph	352,000,000
Forests, springs, etc	44,000,000
State industrial monopolies of tobaccos, matches, powder	528,000,000

Deducting this amount from our total taxes 3,350,000,000 francs (670,000,000), as the amount raised by taxation in France compared with 3,887,000,000 francs (777,400,000) in Germany.

Moreover, the German population is over sixty-five millions, while the French population is only forty millions. The Germans pay per capita 60 francs in taxes; the French pay 76 francs.

As to the new taxes demanded by the Chancellor of the Empire, it would be bad taste for Frenchmen to discuss them. We do learn one thing clearly from the Chancellor's speech, and that is that the Empire has a much greater margin for taxation than we have. For instance, in France, the inheritance tax is raised to such a figure that if it be increased, it will be no longer taxation, but simply confiscation, and such a tax is now being debated. In France, this tax produced 246,000,000 francs (49,200,000). Of this amount 85,000,000 francs (17,200,000) was paid by inheritance between man and wife, or in the first degree of relationship. In Germany this succession between man and wife, and between those of the first degree, are specifically excepted. Furthermore, the entire amount raised by this tax in Germany in 1907 was only 90,000,000 francs (18,000,000).

In France, we raised 470,000,000 francs (94,000,000) taxation on tobacco. In Germany only 27,000,000 (5,400,000). Germany could raise the entire amount of $100,000,000 per year which they need for new taxation by following in our footsteps in the matter of tobacco alone.

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GREEN AND YELLOW

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Comparative Value of Non-freezing Solutions

The advent of the taxicab and the ever-increasing popularity of motoring during the cold months have brought prominently to the fore this winter the question of protecting water-cooled cars. It was formerly thought that the addition of any substance which, when added to the water in the radiator, lowered its freezing temperature (thus preventing solidity) was a sufficient protection in cold weather. Accordingly, some motorists would, without consideration of the effect upon the circulatory system, insert either a salt solution or one made of glycerine and water, while others would keep their engines running while the car was standing exposed, thus keeping the water hot. This latter course, however, was soon abandoned for the reason that, if continued for any length of time, the water would boil and the operator would have all the troubles incident to an overheated engine.

In the use of a salt solution, such as calcium chloride, sodium chloride (common salt), etc., two destructive actions—electrolytic and chemical—take place. The former causes a rapid eating away of the parts, while the latter will slowly, but surely, cause the breaking down of the parts with which it comes in contact. Professor Henry Souther, a consulting engineer of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers and an eminent metallurgist, is one of his recent reports to said association upon the subject, advised against the use of a salt solution as a "non freezer."

Glycerine possesses certain characteristics which, to all appearances, would seem to make it an excellent non-freezing agent. It boils at an extremely high temperature and its freezing point is such as can only be reached by artificial means. The cost, however, of glycerine is exceedingly high and, unless it is chemically pure, it is apt to produce destructive chemical action. It is conceded by leading authorities that it does destroy the rubber connections and, after a short period, becomes foul, thus necessitating frequent renewal.

In the face of these apparent disadvantages and dangers accompanying the use of either a salt solution or glycerine as a non-freezing agent, the motorist turned to wood alcohol which, up to January 1, 1907, was the only alcohol obtainable in this country at a reasonable price, the government taxing ethyl alcohol at $2.10 per proof gallon. Alcohol has an extremely low freezing point, and it was at first thought that the comparatively low boiling temperature would cause such rapid evaporation as to make its use prohibitive, but, upon actual experimentation, the contrary was found to be the case.

The most important development in the situation, however, was the removal by Congress of the tax on grain or ethyl alcohol, when used for industrial purposes, and the fact has been demonstrated that this industrial alcohol, which is known to the commercial world as "denatured alcohol," has solved the problem concerning non freezing solutions and has given to the motorist an ideal agent for all his requirements.

It is a well-known fact that the freezing temperature of grain or denatured alcohol is below that of wood alcohol, and that its boiling point is higher, thus making it clear that the possibility of a sub-stantial loss by evaporation is remote. Furthermore, less denatured alcohol is required, making it cheaper to use than wood alcohol. Denatured alcohol is manufactured in accordance with a formula prescribed by and under the supervision of United States government chemists, and it is, therefore, always uniform. Another advantage is that it does not contain solid matter and requires no filtering before using, thus eliminating all danger of its clogging the radiator.

In view of the writer's experiments, and those of others who have pursued this line of investigation, it would seem that of all the substances now upon the market for non freezing purposes, denatured alcohol stands in a class by itself, being the only agent which does not in some way or another affect the parts of the circulating system and the cost of using which is within the means of every motorist. Furthermore, denatured alcohol is in no sense a proprietary article, but, on the contrary, if the plans of the United States Department of Agriculture are consummated, will, within the next few years, be manufactured by every farmer in the country from his waste material. Up-to-date denatured alcohol has been produced only at large commercial distilleries, of which there are seven or eight located at various points throughout the United States, but the distribution of the product has progressed to the extent that it is readily obtainable at an average cost of from sixty cents to sixty-five cents per gallon in single-gallon quantities.

The Fragrant Memory

of a departed era lingers o'er a drink of **"Old James E. Pepper" Whiskey.** 'Tis over a century ago that Elijah Pepper, of the proud old Virginia Culpepper family, first produced the famous **"Old Pepper" Whiskey.** From that day to this, it has remained America's best bourbon whiskey. It is made to-day in the way it was made 100 years ago—in an old-fashioned distillery—in the famous limestone and blue-grass district of Kentucky—where the sparkling spring water and climatic conditions provide, as in no other section of the world, an ideal combination for the distilling of whiskey. It is a rich, mellow bourbon of exquisite flavor—aged in white-oak casks and bottled in bond.

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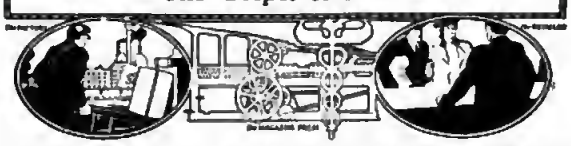
The Gospel of Paint



THE Gospel of Paint as we know it to-day is distinctly an American development of the past decade or two. There is no room here to tell how paints, white lead, varnishes, stains, enamels and kindred products have been improved by the manufacturers who prepare them in modern factories, with scientific tests of materials. Let any reader who wishes to follow those details write to the big American paint houses for information.

It is through the general magazines, with their national distribution, that the Gospel of Paint has been effectively preached. Both the advocates of mixed paint and of white lead and oil have been regularly using the magazine pulpit. The mixed-paint makers advertised their paints to the public, pointing out their convenience and excellence, while the white lead manufacturers laid stress on the merit of hand mixing of oil and white lead, and indicated methods of testing paint. Booklets were published to give people information about paint—how to apply it, where quality lies, how to make painting durable and economical. To-day most paint and white lead concerns help house-owners with color-schemes, help the house-painter or architect with tests, specifications, advice.

This Gospel of Paint, as it has been preached in magazine advertising, has wrought wonders in this country. In sections where paint was seldom used it is now a matter of course. In sections where it was generally used in the old days the uses have been greatly extended. Paint brightens homes and lives. It is in many ways the cheapest decorative material. It saves property by preserving materials and fittings. The lightening of woman's work has been perhaps best of all—for paint gives better sanitary conditions and saves an enormous amount of cleaning.

In the old days a few merchants could supply all the paint materials necessary for the annual or semi-annual painting season and the field was limited generally to the paint necessary for the exterior of house and barns. Now the economy and satisfaction in the touch of varnish here, mixed paint there, a little gilding or some enamel work in another place, have been so convincingly taught by the manufacturers of these various products that the field of the retail dealer has been greatly widened. And the painter, too, though not always called in for the little jobs, still reaps the benefit because the people have developed a taste for well-kept property and he still gets the big jobs and more of them.

What magazine advertising back of the finest products can accomplish in such an industry is shown by a few Census figures. Our paint business now approximates a hundred million dollars yearly. Each family in the United States uses an equivalent of a gallon and a half of paint yearly. The number of manufacturers has doubled since 1880, and their output trebled.

The Quoin Club
THE KEY

Sent to any Business Man on Request

Mr. Manufacturer: What a good selling problem! Can you sell your product—by mail? The Quoin Club has the 50 business questions to answer. Some one organization did sell them. Let us help you get selling problem, large or small, solved and tested cheaply. It might cost you—and will surely cost—little to do it. Address us to call.

The Quoin Club
[illegible]

Water, the Little-used Beverage

By J. T. Joseph Bird, M.D.

Few of us drink an adequate quantity of water. How many drink a quart a day? How many say, "Oh, I never touch it!" Look about you in the street-car. If you will, and note the ruddy complexion, fair skin, vigor of body, and mental force of some individuals, and the mottled skin, sallow complexion, and listlessness of others. Such differences are not always temperamental, nor are they entirely due to mental and physical endowments. The dissimilarity is due in many cases to the care of the body by one individual and to its neglect by another. One man observes the obligations of health as to diet, exercise, and fresh air; another man neglects them.

All life demands water. Sixty per cent. of all the tissues of the human body is water. Hence it follows that, without a free use of good water, health is impossible. Blood, bone, and muscle demand it. The blood is the vehicle by which nourishment is carried to all the tissue of the body; but it does this only by reason of the water it contains, which is the solvent of such nourishment. The muscles are rendered soft, pliable, and elastic by reason of the water entering into their structure. And these qualities must be sustained continually; for all that we do, every second of our existence, depends upon some form of muscular activity. For simple demonstration of this fact consider the pumping action of the heart, the movements of the lungs in breathing, the acts of mastication and swallowing of food, and the ordinary, though wonderful, acts of speaking, reading, and writing.

In the processes of digestion and absorption many of the food elements are dissolved by water. Likewise, in the elimination of the numerous waste products by the skin, lungs, kidneys, and bowels, water is the vehicle holding them in solution. In other words, water is necessary to the life and perfect action of all the body tissues, as well as for a free elimination of the waste products forming in the same tissues. Thus it follows that a constant supply of water is our daily need.

But we don't drink enough water. While this is true of all classes, it is particularly true of the more leisured class. Labor produces thirst, and thirst compels the drinking of water. Those who do not labor are apt to reduce their intake of water to small allowances.

Now let us carry our observations a little further. The skin is one of the most important organs of the human body. By the perfect function of its two millions and more of sweat-glands, a man loses each twenty-four hours one sixty-fourth of his body weight. This loss, which is greater than that sustained through the action of the lungs, is the evaporation of water surcharged with poisons from body waste. And what is true of the skin is equally true of the lungs and kidneys. Each is an organ of elimination; each is casting off waste, and the products of combustion and disintegration. This is the problem of life, the problem of our existence: how we can favor or retard the efforts of this wonderful mechanism.

Without water there can be no life. We know that it enters into every structure of the human body. As to its source—to be sure, we consume large quantities of water with the intake of fruits, vegetables, meat, tea, and coffee. But these should not be the sole sources of supply. Tea and coffee are poisonous to some persons, though others consume them apparently without injury. Moderation should be our habit in this particular, as in everything that concerns right living. "How much water shall I drink in a day?" To such inquiry no fixed allowance can be stated, since our needs vary as our age, habits, and occupations vary, and the quantity may reasonably vary between one pint and three or four pints per individual. The water may be taken cold or moderately hot before meals, between meals, or after meals. It may be taken from the city's supply (which is usually a good water under present methods of supervision), or a natural spring water, preferred, perhaps, because of its flavor or absence of flavor. Regarding "medicinal" waters, we would sound a word of caution. Some are genuine, containing chemical elements of unquestionable value in certain conditions of the economy, and these may be used with advantage, preferably under the direction of a physician. Others are plain waters, of fictitious name and origin, whose merit is the plain water composing them and the increment that flows into the pockets of their exploiters.

While water may be drunk with food, as an aid to digestion and absorption—[illegible] water taken at the close of a meal-time should be observed not to defeat the purpose of thorough mastication by washing into the stomach solid [illegible] for digestion by the gastric juices. A glass of cold water on going to bed, also one taken on rising in the morning is a good habit. They who cannot thus take cold water into an empty stomach may consume a quantity of moderately hot water and derive equal benefit from its use.

Let us now consider the conditions of ill-health in which the internal use of water is desirable. Let it be understood that there are conditions in which a generous use of water is harmful, and these, again, should be pointed out by the physician. But in affections of the skin, in gout, rheumatism, constipation, "biliousness," and in many states in which normal physiological action is disturbed, the free use of water is most valuable. In such the waste products are found in excess of normal, or one or more organs of elimination may be found in abnormal condition. In either case there is lack of equal distribution of labor, and other tissues are called upon to do more work in that process of elimination than they are wont to do in health. Since, then, water is the solvent and eliminant of all waste products found in the tissues, its value in the above conditions can hardly be overestimated. It should be drunk, hot or cold, at the beginning and close of the day and between meals. It should be taken with some care. It should not cause discomfort, and had better be taken in small portions frequently repeated than in such full draughts as will disturb the functions of the stomach and thus do more harm than good.

In conditions of fever of short or long duration, the free administration of good water is attended with results most gratifying. Here we have a hot, dry skin with restlessness, sleeplessness, and general discomfort of the patient; or he is listless, stuporous, or in active delirium. The tongue is parched, the salivary secretion is diminished in quantity and quality; and throughout the digestive tract we have like disturbances of function. These conditions explain the loss of appetite, faulty digestion, and poor absorption of nutriment and the resultant loss of strength to the patient. But these are by no means the only cause of the sick man's condition. Other important factors are at work. The infectious germs that have caused the fever are in the tissues and capable of doing incalculable harm. The poisons produced by those germs, the toxins, are also here, fraught with danger now, or, it may be, later in the course of the sickness. So here again water has its value in favoring elimination of the various poisons. Under its use restlessness abates, the mind clears. The natural secretions of the mouth are improved in quality and quantity. The tongue clears, becomes moist, and a desire for food returns. What is true of the mouth is equally true of the condition of stomach and intestine, where the more important functions of digestion and absorption take place. Animal experimentation and clinical evidence prove this. It is not a matter of theory.

In the allowance of drinking water to the sick, there can be no fixed plan suitable to all cases. Care and judgment must be exercised in this matter as in all other features of good nursing. The diet must also be regulated. In the case of the aged, or in the event of vomiting or an irritable stomach, water must be given sparingly or even withheld for a time. A patient with high fever and great thirst, left to his own inclination, may very easily disarrange his stomach by injudicious draughts of water. To such, however, the regular and periodic draught—a tumblerful every two hours, for instance, will prove most acceptable. Thirst may also be relieved by rinsing the mouth with hot water. Cubits of cracked ice held in the mouth will do the same thing. If a change of potation is desirable an agreeable draught is made by adding cream of tartar to cold water—a teaspoonful to the quart. Slightly acidulated waters have their use in the sick-room, and nothing is more grateful here than an occasional draught of weak lemonade. Plain spring waters, or natural aerated waters, may be substituted from time to time to break the monotony of a uniform drink or to satisfy the caprice of the patient.

The foregoing remarks are based upon well-known physiological data and broad clinical observation.

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What makes them the only choice of millions?

What makes them famous as the National Biscuit?

National-Biscuit-Goodness—

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We present plans for the use of newspapers, magazines, street car or billboard space only when we are sure that money thus invested will be more profitable to you than if spent in any other form of sales effort.

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One department knows *who's who* among publishers; another department knows *what's what* in illustrations; another knows *how's how* in writing advertisements; another knows *business is business* when it comes to placing contracts; another knows what the *bottom's bottom* is on prices, and so on.

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Let us put your name on our mailing list to receive monthly THE MAHIN MESSENGER.

SERVICE

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MAHIN ADVERTISING COMPANY

John Lee Mahin, President

American Trust Building, Chicago

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THE GEORGE N. PIERCE COMPANY, (Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers) BUFFALO, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

Stanford University
JAN
14
1909

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The Testing of Diana Mallory

A New Novel by

Mrs. Humphry Ward

HARPER & BROTHERS

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¶ CHICAGO JOURNAL: "Diana is more spontaneous than any other woman drawn by Mrs. Ward."

¶ BROOKLYN TIMES: "Of all that notable gallery of characters none is more appealing, certainly none more lovable, than Diana Mallory."

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This is a strangely exciting story which rather runs away with one. It is the story of the engagement of a delightful young American girl and the way her family takes it. The curious thing is that, while twelve distinguished authors have written it, it reads straight-away with breathless galloping. Each author wrote a chapter.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LIII | New York, January 9, 1909 | No. 2716

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WHERE MANY THOUSANDS PERISHED

THE WATER FRONT OF MESSINA, SICILY, WHICH RECEIVED THE FIRST IMPACT OF THE DEVASTATING TIDAL WAVE THAT, FOLLOWING THE EARTHQUAKE, ENGULFED THE CITY AND DESTROYED MOST OF ITS INHABITANTS

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LIII No. 2716

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

The Earthquake

Pretty much all we get in the way of news from Messina and the region thereabout is a picture seen dimly through smoke and dust, vague and blurred in outlines and indefinite in extent, but packed close and full with horrors. The *American* prints a cabled letter from a son-in-law of Marion Crawford, who got into Messina. He writes:

No words can describe adequately the horrors that met us everywhere. At every step the ground was strewn with dead bodies and fragments of corpses torn to pieces. The air was filled with one long moaning, which sometimes sighed out from beneath the ruins where thousands still lie buried alive, but which was continually swelled by the cries of the wounded and dying in countless narrow streets.

The stench was indescribable, and everywhere fires burned steadily among the ruins, consuming the dead and living together and filling the air with the horrible fumes of burning flesh.

That is the general picture more or less substantiated by other reporters. The most news comes from Messina, where are the most people, and where most work is being done. It is impossible to realize yet what has happened, much less to sum up the loss. The deaths seem to approach 200,000; the destruction of property has been roughly estimated at a billion dollars. The work that is being done is to rescue survivors from the ruins and from starvation; to shelter the homeless, do what is possible for the injured and the sick, and deport the helpless population as fast as possible from the whole earthquake region. For this enormous work the means, of course, are dreadfully inadequate. British, German, Russian, and Italian war-ships that happened to be near by are said to have taken aboard more than 10,000 injured persons. Italian troops are burying the dead. The resources of the Italian government, of the church, and of private charity are being used to the utmost, and the machinery of the Red Cross societies in all countries is at work to organize and speed relief. The readiest means for Americans to help their Italian brethren is by prompt gifts of money, which will be forwarded by the American Red Cross, whose headquarters in New York are at 500 Fifth Avenue. Already, as we write, large sums have been contributed here, and an appropriation is expected from Congress. Our fleet of war-ships now at Suez can be sent to Messina if the Italian government desires it, and one or two naval supply-ships are already on the way there from this country. The value of war-ships at Messina is that they can get there, and that they carry supplies, hospitals, doctors, and disciplined men for shore duty, besides transportation in emergency for survivors. Our fleet, however, is still far off, and very likely all that it could do will be done by agencies nearer at hand. The great service our country will do to Italy at this time will probably be the involuntary one of providing new homes for numbers of emigrants from shaken Calabria and Sicily.

The Theology of Earthquakes

The theological side of earthquakes, having been exhaustively discussed so lately, after the shaking down of San Francisco, will hardly be thrashed out again in this country over the Sicilian disaster, though of course it will lead to some very remarkable preachments and inferences in southern Italy. Theologically, earthquakes differ only in degree and details from boils. Both are due to physical causes. Both come when they get ready, without any perceptible consideration for humankind, and discommode the just and the unjust without a shadow of discrimination. One affects the external surface of the bodies of men, the other the crust of the earth men live on. Both are due to underlying physical causes, and both—since they happen—are compatible with the theory that the management of the universe is benevolent and governed by law. The liveliest philosophical suggestion that earthquakes make is of the unfinished and progressive condition of all things here. Not even the earth itself is done, or nearly done, much less the peoples on it and their civilizations. The whole great machine grinds steadily on as it has done for ages immemorial, with enormous annual destruction and waste, as always, and enormous reproduction and repair. Now and then there comes an unusual jolt in the machinery, with consequences to human creatures that fill us with horror, and, happily, with sympathy, and leave a record and a story that go down the centuries. But it is all as much a part of the day's work of this world as the fifty-odd million deaths that happen every year and the piecemeal destruction that preys continually on the works of man. There is no visible net profit in earthquakes, but the perpetual destruction, of which they are a detail, is the price of progress. Mankind fights its way upward, fights all the destructive forces of nature—hunger, thirst, cold, heat, poisons, disease, and the violence of the elements and the creatures; fights men for freedom and dominion, and grows strong and wise on it, until, as knowledge and power increase, man comes to better discrimination as to what is worth fighting for, and little by little the violence and the cruelty fade out of his strife, the moral standards of his activities are raised, waste lessens, production and distribution improve, and progress begins to gallop where it used to walk.

A Momentous Decision

Two weeks from to-day, by order of the Commander-in-chief of all our armies and navies, two cruisers will steam out of Charleston harbor bound for Panama. One will bear the President-elect, some engineers and camp-followers, and their various straw hats and pajamas. The other will go as a sort of public-service detective, cleared for action and ready at a moment's notice to repel a hostile attack from any such long, low, rakish craft as the *Liberty* (J. Pulitzer commanding), now cruising in the waters thereabout. Preparations seem ample for the accomplishment of every purpose except to determine what is best to be done about the big ditch. As to that, one vital question awaits the decision of Mr. Taft. Shall work be continued upon a lock canal as now projected and under way, or shall the sea-level plan be substituted? The Board of Engineers appointed by President Roosevelt in 1905 was unable to agree. Eight members, comprising five engineers designated by European governments and three Americans appointed by the President—Maj.-Gen. George W. Davis, William Barclay Parsons, and Willis H. Bunn—voted for the sea-level plan, and five Americans declared for the lock system. The President forced the adoption of the minority report by threatening to veto the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill if it should carry a rider providing for a sea-level canal. He based his action upon the minority report that the lock canal could be built in eight years for $140,000,000, whereas the sea-level construction would require twelve or more years and cost $272,000,000. He felt that quick results were essential, and subsequently went to Panama in person to start the dirt flying. Three of the eight years have passed, nearly $150,000,000 (including $50,000,000 paid to the old companies and Panama and William Nelson Cromwell) has been expended, and Secretary Cortelyou calls for an appropriation of $35,000,000 to "continue the work." Meanwhile, a considerable amount of dirt has flown one way or another, but the stupendous Gatun dam, designed to hold 110 square miles of water 135 feet above sea-level, has not even been begun, and recent official reports seem to corroborate the judgment of the eight engineers that it cannot be built to stand upon a foundation of blue clay. Whether the experiment shall be made at whatever cost is the question which Mr. Taft is going to decide. To enable him to form a judgment he will have the advice of the accompanying engineers appointed by the President. We hope that they are competent and unprejudiced experts and that there is nothing in the persistent rumor that all were proposed by one long ago committed as definitely as the President himself to the lock system. One fact is certain. The importance of Mr. Taft's decision, involving a total ultimate expenditure of possibly one thousand millions of dollars, can hardly be overestimated as bearing upon his own reputation for prudence and sagacity or the welfare of the country which he has served so well in the past. And we repeat unhesitatingly that he could not do a wiser act in a contingency so momentous than to obtain, if possible, the judgment of the one man—Mr. E. H. Harriman—whose preeminence among the great constructors of the present time is universally recognized.

The Irritating Newspapers

We regret the necessity of recording the fact that the pertinacious newspapers continue to annoy Future-Brother Roosevelt by their reprehensible conduct. While acting as President, Mr. Roosevelt has felt that he belonged to the people and has submitted with the utmost patience to flagrant invasions by both photographers and descriptive writers of the privacy which he craves. It is computed that nine million, seven hundred and thirteen thousand, eight hundred and seventy-six snapshots have been taken at him during the past three years. The best and most favorably known of these photographs are those which portray him in the act of making daring leaps over twelve-rail fences, position erect, hat well over eyes, both hands firmly grasping the reins, coat-tails flying in heaven's breezes. In order to meet the inordinate demands of the camera fiends, it was necessary, on one occasion, to postpone a cabinet session for the jumps. Of many life-size paintings that have been made, the most satisfying shows the Colonel of the Rough Riders riding a fiery charger up San Juan hill and scattering the Spanish soldiers to right and left with waving sabre and spitting revolver. Unfortunately this cannot be exhibited for several hundred years, as the present is too close in point of time to fully establish the historical accuracy of the representation. The other paintings are of the frock-coat variety, tame and uninteresting. Sargent's, in particular, we understand, was roundly condemned by Mr. William Randolph Hearst, the distinguished art critic, who recently inspected the collection while engaging in friendly discourse with the subject. The only hope, we are told, is that time may soften the color effects.

Sailing under Difficulties

Meanwhile, no more portraits will be painted until something happens in Africa to afford a suitable background for a spirited production. This much the President can obtain successfully, but the camera fiends are uncontrollable. And there is the root of the present annoyance. When Secretary Loeb announced the Hunt, he let it be known that the Expedition will leave these shores in March, but he carefully refrained from mentioning the name of the ship upon which it will sail. The purpose was to insure the privacy of which the President has been so long deprived and to which he feels that he will be entitled after March 4th. It was a thoughtful but vain precaution. The fact has already become known at the White House that newspapers have reserved passage for scores of reporters and photographers on both the *Kronprinz Albert*, which sails for Naples on March 13th, and the *Hamburg*, which starts on March 23d, just in time to catch the Mombasa boat from the Italian port. It has even been hinted that Brother Pulitzer will assume personal direction of one corps and Brother Lawton of the other. The President is naturally displeased by these harassing rumors and, according to the *Times*, is trying to devise a way to circumvent them, in order to give to Brothers Hearst and Lawton Abbott a monopoly of the illustrations of his Acts while Aboard Ship. But one effective solution of the difficulty has as yet been suggested. That is to go direct to Mombasa on a private yacht. And that raises the question, who will furnish the yacht? Laird Carnegie has one, but it isn't big enough to bear the ammunition. Mr. J. P. Morgan's *Corsair* or Mr. H. H. Rogers' *Kanawha* would serve admirably, but both are out of commission temporarily. The one most readily available, with steam already up, is Mr. Joseph Pulitzer's *Liberty*, which we are authorized to proffer, with the understanding, however, that the owner be spared the pleasure of accompanying the party. This condition, we fear, will not be acceptable to the President, and we hardly know what to propose. If Mr. E. H. Harriman possessed a suitable craft, the problem could be solved easily by two practical men getting together again, but unfortunately his conveyances consist chiefly of private cars and sulkies, which

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are obviously unfitted for travel upon the ocean waves.

A Cruiser for the Hunt

Why should not President TAFT return the compliment extended to him by President ROOSEVELT in connection with his Panama trip and tender a couple of cruisers? Some battleships could go along, too, if deemed necessary to afford protection from possible attacks by ferocious porpoises. Anyhow, after wrestling with the problem for several days, this is the best suggestion we can offer, and we have no doubt whatever that its adoption would meet with general approval. The question of expense need not be considered. No investment is too large that will tend to accelerate the present trend toward prosperity. Moreover, despite the dearth of news that will ensue from the Departure, nothing should be permitted to interfere with the craving of Science and the Smithsonian Institution for some stuffed lallapaloosas of the galloping species.

Getting Ready

The preparations, meanwhile, proceed apace. Last week the Rifle arrived. It is of one hundred horse-power and six cylinders, and guaranteed to be shot to preserve and not to kill. On Wednesday, according to the Associated Press, a dummy aim was taken across the Potomac when nobody was looking, and the bullet was found three days later in the cow pasture of HENRY GASSAWAY DAVIS, high among the hills of West Virginia. The test, though severe, was pronounced satisfactory in every respect by Major MEARNS, U.S.A., retired, who applied salve to the unshaken shoulder. An unhappy dispute arose over paying for the powder used, Director WALCOTT insisting that it was a proper charge against the fund provided by the anonymous patrons of the Smithsonian Institution. His claim, however, was promptly disallowed, and the principle was definitely and irrevocably established that only shots that produce results shall be charged to that account. Not many misses are anticipated. There continues to be no apprehension of danger from wild beasts or fleas, every member of the party being still in prime condition and a fine rifle-shot. The mosquito netting will be tested on Thursday of next week under the expert supervision of Senator JOHN KEAN, of Elizabeth, New Jersey.

At Sea

The following itinerary for observance on shipboard has been arranged to provide the complete rest prescribed by Major MEARNS, U.S.A., retired:

5 A.M.—Rise and ablute. 5.20.—Walk ten times around the deck with COLLIER. 5.45.—Read three poems by RICHARD WATSON GILDER. 6 A.M.—Hearty breakfast. 6.45.—Meditate. 6.47.—Inspect ammunition. Shoot sea gulls if any in sight. 7 A.M.—Study wireless telegraphy. Receive and send messages. 7.30.—Converse with LODGE. 8 A.M.—Compose editorial for *Outlook*. 8.30.—Oil guns. 9 A.M.—Climb mainmast to look for whales. 9.30.—Shuffleboard. 9.45.—Take charge of engine room. 10.15.—Shake hands with engineers. 10.20.—Visit steerage. Converse with returning immigrants. 11 A.M.—Chicken broth. 11.15.—Inspect ship accompanied by captain, mate, purser, doctor, and miscellaneous passengers. 12 noon.—Take observation. Decide on day's run. 12.45.—Relieve. 12.47.—Throw rings. 12.50.—Study political economy. 12.55.—Adjute. 1 P.M.—Moderate luncheon. Poland and hungadi mixed. 1.30.—Rest. 1.32.—Walk ten times around deck with KERMIT. 1.50.—Revolver practice. 2.15.—Shovel coal. Shake hands with stokers. 3 P.M.—Visit reading room. Revise catalogue. 3.30.—Prepare Address on Moral Uplift for concert in aid of seamen. Praise seamen. Hardy, resolute men. 3.45.—Order awnings removed. 4 P.M.—Tea. One lump of sugar. No ice. 4.15.—Visit of condolence to Major MEARNS, U.S.A., retired. Converse. 4.30.—Inspect stewards. 4.50.—Read ADAM SMITH. 4.55.—Take the bridge. Relieve captain for one hour. 5.55.—Inspect kitchens. Admire automatic egg boilers. 6.15.—Ablute. 6.30.—Dinner. 7 P.M.—Meditate. 7.02.—Write two chapters on Hunting Big Game in Africa. 8 P.M.—Reception in saloon. 8.30.—Preside at concert. Speech. 9.15.—Auction pool. Enforce square deal. 10 P.M.—Sandwich. Apollinaris Lemonade for KERMIT. 10.15.—Good night to smoking room. Shake hands with steward. 10.20.—Ten times around deck with HALLEN. 10.40.—Examine guns. 11.10.—Evening visit of condolence to Major MEARNS, U.S.A., retired. Converse. 11 P.M.—Read LYMAN ABBOTT on Immortality. 11.15.—Compose National hymn. 11.30.—Final round of inspection. 11.45.—Order lights out in smoking-room. 11.50.—Good night to captain. Compliment on ship. Double lookout. Take soundings. 12 midnight.—Set alarm for five o'clock. Retire. Sleep. Pleasant dreams.

The programme, though tentative and subject to abrupt changes without notice, is regarded favorably as a starter.

President Eliot Going South

Not long ago in HARPER'S WEEKLY President ELIOT was suggested as a fit man to represent this country at the court of St. James'. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that that mission was suggested as a fit rounding out of the career of that eminent citizen of our republic. It now appears that, before ceasing to be president of Harvard, President ELIOT is going on a mission of his own choosing. He will devote six weeks out of the few remaining months of his forty years in that office to representing Harvard in the South. Starting in Texas in mid-February, and coming eastward, he will visit the principal cities and educational centres of the Southern States, and make a number of addresses. He will not represent Harvard alone, but will also of necessity represent New England: that New England which the South still does not know, and which still does not know the South, as well as could be desired. Of course, many New England people nowadays visit parts of the South, and more and more Southerners find their way to New England—to its colleges in term-time, to its shore resorts in the vacation season. But the misunderstandings between these two sections, which make up so large a part of our American past, are still sometimes vexatious. Speaking for the rest of us—the Middle States, and the West, and the Pacific slope—we venture the remark that there is no reason why those misunderstandings should not cease. The one New England man now living who can do most to promote that end is President ELIOT. His going South for an extended visit should also accomplish something else almost equally desirable. One of the wisest heads of the Republic will thus, we may hope, be set to work on its most perplexing problem. When President ELIOT gets through telling the South about Harvard and New England, we trust he will give us in turn his impressions of the South, and his practical conclusions about the race question.

The New Republican Party in the South

Everybody seems to be taking the South pretty seriously nowadays. Before the election there was much said to the general effect that the time is come for that section to give up its long political solidity, and the discussion continues. Dr. HANNIS TAYLOR makes a contribution to it in the January *North American Review*. The election figures show that the movement has really made substantial headway, particularly in the more eastern Southern States. The figures for North Carolina, for instance, seem to support the claim made before the election, that the Republicans would have done well to treat that State as doubtful. With a reasonable appropriation from their campaign fund and a thorough canvass by their best speakers it might have been carried for TAFT; and the dramatic effect of such a *coup* would have been great. The effect would have been more than dramatic. Such an object-lesson in independence would have changed men's ways of thinking all over the South. It would have materially altered the political relations of the sections. And if anything under the sun would break BRYAN's hold on the Democratic party, it would be the demonstration that the South will follow him no longer. As it is, in view of the tremendous Republican gains in North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, and other Southern States, leading Democratic newspapers in the South are candidly admitting that, unless their party turns to a new leadership, those States are likely to go the way of Maryland and Missouri.

Republican Embarrassments

But the situation is not without embarrassment for the Republican managers. North Carolina is one of the States that has in one way or another disfranchised the bulk of its blacks without disfranchising even the illiterate whites. More than that: several years ago the Republican party of North Carolina in convention assembled formally accepted and endorsed the new suffrage law. North Carolina sent no negro delegates to Chicago. There was not a single negro in the convention which elected her four delegates at large. The new Republican movement in that State is distinctly a white man's movement. These facts may perhaps help to explain why, after the Chicago convention had adopted a platform calling for the enforcement of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Amendments, "in letter and in spirit," the Republican managers did not rush to take advantage of the opportunity to break the solid South. The truth is, there is a glaring inconsistency between that party's platform professions and its practice on this whole subject. Last autumn President ROOSEVELT wrote to a Southern correspondent that nobody of any importance at Washington thought seriously of cutting down the South's representation in Congress. The courts have refused to declare the Southern suffrage laws unconstitutional. It seems to be a question just now with the Republican leaders whether to consider the negro vote in the North or the prospective increase of the white Republican vote in the South.

The Prospect for the Negroes

But things may not be so bad as they look for the negroes. It does not appear that taking away the ballot from the mass of them in the South has proved an unmixed misfortune. Careful observers seem to find that it has diminished the friction between the races. On the whole, the whites and blacks seem to get on rather better together, and that, for the present, may be worth more to the negroes than the extremely slight share of political power they had before the change. If the situation should lead those negroes who still possess votes, whether North or South, to divide them between the two parties on the lines of individual choice and conviction, that also would be a gain. And there is always the hope conveyed in these carefully chosen words of BOOKER WASHINGTON: "My own belief is, although I have never before said so in so many words, that the time will come when the negro in the South will be accorded all the political rights which his ability, character, and material possessions entitle him to. I think, though, that the opportunity to freely exercise such political rights will not come in any large degree through outside or artificial forcing, but will be accorded to the negro by the Southern white people themselves, and that they will protect him in the exercise of those rights."

Newspapers

At the meeting of the American Historical Association at Washington, during the Christmas holidays, WILLIAM NELSON, secretary of the New Jersey Historical Society, and JAMES FORD RHODES, historian of the conflict over slavery in the United States, gave testimony to the value of newspapers to the historian of modern times. Both declared they were indispensable. Mr. NELSON quoted GEORGE BANCROFT as saying to him, "But you cannot write history from the newspapers," but his own opinion is that you cannot write modern history without newspapers. So Mr. RHODES found newspaper evidence to be excellent authority for the historian, easily tested as to its truth, and contributing to a vivid narrative. In the long run the immense value of newspapers is probably appreciated. It certainly is in practice if not in theory. But there is a strong propensity in critics, especially those who don't know much about newspaper-making, to judge papers by their faults without much attention to their virtues. If their virtues were not very considerable, their usefulness could not be what it is, and it is enormous.

Experience Approves Woman Suffrage

On the whole, the strongest argument for woman suffrage is the testimony of trustworthy persons whose judgment is respected, who tell of its effects in places where it has been tried. Judge LINDSAY of Colorado, where it has been in operation for twelve years, says that in that State "no one would dare propose its repeal, and if left to the vote of the State any proposition to revoke the right bestowed upon women would be overwhelmingly defeated."

Bath Sends Greeting to Her Son

Mr. CHARLES W. MORSE is not without honor in his own country, albeit in an ill case where he is. His own country is Bath, Maine. His friends there seem to include pretty much everybody in town, and they met on December 20th and resolved that, whereas he was a most loyal son of Bath, and had been sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment, and was now in the Tombs, in New York, pending a hearing before the Court of Appeals, all honorable means should be used to get him a new trial and bail meanwhile, and that Bath still believed him innocent of criminal act or intent and sent him its sympathy. That must be comforting to the convicted banker, and no one will grudge him any solace he can get from it. But the records of the trial will be found to be pretty stubborn.

Comparative Burdens

The burden carried by the candidate is heavy, but no heavier than that carried by an office-holder.—*Mr. Bryan at San Antonio.*

And not nearly so heavy, in a recent case, as that carried by the party.

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IN the confusion following the earthquake in Italy accurate details of the losses could not be had, yet the following estimates were given in early reports.

The city of Messina was destroyed, and 80,000 persons lost their lives.

Arthur S. Cheney, American consul at Messina, and his wife lost their lives in the catastrophe.

The prisons at Messina, containing 300 men and 150 women, were crumbled into ruins at the first shock. Most of the prisoners were killed.

Only forty-six policemen out of 200 survived to answer roll-call. Half of the military garrison were killed in their barracks.

Palmi, a city of 10,000, lost 1,000 killed.

Reggio, a city of 17,000, was obliterated by the earthquake and the onrush of an immense tidal wave.

Five hundred bodies were extricated in the first two days at Casamo, where there are 1,000 dead.

The dead at Cattanisetta are estimated at 1,500.

At Gazzari 1,500 are reported dead.

The Hotel Trinacria, in Messina, sheltered 150 tourists, most of whom are believed to have been suffocated.

Many villages have been wiped out by the tidal wave. At Semmara 500 persons perished; at Cosenza, 500, and in scores of other villages thousands of men and women died.

Thirty-five towns and villages near Catanzaro were wiped out. The number of dead is estimated at 30,000.

King Victor Emanuel and Queen Elena arrived by war ship at Messina, on the morning of December 30th, and immediately joined in the work of rescuing and aiding the sufferers. The sight of their Majesties rendering personal assistance greatly encouraged the survivors and stimulated the efforts of the rescuers.

Messina, Sicily's busiest port, where thousands, including the American Consul, perished

On Messina's water-front, which was swept by a thirty-foot tidal wave

The Strait of Messina, which has been radically altered by the earthquake

The Church of the Souls in Purgatory, in Messina, demolished in the catastrophe

The Rock of Scylla which, with Charybdis, guarded the Strait of Messina

EUROPE'S APPALLING CALAMITY

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Reggio, the obliterated town of Southern Italy, with the Strait of Messina in the background

Dr. Arthur S. Cheney, United States consul at Messina, who was killed

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The Corso Garibaldi, Reggio, the town which was swept out of existence by the tidal wave

THE most appalling disaster known in modern times, perhaps the most awful demonstration of the forces of nature in the history of the world, is the destruction by earthquake and tidal wave of scores of cities and towns on the western coast of Calabria, Italy, and the eastern shore of the island of Sicily, on the opposite side of the narrow Strait of Messina. Conservative estimates place the total loss of life at one hundred thousand, and at the time of this writing communication with the stricken districts is still cut off; therefore, it is possible that still more lives have been lost.

There were minor tremblings of the earth in the autumn, but after a few weeks' absence the inhabitants who had fled returned to their homes. The great shock began at five o'clock in the morning of Monday, December 28th, and lasted during thirty two seconds. The territory affected embraced 4,400 square miles in the provinces of Messina and Catania, in Sicily, and Reggio, in Calabria on the mainland. All these rest upon the same primary formation of rock.

The earthquake shock was unprecedented in violence. The few survivors who have sufficiently recovered their reason to describe it say that the earth sank, wrenched itself from side to side so sharply that stone walls crumbled like pottery, then rose again. Immediately a great tidal wave at least thirty feet high swept through the Strait of Messina, flooding the cities on each shore, casting ships far inland, and drowning many thousands of men and women who had escaped alive from the crashing houses. At the same time rain began to fall in torrents.

The dead in the city of Messina number 50,000. Only five of the 17,000 inhabitants of Reggio are known to have escaped. Many others perished in the smaller towns and fishing villages along the shores. The Strait of Messina has been so twisted and upheaved that navigation must be suspended until a new survey has been made. The promontory of Scylla has been thrown aside, and Charybdis now blocks the northern entrance of the strait.

The harbor of Catania, in Eastern Sicily, with Mount Etna beyond. This town was involved in the ruin

Map showing the situation and extent of the cataclysm. The dotted portions indicate the location of the catastrophe

THE TRAGEDY ON THE MEDITERRANEAN

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Mary Anderson, That Was

An Interview

By Frank C. Drake

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Mrs. De Navarro, "Mary Anderson, That Was," in the garden of her home, Broadway, England

I LOOKED at the number in West Forty-sixth Street a third time before I ventured to mount the steps. There were the wide, low stepped, iron-grilled doorway and the little boxwood hedges on the window-sills which proclaim the homes of opulence in New York? Surely the De Navarros, who own the vast apartment-house which looks out over Central Park and who have Mary Anderson, that was, for a daughter-in-law—surely, said the part of me that is a snob, they do not live in a quiet and unpretentious brown-stone house.

But it was even so, and perhaps one has to be peculiarly solvent to be old-fashioned in New York. Thus, presently, I found myself in a big plush chair in the back parlor. On the table near me lay a tin cornet with a china mouthpiece. Also, presently a tiny chubby girl, with Mary Anderson's mouth, stole softly in and made off with the cornet, blowing joyously and discordantly upon it.

Then the young Irish butler came to say that Mrs. De Navarro would be down in a few minutes, and I began a mental dramatization of her entrance, craftily noting that she would have to part the hall portières as she came in. The house might be as conventional as the De Navarros pleased, but those portières and the sweeping through them of Mary Anderson in a flimsy, herlikbone gown would be enough for me. She had been an actress; she couldn't help entering the room effectively. I even hoped that she had planned to have the little girl come in after the tin horn as a bit of dramatic preliminary, and rather admired the idea. But my play was a failure. Every situation fell flat. My star simply wouldn't act, and before I knew it I was merely shaking hands with Mrs. Antonio de Navarro just in from shopping and still wearing her hat.

Her hat was peacock blue and her coat was dark brown; and her hat was made of crinkled up velvet and had a gold butterfly bow in front. Her coat was of broadcloth, and her skirt was of velvet; it was the same color as her coat, and her hat had some slender feathers growing out of the gold bow. Her coat buttoned in front, if I remember correctly, and she wore a frilly white waist under it with a little breast-pin. Some of the feathers on her hat were straight and some were curved, and her coat was trimmed with narrow strips of brown ribbon with a bit of gold lace on the lapels. The whole costume had an indescribable harmony, and as we talked I was sure she was the most charming woman—with one exception—that I had ever met. Honestly, I have tried to describe what she wore just as it affected me; for her merry, clear-skinned countenance, bright with talk, made her apparel seem a mere running accompaniment to the song of her personality. You noticed her clothes only in bits at a time scattered through the pauses. I had asked Mrs. De Navarro why she preferred living in England to living here. "I don't live there because I prefer it," she said, almost wistfully. "I never really lived anywhere until I went there—with my husband. I don't know enough of living in my own country to be able to say that I prefer England. From the time I was sixteen, when I went before the public, until I married, eleven years later, my life was a roving one—such a roving one!

"But I do love my life now. I don't prefer it, I love it," she exclaimed, almost exultingly. "We have such a beautiful place in the country there, an old house of the Tudor period. And everything about us is so tranquil, with the stretches of lawn and the old, old trees and the glimpse down in the valley where the ancient Tudor village lies. Then I have a little study at one side of the house built in the time of the Jacobites, and all summer long the roses bloom about the windows. And in the twilight through the roses I watch the evening sky, all pink and tender gray behind the great trees, and I feel so peaceful and so contented that I could fairly cry.

"And oh, the mornings!" Mary Anderson, that was, clapped her hands and leaned forward to tell me about them as excitedly as though she had invented them herself. "Oh, it is so good to wake there in the morning! The smell of the grass and the trees and the roses seems to saturate the air, and you breathe it in in great, sweet draughts like a delicious drink; and it makes you feel so free and joyous that you can't keep from singing. The freshness of an English summer morning makes every day worth living just to taste another one. I'll give you my word she said these things, and the way they bubbled out was an English summer morning in itself.)

"And then," she went on, "the life there is so serene and leisurely and—what shall I say?—orderly. It relaxes one so. After I have been here, breathing this intoxicating, intensifying air of New York that drives you on to activity whether you will or no, and then go back to the soft breezes in England, I can fairly feel the tension being removed by the minute—d'you know?"

That "d'you know?" is her one concession to the English of the English. For the rest she speaks the American language without a flaw.

"We have delightful friends all about us there, too, and our house is a great rendezvous for them. E. A. Abbey and Alma Tadema and all the bright set they have drawn together come to our house and we visit theirs, all most informally. That is one of the charms of even the most distinguished English people. They are most simple and cordial and do not seem to feel a necessity for making an impression. I remember when the King introduced me to his sisters he did not say, 'Mrs. De Navarro, this is her Royal Highness, my sister, the Princess Maud,' and so on. He simply said, 'Mrs. De Navarro, my sister Maud, my sister Louise,' and so to the others. I like the English royal family for that—d'you see?

"I think what I am fondest of in our life in England are the impromptu concerts we have at our house," said Mrs. De Navarro, suddenly. "You know, I am passionately fond of music. I much prefer the opera or the concert to the theatre. Well, my husband is a superb musician and has a beautiful voice, and of an evening when our friends drop in—and many of them have high musical standing—we sing and have solos on the violin and on the piano. We like these

Maria Elena De Navarro, the daughter of the household

evenings much better than bridge. In fact, we rarely play bridge.

"And, by the way, I am quite surprised at the old-fashioned musical programmes you have in New York. The music of the new school of French composers which has taken London by storm doesn't seem to be known here at all. Only the other day I went to a 'musical morning' at the Waldorf, and there were the same old names on the programme that I remember from girlhood—Bach and Haydn and Brahms and Beethoven. Of course these classics will always live, and we could not do without them; but it is a pity that New York should not know of the great things which are being done by the young French composers. It will know of them soon, I warrant you," she laughed, "for I know New York; but it seems incredible that slow England should be a year or two in advance of you in musical matters.

"It is absolutely new and wonderful, this French music, attempting things never before striven for by the composers. It has no sustained melody, one can't remember it, but it makes you see pictures of things in autumn. Your ears become eyes, and this music reveals to you in a flash the vision of the sunshine on the leaves in the woods and the still pool in the shadow. It paints in your mind the heave of the great ocean against the sunset and the piled-up clouds of a summer day. Really," declared Mary Anderson, that was, "you must pardon me if I seem to be talking hysterically, but this new music is most enthralling. We, my husband and I and all our friends, are quite beside ourselves over it. Indeed, some of these young composers are even trying to express in music the feeling of desperation you have when you try to describe a scene whose beauty is beyond your words.

"Now, really, all that does sound absurd," she said,

The boy, Jose De Navarro

"but it isn't. I'll tell you an experience. I had laughed at the idea of this new music, just as you are probably doing inside of yourself this minute. But one day I was writing in my little Jacobean study on one side of the hall and my husband was at the piano in his Tudor den on the other side. He was improvising after the new French idea, and I thought I would try to imagine the scene he was trying to put into music. Presently I called across the hall, 'Tony, shall I describe the picture you have in your mind?'

"'Yes,' said he, eagerly. So I told him he was thinking of a hillside with two dark rows of trees upon its face and storm-clouds gathering. And sure enough that was just the picture he was trying to draw from the keys of the piano. It was almost uncanny.

"It is odd and strange, this music, and at first you don't like it. Some of the pieces have a way of stopping right in the middle of a phrase, as it were; and

Mr. and Mrs. De Navarro, with their two children, on the deck of the steamer which brought them to America. The first photograph of Mrs. De Navarro taken since her arrival in this country

it isn't till you hear them a second or maybe a third time that you see the picture. But then it is very beautiful."

"Dear old, fog-down New York!" I remarked.

"Yes. Hasn't it a lot to answer?" she laughed. "Do you know," she observed, thoughtfully, "there is one thing I miss in New York audiences that is common on the other side, and that is real enthusiasm in the orchestra chairs and boxes when a fine thing has been done on the stage. One rarely hears a chorus of 'bravos!' and hearty cries of 'good!' in a New York playhouse. It is very common in what is supposed to be the phlegmatic British audience, but here the audience seems to be afraid of itself or ashamed to rise to the spirit of the occasion. At any rate, all one hears—unless it be from the gallery—is a muffled patting of kid gloves and a few scattered stamping feet, and even these seem perfunctory to one who is accustomed to the boisterous approval of London auditories. It does help the actors so much, d'you know!" said Mary Anderson, that was.

She looked at me silently, with a twinkle in her gray eyes. "Why don't you ask it?" she queried.

"Ask what?"

"Do you realize," she said, with some severity, "that you have been interviewing me for nearly an hour and haven't yet asked me whether I would advise young girls to go on the stage?" I admitted that it didn't seem much like a real interview without going into that.

"Well," she went on, "I want to repeat, as a message to all girls, what I am constantly writing to them, for they deluge me with letters from all parts of the world asking my advice on that very point. Some mornings my desk is piled with a perfect Matterhorn of such letters. I want to repeat Punch's advice to those about to"—she smiled—"to go on the stage. Don't. There is but one qualification to that advice, and it is: Don't go on the stage unless the feeling that you can rise to the top within a very few years is so strong within you that it amounts to a moral certainty. To the girl who wants to show how pretty she is, or who has an idea that she can work up gradually as she would in a business house, I say, Keep out of it. It is a hard life, and its unpleasant features are so peculiar to it that no girl but a positive genius should think of it for a moment as a means of livelihood. With all the other professions that are now open to women it isn't worth while.

"No," said Mrs. De Navarro when I asked if she ever plays for charity, "not even that tempts me. Sometimes, though," she confessed, with a soft shine in her eyes, "my boy José, who goes to a school not far from London, writes to me that he has been telling the other boys about me and how well his mother can read aloud, and begs me to come down to the school and show off. And so I go sometimes and read to them of a Saturday afternoon and have great fun.

"England is a wonderfully healthy country for children," she continued. "Did you notice how red my little girl's cheeks are? Well, all the English children are that way. It hurts me to see so many pale children in New York. I don't believe they get as much fresh air as English children do. Over there the children of the well-to-do are taken out by the nurse at a certain time of day every day, rain or shine, and made to get just that much exercise regularly the year round. It seems to me that the trouble with New York is the scarcity of good parks where people can get at them, and where they can safely turn their children loose to play in the fresh air without having to send them all the way to Central Park or farther. And really, if even the wealthier people are keeping their children out-of-doors enough, I don't see why the little things don't have rubber cheeks," said she who was Mary Anderson. And I heard a little girl blowing on her tin trumpet again as she came to peek in at us through the portières.

Captivity

By Charlotte Becker

I CREPT from out the dull years' prisoning
To seek, where blossoms hung,
Once more the gay adventure of the spring
With those who yet were young.

Along the meadow-path I stole my way,
Careless again, and free;
My heart in tune with each brave linnet's lay,
Each blackbird's melody.

My children came to find me, saying low,
"You must not linger here
Without strong arms to lean on, lest you grow
Too weary, mother dear."

Sudden my joy fell from me, and I went—
With old eyes dim with tears—
Back to the hearth, where I must rest content
Amid the caging years.

The President, the South, and the Negro

A LEADING SOUTHERN PUBLICIST DISCUSSES THE REAPPOINTMENT OF COLLECTOR CRUM AT CHARLESTON

CHARLESTON S. C., *December 23, 1902—Forefathers' Day.*
To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has again had for the fourth time nominated Dr. Crum to be Collector at the port of Charleston; not because he is better fitted for the office than any other available man who could be found for the place, but because his skin is colored, and there must be an "open door," in the South, for men of his race who aspire to official place in the Federal service, the service farthest removed from the conditions in which they must live and move and have their being so long as they shall continue to live in the South. It is not expected that Mr. Roosevelt would change his mind in this matter, nor does any one ask him to do so—he has had his fling at the South, he has made all the political capital he could out of Crum, he has done all the damage he could by his insistence upon his utterly indefensible course, and he can go to Africa, or go to Halifax, for all that the white people and the self-respecting colored people of the South care, but it is probably worth while that the thoughtful people of the country should know exactly the attitude of the Southern white people—not the Vardaman sort, but the sort who would do what they can to aid in the highest possible development of the Southern negro. The people of Springfield, Illinois, and Springfield, Ohio, have a different way of dealing with what they call "the race problem." There, speaking generally, the negro is protected in life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, but he is not allowed to vote except under conditions which in large measure safeguard the interests of both whites and blacks; there he is allowed to vote, but he is held in subjection little short of chattel slavery, confined to the most menial of employments, and practically forbidden to engage in the industrial pursuits which are open to all other men of whatever nationality or race. When he promises to become an active competitor of white men of a certain and controlling sort in the arts and crafts up North, or even as a common laborer, he is regarded as an undesirable citizen, and if he escape with his life his property is destroyed by fire and he is driven out by the sword. If he make an outrageous assault upon a white woman, there will probably be a cold blooded hearing of his case in the courts; if he commit the far graver offence of competing with white men in the so-called "gainful occupations," not all the machinery of the law is able to protect him against the fury of the mob. The difference between the negro's chance in the North and South is really the difference between hell and heaven, or at least between purgatory and paradise. In the South the negro has always been a hewer of wood and a drawer of water and he will always continue to be; that is what he was made for, and the decrees of God are not to be changed by legislative enactment or executive proclamation. In the North he is simply a political asset, and as such he has been used since the unhappy day of his enfranchisement. But while there is a determination on the part of Northern theorists and leaders to hold him in reserve for political purposes only, there is in the South a serious disposition to ameliorate his condition and to make him a more intelligent and, therefore, a more useful member of the body politic. Whatever his acquisition of knowledge or the extent of his estates or the strength of his numbers, he will never be permitted to dominate in the political affairs of the South. The white people of the South have made their decision upon this point, and it is as fixed as fate; but the better white people of the South have at the same time determined that the negro shall be protected and promoted in the things which pertain to his material comfort and well-being. This point was made very clearly in a recent speech delivered at the annual dinner of the St. Andrew's Society in this town by the Hon. John E. Swearingen, State Superintendent of Education, when he said that education was good for the blacks and also for the whites, and declared in words, which were heartily applauded by his intelligent and representative audience: "Let us not shut out the inferior race. Let us treat him with justice and humanity"; thus establishing himself as the head of the public-school system of South Carolina and the policy of this State in the impregnable position that the higher and better advantaged race has no right in law or morals to deny the blessings of education to the humbler and inferior.

It will probably surprise some of the reckless critics of the South to know that Mr. Swearingen is the nephew of Senator Tillman, whose ravings upon the race question have filled his pockets with gain money and at the same time caused more embarrassment to those who have been struggling for years to improve the conditions of the negro in the South and make him better able to take care of himself in the ordinary affairs of life. It is not to be expected that the theorists will understand how this is possible, nor does it matter what they think; what is writ is writ.

All this, however, is merely incidental to the recrudescence of Dr. Crum, the negro Collector at the port of Charleston. The President has been distinctly dishonest in his treatment of this whole wretched business. He came to Charleston in April, 1902, and on the ninth day of that month, the anniversary of the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox, he was hailed with all possible enthusiasm by all the people of this ancient city. He did not say anything to me as to what he would do or would not do about appointing negroes to Federal office in the South, but he did talk to other men certainly of as good reputation for veracity as himself, and told them that he would not disregard the wishes and the interests of the white people of this town and the South in making his selection of persons for official station. He invited the counsel of the white people here and won their confidence in a remarkable degree, only to disregard their wishes and abuse their faith in him when the first test was made. Before the plaudits of the white people of Charleston had died away, and while yet they were rejoicing with their white fellow citizens of the South that a new prophet had arisen, he took advantage of the unexpected death of the Collector at the port of Charleston, a native white citizen of South Carolina, and an old Confederate soldier who had been appointed to this office by Mr. McKinley, to name the negro Crum as his successor, not by and with the advice and consent of the Senate as the Constitution provides, but by and with the advice of Booker Washington and the negro preachers and politicians of the country.

In November, 1902, after indicating his determination to appoint Dr. Crum as Collector at Charleston, Mr. Roosevelt withdrew his nomination upon assurances that he had received of Crum's treachery in the Republican convention at Minneapolis, in 1892. It was stated that Crum had gone to that convention as an anti-Harrison man, but after entering the convention had made a deal with the Harrison managers by which he was promised the postmastership at Charleston in return for his political services if he voted for Harrison. Within less than three weeks after the nominating convention had adjourned Harrison appointed Crum postmaster. The Senate refused to confirm the appointment. Crum denied that he had been guilty of any political treachery, and upon reconsideration Mr. Roosevelt again nominated him for Collector, and made large advertisement through the Associated Press of his determination to keep "the door of opportunity open" to the negroes in the South. This position was taken by the President in a "personal" letter to Mayor Smyth of Charleston, and, from fear probably that Mr. Smyth would not give out a personal letter for publication, he placed his letter on the Associated Press wires before it had ever been received by the person to whom it had been addressed. In this letter Mr. Roosevelt took occasion to quote from a letter written to him at his request by the writer of this article, who protested against Crum's appointment for three reasons: first, because he was a negro; second, because he did not represent the business community or any part of the tax-paying people of Charleston or the State; and, third, because his own people had no relations whatever with the custom-house with whose administration he would be charged. With that dishonest cleverness which has always distinguished Mr. Roosevelt when he has sought to make a point, he concealed in this personal letter which he sent out through the Associated Press several points made by his correspondent, and dwelt particularly upon the protest that had been made by him because of Dr. Crum's race and color. It afforded the President quite an opportunity to cultivate the negro vote, and he did not let it slip. *Having protested against the objection to Crum as account of his color, he straightway appointed him on account of his color.*

The appointment was held up in the Senate, and that body adjourned without confirming the nomination, and in spite of the President's threat that he would reappoint him if the Senate should fail to take a straight vote on the question. One day after the adjournment of that body Roosevelt carried out his threat. A number of the most loyal of the Republican Senators had gone to the President and urged him to withdraw the nomination. They did not object to the appointment of negroes to office as a political abstraction, but they felt that the wishes of a well-behaved community should be regarded, and particularly for the reason that in Charleston the negroes had always been treated with consideration. When Godkin was editor of the New York *Evening Post* he took the ground that any Federal appointment that was offensive practically to the entire responsible business and educated portion of the community was a bad appointment, and this was the view taken by many of the Republican Senators at Washington. The Senate still refused or failed to confirm the nomination of Crum, and after its adjournment on March 20, 1903, Roosevelt appointed Crum Collector at Charleston. The Republican Senate had refused twice to confirm his nomination. A number of Republican Senators from Northern and New England States pleaded with the President not to do this thing, but in spite of all the petitions and protests and advice of his best and fastest friends the President still insisted upon placing this indignity upon Charleston and the South.

The better newspapers of the country at the time of Crum's appointment, including among them the New York *World*, the *Herald*, the *Times*, the *American*, the *Commercial-Advertiser*, the *Evening Post*, the *Sun*, all protested against the Crum appointment at Charleston. The Hartford *Courant*, the Chicago *Record-Herald*, the Philadelphia *Ledger*, the Washington *Post*, the Pittsburg papers, the Louisville papers, the *Outlook*, the *Churchman*, and other journals in all parts of the country without regard to political or sectional or State lines, censured the President for his course in this case.

When the President determined upon the appointment of Crum, the New York *Tribune* expressed the opinion that "the policy of appointing many negroes to office in the South is fairly debatable," and that "it may frequently be unwise and not for the good of the public service to appoint negroes to office," but contended that because of the affair at Indianola, Mississippi, it was entirely proper for Mr. Roosevelt to appoint Crum as Collector at the port of Charleston. This view of the *Tribune* appeared to be entirely at variance with the opinion expressed to the writer of this article by the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, who told him that he regretted that the appointment should have been made, and particularly when he learned that one of the members of the family of George Washington was employed in the Collector's office at Charleston, and it was to be regretted that she should have been subjected to any discomfort or embarrassment on this score. The Philadelphia *Press*, which was edited by Charles Emory Smith, United States Minister to Russia by appointment of Mr. Harrison, and Postmaster-General in Mr. McKinley's Cabinet, and afterward for a short time a member of the Cabinet of Mr. Roosevelt himself, about the same time expressed the opinion that in the appointment of Crum the President had given ample notice of his intention to treat the colored people the same as the white population. But the President did not do anything of the sort. His appointment of Crum was made on account of Crum's color only. This much at least is established by all the records in the case, but Mr. Smith himself told the writer of this article that he talked to Mr. Roosevelt himself more than an hour on one of Roosevelt's journeys to Ohio, protesting that the appointment of Crum as the Collector at Charleston would be inadvisable, and that he thought that he had convinced the President of the unwisdom of his course in this matter, but that afterward the politicians and the colored ministers had influenced the President himself against his better judgment. About the same time the New York *Herald* devoted several columns to showing that the President's only reason for the appointment of Crum was his color. The truth of this statement was reinforced by illustrations, maps, and statistics to show that there are more negroes than white citizens in the Charleston district, that Crum's appointment was a recognition of the negro race alone, although most of the negroes are hopelessly ignorant and cut no figure in business and at the polls. But the President still insisted. The Baltimore *American*, a Republican newspaper, also protested against the appointment of Crum, and declared that his appointment and the closing of the Indianola post-office in Mississippi had set back the era of real reconstruction twenty years behind the age of McKinley.

In November, 1902, Mr. Roosevelt again nominated Dr. Crum for Collector at the port of Charleston, in spite of the fact that the Senate had previously, on at least two occasions, failed to confirm his nomination. It was said at that time that the minority of the committee to which the nomination had been referred was "strong enough to prevent his confirmation," but the President insisted upon his course despite the protests of his own political sympathizers in the Senate.

In January, 1903, when a committee representing the city of Charleston and the commercial interests of this community appeared before the Senate committee to protest against the confirmation of Crum, it was shown that the assessed value of personal property returned by the negroes of Charleston for taxation was $4040 as against $2,448,766 returned by the white people; that the value of the real estate in this community returned by the negroes for taxation aggregated $28,650, that the value of the real estate returned by the white people for taxation was $1,067,775; that the total value of property upon which the negroes paid taxes was $13,090, and the total value of property on which the white people paid taxes was $4,110,541; that the amount of city taxes paid by the negroes was only $043.16 as against $117,321.32 paid by the white people, and that the amount of city licenses paid by the negroes in the conduct of their business was $1065 as against $8,340.25 paid by the white people of the city. This relative condition between the white and the colored people of this community has not been in any material sense changed since the first appointment of Crum. Indeed, the records will show that the negroes of Charleston now really pay less taxes in proportion than they did in 1903, the year of Crum's first appointment.

At the third appointment of Crum as Collector the conservative press of the country protested against the President's insistence upon his appointment. The Senate had twice shown its unwillingness to advise and consent to it, and in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Ledger* and other newspapers of like character and good purpose expressed the opinion that "the nomination ought not to have been renewed." "No worthy reason has been shown for forcing Crum upon them (the citizens of Charleston). The Senate has shown defiance to the President in declining to act upon the nomination and giving him an opportunity to withdraw it, and his refusal to do so savors more of persistence than of dignity." In April, 1904, only two years after Mr. Roosevelt had visited Charleston, the case came up for consideration in executive session of the Senate. Four Republican Senators, all of whom live in far-distant Northern and Western States, spoke in favor of the confirmation of Crum. Spooner of Wisconsin made a bitter sectional speech, but the other Republican Senators supported the President in only a half-hearted way, and after a long executive session the Senate at that time abandoned the fight for Crum's confirmation "to resume the legislative session." At the time of this engagement it was pointed out that in the administration of the office of Collector at this port Dr. Crum did not come in contact with any of his own race, that there was not one negro in Charleston or in the South who did business through the custom-house, that every commercial organization in Charleston and in the State, many commercial bodies outside of the St[illegible] the municipal authorities of Charleston, the [illegible]ture of South Carolina, the progressive new [illegible] the country, the well-thinking Republican [illegible] at Washington, the two Senators from [illegible] and

(Continued on page 31)

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THE SENATORIAL HALL OF FAME

PENNSYLVANIA KNOX AND PENROSE

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

THE MOST HIGHLY PAID OF ACTIVE JOURNALISTS

ARTHUR BRISBANE, WHOSE SALARY AS AN EDITORIAL WRITER FOR THE HEARST NEWSPAPERS EXCEEDS THAT OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Celebrities at Home

Arthur Brisbane

By William Inglis

ARTHUR BRISBANE is the enigma of the age. He is a philosopher, a philanthropist in his deeds as well as in his words, a reformer of duty zeal, a stalwart athlete, a gourmet who leads the simple life, a humorist who rarely laughs, a busy man who drives himself to perform an amount of work every day that would break down four good men, a teacher who is constantly discovering new ways to force his beliefs into the minds of men. His originality, benevolence, courage, and brilliant style set him apart from all other writers. He is an orator unsurpassed in holding the breathless attention of his hearers; yet he disdains all the artifices of the eloquencist and shoots his ideas forth in a swift stream of simple words.

There are so many Arthur Brisbanes that he is difficult to describe. Not one of them will stand still long enough to be weighed and measured. At one moment he is busy with the editorial thirteen-inch shells he hurls against the "predatory rich"; the next he is all wrapped up in the fate of a nest of helpless little blind mice who must die because their mother has been trapped, or gravely and reverently discussing the character of God, or urging men who criticise others to find out their own faults first, or speculating about the happy future when we shall really work and play and live upon the floor of the ocean. His writings have the power of Niagara's torrent and the delicacy of the rational law that hovers over it. Beneath a surface of the utmost simplicity his prose is possessed of a subtlety and force that captivate every reader. In the Hearst newspapers he addresses daily in every part of the United States an audience of several millions of Americans: entertains them, charms, startles, persuades, fascinates them. He is always urging, exhorting, driving them to THINK for themselves—and making them think his way. The crowd believes in him implicitly. The rich and powerful whose whom he bitterly assails hate his doctrine and like the man. If anything written here shall disclose even a glimpse of the man Brisbane, the real individual back of all this prodigious activity, the reader may count himself lucky; for he is a personality that may be presented in a score of ways, all different yet all accurate.

At the first glance one is aware of the man's abounding vitality. He radiates energy. Although he is an athlete, it is from the bulging brow and keen, strong face that we receive the most vivid impression of strength. The top head is massive, of unusual prominence, and yet symmetrical and eloquent of force. The shrewd blue eyes are kindly in expression. They are the eyes of a benevolent fighting man. The nose is thin, aquiline, high at the bridge. The jaws are broad and thick, the chin deep and well thrust forward, the mouth rather small but so energetic in character.

He stands a trifle more than five feet ten inches in height and weighs in his riding togs about one hundred and eighty-five pounds. The build of him is all for strength and quickness. The body is long, broad, and thick, with a great depth of the high arched chest and breadth of strong, sloping shoulders, the arms long and thick, tapering to rather small but powerful hands. The legs are a trifle fine, yet well up to carrying his weight, and every movement is springy and alert, even though the man is forty-four years old, an age at which too many Americans clumber at the suggestion of hard exercise. Any expert looking at him would believe Mike Donovan's assertion that "Mr. Brisbane is one of the hardest punchers in America today," as well as the old Park Row legend that he wrestled the eminent Matsada Sonakichi to a draw, and in a time of need knocked the champion of England down stairs.

For the purposes of this article I was to spend a day with him at his home in Hempstead. We had arranged to go out on the 5.40 train together from the Flatbush station of the Long Island Railroad. But he did not catch the train. In his stead came a man with a note explaining that he was helping his chief in some sort of political shindy and would come down later in the evening. He was very sorry, so the visitor went on to Hempstead and found a motor car waiting for him, and presently he was in the house, a great rambling wooden structure, in which Mr. Brisbane lives with his brother and sister, and was breaking the disappointing news that Arthur could not be home for dinner.

Incidentally let it be noted that if it be given to few men to be missed as he was missed, His brother and sister could not forget him for a moment. The dinner was delicious, the lamb and the laundry charming, the evening a delightful relief from the grind of the busy town; but every detail was, after all, a reminder that Arthur was away—the dishes he liked, the delicate Bordeaux he fancied, the music he was fond of, the game of cards that aroused him most, the philosopher whose opinions best agreed with his. So we amused ourselves through the evening pleasantly enough, yet always with a certain air of incompleteness and expectancy. Some time past midnight there was a swift crunching of gravel on the drive, and—

"*There* he is!" cried brother and sister in a breath. It is worth while missing dinner any number of times to be welcomed home like that.

Brisbane came in with the short, quick, jaunty step so familiar to all citizens of Park Row. His grip of the hand was cheery and firm, his smile of the sort that carries you with it.

"Fine boss I am, eh?" he remarked. "Invite a man down to dinner and stay away all evening. But that's the newspaper business. I don't have to explain to you. You know."

It was a weary Brisbane that paused us. At the end of a hard day's work he had put in another big day's work, and the long grind showed its effects in the deep lines beyond the corners of his mouth and the little network of wrinkles past the outer angles of the eyes. Also he was a trifle pale and slightly hoarse as the result of a cold he had caught because he had not taken enough sleep for several nights. But no one would dream of feeling sorry for him. You can't feel sorry for Brisbane. You find him jaded, look the other way a few moments, and when you look back again—presto! he is a new man. How does he recuperate so quickly? Chiefly because he has an excellent constitution which he nurses as if it were a very valuable and very delicate race horse—a scheme of life, by the way, which not one successful man out of twenty can be persuaded to follow.

He led the way to the supper table, where all sorts of dishes were offered to his guest, while the host supped lightly on a cracker and a glass of stout.

"And that's all after a hard night's work?" I asked him.

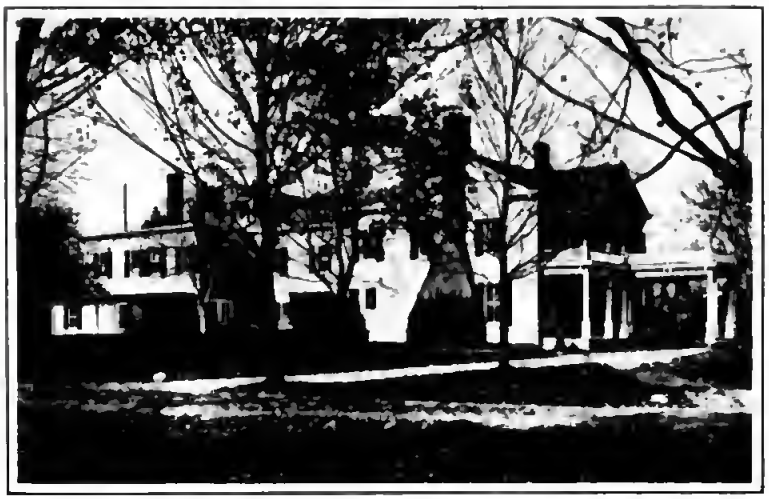
"Yes," replied Brisbane. "When you have a cold it doesn't pay to eat much. Eat little, sleep a lot, and the cold will get tired and go away."

And as we supped we talked over old times, and a while. We can't disband the army and sell our fleets for junk just yet. But the time is coming when we shall. Implements of war will be as great a calamity to future generations of really intelligent men as the rack and thumb-screws and the Iron Maiden are to us now."

"And you think," I asked, "that commercial warfare will come to an end, too?"

"It must," Brisbane answered. "You'll find men working as hard as ever, but working for the common good, the oldest men proud of their ability to help more than the others. That spirit is in us now. All it needs is development and encouragement. Look at the boys who play football for the colleges. Men in the pouring fight hard for fame and big purses. Football players are pounded twice as hard, train harder, work harder, risk their lives. Why? For the glory of their college—not for individual fame. You couldn't hire men to take all that punishment. Transplant that spirit into business life, and we'll find the big men working their hardest for that kind of glory. It's coming. It's bound to come. The right kind of education will do it. Make men think. Convince them. They'll do the rest."

This conviction, which is as much a part of Brisbane as his legs or his eyes, is the outcome both of heredity and environment. His father, Albert Brisbane, was one of the earliest and most enthusiastic admirers of Fourier half a century ago, invited Fourier to America and drew largely on his private fortune to help establish Brook Farm, one of the most interesting developments of the communal idea



The rambling house at Hempstead in which Mr. Brisbane lives with his brother and sister

He plays golf, but is not addicted to it

He is an enthusiastic hunter and loves horses

ever known in this country. Although a successful financier, Mr. Brisbane for years paid advertising rates for the use of a column on the first page of the New York *Tribune* every day, and in that column published editorials advocating those principles. Now his brilliant son in paid some two hundred dollars a day for writing the same doctrine as editorials for a chain of newspapers. All of which not only brings to mind the queer pranks old Time plays on mere man, but goes to show that the doctrine itself has to-day gained tenfold in circulation and in influence upon the daily lives of our citizens.

Before we separated for the night Brisbane was his old self. An hour's rest had picked him up wonderfully. The flash was in his eye, and the color had returned to his cheek.

Arthur Brisbane as a lad of sixteen

"Come down to breakfast whenever you feel like it," he said. "I can't tell when I'll be down, for I don't know."

Which proved a wise and hospitable provision. When he went up-stairs Brisbane, following his usual custom of reading a while before going to bed, picked up Voltaire's *Dictionary of Philosophy* and read it eagerly until four o'clock in the morning. Then he went up on the roof and fell asleep. That sentence may need some explanation. A few years ago this remarkable young editor heard and read a great deal about the wonderful cures of cases of tuberculosis and other diseases effected by keeping the patients out-of-doors all the time, whether waking or sleeping. If that sort of thing made sick men well, he reasoned, why shouldn't it be good for well men, too? Whereupon he had a sort of cabin built on the roof of his house—just a roof with windows beneath it instead of walls. There he sleeps all the year around with all the windows wide open. In summer he is awakened by the light of early morning, whereupon he ties a black silk handkerchief over his eyes and falls asleep again.

"But don't the birds wake you?" some one asked him one day.

"Yes," he admitted. "When I first slept out I'd wake up if a robin stamped on the roof; but I'm used to it now."

At this time of year he wears woollens and sleeps in great comfort, no matter whether golden glow or rain or snow is falling. Incidentally, if the roof-garden bedroom were only a patented idea instead of a free gift available to every one, the inventor might point with pride at the robust Brisbane as a testimonial to its good effects.

During the forenoon the telephone bell rang often. Sometimes it was the office calling, sometimes a hospitable neighbor asking him to dinner—he hasn't time for bridge or dancing. The manner was always the same: "Mr. Brisbane is asleep. Won't you call after twelve o'clock?"

It was a new Brisbane, alert, bright-eyed, and without a trace of hoarseness, that came down soon after noon.

"Where's the cold?" I asked him.

"Got tired and went away, I guess," he answered. "A good sleep will cure a cold. We don't catch cold from the weather, anyhow. The cold catches us when we let ourselves get run down."

His breakfast was simple: a cup of soup and a biscuit.

"It's a Continental idea and a good one," Brisbane explained. "Gives a man a chance to do a lot of work before luncheon."

"So you're fond of work?" I asked him.

The look he returned was like a blow.

"It's hard to imagine any sane man fond of work," he declared. "But we're all got to work, and it's a good thing for us. Keeps us out of mischief. Idleness spoils a good horse but it spoils a man much quicker. I don't like work, but I must work. I put it off all I can, but I make myself do it. I'm going up now."

Brisbane climbed the stairs to a big workroom full of books. Haeckel, Darwin Spencer, Koch, Lubbock, were some of the most prominent names. There were the newest works of Sabeby, the wise man who tells us about the strains and ills that the high pressure of modern life imposes upon us all. Also, there were the writings of old philosophers and new, of political economists and sociologists, of historians, and abundant examples of the literature of all ages.

In the midst of this big room a phonograph with a long brown horn was perched on a plain little table that looked like the stand of a sewing machine. Seating himself before the horn, Brisbane threw a switch that set the phonograph cylinder revolving, and he began to dictate an editorial. When he came downstairs an hour later he had three cylinders carefully wrapped in a paper box.

"Don't you dictate your stuff?" he exclaimed in some surprise when I asked him why he didn't write his editorials. "Oh, you ought to dictate. You can train yourself to it, and it saves a lot of time and labor; besides, it helps you to think on your feet, which is handy for any man."

"Do you keep many editorials ready in advance?"

"No. I used to, but I find it's much better to do them day by day. That keeps you in closer touch with the things people are interested in. You know, you can't drag people up to a subject and make them think about it. You've got to talk to them about things they really care about. Suppose you want to catch the attention of a woman who has a baby with red hair and cross-eyes? Of course you explain to her what a wonderful thing it is for a baby to have red hair and cross-eyes. Then you've got her, and you can tell her about something else."

That baby illustration reminds me that ever since Brisbane came to Newspaper Row this confirmed bachelor has been profoundly interested in babies. He believes in the little fellows; sees in them, properly educated, the best means of improving the condition of mankind, strikes his hardest blows in behalf of mothers and teachers of children, pleads for decent treatment of them, visits his most scorching denunciation upon users of child labor and all others who abuse little children. There is a little army of nephews and nieces and cousins who think Uncle Arthur is the most wonderful man in the world. Perhaps this detail is too intimate; but let us remember that in forming an accurate estimate of a man nothing can be more illuminating than the opinion the small people have of him.

Ever since his early fame as a reporter Brisbane has been noted for turning out a tremendous lot of copy, so it was with no idle curiosity that I asked him what was the greatest number of editorials he had ever done in one day.

"Once I did thirty-two in a day," he replied. "I began in the afternoon and dictated until I was through the last one. It was a case of need."

"You had your subjects all thought out in advance, of course?"

"No; I hadn't," he answered. "I had read the papers that day as usual, and I had been looking around for a few days. It wasn't a good way to work, though. I wouldn't do it again."

Consider the amount of labor compressed into that afternoon and evening: thirty-two editorials, averaging one thousand words apiece! And then this extraordinary man probably worked as hard as ever next day. It is that wonderful resiliency, it seems to me, which chiefly distinguishes him from all other men. Other workers can toil prodigiously on occasion, but this man does a prodigious beat, then calmly proceeds about his business as usual.

Writing editorials is only part of his daily industry—probably not one-third of it. All day at the office he is occupied with the duties of managing editor of the biggest Hearst newspaper, besides advising in the conduct of the others scattered through out the country. During political campaigns he makes many speeches. At all times he is active in the management of his large real-estate holdings in Long Island, New Jersey, New York City, and elsewhere. Every winter he makes speeches at thirty or forty public dinners. All of these activities do not tire him. On the contrary, he would be very tired if he should give them up.

It has been said that Brisbane disdains the activities of the cheerful-host and that is true; yet there is such a power of sincerity in him that he takes complete possession of the mind of every hearer. For example, when he recently addressed the Pilgrims after the dinner they gave in honor of Lord Northcliffe, he was surrounded on every hand by enemies. That is, many of the men present were the most successful members of the wealthy class he so often attacks in bitter editorials. One could feel their cold hostility in the air. Within a minute after the beginning of Brisbane's speech one could see that he had captured the sympathy of his audience. After a time he said—and meant it—"I am keeping you too long." He was answered with a hearty chorus of "No, no! Go on!" that made the walls quiver. Everything he said was in opposition to the beliefs of his hearers, yet when he finished they applauded him cordially and long.

We strolled about the lawn and garden after luncheon while waiting for the horses to be brought around. There are some fifty acres surrounding the house.

"You ought to buy a place down here," said Brisbane. "It's very healthy country, and the land values are going to boom as soon as the Pennsylvania Railroad finishes its tunnel and gives Long Island real rapid transit. Even to-day values are far above what they were a few years ago. Why, the man who sold me this property threw in fifteen acres of pasture land as an inducement. Just like putting thousands of dollars in my pocket now."

The editor was proud of the garage he built a few months ago.

"It's all mine," he said. "Grew the lumber, cut it, dressed it and seasoned it all on my own place at Allaire, New Jersey, and had my own men come here and put it up. You won't find a better shed anywhere."

We rode out on Hempstead plains and saw the new automobile speedway which is fenced off from passengers with stout locust posts and strong wire netting.

"I sold them all those posts," said Brisbane proudly. "They were all grown on my place at Allaire. I guess I have ten thousand acres down there. The old official survey made it about seven thousand acres, but experts tell me it may run up to ten or twelve thousand acres."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Sell some and keep the rest for farms. I'm going to help that country grow if I can. It's a beautiful country. I have a dozen horses down there, and they are doing well. Just now there are only forty workmen on the place, but they are all enjoying life, working decent hours, for fair wages, and occupying comfortable houses with their families. They get milk and potatoes free; so the more children a man has the better off he is."

On the way home we passed a small farm.

"There's your house," he said. "Put a little whitewash on it and build a bath-room, and there you are. Stay there a few years, sell the land you don't need, and you'll never have to work again if you don't want to. Greatest chance you ever had."

There is something so persuasive about Brisbane that it was only by the exercise of unusual will power that I refrained from leaping off the horse forthwith and paying a trifle on account to the owner of the farm.

When we returned to his home at dusk he barely had time to telephone the office before starting for the train.

"Ask Mr. Smith to meet me up-town at half past six. I have three cylinders for him, and I shall probably have something more to dictate."

On the way to town I asked him if he didn't think the three editorials he had already talked on to the cylinders were enough for one day.

"Oh no," he replied; "I don't think a man should set any arbitrary limit. I happened to think of something as we were going along, and I find that the only way to deal with ideas is to go through with them right away. You know, I'm as lazy as the dickens, and if I didn't try some such plan as that I'd never get anything done."

At the entrance to the Thirty-fourth Street ferry Brisbane picked up a small, cheap purse of wrinkled black leather. Instantly he forgot all about his hurry to catch the boat and stood scrutinizing the crowd.

"We'll see some woman running around, worrying and searching," he said. But none appeared.

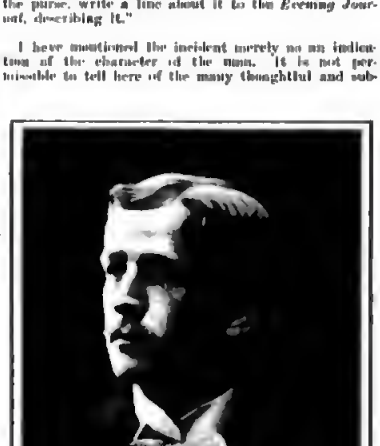
"All right," he continued, as we started for the boat. "I'll find the owner in another way."

At the top of the column next day he published the following editorial:

Who Lost a Small Purse?
Send Answer Here

"Last night in Long Island City, just in front of the ferry house, a reporter picked up a little purse. There was very little money in it; it was dropped by a child, apparently, or a poor woman, so that the small sum it contained may be more important to some human being than the Singer Building to its owner. If you lost the purse, write a line about it to the *Evening Journal*, describing it."

I have mentioned the incident merely as an indication of the character of the man. It is not permissible to tell here of the many thoughtful and substantial kindnesses he is constantly doing. He would resent it—and one cannot forget Mike's warning that he is one of the hardest punchers in America to-day.



Mr. Brisbane in 1888 as London correspondent for the New York "Sun"

As we were saying good-by I happened to remember that he was to deliver a lecture that evening at Columbia University.

"What are you going to talk about?" I asked him.

"I don't know yet," he answered, briskly; "but I'll think up something while I'm dressing for dinner. Thank you for coming down and helping me to have fun to-day. Good night."

THE MOST POPULAR ACTRESS IN THE WORLD

MISS MAUDE ADAMS IN HER NEWEST PART, "MAGGIE WYLIE," IN BARRIE'S PLAY, "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS," NOW PLAYING AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, NEW YORK

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Carrying Half a Billion Across the Street

Employees carrying out securities from the old quarters of the National City Bank at 52 Wall Street

FIFTY million dollars in gold, silver, and bills, and some ten times that amount in bonds—in all more than half a billion dollars—were carried across Wall Street, New York, on Sunday, December 20th, and made the perilous passage in safety, thanks to the presence of some dozen police officers, who kept away the predatory paw.

The occasion was the moving of the National City Bank from its old quarters at 52 Wall Street into its new home across the way, in the old Merchants' Exchange, subsequently the Custom House, which was bought from the government by the bank recently and partly rebuilt. The purchase price was one million dollars, and McKim, Mead, and White were the firm of architects entrusted with the carrying out of the alterations, which were recently brought to a successful termination.

Sunday's work was the culmination of the "moving in." For some time preparations had been made and drills performed, so that each of the four hundred employees of the National City Bank knew just what his duties were. On Friday and Saturday the greater part of the books and papers was transferred, along with other portable properties, but Sunday was selected for the removal of the valuables on account of the comparatively deserted condition of the locality. News of the project quickly spread, however, and a crowd of moderate size was already assembled in Wall Street when the employees commenced operations in the morning.

The workers took up their positions with the precision of a well-drilled army, each having possession of his special charge, and they passed backward and forward from the old home to the new between two lines of a special police squad furnished by Commissioner Bingham. All the members of the force, from the manager down to the most recently recruited office boy, worked with equal zeal, and the National City Bank was able to open for business in its own home on Monday morning.

How the papers and securities were transferred

Employees carrying bullion across Wall Street

How to take Care of Baby

By Victoria Regina

MY friend Miss Jones, whose "Mothers' Column" forms so popular a feature in that widely read magazine, *Home, Hearth, and Heyward*, said to me yesterday: "My dearest Victoria, why do you not write a fathers' page for the periodical which you yourself represent? Now that the suffragette parades so hamper Mother in her domestic duties, Father must be prepared to assume many of those household cares which pertained formerly to her own province."

As if in anticipation of such intent, several correspondents have written to ask me for solutions of various domestic problems. How shall Father enjoy that happy exercise with Baby which makes the long winter nights harmonious and keeps his muscles in training for the more sedentary work of day? What shall he do?

Let Father make up in quality what is lacking in quantity. Give Baby an occasional shake up. This motion may be best effected by tossing round three times blindfolded and sprinkling a handful of tacks over the carpet. The contact of Father's feet (which should be bare) with these small household implements will produce an unexpected bounding motion; pleasing to Baby, and stimulating to Father's red blood corpuscles, which will be observed to increase in number. In small or Harbour flats pins may be substituted, planted head downward.

Above all else Father should remember that Baby is not a machine, but a bald, vocalized, nocturnal, rubicund, omnivorous mammal indigenous to flats, but found elsewhere in considerable quantities.

Before commencing his nocturnal exercises, a word of warning. Father, be sure that Baby is inside the bundle. A bundle without a baby is a Manhattan without a cherry; and Baby is often difficult to find inside his integuments. My friend Miss Jones has happily compared him (in *Home, Hearth, and Heyward*) to the little sea crustacean inside his shell. Should Father fancy that his bundle is empty, a gentle pinch, administered in the central portion, will generally result in a slight musical sound. This sound is an infallible proof of Baby's presence.

And here I pause to reply to some of the numerous questions which have reached me.

A Binghamton Father writes: "I have a sweet little toddler who cries himself red in the face whenever we endeavor to correct him. I am afraid that he will work himself into a fit. What shall I do?"

Paint Baby's face with stripes of delicate green. This will relieve the glare, which is often injurious to Father's eyes. If signs of a fit appear, rip Baby up the back lightly with a pair of scissors.

"I am very much worried about Willie," writes Father of Four. "I am afraid that one of his legs is growing faster than the other. What shall I do?"

Take Willie to some place where horses are exercised in tests of competitive speed and they will both be lengthened equally. And in this connection it is of great importance to remember to train Baby in the way he should go as soon as he begins to creep.

"My Dorothy, aged three, does not take kindly to milk and shakes with rage whenever we attempt to administer it to her," writes Georgia Girl. "What shall I do?"

I am always pleased to welcome queries from lady correspondents in my fathers' page. Your Dorothy has a milk shake. And this question of diet is one upon which I cannot too strongly express myself. More children are killed from the wrong kind of nourishment than from any other cause. There is nothing superior for Baby's food to rubber, which will turn the puny infant into a bouncing boy or girl. It is manufactured for dietary use in rings and nodes of various sizes.

"My child laughs up at me and crows whenever I approach him," writes Much Perplexed Parent. "As she is only seven months of age I sometimes fear that this may be indicative of abnormal brain development. Is this likely to be the case?"

Yes. This early development of the sense of humor is decidedly unusual. Much Perplexed Parent should never approach Baby without wearing a mask; or, better still, let him attend a few courses at some reliable institute of facial surgery. A young child's brain should never be unduly excited. Crowing in girl babies should be strenuously repressed. Has Much Perplexed Parent examined for hemp-necks?

Turning over my correspondence, I find a few more queries on various subjects. One correspondent writes: "Will you please let me know how much a baby should be washed?"

In general, as much as is visible to the eye. Do not scour, as this is apt to rub the bloom away. Use good soap and a still brush.

Here is a pathetic outburst of the human heart: "Dear Miss Regina—I sometimes fear that I am going insane with grief over my Baby. She smiles no longer as of yore, but lies all day wailing in her cot, twisting and writhing. The approach of any of her erstwhile loved ones seems to throw her into paroxysms of frenzy, and her mother, her baby sister, the doctor (who cannot diagnose her trouble), Aunt Jane (from whom we had expectations), and the plumber (who has sent in a bill) have been severely bitten by her. Do you think this can be a case of infantile hydrophobia?"

Your Baby requires a muzzle. Let me know the moment she barks.

I notice one last letter. A Brooklyn Father writes: "My George has never uttered a sound since birth. I think he must be tongue-tied. What shall I do?"

These columns are not for purposes of boasting or vainglory. If Providence, in its inscrutable wisdom, has showered its gifts upon you, receive your George in a spirit of thankfulness.

England's Down-hill Government

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THERE can hardly, I fear, be much question that the present government is on the down grade. It is becoming just a little ridiculous. It has had to abandon its Education bill; the Lords have thrown out its Licensing bill; it is faced with the certainty of a heavy deficit and the consequent necessity of imposing new taxation; the by-elections continue to go against it; a reaction is visibly preparing, and the Ministerialists seem at their wits' end to know how to meet it. Their supporters call upon them to act, in some unspecified way, "decisively," assure them that they must either fight the Lords or abdicate, and remind them that if they repeat Mr. Balfour's blunder of remaining in office after they have lost the power of legislating they will be merely storing up for themselves Mr. Balfour's fate. But the government is plainly resolved not to appeal to the country just yet. It is conscious of being baffled and humiliated, but it still intends to hold on and to pass as many measures as it can before deciding to dissolve. It may be right or it may be wrong in so resolving. I do not care to prophesy on that point. But it is a commonplace of political observation that a Ministry which remains in office after a series of undisguised rebuffs, mainly because it thinks the propitious moment has not yet arrived for an appeal to the country, is a Ministry that nine times out of ten loses more than it gains by postponing the plunge. The present government may, of course, succeed in reversing the normal order of things. It may yet initiate a fighting policy that will enable it to recover some, at all events, of the ground it has lost, and to choose a really favorable time for submitting its record to the electorate. Such things, having happened, may happen again. But I am bound to confess that at present it looks as though the Liberals were destined to a progressive decline in popularity and effectiveness. That does not mean that when the next general election takes place they will be thrown out of office. But it does mean that they will return to power, if at all, with a sadly diminished majority—a majority, indeed, so diminished that the Irish party may again hold the balance of power.

Of all the discomfitures which the government has experienced since it came into office, none have been more complete than the rejection of the Licensing bill and the breakdown of its fourth attempt to solve the problem of primary education. The Licensing bill was far from being a perfect measure. It was unwieldy and overambitious, and offered ample scope for amendment and revision. But at the least it represented the most powerful and earnest effort that this generation has witnessed to grapple with the drink evil, and to assert the supremacy of the state over the liquor trade. As such it commanded a wide amount of non-partisan support. It had four main purposes: (1) to impose a time-limit of fourteen years, on the expiration of which all saloon licenses were to revert to the state and such of them as were reissued were to be subjected to far higher duties than hitherto; (2) to reduce the present excessive numbers of licensed premises; (3) to restore to the justices their old unfettered discretion over licensed houses; and (4) to give to the people in every locality a right to say whether they would have a new license in their area. It is exceedingly difficult to say what England as a whole thinks of any given measure; but my pretty clear impression is that the best and most moderate opinion in the country approved the Licensing bill, realized that unless its principal objects could be carried out it would no longer be possible to deny that in England beer rules, and looked upon the imposition of a time-limit as the only means by which the state could resume control over the monopoly it had granted. I do not think the cry of robbery and confiscation with which the brewers deafened the public ear had much weight with reflecting people. On the masses it unquestionably had an effect, and, taken in conjunction with the "Socialistic" tendencies ascribed to the government, it no doubt led a good many middle-class people into the belief that "property" was actually "in danger." But on the whole, considering the intensity of the brewers' campaign against the bill, considering, too, the enormous intricacies of the problem and the passions it never fails to arouse, I think the measure was one with more solid and non-partisan support behind it than any Licensing bill of the past generation. It was debated in the House of Commons for six weeks. It was by far the most arduous task which the government has so far essayed, and the government showed by the concessions it made in committee and by its whole conduct of the measure that it had no wish whatever to press the extreme temperance point of view. The third reading was passed through the House of Commons by the immense majority of 237.

Here, then, was a measure the general scope and purpose of which were discussed on every platform during the general election of 1906, a measure which the government had a clear mandate to carry through, a measure dealing with a question of crucial moment to the well-being of the country and adopted by the representatives of the people after a discussion that extended over nine or ten months by an almost unprecedented majority. What was its fate when it went up to the Lords? One would have thought that an Imperial Revising Chamber would have been glad to second the efforts of the government in writing such a measure of reform on the statute-book. One would have thought, as the professed guardians of the public interest, it would have seemed to be moved by the brewers' agitation, and would have realized the preposterous argument that the license issued by the state became the freehold property of the licensee, so that any change in its conditions was equivalent to spoliation. But the House of Lords is fact is a very different assembly from the House of Lords in theory. It acted very much as a study of its past might have led one to expect it would act. Lord Lansdowne summoned a meeting of Conservative peers at his own house in Belgrave Square. It was there decided, after a debate of less than two hours, to reject the bill on its second reading. The programme was duly carried out. When the bill came up for its second reading the Bishops and several of the weightiest and most respected members of the House of Lords protested against its destruction. It was to no purpose. Lord Lansdowne had the bulk of his party behind him and the bill was thrown out by 270 to 96. The Lords acted purely as a Conservative caucus; they wrecked in two hours the labors of nine months; they threw over the interests of the community and upheld the interests of a disreputable trade; they demonstrated with the most startling emphasis that, though the Liberals might be in office, it was the Conservatives who were in power.

I have not myself much doubt that, unpopular as the Licensing bill was with large sections of the people, with all holders of brewery shares, for instance, with the thick and thin defenders of property, and with the rabble of the saloons, the Lords offended not merely all Liberals and all temperance reformers, but also the moral and non-partisan sense of the country by their contemptuous treatment of it. Nor have I much doubt that from the merely party point of view they chose their ground shrewdly. There has been an overt agitation against their conduct. It is inspires indignation, as I believe it does among those who are not afflicted with an incurable state blindness, that indignation is mostly silent. The government, therefore, has been placed in a very awkward corner. It dares not resent the Lords' action by dissolving, because it is well aware that the strength of feeling behind the Licensing bill is not of that overwhelming character which would justify a Ministry in staking its all. Nor can it go on as though nothing in particular had happened without an enormous loss of prestige. Yet this in effect is what Mr. Asquith has decided to do. He adds the rejection of the Licensing bill to the list of grievances that the Liberal party is accumulating against the Lords; he threatens darkly that a time will come; but in the mean time the bill is dead and Mr. Asquith remains in office, in one way, perhaps, he may not be altogether displeased by the death of the bill. It at least clears the ground for other methods of dealing with the licensing problem. The principle of a time-limit having been rejected, there remains the possibility of taxing licenses as they are taxed in the United States; and it is quite on the cards that the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his next budget will turn to "the trade" for a considerable portion of the extra revenue that will be needed to meet the expenses of old-age pensions, the new *Dreadnoughts*, and the relief of unemployment. As finance is a matter within the sole competence of the Commons, the Lords will no longer be able to shield their protégés; and in this way Mr. Asquith may obtain his revenge. But it is a poor revenge at best. Nothing can hide the fact that the government has seen one of its first-class measures wantonly wrecked and yet dares not venture on a direct retaliatory stroke. Its impotence and its humiliation are the target for a thousand triumphant jeers from the Tory side, of an infinite impatience and exasperation among its own supporters, and of a ridicule not unmixed with contempt from the country at large.

But if the loss of the Licensing bill was the work of the Lords, Ministers have mainly themselves to thank for the fiasco which has overtaken their Education bill. This is the fourth attempt they have made in the last thirty months to settle the education question. The first came to an end when Mr. Birrell's bill was so mangled by amendments in the House of Lords as to leave the government no option but to drop it. The next two attempts were abandoned soon after their initiation and before the contending sides had fairly joined issue. It had become clear that no Education bill framed by the Liberals in a party spirit stood the remotest chance of finding its way to the statute-book. Their one hope lay in agreeing beforehand with their adversaries and in producing a measure that represented a compromise between all parties. This was the course that Mr. Asquith decided to pursue immediately he succeeded to the Premiership. Negotiations were opened up between the government and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Everything apparently went as smoothly as could be wished, and the Minister of Education in the last week of November brought in a bill which was the result of a long exchange of views between the Church, the government, and the Nonconformists. The country heaved a prodigious sigh of relief at the prospect of having this thorny and obstructive problem at last settled by unanimous assent. But the prospect soon proved a fallacious one. The government, it turned out, had made the extraordinary mistake of launching its bill before the financial part of it had been agreed to by the representatives of the Church. It made a second mistake in postponing the introduction till so late in the session that it had to be accepted practically *en bloc* or not at all. It made a third mistake in forcing through several of its clauses by a free use of the guillotine—an instrument legitimate enough when a strictly party measure is at stake, but out of place when a bill is the resultant of all-round concessions. It made a fourth mistake in not admitting Mr. Balfour into the negotiations it was conducting with the Archbishop. Together these mistakes were capital. The bill, in any case, being a compromise, pleased nobody. The extremists on both sides equally protested against it, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether, even if the Parliamentary management of the measure had been as adroit as it was unskilful, it could have survived. The extremists on the Church side would probably have revolted against the Archbishop and would have been backed up by the Lords; while the Nonconformists of the same time would probably have broken away from the government. When, therefore, it was discovered that a vital difference of opinion existed as to the financial arrangements, the government buried the bill with its own hands; and few sections in the House regretted its disappearance. To the outside public, and to the moderate men of all parties, the withdrawal of the bill appeared as nothing less than a catastrophe, the blame for which is laid at the door of the government. Undoubtedly Mr. Asquith blundered, and blundered badly, but the fact that the two parties came so near to settlement is full of hope. It has at least convinced the country that if the education question is ever to be settled at all it must be by compromise.

With its two main measures thus ignominiously lost, the government reaches the crisis of its fate. Henceforward it is found to regulate its policy with a single eye to the issue of Commons versus Lords. It has passed many admirable measures during the nearly three years of its existence, and its handling of foreign and imperial affairs has been uniformly successful. But all this will avail it little if the country becomes convinced that the government is afraid to risk a dissolution in order to assert itself against the House of Lords. It still, indeed, has some formidable weapons in reserve. The licensing question and the education question can both be dealt with, though in something considerably less than the ideal manner, by a free and rigorous use of those financial powers which the House of Lords cannot touch. The only first-class measures to which the government stands committed are an Irish Land Act—this has already been introduced—a bill revolutionizing the Poor Law, and a bill reforming the electoral system. These measures may or may not pass; it does not greatly matter which. The main point for the Liberals to bear in mind is that, even if, after the next general election, they return to power with an undiminished majority, they will be no better off than they are now. They would have not one iota of additional security that their policies would not again be wrecked by the House of Lords. They must, therefore, make the next election turn concurrently on Free Trade and the question of the Lords. Their tactics of the situation. But to give effect to it will be an easy matter. In the first place, as I have said, the government has lost a great deal of the confidence and good-will of the country and is not in a position to force an aggressive campaign. In the second place, there are very few signs that the people really desire to see any fundamental change in the relations between the Houses. From time to time the House of Lords goes against the best opinion of the country. But taken as a whole, it is a remarkably popular and responsive assembly, and those who wish to destroy it for the sake of making the House of Commons supreme are, I am convinced, an insignificant minority. The anomalies of its position are admitted, and very few people attempt to deny the unfairness of a system that places every Liberal government at the mercy of an Upper Chamber that is practically nothing but a wing of the Conservative party. But how to abolish these anomalies without lapsing into single-chamber government sans phrase is a problem that no one professes to be able to solve. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman did, indeed, suggest a way out of the difficulty, but I notice that Mr. Asquith never refers to the path his predecessor indicated and shows no desire whatever to tread it. The country is for Free Trade, against Home Rule, and against any constitutional change in the prerogatives of the House of Lords. What, then, will be the result of an appeal to the country taken by a party that, while for Free Trade, will ask for a free hand in dealing with Ireland and will also seek a mandate to alter the constitutional position of the Upper Chamber? I confess I do not know, but I have an impression that English politics are passing into a phase of great obscurity, and that it may before very long rest with the Irish Nationalists to say which of the two great parties is to steer the ship of state.

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"Primitive Marksman"
BY FERNANDO MIRANDA

"The F
BY LOUIS

Two Figures for "The Fountain of Youth"
BY DELLA L. PRATT

"The Flame"
BY ROBERT AITKEN. WINNER OF THE BARNETT PRIZE

INTERESTING EXAMPLES O

STATUES ON VIEW AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

Ind"
TAFT

Fountain Group
BY [illegible]

"Paradise Lost"
BY HANS SCHULER

"Egypt Reawakening"
BY [illegible]

"The Waterfall"
BY [illegible]

F AMERICAN SCULPTURE

BEING HELD IN THE GOULD RIDING CIRCLE, FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK

ETER A. JULEY

MRS. SCHUYLER GOLDYN-ROCKS INTRODUCED HER DAUGHTER INTO SOCIETY. THE DECORATIONS WERE MOST ELABORATE AND COSTLY

PRAISE INDEED!

ONE of the most candid tributes the late Edwin Booth ever received was rendered to him on his last Southern tour by one who knew neither of his presence nor of his identity in the play. Mr. Booth told the story to his friend, Dr. John H. Gilchrist.

"We opened our engagement in Atlanta, Georgia, with *Othello*," said Mr. Booth, "and I played Othello. After the performance my friend, Mr. Malone, and I went to the Kimball House for some refreshment. The long bar was so crowded that we had to go around the corner of it before we could find a vacant space. While we were waiting to be served we couldn't help hearing the conversation of two fine-looking old boys, splendid old fellows with soft hats, flowing mustaches, and chin tufts, black string ties and all the other paraphernalia.

"'I didn't see you at the theatre this evening, Cunnel,' said one.

"'No,' replied the other. 'I didn't buy seats till this mawnin', and the best we could get were six rows back in the balcony. I presume, suh, you were in the orchestra.'

"'Yes, Cunnel, I was in the orchestra,' said the first man. 'Madame and the girls were with me. We all agreed that we nevuh attended a mo' thrillin' play. The company was good, too; excellent company. And do you know, Cunnel, in my opinion that d—d niggah did about as well as any of 'em!'"

FOLLOWING ADVICE

UNCLE BILLY had taken his niece to see the races. She had never been to one before and was quite in accord as to the manner of betting, had she placed a bet on one of the horses in the first race.

There seemed to be trouble with the horse she played, for it turned and went in the opposite direction.

"Look, Nellie, your money is gone, for your horse has gone the other way," said her uncle.

"Oh, that is all right. Cousin Bob told me to play him both ways," replied his niece.

HOW HE KNEW

IN the Senate barber shop one day two grave and reverend solons had met, when one asked the other:

"Did you ever study the faces of those waiting to be shaved here?"

"Not particularly," replied the second Senator. "Why do you ask?"

"Simply because it has just occurred to me," was the response, "that one may, from the expressions on their respective countenances, divide them into optimists and pessimists."

"Please particularize."

"The pessimist," continued the philosophic Senator, "is the patron who is waiting for six others to be shaved, while the optimist is the one distinguished by the appellation of 'next.'"

A BACK-ACTION KINDNESS

A YOUTH in Trenton, whose devotion to the young woman of his choice has encountered many obstacles during his long courtship, recently sought her out with this apparently encouraging statement:

"I think it's all right now, Alice. I managed to get access to your father the other day, and while he wouldn't exactly give his consent I rather imagine I've made some headway. He borrowed forty dollars of me. Surely he can't stand me off much longer after that!"

The young woman sighed. "Yes, I've heard about it," she said, "and I think you've made an awful mess of it. Father mentioned the forty dollars and remarked that I'd better give you up—you were too easy."

WHERE THE RULE DIDN'T APPLY

IN one of the technical schools of this city an instructor was one day having some difficulty with a certain student, who seemed not entirely to grasp the idea of perspective.

"You understand," said the teacher, "that the farther one goes from any object, the smaller it appears."

The pupil shook his head doubtfully. "I'm not so sure about that," said he.

Whereupon the instructor was provoked and not a little surprised at such ignorance and obstinacy, to which feeling he gave utterance.

"Oh, it's all right as to some things," said the pupil, "but not all. But take, for instance, the case of a five-dollar bill!"

THE LADY AND THE SCRAPPER

"I'M SO GLAD TO MEET YOU, MR. BRUISER. DO YOU KNOW, I CLIP THE NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS OF ALL YOUR FIGHTS."

"YOU DO? WHAT DO YOU DO WIT' 'EM?"

"PASTE 'EM IN MY SCRAP-BOOK."

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HIS MOTIVES

ONE day last winter, a quorum being lacking in the House, the sergeant-at-arms was sent out to fetch in delinquent members. Among those caught in his net was the Hon. Nicholas Longworth, who was attending an afternoon tea in Connecticut Avenue.

Mr. Longworth appeared to be annoyed when the officer of the House informed him that he must "come along."

"Oh, I say," protested Longworth, facetiously, "this isn't any way to treat an old friend!"

"Your remark reminds me of the case of the Irish policeman,' said the sergeant-at-arms, "who, shortly after his appointment to the force, found himself compelled to arrest an old friend who had been dining a bit freely. Resistance to the arrest met with a clubbing.

"'Shure, this ain't no way to treat an old frind,' said the unfortunate one.

"'It ain't that I hate ye, Cassidy,' said the officer, 'but simply that I have th' authority!'"

IN THE SWIM

One evening E. H. Sothern was having supper with some friends when a young woman in the party remarked, impressively, "Mr. Sothern, I am going to write a play."

"I would, by all means," returned the actor, encouragingly. A short pause. "Everybody does," he added, softly.

HOW HE WON

Colonel Constant, the commanding officer, had surprised his daughter and Lieutenant Lugge trying to occupy the same chair. Whereupon the Lieutenant, spouse to this suggestion or not is not known, but sure enough in about three days the little brother arrived, an eight pounder, and to all other eyes Dear

ELDERLY PARTY. "CAN YOU SHOW ME THE WAY OUT OF HERE?"
YOUNG MAN. "WITH PLEASURE, SIR."

WILLIE'S IDEA OF A TRAINED NURSE

with rare presence of mind, sprang to his feet and saluted.

"Sir," said he, "I have the honor to report an engagement at close quarters, in which I have been entirely victorious. It merely remains for you to give your sanction to the terms of surrender."

THE FAILURE OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION

"Well," observed Old Man Potts, "I've spent a heap of money on my boy Bill's education, more'n nine hundred dollars just to see him through Yale. And I ain't through yet. It shorely makes me sore to think of the money I'm wastin' on a boy who ain't got as much sense now as he had before he went to college."

"What's the matter, father?" asked Mrs. Potts. Mebbe you're a little hard on Bill."

"No, I ain't, Mary," answered the old man. "Just to show you—a little while ago I says to him I thinks it was going to rain to-morrow. What fool answer d'ye suppose he made me?"

"I'm sure I don't know, father."

"He begged my pardon!"

UNFINISHED

Rosey had been so very lonesome for a while that he had begun praying that the Lord would send him a little brother. Every night before jumping into bed he had got down on his knees and reverently offered up his petition, and latterly, without departing in any way from his reverential attitude, he had ventured to suggest that he had been waiting a long while, and hoped that the Lord might graciously hurry matters along a little. Whether it was in response to this suggestion or not is not known, but sure enough in about three days the little brother arrived, an eight pounder, and to all other eyes Dear Rosey's a rather perfect specimen. Bobby looked at him with a critical air.

"Gee!" he ejaculated. "He's a great lookin' thing ain't he? Ain't got any hair, an' he ain't got any teeth! Why, pa, he ain't finished! I prayed the Lord to hurry him along, but I wasn't in any such darn hurry as that!"

THE UNREGENERATE'S LAMENT

(In the cold gray dawn of the morning after.)

I DREAM the preacher say in church
Good resolutions was the way
For every little Child of Grace
To open up on New Year's Day.

He said we hadn't orter be
Selfish and mean with Christmas toys;
We'd orter share our candies and
Lend all our books to other boys.

He said the way to Righteousness
Was strewed with things that boys had given
To other kids, and thus, he said,
Boys find their way humbly to Heaven.

I've just been thinkin' it all out
And 'cidin' what I'd give away.
(Ma says that all my lovin' friends
Give me too much each Christmas Day.)

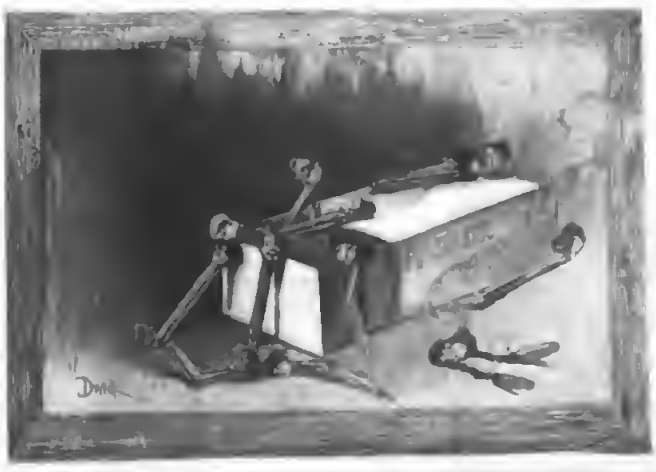
I've still got left three whoppin' big
Boxes of candy they might take
I don't so much mind givin' those
'Cause they'd sure give me stummuck ache.

But when it comes to other things
My electric train and automobeel
Thinkin' upon the bliss of Heaven
Don't chase the awful empty feel

That comes when I imagine life
Without them little Carnal Joys—
(That's what he called 'em—sure it is)
And sev'ral others of my toys.

I'd rather keep my things, I guess,
My fam'ly's pretty good to stay with,
And when I reached my Heavenly Home
I'd have not one darn thing to play with!

A. P. P.



MADE IN HEAVEN

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"So Long as Ye Live"

By Margaret Potter

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT EDWARDS

IN the big, red library a pleasant light glowed still; but the lamps were burning low. The chill of the late March atmosphere was softened by the warmth of a wood fire—unwonted city luxury!—which whirred and leaped behind its bright netted screen. In front of this fire, in the leather armchair that had belonged to her grandfather, sat Eleanor Eldredge, silent, motionless, deathly pale, her nerveless arms extended along those of the chair. Her head, with its smooth, heavy coils of dark hair, was bent so that her face, with its deathlike shadows, was not clearly visible. Her great eyes, strained open, were fixed fast upon something very far away. The pretty dinner gown, put on nine hours before, was flush, unrumpled, insolently charming.

Over, around, above the house, silence brooded, like a living thing. It was to be felt, intensely. Through it many hearts were beating fast, but not the heart of Eleanor Eldredge—the wife.

Presently, out of the quickened night, with its dull echoes of late street sounds, came the strokes of a big stair clock. Slowly, slowly, slowly, the bell like tones vibrated on the air. *One? Two? Three?*—Then—silence! Afterwards, drowning the little bedroom chimes, came the deep humming of the church and city clocks, telling that special hour in the twenty four which veils her silence. But the woman neither heeded nor heard. The hour passed on, and still she sat before her fire and waited.

Waited! For what?

Within the tortuous numbness of her stunned brain that question throbbed again, again, and yet again, till the blue shadows round her set lips deepened. Every now and then she would lift her head a little, and sit alert, as if to listen to the silence. But once or twice, in the room overhead—*merciful Heaven! that room overhead!*—it would seem as if a light footfall were distinguishable. And, at these times, the woman's form would shiver, and her nails dig hard into the delicate flesh of her palms. What—*how much*—was happening, there above? And were they never coming for her?—her, who, in all the thirteen years of her perfect wifehood, had never before been shut out from her husband's rooms! From that spot which was, and must always be, the secret centre of her sacred, inner world. And to think that now, now, he was there without her!—Alas! How could she pray?

Thirteen years and two months, to the day. So much she had had of a happiness, such as few believe can be known upon this earth. Then—*fifteen little seconds*—and it was all gone: all done with. Could such a thing really be? Could some albeit, perhaps, wake her from a nightmare, that she might find herself safe in Ellis's arms? His arms! His dear, his waiting, welcoming arms!—No, no! this was no dream. But—what was this world?

It had been less than nine hours ago. Some fresh flowers, just arrived, had been arranged for the dinner table; and she had returned to the library, wondering a little that Ellis should be so late. It was half an hour, at least, after his usual time of home-coming. Moreover, she was wearing the little rose-colored gown that had been made expressly according to his taste. She had planned to have two or three of his favorite dishes for dinner. Surely, at this juncture, impatience had become a virtue! He ought not to have let himself become too tired to enjoy their little festival. Tired!

Finally, at twenty minutes to seven there came a short, violent peal at the door bell. Eleanor, vaguely relieved, smiled to herself that he should have forgotten his door key. Well, she would not go to meet him. She would let—

Mary, the maid, opened the door; and, in the entrance to the living room, there paused a man—not Ellis. It was Richard Averill, senior partner of the firm of Averill, Eldredge & Thorne. And Averill was alone.

Mrs Eldredge rose to her feet. "Why, Mr. Averill! Good evening!" she had begun, in an unsteady voice, as, her hand outstretched, she moved toward him. "I didn't know—Ellis didn't telephone me—that you were—that we should have the pleasure of—"

There she stopped. Averill had taken her hand in his own with a quick, impulsive gesture. But he spoke not a word, nor did his look meet hers. There was a pause, in which Eleanor felt the blood leave her face and rush to her heart, stifling her, in the instant of swift intuition.

"Ellis!" she gasped; and her eyes were wide. "Ellis!—He—he—Mr. Averill! Speak to me!"

John Averill bowed his head. He knew so well the utter devotion between this woman and her husband, it was too cruel to have to speak. But she helped him. Within the space of a moment she had gathered herself together and asked, quite quietly:

"Is Ellis *dead*, Mr. Averill?"

"No, thank God! No!—But the injuries are severe."

Then came the full explanation; a crowded downtown crossing, a flying automobile; a child all but engulfed by it, and Ellis, who had started homeward at an earlier hour than usual, darting after the boy, saving him, but himself knocked down, run over, and horribly crushed by the pitiless machine, which had, at last, stopped and itself conveyed its victim to an emergency hospital, whither he, Averill, had been immediately summoned. And it was at Ellis's own most urgent request that he had come, ahead of the ambulance, to tell Mrs. Eldredge, and see that a room was prepared for the injured man and for the operation that must be performed without delay. Meantime, two surgeons, whom he had himself summoned by telephone, would, with a nurse and an assistant, arrive in a carriage following their patient.

Averill had reached this point in his rather heroic explanation before he was interrupted. And then there came nothing like what he had dreaded; neither outcry nor tears. There was work to be done—for Ellis! And Eleanor Eldredge was not the woman to waste one of the precious minutes given her in lamentation. Just one brief half-hour would elapse before the arrival of the ambulance. But, in that time, everything should be—had been—done. The big front room up-stairs had been cleared of every superfluous article and thoroughly aired. The bed, drawn out from the wall, was remade, with rubber sheeting fastened in true professional style over the linen. Bowls, water jars, and the rolls of bandages which she always kept at hand for emergency were skilfully disposed. For Eleanor Eldredge, wife, mother, housekeeper, was an adept in her various professions. Finally, with a relaxation of thought that pitifully choked her, she remembered Dr. Addison, the friendly old physician of her own as well as her husband's family, one of the devoted maids, a shawl over her head, herself ran the length of the two blocks that separated the doctor's house from that of the Eldredges. But before his immediate and hasty return with her, the white ambulance of the Red Cross had backed up to the sidewalk before the Eldredge house.

Eleanor had stood crushed against the wall when the stretcher, with its now unconscious burden, was borne past her and up the stairs. There had been a word or two spoken by the surgeons who followed. Then Doctor Addison, too, had hurried by, through the white mist on which the poor wife was reeling. Perhaps he had spoken—had taken her hand. She did

Silently he stood watching

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and know. But, next, she found herself here, alone in the living room, before the fire, shut out from that torture-chamber above, and waiting—waiting—waiting, through the pitiless hours. Still, forever, she could not break down! Strange desolation—woman bereft of the ineffable relief of expression! Yet the reason was not far to seek. Always, on the edge of the black horizon, glimmered a faint, golden glow of hope. While that was discernible she would not fear. God was in his heaven still—Ellis would live.

Over and over again her mind traversed the first half of her brief conversation with Averill: the terrible revelation, and her apparent foreknowledge of it all. But a brief, concluding question in their talk had gone from her mind almost as soon as it had passed her lips. Indeed, nine-tenths of her brain had been unconscious of anything but shock when she had asked, out of a dull and forlorn curiosity:

"And Mr. Thorne? He hasn't come at all, is he out of town, did you say?"

"Thorne!" She never noticed how the man's face leaped to surprise. "Why, didn't you know that Thorne started, at once, after you—" Suddenly, peculiarly, Averill checked himself. But she had hardly heard his words. She was standing with her head thrown a little back; listening, intently, for some sound from above. When the silence remained unbroken she had turned to him; and he said, as naturally as he was able: "Out of town, Mrs. Eldredge? Yes, Thorne left to-day, quite suddenly. Otherwise, of course, he would be here."

She was satisfied with this; and, nodding, gave him her hand. She did not hear the door close behind him. She never dreamed of the chaos of amazement and disapproval in his heart, as he left her house, muttering:

"Good God! What no idea she's made of the man, not even to remember the existence of their boy!"

Meantime, through the night hours, conscious of nothing save the conjectured agonies in that room above, Eleanor sat huddled in her chair—alone. At length, at the approach of the hour of lowest vitality, there stole upon her slackened nerves a kindly dullness. Overstrained, they ceased, for a little while, to vibrate to the misery of realization. And, gradually her heavy eyelids dropped over her weary, weary eyes. Another moment and sleep would surely—

Upright again, with a jerk, and a wild throb in the heart! The clocks were striking the half-hour. Simultaneously, a hand was laid upon her shoulder. Mrs. Eldredge sprang to her feet.

"Doctor!" she exclaimed. "Doctor Addison!" Then her breath came fast, and she could speak no more. She could only stare into the kindly face before her with eyes that burned.

But once more the doctor kindly patted her arm, at the same time glancing at the table behind them, on which stood an untouched tray of tea and bread-and-butter—her servants' helpless kindness.

"Come, Mrs. Eldredge! I'm going to prescribe a little for you, now!" he said, cheerfully.

"Ah, no, doctor! No! Really, I don't think I—"

Here she broke off, weakly, as a gently compelling hand pushed her back into the chair. There, as she closed her eyes in unconquerable faintness, the elderly man, long familiar with the ways of the house, went swiftly toward the dining room, to return, in a few moments, with a tray containing glasses, a pitcher of water, and a decanter of old brandy. These he set out upon the table, and, Mrs. Eldredge still having made no sign, fixed for her a stiff dose of the liquor. This she vehemently waved away. But at once his air became filled with professional sternness—which she dared not combat.

"It is medicine, Mrs. Eldredge, and—I must insist!"

When she had obediently swallowed the contents of the tumbler, the doctor in his turn filled and emptied it. For, indeed, the past few hours had told upon him heavily; and the minutes to come would be such as he had rarely known, even in his long professional career. Silently he stood watching. At last, in either of Eleanor's cheeks there appeared a spot of color. Something like sparkle returned to the tired eyes. Her manner became more alive. Then the doctor drew a long breath. The heart in him was weighted as with lead; but he must speak.

"Eleanor," he said, reverting to the name of twenty years ago—"Eleanor, I—" And he stopped.

She faced him instantly: and now there was no longer any color in those cheeks. Staring at him, she could not speak.

"I want you to come upstairs, now," he whispered.

"Ellis?" she asked, dully.

"Yes, my dear."

Without a word she turned in the hall. Through it and up the stairs she sped, noiselessly, but no one possessed. In less than one moment she was in the changed room, the centre of which was filled by a bed—the bed on which their boy had been born. Beside it, on the far side, stood a nurse. At its foot, conversing in whispers, stood the two surgeons, still clad in their long white garments.

Eleanor Eldredge, her lips stiffening into a smile, sank forward on her knees, her arms outstretched.

"Ellis!" she whispered, her heart fluttering in her throat.

"He will know you," said Addison, in her ear. "And he is in very little pain, now. Just here, on this little table, you will find strychnine and morphine. The doses are marked—though you'd better call one of us if you want any of it administered. Here's the strychnine—this liquid. And in this bottle are the morphine pills—quarter of a grain. Only one to the dose, at the outside. You understand?"

Eleanor looked and nodded. Then as she stood waiting, the four helpless ones stole softly from that room; that spot of pain unutterable, between two who, for thirteen brief years had been as one.

Again the clocks, at home and church and city, struck the hour in four tar rolling steps. And again the hour saw Eleanor seated in her armchair, before a now dying fire—alone. Quietly but relentlessly she had been drawn away from the form upon the bed, sunk into its last unconsciousness. Gently, too, and in the full understanding that rises out of loving pity, she had, for this moment, been left alone with her desolation. And, until he had taken from her presence, Eleanor had managed to conceal from the good old doctor-friend that smile of perfect relief which now broke across her face.

Above her, sunk in the stupor of death, lay Ellis Eldredge, the husband—the lover—of her youth. And in that moment she, below, knowing all, was wanting, happily. Nor did she need to open her tightly clenched left hand to see and bless what was hidden there: the beneficent drug that should deliver her, with Ellis, to the mysterious "Never-never land" whence none may return. But Eleanor Eldredge, the bottle of morphine pellets held close in her cold hand, had no longer any wish for life; knew no fear of death.

For a little time she sat there, upright, in her armchair, listening. There was no sound, except—a-ah! from the street below came suddenly the horrible "honk" of an automobile horn. Shuddering at the thoughts which this dreadful vehicle bore with it, she failed to perceive that its throbbing ceased at her own door. Wrapped, now, wholly in herself, she spread upon her lap a handkerchief, into which she poured the contents of the little bottle.

"But I had better have some water," she thought to herself, calmly, "in case there should be a taste—"

Leaning back, across the table, she refilled one of the empty brandy glasses from the doctor's water pitcher. This glass she drew toward her and lifted, angry to perceive that her hand shook. Her heart, however, was beating so rapidly that she was all but suffocated by its throbs. Once she gasped, desperately, and murmured the name—"Ellis!"

But she was not a coward—either physical or moral. Where her beloved went, thither would she go also. Thus, at last, resolutely, she gathered up twenty of the poison pellets in one hand. In the other she seized the glass of water. The clocks pointed to fourteen minutes after four. Outside, as she lifted her hand, she heard the first milk-cart rattle its way northward along the street. In another instant—Eleanor had started, violently, at the loud peal of the door bell, which rang through all the house. She was on her feet immediately, the white pills dotting the floor around her, her water glass shattered against the fender. Dazed and rigid, Eleanor listened. Another ring. Then two of her maids—fully dressed through this dreadful night—came running to the door and opened it. Eleanor still swayed where she had risen, when there reached her the tones of a stern, masculine voice—that of Richard Thorne, the junior partner—asking for her. In the next instant,

"Ellis!" she whispered, her heart fluttering in her throat

like the quick stab of a knife in her heart, came the sound of an eager, boyish voice:

"Mother! Oh, mother! Mr. Thorne came for me just after the telegram!—How is father? Tell me!"

And with that last cry, Ellis Eldredge, Jr., ran wildly into his mother's outstretched arms. He was still in the uniform of his military school. And behind him, framed in the curtained doorway, stood Richard Thorne—the man who had hired a special train to fetch to his father's bedside the son of Ellis Eldredge.

"Mother dear!—Mother! Won't you tell me? Can't you take me to father, mother dear?"

"No, Ellis," she whispered, quietly, kissing him on the brow.

He fell back from her loosened arms, gazing at her, white and horrified.

"Ellis," she whispered, with great effort—"Ellis, you and I will have only each other now. Will you be my brave soldier? Will you be your father's man, always, Ellis?"

The boy shocked blindly; but, with his fast clenched, he straightened, and after a moment, could say, unsteadily: "Yes, mother! I will take care of you. You have me you know, always."

"Ellis! Ellis!" cried the heart of the wife, in her anguish. "Oh, if only I hadn't you, my darling!"

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This Land of Opportunity

LUMBER—THE INDUSTRY OF THE NORTHWEST COAST

By John Kimberly Mumford

PART I

MOUNTING by little and little from the cheerless plains of eastern Montana, which men call the Bad Lands, you pass at intervals odd-looking masses of sandstone, in singular strata, which the glaciers of long ago wore into grotesque formation, and which the elements in later ages have carved into even more fantastic shapes, looking out like heathen sentinels across the silence of ages. The lean and lonely coyote, prowling about them, is the only sign of life. It does not seem as if there could be any growing land beyond these dreary outposts.

The saw at its work in an Oregon fir forest

A few hours farther on the gray soil is spotted with cobbles and scrubbous patches of gravel; by and by rocks jut out along the way, and against the crimson sunset sky to the west rise darkly blue and in rent outline the crests of the Rockies.

Winding in and out among the foot-hills, the railway climbs into the passes, the sky line changing with every serpentine turn, till the mountains are right over you, their peaks dim in a starlit firmament, and the straining engines halt at the topmost point of the twisted trail.

Here is where the coast timber, the last timber, begins, and the suddenness of it is startling. All about is forest, black and boiling, valuable beyond calculation or prophecy, doomed beyond shadow of doubt, waiting the axe that shall hew it into money. In the gram fastnesses that it mantles, moreover, lie buried untold wealth of mineral which the hands of man lay hold upon sometime or never. But it is there. That is the way in this Western land. No matter where you go, there is ever present this suggestion and conviction of raw material wealth for the taking, and of few men to take it.

Down this pathway of peril and mystery, with the brakes forever groaning underneath, you dip through the blackness with breathless precipitation, skirting the mountainside, gloaming masses of timber always overhead and the black abysses of the cañons yawning below; roaring over spidery bridges, piercing into rocky *impasses*, halting on the brake at lonely stations in narrow ways, where freight trains lie on shell-like sidings, heavy with the east-bound lumber of the coast.

The laggard mountain daylight, when it finds you here, anywhere along this stage of the "westward bound," reveals a realm of rocks and towering conifers. Indians in gaudy blankets, headed for somewhere, with the inevitable beady-eyed papooses, squat in autumnal silence about the little railway stations, dirty but impressive, staring into the past, it would seem, watching with lack-lustre gaze the hurrying white men who have become owners of their empire and are coining money from what were once their stall, sylvan hunting-grounds. It is a world in mutation. There are miners, lumbermen, engineers, politicians of the unmistakable type, farmers and fruit growers just beginning to reap the incredible product of the soil from which the forests have been stripped; and besides these there is the unfailing "drummer," he of loined, who surely must have been meant by the venerable maxim that "trade follows the flag."

Everywhere from this point westward is haste, everywhere is untiring energy. Men are rushing "to it," alert, resolute, trampling down obstacles, stopping for nothing, wasting no minute. They all mock at the East, but nine-tenths of them are of the East, old American stock, who have cut loose from homes and conventions either east of the Alleghanies or in the Mississippi Valley and come here to "get it while it is plenty." They seem forever conscious of the multitude that waits behind, and that within a few years at the most will follow in their footsteps; they have prophetic vision of a belt this west coast is to be, both while the timber is going and after it is gone, and they purpose to seize now upon the first fruits of the land. They are unmindful of luxury. In the main they care little what sort of houses they live in or how they are fed. Victuals are a necessity, not an indulgence nor a fine art.

All that will come a little later. To-day it is land and timber with some, and the swift increase in their value, with others it is pea, it is output, it is agriculture and horticulture, the production of what this growing multitude must consume; again it is necessary manufacture and the profit thereof. Altogether, it is hammer and tongs, nip and tuck, early and late, to get "fixed" before the rush. In the season of 1905 it appeared that Montana, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon, with nearly 400,000 square miles of territory, barely sown with possibilities, had less than 1,500,000 population, the overwhelming majority of which was and remains centred in its cities, where the seductive white lights and red beam, and where most men work for other men. New Jersey, with 7815 square miles, had at the same time 1,833,539. And still people herd in Trenton. The country west of the Rockies and north of California could almost put these two millions of people at profitable employment to-morrow, and every man on the coast be only the more prosperous thereby, for what this treasure-country needs is men and women of all grades, who are able and willing to buckle down and bear their part in a country's upbuilding, even, if need be, at the price of temporary discomfort.

Many things are started, but few are moving forward at anything like the rate at which they might move. To-day there is only one thing in the coast country of the Northwest—and by that I mean from the Rocky Mountains to tidewater—that has attained anything like the status of an organized industry, and that is lumber. All the rest is in the initial stages, prospect, speculation, or a base foothold and there is incalculable work to do, incalculable gain to be made, before this marvellous corner of the Union comes into its own.

The earliest of the transcontinental railroads was built to get a new way to China and the East Indies. Hill, as I have said, laid his tracks to get the lumber of the Northwest, and got it. Now, every Western railroad, well nigh, has seen the handwriting on the wall. The Chicago, Milwaukee, & St. Paul is harrying its lines to Puget Sound with spectacular swiftness, the Rock Island is making preliminary canvass of the possibilities, and the Harriman system, secure in California and Oregon, is planning to take up work on its extension from Portland to Seattle.

Lumber to-day is king. Lumber—or timber, to begin at the beginning—is the key note of all life and all business. If in what steel is to the East, what currants are to Greece, and rugs to Persia. When a man shuts his eyes and thinks of this country he inevitably thinks first of fir trees and pines, spruce and hemlock and cedar, clothing alike the mountain and the plain and towering in almost impenetrable mass even the outermost shores against which the surges of the Pacific beat. Timber is everywhere. The noise of its cutting is in one's ears, the railroads groan with the burden of it, the air is heavy with its balsamic odors, and the blood of the Easterner stands still at the spectacle of its prodigious waste.

In this world of timber, broken by stretches of dusty volcanic lands which irrigation has reddened with apples, it is hard at first to believe that the United States is to be woodless within the lifetime of the upcoming generation, and one is almost led astray by the lumberman's smiling sophistry, that "there is timber enough here to last three hundred years—at the present rate of consumption."

But of hell a century, with ever-increasing demand and unrelenting supply, shall see the end of it, there will be millions made in its harvesting and sale, and billions earned in the labor thereof, which will go into other forms of activity. The world's price upon lumber mounts steadily, swiftly, and it is impossible not to wonder that people should hold it so cheaply, here where it is the basis and the sign of all wealth and all progress.

On every hand, lodged where the torrents have loosed it along the lumber-paved river beds, strewn helter-skelter over the mountainsides in the track of the lumbermen and the donkey engines and the railroads great and small, lies timber that would be a fortune in the East, wood being left to rot that might warm the homes of all the poor from Kalispell to Cape Cod, to the end of time, if there were a way to get it to them. From Montana, on west to the last spit of land that thrusts itself out into the Pacific beyond Puget Sound, you are never wholly out of sight of the timber and never out of sight of lamentable destruction.

I heard a kindling wood dealer in New York a year ago complain that, journey where he would, up the Hudson, along the Atlantic coast north as far as Maine or south to the Carolinas, wood fit for building the fires in New York homes was almost unfindable at a price that would pay for peddling. There is wood enough going to shoddy and irremediable waste west of the one hundredth meridian, I should say, to rebuild New York, to say nothing of its fires, but it is worthless, again, at the distance. Every river bed, every log, every inland lake or pushle, is jammed with it, every slope littered with it, and the huge, dead bare trunks—dead but sound, only too small to be promptly profitable—pierce the sky by thousands, on tracts where unhindered fire has struck the slashings. In the summer and fall this whole country is overhung with smoke from the burning.

Stumps everywhere. The big ones, sometimes five or six feet across, or even more, mark the spots where the lumberman has made money for himself; the smaller ones—which would look big in the East—are memorials of the waste he has done to future generations, in the unsparing effort to line his own pocket, or perhaps to get his share from the railroads. The logs he felled but didn't take are there still, unless, indeed, they have been consumed by fires that sprang up in the mass of combustible rubbish he left behind him. Mountains which should be green with a steady second growth, developing against a day of need, and which will never be good for aught else unless for eyes that may unbelie them, are here save for a few gaunt sentinels here and there and the blackened remnants of ruin. The little trout-peopled streams that once trickled down cool rivulets in the forest shade to water the lowlands in summer are dry beds now. The snow water rushes down in early spring, carrying everything in its path, and drought follows.

That is the alarming story of old-fashioned lumbering, and, for that matter, of present-day lumbering, but the ordinary mortal in this lumber land pays little heed to it. Whichever way he turns he can see lumber, either on the stump or in some process of

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At Bellingham, Washington, where Puget Sound timber is sawed and shipped in vast quantities

manufacture, and the figures of the conservationists tell no tale of woe that can frighten him. He knows that whole States here are compact of the finest timber in the world. He knows that a ten-dollar note will more than pay for all the fuel he can possibly need through a coast winter, which is practically no winter, and most of that sum is for the labor of hauling, for labor is the most expensive thing in this country. He sees, beside every one of the thousands of saw-mills which are scattered here and there, inland and along the coast, good wood enough consumed in the great, glowing conical refuse-burners to heat and cook for the whole "Labor one and inseparable."

He sees every railroad station surrounded with lumber waiting for shipment, every seaport full of tall-masted ships—English, mostly, not American—that have come to carry more and more lumber away to other countries, but still the mountains are dark with the forest verdure and peopled with elk and bear, and only now and then a new bare spot shows, to remind him—not that the forests are disappearing, but that somebody has made some money, and that is what this West, like every other section, is thinking of most of the time.

The startling announcements wide-spread from Washington, of the imminent exhaustion of American forests, are beyond doubt well grounded. They have led a multitude of young men into taking forestry courses in universities; they have impelled many a man and his wife to be sparing of the kindling wood and anoint it liberally with oil; but the most salient effect, for the moment perhaps, has been to induce a vigorous outpouring of Eastern money for the purchase of timber lands in the Northwest. The sale of such properties has been a thriving industry on the coast since the conservators of national resource began to trumpet their alarms, and for all the talk of a lumber trust and advancing prices, there are still lands for sale in comparative plenty. Lumber prices are going up; so are timber lands. It is the ancient law of supply and demand. Scarcely have the price and we have official assurance of scarcity.

Old-timers on the coast, of course, pull long and regretful faces and remark that these are not the early days, when first-class standing timber could be had on the basis of ten cents a thousand board feet. Now it ranges around three dollars.

But ten cents was high once on a time. It was a hard-headed Yankee lumberman from Maine who "sensed" the possibility of coast lumber and needed no Forestry Bureau and no newspapers to tell him of it. To relate that history is to laugh. When the finish of the Maine stand was beginning to be visible on the horizon there was an exodus to the Mississippi Valley and hundreds of New England axe-men flocked into the woods of Michigan and Wisconsin. But not all. One there was, a far-sighted soul from East Machias, of the name of Talbot, who took Time and Opportunity by the very tip-end of the forelock, packed a saw-mill on board a Maine built ship, and brought it around the Horn, with a crew of his neighbors, up to Port Gamble, where the timber stood close to the water's edge. That was in 1853, when the old Crystal Palace was still standing in Bryant Park, when Indians were scalping settlers in Minnesota, and the Missouri was about the farthest established frontier to the west.

In the last fourteen of the fifty-five years that have intervened since East Machias was founded, the water shipments alone from Washington, Oregon, and the near ports of British Columbia have mounted up to over twelve billion feet, and what the United States used during that time, shipped eastward by rail, has passed out from the sphere of statistical record. It is small wonder that the price of the commodity has advanced. It is small wonder that far-sighted men of means, following at a distance the luminous example of the wise lumberman of Machias, are even now pulling money into the forests which only yesterday were obstacles to agriculture and to-day, barring destruction by fire, which alone can burn them, are among the safest depositaries for idle dollars.

Enormous areas have been bought in little by little and consolidated by big interests centring in St. Paul, Chicago, and other places, but every newspaper you pick up in Portland, Spokane, Seattle, or anywhere in this part of the world still has a full column of advertisements of timber lands that will cut up into the millions of feet per acre. There are timber brokers in multitude, and promoters, and all the rest of the eager, scheming people who follow anything the world over that has money in it.

There is beginning, nevertheless, to be faintly audible the same old grumble that one hears in the East, the cry of the failures, that the "trusts" are getting things into their grasp. If that is true, it is because there are too few people here to keep them from doing what it is plain good business to do—seizing the opportunities, in fact. Thus far, trusts do not frighten anybody here. When a man hears of a trust he skips his luncheon, rushes out, and organizes something to sell to it, and usually gets many times more than it cost him. The trusts, if there are any here worth the name, are working tooth and nail, like everybody else, and subscribing money to get more people to come here and climb aboard. The competitive stage in production has not arrived. The north coast does not begin to supply itself with foodstuffs, even the products of the soil. I have encountered, up and down the coast country, men who are supposed to be controlling factors in various lines of industry, and they all seem to be courting invasion of their interests.

A "drift" of fir logs waiting to be sawed

One of the biggest lumbermen in the Northwest said, a few days ago when I told him there were young men in plenty in business offices in the East who were wasting themselves in their jobs and were heartily tired of being compelled to live up to all they make:

"There is room and chance for such men here, if they are willing to lower their scale of living. Some people say what we want here is only the hard-handed chap who can swing an axe. We do want him badly, but we want, also, and just as badly, the man with a business training and an eye for business development, who can see an opportunity and can start something, even a shingle-mill, and run it on a business basis. I certainly didn't know anything about lumber when I came here, and I believe a lot of the people didn't who are in the lumber business here to-day. The sample gleaner in this country can put himself beyond the reach of want if he has sand and gumption to make his way to market."

These big holders and workers of timber land—and they are likewise the men who are foremost in the industry of sawing and marketing lumber—have been mad, I am told, to heed the recent warnings and to realize the business wisdom of economical operation. They are beginning, as Mr. Carnegie says, to watch the basket in which their eggs are deposited. Their buildings, which are increasing every year, extend not alone over the coast country and Montana, but into many other sections where there is wood to burn, wood to waste, or wood to market. I met a foreman for one of the biggest of these concerns, a man who, like hundreds of the lumber people high and low, have simply moved on from one forest section to another in the track of the vanishing pine.

"It is a great lumber country out here," he said, "but in some sections it is by no means equal to the Michigan and Wisconsin forests. There the timber stood in solid bodies; here a good deal of it is in strips. They talk about the lumber here lasting for three hundred years. That is sheer nonsense, for consumption increases as fast as supply diminishes. When I started in a lumber camp in Wisconsin I asked the president of the company one day—and it was a big company—how long he figured his supply would last.

"He reckoned a little while and said it would hold out for from thirty to fifty years, maybe more, but it was gone in fifteen. This Western stand will necessarily go quicker than that did, relatively, but Wisconsin and Michigan and Minnesota have taught the lumber people a great lesson and will continue to do so.

"A good many of the big concerns are already beginning to shut down on the waste and to cut with some eye to the future. A few are following pretty nearly the government method, which is to leave trees which are less than fourteen inches in diameter standing and to pile and burn the refuse after the marketable logs have been removed, so as to prevent fires that will destroy the timber still remaining.

"More people will do this. It is a simple enough proposition, and sound from a business standpoint, but it is only the biggest interests that can afford to shoulder the expense. In the first place, it requires labor which is very costly, and in the second, standing timber is taxed every year, and taxed on an increasing value, so that saving it against future need becomes a costly proceeding. The smaller holders have only one way of making a profit and that is the old way, to lure the crews into the woods, mow the trees down, get at the valuable stuff that it will pay them to saw, and leave the rest to its fate. There is nothing to stop them from doing what they will with their own properly, and a quick return is what they are after.

"Such lands cease to be timber lands. The fire gets into them and then they are ready for the farm settlers to clear up if they are fit for tilling, and if not they are allowed to revert to the State. But one thing is certain, the price of lumber will continue to go up, of necessity. The small holdings will be hoarded and destroyed. Those that are preserved will mount to greater value for every reason, and the age of concrete will have come to stay."

Loggers at work loading in an Oregon forest. The horses are for "packing in" provisions, not for use in logging operations

Drawn by Walter Biggs

THE TRICK-RIDER

The World of Music

Verdi's "Othello"

By Lawrence Gilman

AN opera which a responsible critic once characterized as a product for which there was no analogy in the history of the human mind, is just now in the foreground of contemporary musical events. The opera is Verdi's *Othello*, and its immediate prominence is due to its recent admirable production at the Manhattan, for the first time at that theatre, by Mr. Hammerstein's accomplished band of singing actors.

Othello—the work itself—invites discussion, though it has been known to the world for almost a quarter of a century. Yet it should be said at once that the current performances of the opera at the Manhattan are of noteworthy excellence, chiefly because they represent with admirable fidelity the essential character of the music-drama of Verdi and Boito—with fidelity, and also with eloquence. They take rank at once, indeed, as among the most impressive productions that Mr. Hammerstein has made. The performance implicated Mme. Melba as Desdemona, Mr. Zenatello as the unhappy Moor, and Mr. Sammarco as Iago. Mr. Campanini, of course, conducted. Mme. Melba's assumption of the part of Othello's unfortunate dame had not previously been familiar in these regions, though London has lately observed and applauded it. As to the gentler aspects of the character—its dignity, its sorrowfulness, and its lovely patience—her conception and presentment of it is true and affecting—truest and most affecting, naturally, than is her denotement of its passionate phases; for Mme. Melba, as a historian, was not predained to tragedy. Her singing of the music is, though, an uncommated delight, by reason both of its sensuous beauty and its exquisite and blameless artistry. As for Mr. Zenatello's Othello, it is to be said that he has never, in New York, appeared to so great advantage. He has a just and well-ordered conception of the part, and he conveys if with a truly imposing force and with irresistible vividness. His performance has a superb savagery, and it has pathos, and it is strongly and simply composed. Its one defect is its abruptness of modulation from the proud security of the early scenes to the tortured harassment that follows. Mr. Zenatello, by an overemphasis of acting in the second act, leaves nothing in reserve for the climactic passions of the third. But this is to criticise his reading from an ideal standpoint; and the fact that one applies such a standard to this impersonation is in itself a tribute to its memorable qualities. Mr. Zenatello sings it with astonishing power and superb dramatic effectiveness. Altogether it is a remarkable achievement, and one which confers honor upon that sincere and gifted artist. The Iago of Mr. Sammarco is, on the vocal side, wholly admirable—Mr. Sammarco could not sing inartistically or unbeautifully if he tried. But this part demands more of the singing actor than Mr. Sammarco is able to give. It is pre-eminently a part requiring histrionic adroitness of the highest order—histrionic genius, rather. It demands, in brief, such a transcendently skilful actor as the incomparable Renaud, who, indeed, has the part in his répertoire. Mr. Sammarco, for all his earnestness and sincerity of purpose, leaves undisclosed the fundamental malignity and craft of the character. Mr. Campanini, who twenty years ago conducted the first American production of *Othello*, exposed the score in his usual authoritative manner.

Let us consider for a moment this singular music-drama—a work which, as Mr. Vernon Blackburn said, signified a development which "has no parallel in the history of music": the step from the Verdi of 1853—of *Il Trovatore*—to the Verdi of three decades later—the Verdi of *Othello*. Of course the revolution of aims and methods which ensued between the two periods was not quite so amazing as Mr. Blackburn, who was fond of telling and dramatic affirmations, indicates in the sentence to which I have referred. The true antithesis is between the Verdi of *Aida*, which saw the light in 1871 and the Verdi of sixteen years later, when *Othello* was offered to the sight of an astounded world. There was a revolution of means and methods complete and unequivocal enough to satisfy the most eager student of artistic upheavals. *Aida*, it is true, was an almost immeasurable advance upon *Il Trovatore*—an advance in sincerity of conception and in fidelity and richness of expression; in the step that separates mere blatant and vulgar rhetoric from authentic, if not very deep-sprung, eloquence. But the step from *Aida* to *Othello* was not less radical.

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A recent portrait of Louise Homer

THIRD CONTRALTO AT THE METROPOLITAN

Carl Joern

NEW RUSSIAN TENOR AT THE METROPOLITAN

Fine how unlike! For *Aida* is essentially an opera, with most of the excrescences and distortions of the genre in evidence—though subdued—*Othello* is a genuine, though not an ideally scrupulous, music-drama. In other words, while, in *Aida*, the drama is continually yielding concessions to the music, in *Othello* the drama is throughout the shaping and controlling element, the mould upon which the score is consistently formed. Truly a wonderful feat for a man to compass within a few years of his eightieth birthday, and after having worshipped for half a century the gods of the music! For *Othello*, the work of his old age, was the first of the many manifestations of his too-fluent talent in which the appeal was not, in greater or less degree, an *ad captandum* one.

But, as the sanest and most mellow of critics has said concerning the estimation of poetic art, it is well not to forget that the historic valuation of a creative product is one thing, and the real valuation quite another thing. "This real estimate," wrote the inimitable author of *A Study of Poetry* a score of years ago, "the only true one, is liable to be suspended, if we are not watchful, by . . . the historic estimate. A poet or a poem may count to us historically, and they may count to us really. . . . By regarding a poet's work as a stage in [his] development, we may easily bring ourselves to make it of more importance as poetry than in itself it really is. . . . So arises in our poetic judgments the fallacy caused by the estimate which we may call historic." Now that, oddly enough, while it is a criterion of judgment that is as a matter of course applied to the other arts, is seldom applied to music; yet in the appraisement of no art is it more needed to-day than in the appraisement of music. *Othello* is a case in point. Regarded historically, as the index of a significant advance in the growth of a remarkable creative intelligence—regarded, that is to say, in its relationship to that which went before it and what was to follow it—this work is one of the most remarkable products in the history of any art. But to consider it "as in itself it really is"; to test it by the "real" rather than by the "historic" estimate—that yields quite a different result. Viewed thus, the score, in itself, is not very memorable. There is an informing and pervading sincerity in the music, a sincerity of impulse and execution which almost atones for the lack of profile, of saliency, of specific inspiration, which is its especial shortcoming. Its actual musical substance is, to tell the truth, pretty bald stuff. There is plenty of dramatic forcefulness, and the score is full of a kind of passionate energy and vigor which is undeniably impressive. But of tragic beauty, of poignant emotional delineation, the music is empty. To set beside it as a touchstone a single page—almost any page, even the least perfect—from such authentic masterpieces of tragic inspiration as, say, the third act of *Tristan und Isolde*, or the second act of *Götterdämmerung*, is to realize sharply its inferiority—is to realize, in Arnold's phrase, that Verdi "is not speaking to us from these depths." But one does not need to allege such supreme models as these. There are pages—and they are not few—in the later writing of Puccini (to look no further) to which is a far more striking musical profile, more pointed and concise invention, a keener musico-dramatic imagination, than is to be found anywhere in *Othello*.

A French critic, M. Charles d'Hériault, once observed truly that the ideal of glory playing round a classic is a mist as dangerous to the future of literature as it is intolerable for the purposes of history. It is equally dangerous in the case of a classic of music; for it "substitutes a halo for a physiognomy"; it claims "not study, but veneration." *Othello* is probably a classic—certainly it is in a fair way to become so; and it will doubtless have to prevail over its idolaters as other classics have had to do. Let us cheerfully concede that, historically viewed, the work is an extraordinary—even a wonderful—achievement, that, in itself, it has power, sincerity, a certain eloquence. But to rank it with any of the masterpieces of music-drama, as even with certain scores whose origin is of to-day, is venturesome. There is, of course, no hope of agreement in these matters, yet the conviction may as well be frankly avowed. Verdi's place is secure enough to permit his pleaders to yield a little of the fervor of their advocacy. There is not the slightest doubt that, as Mr. Saintsbury has said of a not dissimilar achievement, *Othello* must always "be remembered with distinction and mentioned with honor."

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Miss Trentini in "Carmen," at the Manhattan Opera House

"Ah, bear in mind *this* garden was enchanted!"

That is a thought which, in these days of Poe memorials, might easily occur to the mind of any sympathetic observer of the unique art of Miss Kitty Cheatham, which has again been displayed in New York for the benefit of all who are capable of appreciating it. "Unique" is an adjective full of peril for the unwary; yet it is truly and fitly descriptive of Miss Cheatham's performances. She has, whether by conscious preference or intuitive selection, set out to give some account of the imaginative world of the child—not in pigments, or in recorded words, or in music, as others have done, but through the more instant and vivid medium of personal communication. The endeavor itself is neither novel nor extraordinary, but Miss Cheatham's approach to it, and her success with it, is, in a field where sentimentalism and affected emotion hold almost undisputed sway, Miss Cheatham marvellously contrives to be simple, genuine, unimpeachably sincere. She neither assumes nor claims too much, she neither accentuates nor overvalues. She knows that excess of sentiment, that mere sugar-coating, would be a betrayal of her own art and an unforgivable treason toward the very proud and sensitive elements of the magic province which she has been permitted to know. She bears in mind that these gardens are enchanted, and she gives her account of them with scrupulous honesty and candor, with intimitable delicacy, tact, and restraint.

And so she is permitted to hold her most privileged and confidential position. It is no small function that she is thus enabled to perform: to lift, if only a little, a corner of the veil which hides for most of us that (transfigured) world—which is, after all, the world at the back of the heavens.

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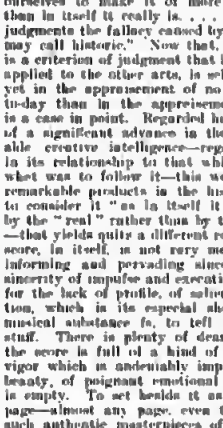
The animated doll in "Les Contes d'Hoffmann"

MISS ALICE ZEPPILLI'S REMARKABLE IMPERSONATION IN OFFENBACH'S OPERA AT THE MANHATTAN



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Hector Dufranne

AS DEBUSSY IN "PELLEAS ET MELISANDE," AT THE MANHATTAN

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THE VISIT OF THE AMERICAN FLEET TO CHINA

Admiral Emery is proposing the health of the Empress Dowager. The figures are: 1. Rear-Admiral Emery. 2. Rear-Admiral Shroeder. 3. Prince Lang. 4. The Viceroy of Fukien Province

MODERN HYGIENE IN THE SCHOOLS

A teacher at Shepperton Road School, Islington, England, illustrating the use of a tooth-brush, and explaining to her scholars the importance of caring for the teeth

A FUGITIVE PRESIDENT ABROAD

Venezuela's runaway ruler, Cipriano Castro, enjoying himself in Paris

The exterior of the Herald Square Theatre on the morning after the fire

Where a Fire Panic was Averted

To empty a burning theatre filled with people and to dismiss the audience by an exit immediately beneath that part of the building which is afire, without the slightest panic ensuing, seems an impossible feat; yet this was actually accomplished at the Herald Square Theatre, on the night of December 22d. Just as the last song in the musical comedy, *The Three Twins*, was being sung, smoke began to sift into the business offices of the theatre, on a level with the balcony floor, and it was noticed by Manager Hyams and Treasurer Lang. The former immediately hurried behind the scenes and directed the members of the company to leave the building as quickly as possible, and the latter warned the orchestra leader of the danger and ordered him to continue playing. At the conclusion of a stanza of the *Twin Twins* song the curtain went down, the lights came on all over the house, and the audience, supposing the show to be over, began to file out. Half of the audience had reached the street before the knowledge of the fire became general, and even then those who had become aware of the danger merely quickened their pace until all were out.

Defective insulation of the electric sign on the front of the theatre is supposed to have caused the fire, which then gained headway in the orchestra ceiling. The building was but little damaged.

During the last few years light musical comedies have been the principal productions at the Herald Square Theatre; but in earlier years some noted plays were given in the house. Two of the earliest of these were Richard Mansfield's production of *Arms and the Man*, and *The Heart of Maryland* with Mrs. Leslie Carter. It was in this theatre that Mansfield first appeared in *Julius Cæsar*.

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Sauce for the Gander

A Shooting Story

By Hy. S. Watson

WHEN, as the damp cold northeaster is blowing in your face at break of day and you are crouching in your blind with fleece-lined vest, leather coat, and high rubber boots, left shoulder to the wind and rain for quick position, there comes a supreme contentment and happiness to invade, that which people call human, in your soul or system, it is only a hark back to an ancestor in a dug-out, and another break of day long years back, and, oh! the load of ducks in the dug-out by noon. Think of it! What wouldn't you heve given to have known him, and hunted with him, and paddled twenty miles for powder, shot, and flints?

My pipe was going fine, it was upside down and dripping humidity 100% pure, so I day-dreamed with my old ancestors' contentment and his generosity about the game to be shot: A pair of red-heads to Mr. and Mrs. Jack. The governor has the gout, but knowing his son so well, I chuckle as I picture the governor's sardonic grin (rubbing his clean-shaven chin with that hand that has the old seal ring on) as the box is opened in the cozy library, then his interview with the cook, last a requisition to the governess for a softer cushion for his foot.

If I knock down a young, fat goose, say seven pounds or so, it is to be shipped to the steward of a certain club. I have three men in mind and a wine of a certain vintage, that has caught and held all the blue sky and sunlight that ripened the grapes that were squeezed into jolly fellowship, then later there are to be four seats—well forward I want them—in a theatre with the picture-hats and twinkling Louis heels of the show girls; and so on I dreamed on an early morning in November last year.

With the other fellow, two honkers staked out, and stools bobbing to the northeast, we were trying a game in which we had discarded all the known and approved methods of shooting. Our time for shooting was short, every point and comfortable boat down the bay was in use for ten days; we were trying to coax the hurrying, hustling, water fowl in from their airline over the surf to a fresh-water pond where our honkers and stools were, seventy-five yards or so from the ocean. In the tops of two sand-dunes we dug holes and made our blinds. A so-called captain of a thirty foot cabin rat (the last man to tell us he was engaged to take another party down the bay) grinned in open sarcasm as we told him of our only hope for a shot, yet it is so often the unexpected that happens in shooting and fishing, why not? And we grinned back in self-assurance. I can remember the summer before, away up in northern Maine, the look the guides gave me as I rigged up a trolling pole with a phantom minnow, for a five-mile paddle across a lake in the middle of a hot August morning, with the water like glass, low water, conditions as bad as they could possibly be. We had caught one eight inch trout in the last three days, and our supply of bacon was therefore low. In the middle of the lake I had the fight of my life, and five men were gouged from one square tail trout. So as I leaned forward to drain the water out of the wrinkles of my cap I was cheerfully hopeful. Of course, the pond, about three-quarters of a mile across, was too small for good shooting; then, again, a boarded-up and now dreary and desolate summer city by the sea stood only a mile away to make the birds wary and here them questions: the quality of the pond's food, and the comfort of it as a resting place? The summer city looked so uninviting to us at present with its towers and water tanks blurring against the wet gray sky. Perhaps on a morning of conditions like this the birds would shut their eyes to the collection of architecture collected from the four corners and tumbled there on the sand, with storm shutter blinders to all their eyes, and be coaxed into our pond. We peered to the north in the mist that hung over the surf that snarled like a pack of hungry wolves.

A black smudge against the sky grew into a big wobbly V. The honkers raised up and commenced to take notice; they talked to each other in whispers for a minute or two, and then began to plead and coax nobly at the top of their lungs. The flock veered towards us (and we hustled out of our mittens and crouched intent) two or three hundred yards away, coming across the wind, and I spat out my pipe. Suddenly they were shut out, and a snow squall as thick as a London fog swirled around us. Somebody ripped out a short, sharp oath; we jumped to our feet, damning and hoping for a lucky snap shot. Our honkers were sending out invitations noisy to the minute. They evidently thought it necessary to send an invitation to each goose, and they in return, being polite and proper geese, were making as much noise accepting as a box party after a French dinner that a bachelor friend had picked the wines for. The din and racket of the approaching flock sounded like a million geese beyond the wall of blinding snow. They were coming, and they came, straight out of the whirling arctic scene directly at us, low down and doing a good sixty mile an hour; dodging automobiles in upper Broadway is mere practice for beginners compared with the flop I made. It seemed as if a cannon ball just grazed my head and knocked my light shooting-cap sideways. As I was proving the law of gravity I looked towards the other fellow. He was about a thousandth of a second behind me in diving into the sand, evidently the length of time it took him to discover things were moving too quickly and in too large bunches to be shot at. His gun was held in front of his face, and as I looked under a gray goose breast I had an instantaneous photograph of a goose striking his gun. It flew away into the snow swirl, while the goose plunked into the sand like a four-pound five shell, rolled over and over, sat up, and stuck its long black neck up in the air and added considerably to the din. Evidently our honkers and the snow had completely bewildered the geese and they commenced to dodge in all directions. The other fellow told he discovered some of the rules of the road out of the tail of his eye as he played ostrich in the sand; that a goose going south went under the one heating it north, while an easterly or westerly direction meant turning to the right or left. He frankly admitted his observations were limited to a minute or two and the simpler rules, that when the directions boxed the compass he was not to be quoted as an authority; but I will say that when two of them crossed over you about three or four feet up, as they did me once, the suction and swirl made you hug the dear old sand tighter and offer up prayers that none of them land on your ribs or alongside of your head. My fingers jumped and jerked to shoot at the wildest bunch of mine, but I was afraid that it was around and mixed up with our honkers, and I knew what a dead honker meant going back to old Captain Johnson. With tears in his eyes he would dilate on all the excellent qualities it possessed, and the price would stagger a millionaire; besides, it was too old and tough to eat, so I softly swore to myself and rolled over on my back, and as the next bird came along bombing for cross-streets I stood on the back of my neck and elbows and kicked at him, damning him hard. This state of affairs must have lasted several minutes, when evidently the leader marshalled his bewildered flock, and the ungodly racket went off to the hill of lace of some luckier chaps.

The other fellow and I sat up. Words, mere words, were useless, some tenth century pirate oaths might cope with the situation, but our lack of knowledge made us dumb for several minutes; then I remarked that "there must have been two hundred in the flock." The other fellow nodded sadly and moistened his lips, then suddenly sat straight and asked where his goose was. It had disappeared in the excitement. While I was condoling with him and telling him what I thought of a man who would try to club a goose to death with a loaded gun, the squalt suddenly ceased. The geese were a wavering blur against the sky to the south. The one goose who stayed behind was crabbing it towards a swamp three hundred yards away, dragging a wing. "There goes my goose!" he yelled; jumped to his feet and sprinted for a record in duck-shooting togs and gun. The goose won and waved a farewell with his one good wing as he hopped into the impassable tangle of cat briers and swamp growth.

"He was a tough old gander who had taken a lot of exercise in Newfoundland this summer," said the other fellow, as he came back making a point like a wind-broken horse.

As I looked I had an instantaneous photograph of a goose striking his gun

Finance

THE $200,000,000 JANUARY DISBURSEMENTS

By Franklin Escher

DURING the past week there has been distributed to investors interest and dividend money amounting to nearly $200,000,000. The mere mechanical operation of taking so huge a sum of money out of the banks, breaking it up into hundreds of thousands of parts, and scattering it all over the United States and Europe, is in itself an investment market influence of the greatest importance. And when it is further considered that most of this $200,000,000 is being put back into securities, it will readily appear that the "reinvestment demand" and its effects constitute at present one of the most practical questions with which the investor has to deal.

Here is an immense sum of money suddenly put into the hands of an investing public which, during the past few weeks, has shown itself anxious to buy securities. What will be the effect? At first thought it would seem as though a very sharp rise would be the only logical consequence. But there are other factors which enter into the combination. If the reinvestment of the $200,000,000 disbursed between the first and fifteenth of January all took place while the distribution was going on, or immediately after, there could never be any other result than that securities would advance in price. But, as a matter of fact, the influence of the January disbursements is scattered over a much longer period. It is an influence which begins to make itself felt early in December, when both bankers and private investors begin to buy securities in anticipation of the demand which regularly recurs at the end of the month. That he will not actually receive his dividends or interest money until after January 1st makes no difference to the investor of this class—his banker will readily make him the necessary advance. For the time being, he can buy the securities on margin, so to speak, and pay for them when he receives his checks after the first.

In this way a large proportion of the January interest and dividend money is reinvested before it is actually paid out to security-holders. Institutions which have a big income from securities, especially, and very wealthy private investors, are apt to anticipate in their investments the actual receipt of their checks. What the proportion is of the $200,000,000 which is all invested long before it is actually received it is impossible to do more than estimate, but the chances are that at least half the amount is reinvested before the first of the year.

Bankers' purchases of bonds, too, made in anticipation of a large public demand in January, go a long way toward offsetting the influence which the sudden release of such a flood of money into investors' hands might be expected to exert. It is the business of the dealer in investment securities to "feel out" the public's disposition to buy bonds and to provide himself accordingly. All through December the investment houses have been laying in their supplies, and the result has been the most active bond market seen in years. The idea is by no means that these houses buy up securities in order to unload them on the public at the top, but rather that they realize that certain classes of bonds are still cheap, and that the public know they are cheap and will want to buy them in January. The business of these houses is not to speculate in bonds themselves; it is to anticipate a demand for bonds exactly as an importer might anticipate a demand for straw or silk and provide himself accordingly.

So that the reinvestment in January of the interest and dividend money which has not already been spent consists very largely of the transfer of securities from investment dealers to private investors. The effect on prices is naturally by no means as great as though the bankers had to go into the open market to buy the securities for their clients. What the whole thing amounts to is that the January investor makes his purchase in a market which has already been raised to a slightly higher level by the dealers' careful anticipatory purchases. Were the dealer out of the transaction entirely, the investor would have the pleasure of going into the open market and bidding against a host of other investors for scattered securities held, perhaps, for unreasonably high prices.

But whatever the supply of securities bankers have laid in, and which they are marketing to the public at a fair profit to themselves, it stands to reason that the issues which are going to benefit most in price as a result of the January reinvestment demand are the issues on which investors' buying is concentrated. Nor does it seem difficult to tell, at least in a general way, what kind of securities the public seems to favor. Stocks are being bought to a certain extent, of course, but the real investor who has received his money from coupons on high-grade bonds is hardly likely to fancy the purchase of stocks on top of the remarkable advance which has already taken place. There is the same trouble with regard to the first grade of bonds, nearly all of them having been driven so high by continued cheap money that they return the purchaser only three and a half or three and three-quarters per cent. Into both stocks and first-mortgage bonds a certain part of the January money is bound to go, but from all indications the bulk of the buying is in what might be called the second grade of bonds, bonds which were more or less under a cloud during the early part of last year, but which have since risen largely in price and attracted attention on account of their speculative as well as investment possibilities.

There has been a very great change in the status of a good many securities of this class during the second half of 1908. In the depression of the first part of the year any number of them sold at very low prices—lower relatively, perhaps, than the stocks of the same companies. For a long time, indeed, it was a question whether they could keep on paying their interest, and in most cases the mortgage feature was not enough to keep the price from reflecting investors' nervousness over prospective loss of income. But what actually happened? Hardly a single issue of any importance had to pass its interest. In case after case where the price down to which the bonds sold proclaimed receivership as inevitable conditions changed so rapidly for the better that the price of the bonds rose like the price of a speculative stock. Investors who had refused to buy at the low figure came in ten or twenty points higher.

The fining pot is for silver—the crucible of early last year's depression was for untried bonds. The test of an almost unprecedentedly sudden collapse in business has been met and passed, and bonds which investors sacrificed then for what they would bring have an entirely different standing now. Underlying conditions have been radically changed for the better by the upheaval of 1907–08, and bonds which went safely through that trying time are infinitely better security now than they were before the panic. Labor has been made more efficient. Costs have been scaled down. Operating charges, which during such a time as the heyday of prosperity in 1906 reach an entirely unnatural percentage of earnings, have been put back where they belong. The business organizations of the country, railroad and industrial, are in better shape to handle the country's business than ever before.

Investors realize how conditions have changed—the reinvestment of the January interest and dividend money, as far as it has gone, shows that very clearly. Compare the prices of bonds on which attention centres now with the bonds which investors were buying at this time last year. A year ago the cautious buyer could hardly be induced to look at anything short of a first-mortgage bond on a leading railroad; such bonds as are making up by far the greater part of the present market were regarded as little better than "cats and dogs." But it is a long step from January, 1908, to January, 1909, perhaps the longest step the country has ever made in a similar length of time. Whatever dispute there may be as to the extent of the progress that has been made, the fact remains that somewhere during the year the turn was reached and that the trend of business conditions now is toward improvement—a most important consideration to the man who has money to invest and is thinking of putting it into bonds whose price has not yet discounted the return to normal business conditions.

What of the January reinvestment demand and the new issues? Here, if any is wanted, is to be found a concrete illustration of the change in the temper of the investing public. Issues of industrial bonds which but a short time ago could not possibly have been marketed at a decent price are being eagerly taken now. The aggregate of offerings of this kind which have been held back until the January money should become available for investment is very large, but no trouble seems to be experienced in disposing of the new bonds. Recognizing the public's disposition toward attractive investments, corporations which have been awaiting just such a chance to issue bonds authorized long ago are preparing to put large amounts on the market. Large as was the December output of new securities, all indications are that it will be equalled or surpassed by the offerings during the present month. Big bond issues mean large amounts of money borrowed, and that means that the corporations who are doing the borrowing and paying the interest on the money expect to use that money profitably in their business. That they want to borrow such sums speaks well for the business outlook.

There remains to be considered the fact that the distribution of this huge fund of $200,000,000 is in itself a great stimulus to the general business of the country. In one way or another practically the whole of this amount (with the exception of the part remitted to European security-holders) will be put to work as soon as it is received. A large part of it, of course, is spent at once, and so is put into immediate circulation, and the other large part which goes into bonds is actively used by the corporations who have borrowed it, and finds its way back almost as quickly into the channels of trade. There is no reason to expect anything like a boom as a result—large as it is, the sum is not great enough in proportion to the country's capacity to do business. But as a quiet, insistent force the infusion of this new money into the country's industries should work powerfully toward the restoration of normal business conditions.

AN AMERICAN WINS THE RACQUET CHAMPIONSHIP

George Standing (at the left), professional racquet champion of the United States, who defeated Peter Latham (at the right), champion of England, in three straight sets at the New York Racquet and Tennis Club on December 26

The Arrival of the New German Ambassador to America

COUNT JOHANN VON BERNSTORFF, who has succeeded the late Baron Sternburg as German ambassador to the United States, arrived in this country on December 21. He was accompanied by his wife and daughter. The Countess was born in New York City, of German-American parentage, but has not revisited this country for twenty-five years.

The new ambassador is forty-six years of age, and was born in London while his father was stationed there as Secretary

The Count and Countess von Bernstorff

of Legation. This is the Count's first visit to America, and he looks forward to an enjoyable diplomatic service here. His intentions are best expressed in his own words:

"My deep desire is to promote mutual good-will, and I know no other way of doing so, except by openness and rumphte good faith. While I am in Washington there will be no mystery about German aims in all that relates to the United States."

A Play and a Statue

[On the double page of this issue of the WEEKLY *will be found a photograph of Mr. Lorado Taft's sculpture group, "The Blind," which was suggested by Maeterlinck's play, "Les Aveugles."]*

"Il voit! Il voit! Il voit!—Il faut qu'il voie quelque chose d'étrange!"—*Le Trésor Aveugle*

"The Blind" is the symbol of the world lost in the dark forest of unfaith and unknowledge—its ancient guide, the Church sitting dead in the midst of the devotees and their of little faith, who all alike have lost the swift vision of the intuition and can inform themselves of their situation only by the slow uncertain groping of the reason.—RICHARD HOVEY.

DESPAIRING hands appealing to the sky,
And sightless eyes that peer for guiding light
Amid the blackness of the thickening night.
They turn in terror to the powers on high;
And helpless dread sends out its mortal cry
From these lost souls, whose common fears unite
In loss of leader and in dearth of sight—
Afraid in all their misery to die.
But borne above them like a trembling hope
A little child in clear-eyed calm looks out,
Forgetful of the darkness where they grope,—
A new-sent soul that puts blind fears to rout
With sight of dawn, when curtained heavens ope
To flash a radiance on a world of doubt.
HORACE SPENCER FISKE.

An Exhibition of German Paintings

AN exhibition of international interest will take place during January and February at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. A collection of contemporary German art will be arranged in the new Fifth Avenue extension, and will occupy seven galleries or the whole of the second floor. The preparations for this event have extended over many months. Mr. Hugo Reisinger, with the co-operation of two of the best-known German art critics—Dr. Bode, of Berlin, and Prof. Karl Marr, of Munich—has selected the representative work of Germany.

Five great painters will have pictures at the exhibit, and the unique work of the ultra-moderns will also be shown.

There never has been, and probably never will be, so representative an exhibition of German painting, for in Germany the different schools exclude one another from their exhibits. It is a strange fact that even the cultured Americans are ignorant of the achievement of the modern German school, and that they still think of German painters as mere imitators of the French. This exhibition is intended to show that the Germans have long ago left the French nursery, have developed on lines of their own, and are standing on their own feet.

Miss H. H. Hefter will give several talks on German art in connection with the exhibit, under the auspices of the Department of Education, in schools, clubs, and drawing-rooms.

Curious British Leases

RENTORS are the inheritors of some strange relics of the Middle Ages in the shape of leases. There are many curious features to be found among the various leasehold systems in force in different parts of the British Isles. For instance, the Duke of Marlborough holds his estate of Blenheim on condition that he shall present each year a flag to his sovereign, a condition which also applies to the estate of Strathfieldsaye held by the Duke of Wellington. Akin to these odd lease provisions is that pertaining to the estate of the Marquis of Aylesbury, stipulating that the Marquis must, on the occasion of a visit from royalty, present the royal personage with an ivory drinking-cup. The occupant of Bury House, an estate in the New Forest, now held by the Mill family, finds that by the terms of his leasehold he must, upon the entrance of the King into the New Forest, present for the ruler's acceptance a brace of white greyhounds, a breed of dogs that has been carefully preserved by the family mentioned. This queer condition has been pictorially set forth by the artist Lawrence, whose painting shows George III. in the act of receiving a brace of these dogs. The legal term for this form of tenure is "petit sergeantry."

Another interesting instance of petit sergeantry is the stipulation that the Dukes of Atholl must, by way of rental for their estate, hand to the King a white rose whenever his Majesty shall visit them.

Odd conditions attend the holding of church lands in England. For the most part these lands are still held by the curious form of tenure called "frankalmoigne," or free alms. In such cases tenants are not bound to allegiance to their lords, inasmuch as it is contended that their prayers and alms release them from such service.

Borough English, still in existence in parts of the United Kingdom, is the term applied to the right of succession of the younger son, instead of the eldest, to real property, in the event of the father dying intestate. In one county, Sussex, not the youngest son, but the youngest daughter, inherits the property thus left. This odd form of tenure is found in many parts of Europe, except in Spain and Italy, and, according to the opinion of the best Continental lawyers, defies all attempts at explanation.

In one part of England there is a form of tenure called "Gavelkind," the chief provision of which is that land descends not to the eldest or the youngest, but to all the sons collectively.

Some of the strangest of British leasehold systems are found in the heart of London itself. For example, there may be cited the case of shops in the fashionable district where the rentals average from $40,000 to $45,000 a year. It would, of course, appear to the stranger that all rents in that locality would average about the same price. Nevertheless, there are shops in the locality mentioned the rents of which are but $20 to $35 yearly. This curious situation arises from the fact that they are for the most part the property of the city corporation, and have come down attended with many odd lease features. These leases must be renewed by their holders after a period of seven or of fourteen years, as the case may be; and on every such occasion there must be paid a "fine," the total amount of which is equal to about seven times the rental. It follows, therefore, that these queer leases are, to all intents, renewable forever, the result invariably being that when the shop held under a lease from the City Corporation is sold it brings almost the actual market value of a freehold property.

There are properties in London the conditions of the lease of which specify that the occupants shall annually deliver to the Corporation faggots, axes, horse-shoes (sometimes with nails), and, in one case, where the property was to be used as a ship-building yard, provision was made that some portion of a ship must always be on the stocks.

Microbes in 98 A.D.

IT is possible that the ancients knew of the existence of microbes, for we have proof that the sterilization of drinking water was a recommended procedure to ward off disease. Rufus Ephesius, a Greek physician of the city of Ephesus, and who lived in the reign of Trajan (A.D. 98–117), was the author of several medical works, some of which are still extant. The following is an extract from one of his books:

"The water of all ponds and rivers is bad, except that of the Nile. Stagnant water, and the waters of streams which traverse unhealthy lands or pass near public baths, are unwholesome. The best water is that which has been boiled in vessels of earthen ware, allowed to cool, and heated again before drinking."

It is a peculiar coincidence that the Nile, which is exempt from suspicion according to Rufus, really has water free from germs, although it is exceedingly muddy and far from tempting.

A $125,000 Bible

THE ikons in the Cathedral of the Assumption in the Kremlin at Moscow are immensely valuable. They yielded about five tons of silver and five hundredweight of gold to the French soldiery in 1812, but this treasure was recovered by the Cossacks, who in their gratitude presented to the cathedral a silver chandelier weighing 900 pounds. The jewels with which the ikonostas is adorned are valued at $125,000, a single emerald alone being worth $50,000. This is a Bible so large that two men are needed to lift it, and it is studded with gold and emerald and other stones. A sober estimate of the weight of gold used in the ikonostas and vessels of this famous church alone places it at 106 hundredweight.

To Supersede the Pilot

A NOVEL invention, which may enable ships to dispense with pilots in rivers and harbors, has been brought out by a member of the Electrical Engineering Department of McGill University at Montreal.

This device consists of an insulated cable laid on the bed of the navigable channel followed by ships. An alternating current of electricity is sent through the cable, and the induction from the current affects two telephones on board, thus enabling the ship's officers to keep to the line of the cable by listening to the 'phones.

THE PRESIDENT, THE SOUTH, AND THE NEGRO

(Continued from page 10.)

all the other Democratic Senators had urged the President not to insist upon doing this great injustice to Charleston and the country.

The appointment of Crum as Collector at Charleston was made by the President, as he said himself, to "open the door of opportunity" to the negro in the South. This appointment was not in any sense necessary to the public conduct of the office, and as the *Knoxville Journal* said at the time of his third appointment to this place, it could be productive of no good results to either race, and that "the appointment of a colored man to office in communities where he is not wanted in such positions is to call attention to him as an object of prejudice, and in the hands of political demagogues he is also made to appear as an object to be feared." The conditions at that time had changed in no respect since Crum's first appointment. It was still obnoxious to the community. It was still in disregard of the wishes of the municipal authorities of this town, the united commercial bodies, the Legislature of the State, and the wishes of the Senators and Representatives from South Carolina. He was appointed because of his color, and yet the President appointed him because of the objection of the people of this community, and the State, and the Southern States generally; against him partly because of his color.

Dr. Crum has been nominated again for the office of Collector at Charleston. He has held the place for about five years. That ought to satisfy the President. Crum is as objectionable to the white people now as he was when he was first appointed in defiance of the wishes of the people of this community, and of the objections of the Republican Senate. He has been appointed this time, as at first, because of the color of his skin, and with the idea, possibly, to make the white people of the South remember Mr. Roosevelt. "The door of opportunity" for the negro in the South has not been opened any wider by his appointment. The business of the custom-house here is still exclusively confined to the white people. The negroes do not come into contact with the office of Collector, except as a possible centre of political activity. Nobody thinks anything more of Crum than before his appointment, and none of Crum's people have been preferred for any position of trust and honor in the community because of his official place; indeed, the divisions between the races have been only accentuated by his holding office. The negroes are no better off, and the whites are more confirmed than ever in their distrust of the party in power and its true intentions toward the South by the punishment they have suffered.

J. C. HEMPHILL,
Editor of the "News and Courier."

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"WHAT'S THAT, CENTRAL?"
"THE WIRES ARE CROSSED."
"TOO BAD."

The "Red Widow" of Paris

Mme. Steinheil, accused of the double murder

PARIS has for the past six weeks been thrilled by one of the most sensational murder mysteries of recent years. Ever since the discovery, six months ago, that Adolph Steinheil, a prosperous painter, and his wife's stepmother, Mme. Japy, had been gagged, bound, and strangled in their beds with knotted cords, popular excitement had been increasing and this was brought to a climax by the arrest of Mme Steinheil, the wife of the dead artist, on November 26th, on the charge of being the murderess.

Mme. Steinheil had been found on the morning of the murder, gagged in the same manner as the victims and similarly bound, but with the cord round her throat sufficiently loosened to enable her to breathe.

The discovery of a lover, an elderly widower named Bordered, afforded a motive for the murder of Steinheil, while her animus against her stepmother is ascribed to hatred on account of the latter having forced her into the marriage.

Mme. Steinheil, who is now thirty-seven years of age, was a friend of Félix Faure, the President of France who died suddenly—of apoplexy, it was asserted—in 1899. She is said to have been in his company a few hours before he was stricken with his fatal illness and secretly removed from the house of an actress to the Presidential abode. From the fact that much secrecy has been observed by the examining magistrate, M. André—who has held daily battles of wits with the accused woman for some weeks past—the Paris newspapers have not hesitated to ascribe to the French government a desire to avoid the leaking out of political secrets. Circumstantial stories have been printed regarding Mme. Steinheil's relations with the dead President, one newspaper even declaring that she poisoned him—of course in the interests of the Dreyfusards—with potassium cyanide, concealed in a cigar.

The house of the murders in the Passage Ronsin

The studio of the dead man as it appeared after his murder

The prisoner being led to the room of M. André, the examining magistrate

No More Hardtack for Soldiers

HARDTACK, the famous relic of the Revolution and the Civil War, is to be banished forever from the Army of the United States, and in its stead will be furnished bread—fresh, home-made bread, the kind of stuff that will make the soldier boy think of the bread that mother used to make.

For several years a board of army officers has been endeavoring to devise some means by which bread could be successfully baked for an army in the field, and it has at last hit upon a suitable oven for the purpose and the War Department has adopted the design. Though European nations since the time of Napoleon have baked fresh bread for their troops in the field, the United States has relied almost solely upon the flintlike substance known the world over as hardtack.

Transportation of portable ovens has always taxed the resources of the commissariat department on account of the poor roads in this country. This drawback necessitates the use of the old-time army wagons, made up in trains as they were during the Civil War. In this particular we are still far behind foreign countries, particularly France and Germany, where automobiles are used for the transportation for commissary equipment and rations. However, the United States Army will have a bakers' organization which is to form an independent section, and its divisions will be commanded by a subsistence officer. The plan is to have the bakers' wagon-train march a few miles in the rear of the line of troops, and when camp is reached the baking corps will close up, erect its portable ovens, put its bread-mixers in operation, and within a short time be ready to dole out the hot loaves to the tired and hungry soldier boys. The Commissary-General of the Army figures that there will be a great saving in transportation under this plan, one barrel of flour being equal to more than two barrels of the old hardtack, thus doing away with at least one-third of the vehicles formerly required for the carrying of breadstuffs, to say nothing of the benefit to the officers and men of the Army. Under the old system 600 wagons, with four mules each and one man to a wagon, were required to keep 10,000 men in food for five days. These figures do not include the wagons necessary for the transportation of ammunition.

The soldiers of Uncle Sam's Army are not only to be supplied with hot bread, but an entirely new ration has been adopted, which, when administered to them, will make them the best-fed soldiers in the world. The new ration consists of: beef, fresh, 20 ounces; flour, 18 ounces; baking powder, .8 ounce; beans, 2.4 ounces; potatoes, 20 ounces; prunes, 1.28 ounces; coffee, roasted and ground, 1.12 ounces; sugar, 3.2 ounces; milk, evaporated and unsweetened, .5 ounce; vinegar, .16 gill; salt, .64 ounce; pepper, black, .04 ounce; cinnamon, .014 ounce; lard, .64 ounce; butter, .5 ounce; syrup, .32 gill; and flavoring extract, .014 ounce.

Up to within a few years ago the American soldier was the worst fed in the world, as it is quite a jump from that unenviable position to that of being the best fed. Of European nations it is said that Italy now holds the record for the poor feeding of soldiers, while England feeds her soldiers the best, giving them a most generous ration, including jams, rum, and tobacco.

Squaring the Circle by Machinery

AN apparatus has been perfected which bores square or angular holes in metals, stone, and wood. This sounds meaningless because the very idea of the term drilling, or boring, is associated in one's mind with a rotary motion and a resulting cylindrical cavity, but this new drill cuts a hole whose cross-section may be any one of several geometrical figures; either triangular, square, hexagonal, octagonal, or polygonal.

The "Radical" angular drilling apparatus is the invention of a German, Mr. Charles Philgus, of Frankfort-on-the-Main, and is not in the model state, but is now in practical use in many European countries, where it has proven a complete success. Heretofore the general method of cutting a square hole in a metal block was first to drill a circular one and then punch out the corners with bead tools. This latter operation required skilled workmanship, and was very tedious and so expensive that engineers avoided angular fittings wherever possible. But with the "Radical" drill a hundred bearings can be made in the same space of time that it would take to punch a single square hole by hand, and the work would be done much more neatly and accurately. Many of the largest manufacturing plants of Germany are using this invention, and it has demonstrated its value for stone drilling as well as for metal plates.

The great advantage of this remarkable device is that it may be easily attached to any ordinary lathe, drill-press, or milling-machine without altering them in the slightest. The drill proper, which has three cutting edges, is directed by and turns within an adjustable guide that conforms exactly to the shape of the hole to be bored. As the bit revolves it has simultaneously a side eccentric movement, given it by the guide, which causes the cutting edges to shave away the material to the form desired. By changing the drill a larger or smaller hole with rounded or sharp corners may be obtained, and the guide is readily adjusted to fit this new size, which may vary between one-tenth and three inches in width.

Square or angular holes are of the utmost importance in many classes of work where metal parts are fitted together. Ordinarily round holes with riveted joints have been used, but there is always danger of these giving when under a constant strain, though this could never happen with a square fitting. We may say without fear of contradiction that the "Radical" drilling apparatus is one of the most important of recent inventions, and has solved a problem which has perplexed mechanical engineers for many years.

An Air-ship Passenger Service for Germany

GERMANY is soon to have an air-ship passenger service which will include twenty-seven towns in its aerial route. Financiers and sporting men of Berlin, Frankfort, and Cassel recently organized the German Aerostations Company which has placed an order for seven Zeppelin air-ships, each to be designed for carrying ten passengers besides the crew. Naturally the fares will be on a high scale, for only a select few are expected to take advantage of the opportunity for a trip through the clouds.

The schedule of this air-ship company gives three routes, each beginning at Friedrichshafen, with stops at Nürnberg, Leipsic, Berlin, Dresden, Strassburg, Hamburg, and several other cities. There is a probability that one line will be extended as far as Copenhagen. Special stations are to be erected at each stopping-place, so that there will be no difficulty in making a landing, no matter what the weather may be. Patents have already been taken out for an improved anchoring device. It is the intention of the company to place its stations at the service of the German War Office to be used for government air-ships, and such an act will probably procure a subsidy for this new investment.

The Automobile in Peking

IN Peking streets last year there appeared in use, for the first time, an automobile which happened to be of French construction. Cars, of course, had occasionally been seen before in the Celestial capital, but they were the machines employed in international contests. That the automobile as a recognized means of locomotion has been adopted in Peking is all the more significant of modern progress when it is remembered that the introduction of European vehicles into the Imperial City occurred but two and a half years ago. On the other hand, an Italian motorist has remarked on the indifference to the horseless machines shown by the Chinese, who saw in it nothing worth attention, "only an invention of men who to-morrow will invent something else." Hence the air-ship, like the automobile, although in time it may come to be a familiar object to Celestials, is hardly likely to awaken their enthusiasm.

R. HOLT-LOMAX.

The Selection of a Chauffeur

THE heavier the chauffeur, the sooner the tires will have to be replaced. Few automobilists realize how greatly the wear upon the tires of a car depends upon the weight of the passengers carried, and that fifty or a hundred pounds more or less will make an appreciable difference.

An English expert has accumulated data and statistics bearing upon the life of tires of motor cars, and his tests show remarkable results. He concludes that the tires upon a six horse-power runabout should last a running distance of 7,000 miles. With a 140-pound chauffeur this machine would cover only 6,426 miles without necessitating a change of tires, and with a man weighing 210 pounds the distance would be reduced to 6,173 miles. When we consider that on such a car the tire cost is about twenty dollars for every thousand miles, it will be seen that our heavy chauffeur adds approximately five dollars more to the running expenses than does the lighter man.

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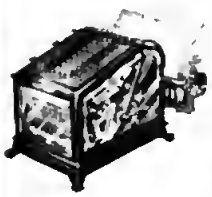

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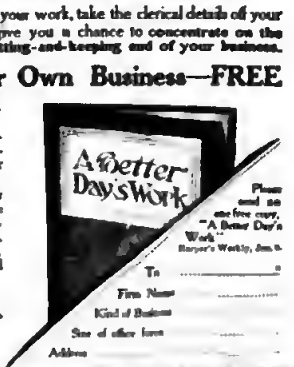

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Good copy is simply good salesmanship. It has little to do with phrasing—little to do with display.

The writer must know his audience—know their wants and their likes. He must know how to approach them, how to influence them, how to win them.

He must be well enough equipped to go from house to house and sell what he has to sell.

He must be proof against folly. He must efface himself. He will fall down very quickly if he tries to show off.

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He must know human nature, must awake human interest, must be invariably able to touch the chord that responds.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LIII — New York, January 16, 1909 — No. 2717

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ITALY'S GRISLY TASK

SOLDIERS SEARCHING FOR THE COUNTLESS DEAD IN THE EARTHQUAKE RUINS

THIS PHOTOGRAPH IS THE FIRST OF THE PICTURES TO COME TO THIS COUNTRY PURPORTING TO REPRESENT THE ITALIAN EARTHQUAKE CATASTROPHE OF DECEMBER 28TH LAST. IT REACHED NEW YORK ON JANUARY 2ND, ON THE STEAMSHIP "CAMPANIA," HAVING BEEN SENT FROM MILAN TO A LONDON ILLUSTRATIONS AGENCY AND FORWARDED THENCE WITH ALL POSSIBLE DISPATCH TO A NEW YORK REPRESENTATIVE FROM WHOM "HARPER'S WEEKLY" OBTAINED IT. IT BORE NO INDICATION OF TIME OR PLACE

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LIII No. 2717

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

The Situation in Washington

THE country is to be congratulated upon the fact that the feeling of thoughtful men respecting the present deplorable situation at the national capital is one of disgust and not of alarm. Had it arisen four years ago, or had THEODORE ROOSEVELT been re-elected last November, the gravity of the real peril to free government could hardly be overstated. The condition in actual fact now confronting us would be no less serious than that which was met by the Lords and Commons when, after the abdication of JAMES the Second, they presented to the Prince of Orange, "for the vindicating and asserting of their ancient rights and liberties," these declarations:

> 1. That the pretended power of suspending of laws or the execution of laws by regal authority without consent of Parliament is illegal. 2. That the pretended power of dispensing with laws or the execution of laws by regal authority, as it hath been assumed and exercised of late, is illegal. . . . 9. That the freedom of speech, and debates or proceedings in Parliament, ought not to be impeached or questioned in any court or place out of Parliament. And they do claim, demand, and insist upon all and singular the premises as their undoubted rights and liberties.

When President ROOSEVELT not only acknowledged but boasted to the Senate of the United States that he had personally authorized the absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company by the United States Steel Corporation, without regard to the provisions of the anti-trust act, he confessed that he had violated the first declaration contained in this Bill of Rights. When he scornfully denied the right of Congress, which had created the office of Attorney-General, to demand information from that office respecting its official conduct, he virtually asserted "regal authority" in the execution or suspension of the laws. When he denounced the House of Representatives for having enacted legislation solely "for the benefit of the criminal classes," declared further that their action was attributable to their fear of being investigated themselves, and sneeringly suggested that Congressmen might be exempted from espionage, and when, finally, he grossly misrepresented the "chief argument" of the House of Representatives, he clearly "impeached the debates or proceedings" of that branch of the government which is constituted the direct representative of the people. At no previous period in our national history could a President have gone to such extremes in audacious exhibition of insolence, denunciation, disingenuousness, and absolute prevarication without being called upon to answer charges tending to his impeachment. Happily, as we have pointed out, the saving clause from the complete humiliation of our country which would ensue from such proceedings is found in the brevity of the continuance of this seemingly insane domineering. If four years more of ROOSEVELT had been assured by a great majority of the popular vote, who would be bold enough to foretell the consequences? We may only hope that the short intervening period may pass without untoward incident, and to that end we earnestly beseech moderation to the extent of excessive tolerance on the part of Senators and Representatives.

An Adequate Punishment

The punishment of ROOSEVELT before the world and history is severe enough. The House of Representatives, by a practically unanimous vote—212 to 35—irrespective of party affiliations, has pronounced his assertions contained in a formal message to that body "unjustified and *without basis of fact*." And the pronouncement was not made in heat of resentment, anger, or excitement, but after full investigation, with calm deliberation, and with a dignity according with the best traditions of the American Congress. That a man possessing a sense of personal honor or even the instincts of decency would be cut to the quick by such a declaration from his political and personal associates, acting from motives of high patriotic duty, we consider to be self-evident. It seems almost inconceivable that President ROOSEVELT should not feel the hurt. And yet, the newspapers inform us, "all is serene at the White House," the President merely coincides with the opinion of Dr. LYMAN ABBOTT that perhaps it would have been better to have said "a chief argument" instead of "*the* chief argument," and he continues to be "full of fight." We cannot feel certain, therefore, that as his rage mounts with growing appreciation of the humiliation heaped upon him, the President, believing as he undoubtedly does, and perhaps rightly, that he is still a popular idol, may not force Congress to take action even more drastic than that already embodied in the two distinct resolutions of the House and the Senate. If, as the *Sun* plainly intimates, THEODORE ROOSEVELT is conducting the personal as well as the official campaign of ANDREW JOHNSON, we cannot tell what to expect. We would not willingly exaggerate the gravity of the situation, and we do not believe we are doing so when we say that serious apprehension will occupy the minds of all thoughtful men until WILLIAM H. TAFT shall be safely installed as President of the United States.

Sic Him, Bonaparte

We have carefully read the verbatim report of the debate in the *Record*; and the result is that we are under the painful necessity of flatly contradicting the President . . . To say that the debate, in any degree, however slight, justified the President's original statement is nothing but a travesty on the truth.—*Springfield Republican.*

Liar! Scoundrel!

Playing with the Canal

MR. JOSEPH R. RHOADS, President of the Merchants' Trust Company of Philadelphia, puts in a few words the sentiments of many from whom we have heard recently when he writes:

> If HARPER'S WEEKLY is satisfied that the engineers (a majority) were right and President ROOSEVELT and the minority were wrong, I, like many others of your readers, would be glad to have you come out more and strong for a sea level canal.

And we reply that HARPER'S WEEKLY is not so satisfied, for the simple reason that HARPER'S WEEKLY has only the conflicting opinions of engineers upon which to base a judgment. The weight of evidence, we should say, sustains the sea-level plan, which incidentally has always been the popular one, and would have been adopted but for the President's personal interference. What we regard as serious is that President-elect TAFT is to make a final and irrevocable decision within a few weeks upon expert opinions which we cannot but regard askance. He will be wholly dependent upon the engineers appointed by the President to accompany him. They are ARTHUR P. DAVIS, of the Reclamation Service, ISHAM RANDOLPH, FREDERICK P. STEARNS, JOHN R. FREEMAN, ALLEN HAZEN, and JAMES DIX SCHUYLER. The official announcement has been made from the White House that all six were proposed to the President by MR. ALFRED NOBLE, who was one of the minority engineers who voted for the lock system, and has been an adviser of the President from the beginning. MR. DAVIS is a member of the administration. MESSRS. RANDOLPH and STEARNS, like MR. NOBLE, were members of the minority of five who voted originally for the lock system. They are put, therefore, in the awkward position of being compelled to confirm or repudiate their own judgment. None of the three Americans—BUNAU, PARSONS, or DAVIS—who supported the sea-level plan is included. Of the predilections of the three new men—MESSRS. FREEMAN, HAZEN, and SCHUYLER—we know nothing. In view, however, of the President's assurance in designating MR. NOBLE to select the engineers (possibly, in the event of things going wrong, to shield himself) and the positive audacity of MR. NOBLE in naming two of his minority colleagues, it is a reasonably safe assumption that they are not predisposed in favor of sea-level ditches. Conclusions seem to be obvious. We have too much regard for Mr. TAFT's intelligence to suspect him of incapacity to recognize a packed jury when he sees one, but what can he do but accept and confirm the recommendations of his official advisers? He is not himself an engineer, and those in charge of the work are not likely to condemn the work they themselves are doing. The anticipated report in favor of continuing the job on present lines may be justified and may be right, despite the pronouncements of so many eminent engineers to the contrary. Upon that point we venture no opinion. But we do insist that a decision based upon the findings of a commission thus constituted will carry no weight whatever in the minds of the people, and the undivided responsibility will fall upon MR. TAFT. And that, we declare, is too bad. He is too good a man to be bunkoed at the very beginning of his work even by his beloved political benefactor.

A Suggestion to Brother Hearst

In this connection, Brother HEARST, of the Interdependent League, remarks:

> Aroused by the Gatun dam incident, Colonel HARLEY expresses his dissatisfaction with the work of the United States Army engineers, and his doubts of President-elect TAFT'S ability to discover what is wrong. Colonel HARLEY advises the government to ask Mr. E. H. HARRIMAN to pass on the work.
>
> No one will deny that no more valuable opinion could be obtained than the careful judgment of the builder of the Salt Lake "cut-off." But Colonel HARLEY'S appreciation of the value of an opinion is an achievement in itself. He uses a well-known axiomatic expression in a hitherto unknown application, thus:
>
> "Mr. HARRIMAN'S mere opinion upon the existing vital differences of opinions among the engineers would be worth its weight in gold!"
>
> Observe the emphasis of "mere." A "mere" opinion worth its weight in gold! Of course, Mr. HARRIMAN'S opinion would have great weight, but Colonel HARLEY'S explanation of how the nearness of an opinion can be thus appraised is yet to be made known.

If Brother HEARST will inform himself respecting the make-up of the government commission—which he can do by reading the foregoing paragraph—he will readily perceive that the appraisal is one of comparative values. Mr. HARRIMAN'S "mere opinion" would be based upon painstaking investigation by the most competent corps of engineers now in active service. Both he and they have established reputations as constructors to enhance or to lose, and, vastly more important, are not hamstrung by previous commitments or the necessity of reaffirming a judgment made in the face of the unanimous vote to the contrary of engineers appointed by the governments of England, France, Germany, and the Netherlands, and supplemented by that of three of the best experts in the United States. Brother HEARST is accustomed to do big and expensive things in what he considers to be the public interest. Could he do a better one, at this critical juncture in our Panama history, than fit out a party of absolutely independent engineers and send them to the isthmus to make thorough investigation and an impartial report based upon the facts? Moreover, since he agrees with us that "no more valuable opinion" could be obtained than that of Mr. HARRIMAN, why not request that gentleman to take charge of the expedition? He probably wouldn't go; but there is no harm in asking, and something of the sort really brought about would be worth while.

At It Again

> It is known to a few, at least, that the President has damaging evidence regarding certain members of the House, but that he has thus far refrained from using it, and that he would have ignored the action taken with regard to his message had the Lower House gone no farther. It is feared, however, that the TAWNEY committee may so far provoke the President as to lead him to make public the information he has acquired, and that the results may prove disastrous to the political future of more than one member of the House.—*Washington Despatch in the Tribune.*

So the President has not yet despaired of frightening Congress off the track. But how does the good old *Tribune* fancy its own new rôle as an accessory of Government by Blackmail?

Wicked New England

What is this about New England? That ardent apostle, MR. LINCOLN STEFFENS, says it is in a bad way. "In Rhode Island," he declared, at a Sunday evening prayer-meeting in Boston, "I found corruption from the top to the bottom and from the bottom to the top. Worst of all, the people themselves are bad. New Hampshire, Connecticut, and Vermont are worse than Rhode Island. Finally, I had to give New England up in despair." If anybody but MR. STEFFENS had uttered this brutal condemnation, we should have wondered if he might not be mistaken, especially

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about the people being bad. The politicians and corporation lawyers and such like, of course, are a poor lot, but the great body of Yankees have enjoyed fair repute hitherto. But when the redoubtable Mr. STEFFENS gives up anything in despair, the case must be pretty hopeless. He oughtn't to do it. His business is to reform and regenerate, and the tougher the sinner the harder he should belabor him into consciousness of his sins. We vote in favor of Mr. STEFFENS settling down in New England and staying there till the community shall be touched to the quick by the mere beholding of New York's most glowing example of self-righteousness. It is not an easy job and will take time, but that will be all right. We can scrape along somehow so long as Mr. STEFFENS keeps within telephonic range and immune to the dread laloplegia

The Optimism of Americans

Signor FERRERO, the historian of ancient Rome, finds plenty of "copy" in the Americans as he sees them, and it is interesting "copy," too, whether one agrees with it or not. He finds himself impressed with the patience, the good nature, and the almost universal optimism of the people he sees here. He sees them bear minor annoyances—crowded cars, theatre jams, delays, and physical inconveniences—" with a tranquillity and a patience that Europe knows not; without ever getting angry, without protests, without shouting." He has never seen in cars or trams, in theatres or public places, "a single one of those quarrels or protests that in Europe accompany all public service." What power, he asks, has made the Americans so gentle? And they are all optimists, finding reasons in everything, good or bad, for consolation and trust. They have lately suffered from a panic, but it has seemed to leave behind it no trace of the "rancorous wake of hatred that a financial crisis always leaves behind in Europe." Nobody despairs of the government. All men seem to feel that our political ills and diseases are in a fair way to be cured. The new crowds from Europe—including so many undesirables—will all be assimilated and Americanized as fast as they come; the President-to-be will be a great President; in everything that is doing there is a chance of a good issue, and the Americans, as Signor FERRERO observes them, are betting on that chance. Some of them deplore the increasing bitterness of class hatred, but our class hatreds seem to this Italian scholar very mild emotions compared with the "ferocious hatreds and Old World struggles" to which as a European he is used. Too much optimism for their own good the Americans may have, he thinks, and too much to last, but, as he sees it, it interests him and makes him wonder to what it is due.

The Bases of American Optimism

One source of it he finds in easier material conditions than Europe can offer. Another in the comparatively brief and peaceful history of the country. "Europe is the daughter of war," he says. "America, of peace." These are valid sources, no doubt, but there are others, of great significance, which, in the short article in the Sunday *World* that we are quoting from, he does not enumerate. The Americans are optimists because they are free and because they are intelligent. The great body of the people is more enlightened, better educated, and quickened by more mental spontaneity than the mass of any other people on earth. And they are free, or can be free if they will take the trouble. Whatever seems to them amiss seems in their power to cure, and is going to be cured "when we get time to attend to it." It is easier to bear ills and inconveniences when one considers them temporary, and believes that he can fix them when he gets ready, unless the newspapers do it sooner. Very likely the newspapers should be included in any enumeration of the bases of American optimism. They are the great vents of our dissatisfactions and the heralds of our hopes. But the greatest things of all are freedom and education—freedom to learn, freedom to try. There is a wonderful spirit in this country—the spirit of people who know they have a chance, and that it will be nobody's fault but their own if they don't improve it.

Six to be Hanged

Six Night-Riders have been convicted of murder in Tennessee and condemned to be hanged. Will they hang them? Informal hanging by volunteer committees is still done in various localities, but formal hanging seems to go more and more against the grain in American communities. The most fertile field for capital punishment just now is Russia. The civilized communities generally use it with a reluctance that gives great concern to some observers who find in it one reason for the growth of lawlessness. In France, President FALLIÈRES has been strongly opposed to it, but the Chamber of Deputies refused last month to abolish it, and this week sees the first execution by the guillotine that has taken place for several years. What is this reluctance to inflict the death penalty? Is it due to indifference to law, or is it a manifestation of the increasing gentleness of human relations? The growth in mildness is very marked, and seems to scandalize some believers (like KIPLING) in authority and the strong hand. If it is a sign of increasing weakness in human knees and backbones, it is justly held to be alarming. If it is a sign of increasing patience, reasonableness, and the sympathy that looks for causes and makes allowances, and believes more in cure by teaching and by liberty than by retribution or force, it is hopeful, and not the product of weakness, but of strength. The fright of the terrified is apt to be harsh, the courage of the bold is apt to be gentle. The prevailing tendency to mildness seems to be rather the product of scruple and intelligent compunction than of feebleness. Will it do any good? is the question that often restrains severe punishment nowadays. Comparatively few persons have been benefited by hanging—that is, by being hanged themselves—but it has been believed in times past that many persons have been benefited in many instances by the hanging of somebody else. That belief has come to be considerably shaken in the last two generations, so that capital punishment has been abolished in various countries of Europe and in various States of our Union, but enough of it is probably left in Tennessee to secure the taking off of the six men now under sentence. The Night-Riders have been a murderous oppression, injury, and disgrace in the States in which they have flourished, and this chance to discourage them will hardly be let slip.

Prohibition in the South

Savannah is reported to be in tacit rebellion against the State prohibition law in Georgia. Complaint is made that the law is not enforced in that city, and the Prohibitionists are yelling to Governor HOKE SMITH to make an example of it. President MRS. ANNOUR, of the Georgia W. C. T. U., has inspected Savannah, and reports to the Governor that "anarchy is rife" in that city. The rifeness of the anarchy consists, apparently, in letting the saloons sell drinks as of old, and raiding them once a month and collecting fines about equal to the former license fees. We read in the *Sun*, an exceptionally veracious newspaper, that the brand of restriction which curbs the bibulous propensities of Virginia "neither promotes morality and good public conduct nor contributes to the public revenue." The same authority finds that in Georgia and Alabama, more particularly in the cities of Atlanta, Savannah, Birmingham, and Huntsville, "prohibition now appears to have stimulated the criminal record and at the same time crimped the treasury." There can be very little question that zeal has outrun discretion in the anti-rum movement in the South, and that much legislation that has aimed to make States dry will have to be revised. The enforcement of prohibition laws in communities in which public opinion is strongly against prohibition is uphill work and bad for morals and public order. Short-term local-option laws, which permit an annual review of the question of license or no-license, seem to work best. That matter ought to rest on local public opinion, formed by observation of practical results. That never satisfies the Prohibitionists, who want all traffic and experiment with the possibilities of intoxication to be forbidden by law and prevented by all the power of the State. It does not accord with their purpose that any one, however temperate or responsible, should enjoy freedom of choice and conduct in the matter of drinks.

Emergency Men

It is growing to look (judging by the newspapers) as if HAMMERSTEIN was the HANAMAN of opera; the great captain to whom recourse is had (as to "Bobs" in the Boer war) when things gang agley and the case calls for demonstrated talent. Employment of the highest talent is apt to depend on how bad the scrape is and how great the need of extrication. The Panama Canal may not yet have reached a crisis desperate enough to compel recourse to the talents of Mr. HANAMAN, but if its concerns go ill enough soon enough, he is the General "Bobs" who will have to be sent to the front. As for Captain-General HAMMERSTEIN, it is conceded that he knows his business. How many cities shall be turned over to him who hath, that the Scripture may be fulfilled?

Travel and Culture

The advantages of old-time life in Greece, as set forth in a Lowell Institute (Boston) lecture by Dr. J. P. MAHAFFY, of Dublin, included the simplicity of Greek life, which made living easy and left more time and strength to spare for education, and the fact that the Greeks, having abundant culture at home, did not need to travel in search of it. "One great difficulty with the Americans," said the speaker, "is the huge amount of time spent in travelling, for it is the most serious bar to education. If the country were one-half or one-tenth of its present size, the Americans would have more opportunity to secure education." Perhaps so, and yet we suspect the learned Irishman lies under some misapprehension both as to the motive of the travelling that is done by Americans and of the necessity that they should travel in order to get the culture that he seems to suppose they are after. He is doubtless right in thinking that to spend a huge amount of time is travel is a serious bar to education. But Americans don't so much travel nowadays in search of education as for recreation. Comparatively few of them go abroad after culture. The great majority go for amusement. The tired go for rest, the lazy go because they like a change and are easier amused without working abroad than at home. If by the use of their eyes they pick up a little culture in their resings, without effort, they are by so much the gainers, but most of them do not get very much. Sir THOMAS BROWNE, after living six or eight years on the continent of Europe, said in effect that travel was not of vital importance, because the thing best worth studying was man, and that could be investigated as well at home as abroad. Nowhere on earth can man be studied to better advantage in this age than in this country; nowhere is the human mind freer, the relations of human beings more interesting, and the problems that grow out of them in a more edifying state of experiment and solution. Moreover, there are centres of culture all over this country, which continually feed and influence inquiring minds. In what other country are the best books so easily accessible to so many competent readers? What other air is so full as ours of the ideas and inspirations that stimulate and glorify life? Culture, like literature and art, is and must be a by-product of life. Here we have the life; the by-products are sure to come in ample measure.

Interdependence is Better

Mrs. CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN says that woman is man's horse to whom he measures out oats. She would have every married woman live in proud independence and make her own living. As things go now, there is a division of labor between men and women which in most cases suits both of them about as well as human imperfection allows. We doubt if it would be bettered by Mrs. GILMAN'S proposed revision. Interdependence works pretty well between men and women; quite as well, we guess, as "proud independence" would ever work.

Mr. Taft's Talk to Ministers

For a man who is as many kinds of an un-Christian person as some people said Mr. TAFT was before election, he seems to be getting on well with the ministers. On January 6th the Protestant ministers of Augusta, Georgia, called on him, prayed with him, said they wanted to arrange a reception for him, and heard him talk. He told them a number of things, among others about his experiences with the Philippines and the Church there, and what he said to the Pope when he visited him. He said to the ministers:

> To the indispensable presence of Church influence in the improvement of our civilization no one can be blind who has shared in the slightest the responsibility for government and the responsibility for improvement in a people as I have.

What nonsense that was that was talked about TAFT'S Unitarianism!

The American Pigs

Eight hundred thousand dollars from the national government for stricken Sicily! More than half a million from New York City! Fully ten millions from the United States before these words reach the reader's eye. Truly, the land of the dollar! How about the land of pounds, the land of marks, the land of francs!

Bores

One sometimes wonders that any one should have the hardihood to write or speak of bores, so swift is the lurking subconsciousness to suggest that haply we are that we condemn. The *Spectator*, however, has recently gone into an elaborate classification of the bore, marking off the telling points of the various kinds—the bore with a grievance, the arbitrary or dogmatic bore, the pugnacious bore, the plausible bore, and last but surely not least the facetious bore. Being an English and not an American paper, it did not classify the smart young cynical bore with which the land of liberty is so amply and flauntingly decorated. Of course the one perfect though time-honored definition of the bore is, the man who talks about himself when you want to talk about yourself.

Indeed, there was once a famous man who lived in a small town and he was known everywhere as the man who never bored any one. His friendship was considered an honor, his society was sought after, he was a welcome sight wherever he went. And the matter, when thoroughly sifted to find out the true nature of the hidden charm was discovered to be that his own concerns were so mastered, so well held in restraint, that he did not need to tell anybody about them and he had ample leisure to listen to the burning matters brought to him by others. It was even told of him that after his first trip to Europe he received visitors without once mentioning the fatal word, whereas the tendency of the average one who has travelled is so well known and so profoundly feared that in the little book of *Conversational Openings* and *Answers* the proper reply to the person who says, "I have just returned from abroad," is set down as "Good bye."

However uncharitable it be, however much we may fear that we dwell in a glass house where the first stone flung would shatter our mansion of pride, we do somehow divide off our friends into the bores and the not bores, and it would be too pessimistic a view to assert that the former are those who let us talk and the latter those who talk themselves. It is not even true that the news-carrier is always the bore. There are a great many vital things to be communicated in this life more important than facts.

True charity is never boring, health and happiness and high spirits are exempt, and all forms of ruddiness and trust. Nor would one like to discourage every form of discontent: failures have their own interest and are not conducive to listlessness if they be but poignant and tragic enough. It is, for example, not boring to hear that a man has starved to death on Fifth Avenue, or that another was committed to jail for stealing bread for four starving babies. These matters add to the picture of life, are the dark shadows that throw out the high lights and make the myriad-colored, intricate picture of being.

The man with a hobby who does something in likewise not a bore. It is always interesting to see people beget results; but the man with a hobby who merely talks about what he would like to do, or might do, or, worse, might have done, is the man who demands that we stretch out the mantle of our charity and tend the armor of our endurance.

Another guileless and quite piteous bore is the self-conscious mortal who does not want to talk at all, who would be glad to escape all but the more intimate communications of human intercourse, but who feels necessity laid upon him and struggles gallantly with the overshadowing silence that may drop like a pall upon the least of words at any moment. He repeats and emphasizes his futile remarks and fixes his strained eye upon us in the dire hope that we take the burden of noise from him. We can literally see in his strained attitude his sense that a platitude in the hand is worth a dozen repartees in the bush. When, however, we relieve his agony and launch forth in a long recital that shall give surcease of his woe, he falls back limply indifferent, unable to listen, exhausted by past efforts. It is difficult to know whether to advise such people to practise the art of conversation until the pain of it becomes less or to give up the terrible undertaking altogether and devote themselves to the written word where he that reads may run.

But undoubtedly the art of conversation may become so entirely machine-made, so unrevealing of separate personality, as to be the very greatest of bores. If any one doubts this, let him during the day converse on different occasions and varying topics with eight or ten finest young girls out of school, on the borders of the world, and proud and gratified by their intimacy with its requirements. If they had been parrots tought on the same ship, their conversation could not be less varied. They will respond to any and every topic with the remark that they are "crazy" about it or that it is "perfectly vile." No subtle shades of thought or feeling hint at an inner life of discrimination and choice. Life as they present it is as bald and blank as a block and white checker-board, and the current novels and matinées upon which their unwrit little minds are trained and nourished do little to help them to a perception of the beauties of delicate perceptions and a trained taste in words and feeling. Doubtless slang, bad grammar, exaggeration, serve their own good purposes, and we have seen instances where the phrase, "You can search me," gave the whole impression of wit, though it came from a person devoid of the faintest glimmerings of life's humorous incongruities. There is indeed a certain set in society where, in a vain but strenuous endeavor to vary language and get the sense of freshness and humor, bad grammar is used, and to say "I ain't seen him" serves a heroic man for the better forms of surprise. One sometimes wonders why such folk as are put to this necessity should not make a study of humor and learn by heart the bons mots of SYDNEY SMITH, LAMB, LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, and others. The man of great learning and great interest in dry scientific toils is apt to be a bore. No one has the time or the energy to learn many subjects in detail, and it is undoubtedly trying to be forced to serve as an unwilling bucket to an energetic and copious mental pump. The life-giving drops of learning form a tiny stream that has become distilled wisdom or principles from which more life comes forth and is of vital interest always, but few there be that distinguish it from a mere flow of facts. There are people known who are flattered by affectations, taking them to be efforts made in deference to their supposed superior taste and knowledge. They take it as a good deal of a compliment that another should broaden his a's and elide his r's in the superior presence, but, in the main, affected people are apt to be bores. The strain of their efforts is catching and we find ourselves listening with as tense an anxiety to see whether the next a will match the last as the heridden and anxious talker himself.

But as regards the attitude to be assumed toward bores, it behooves the majority of us to be tender-hearted. If we are all bright, particular stars when we wander in our own chosen sphere, there is never any surety that we may not be jostled out of it at any odd moment and then find ourselves in like case with those we have condemned. Failure, unhappiness, inferiority, and headache are impartial birds of prey hovering over life and the luckiest of us may be seized at any moment and find ourselves dumb and dispirited in the face of the demands of human intercourse. One wonders if it was mere irresponsibility or sheer naughtiness which made FITZGERALD command the inscription upon his tomb: "It is He that hath made us." Certainly to the depressed there are moments when this line of the "Te Deum" is the chief consolation in life. After all, we are not entirely guilty of ourselves, and it there be a Creator who looks down upon the pageant He has set going, doubtless He sees and excuses our disabilities and stupidities, our moments of puffed-up egotism, our frustrated balloons of conceit, our hollow depression, and deadness, too. He has made His world with wisdom and knows where to lay in shadows and where to bring out color, and each of us, in our little corner, is, willingly or unwillingly, ghostly or tragically, serving a purpose greater than we know

Personal

The death of Dwight Gwaswold, stroke of the Yale crew in last year's New London race, is used as an argument against four-mile races, but with very little propriety, as it will be recalled that Gwaswold collapsed when the race was hardly more than half rowed. It is a sound and very grievous argument, however, on the side of the carefuled solicitude in trainees and medical advisers that college oarsmen are physically fit for the strain of racing. It will be recalled now with some satisfaction that after Gwaswold's collapse his fellows in the boat refused to go on until he had been taken out and looked after. No chances were taken after his predicament disclosed itself. That the immediate cause of his death was typhoid fever will hardly relieve rowing of the responsibility for his taking off.

We trust that the spirits of those whose manifestations of merit and virtue while living have found recognition in these columns will not take it amiss if we say a word about Esau. He was called Esau because he was big and hairy and not disdainful of an occasional mess of pottage. Not that he was a glutton like the Boston bull. Far from it. He was an dainty as the most exquisite lady and was scrupulously honorable in his methods of acquiring nourishment. One of his eyes was brown and the other was blue. This gave him an appearance which at first sight seemed almost uncanny, but when one had become familiar with the disparity, it was curiously attractive. He was not very brave. That is, his courage did not exceed that of the average human being. And it was because he was really so much like folks, we suspect, that everybody liked him and laughed and shouted joyously, "Hello, Esau," whenever he came galloping across the lawn or even over the flower-beds. Although naturally intelligent and easily taught to keep at heel or round up imaginary sheep, as his remote ancestors rounded up real ones, he could never seem to realize that flowers were not grown for his special delectation. His strong liking was for gardenias, probably because they are bright, and he used to make his bed among them. The gardeners never fully approved of this habit, and would have reprehended the practice by anybody else, but Esau—well, Esau was different. After the manner of heedless young humans, such as are wont to throw stones at bald heads, he would bully the old collie who had lost her teeth, but his attitude toward the real boss of the kennels was always propitiatory. Just like everybody else who is naturally proud without being destitute of common sense, he would not pick up a rubber ball or stick, even though he reached it first, if he happened to hear the boss coming up behind him. He would suddenly see something else somewhere that attracted him more, and would dash off into space so earnestly that a stranger would hardly suspect that he was only pretending. He pawed the flower-beds so constantly that his feet were always soiled, but when he jumped up so unaffectedly glad to see you and put them on your shoulders you never thought of complaining, because there was a depth of affection in those one brown and one blue eyes, such as is seldom given one to see in this world. If he could have talked, probably he could have indicated what ailed him in time, but he could speak only through the mirrors of his great heart, and it was the utter helplessness of both himself and those about him that was most pathetic. So there was nothing to do, and his eyes grew dimmer and dimmer, until finally the light disappeared entirely. . . . We have said rather more than we started out to say about Esau. The excuse must be that when we happen to look at the place worn in the grass under the apple tree where he used to lie, and recall him tensely awaiting the word to come, with eager anticipation shining from his blue and brown eyes, and his stump of a tail just waiting to wag, we have to go away rather quickly to keep from envying a certain little girl whom also he loved and who, being a girl and little, was permitted by the conventions to cry when she heard that Esau had had to die.

Correspondence

THE LATE DR. A. J. McOSH

St. Jamesaay, Vt., *December 19, 1906.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It was with pleasure that I read your estimate of the late Dr. Andrew J. McOsh in your Personal column. In all the notices I have seen, in the medical as well as the lay press, this is the first to place Doctor McOsh where, in my mind, he belonged—as "the best all-round surgeon in New York"—I would say the East. It has been my good fortune many times to sit at his feet in the clinics in the Presbyterian Hospital, and I know that visiting doctors were always impressed by his modesty and democratic manner, no less than with his great skill as a surgeon. He was not afraid to say, "I don't know"—which is something not too often found in members of my profession. His death will be deplored by every physician, and every one else who has ever come in contact with him.

I am, sir,

J. M. ALLEN.

In Washington

A Visitor to his Guide, Logotter

(In the Supreme Court.)

Hush! What's that noise beneath the Bench?
It gives my nerves a dreadful wrench.
Those Justices should careful be
Lest we behold some tragedy.
Some spectre of a tiny Fawkes sort
I fear doth lurk beneath this court
To terrorize them while they try
To do their work judgually.
What was that sound? The Saints preserve us—
'Tis nothing but the Secret Service!

(In the Senate.)

Crash! Boom! There comes a dreadful roar
From somewhere 'neath the Senate floor.
Can it then be that 'neath its base
There dwells some giant rodent race,
Or hath some pillar given way
Like those in Mr. Samson's day
That dropped the Temple with a thud,
And filled the whole broad land with blood?
What were those sounds? They quite unnerve us—
What's that? Here too? The Secret Service?

(In the House of Representatives.)

Zip! Bang! Sit still, my heart, sit still,
Nor mind the horrorific thrill
That makes you palpitate with fear,
And tremble like a startled deer
To note throughout the Cone-ess Halls
The echoes of some prison walls.
Beneath the Speaker's chair, a sound
Grim, cold, and cruel, undergrand.
To letter, grip, and maybe swerve us
From— What? Again? The Secret Service!

(In the Café.)

Who in this waiter nigh my chair
With rolcily supercilious air?
He takes my order with a sneer
That drives away all thought of cheer.
His eye doth pierce me through and through
And turns my red blood green and blue.
Whate'er I eat, whate'er I drink,
He jots down in a book, I think—
Look! See! How close he doth observe us!
What? He? Well, well—the Secret Service!

(On the Street.)

Come, let's escape. This is too much.
I really cannot stand for such.
A Freeman I, and freedom prize,
I have no use for peeping spies.
Let's hie forth to some other zone
Where Fouché's ken are all unknown.
You can't! Why not? Why, this is strange.
Your face has undergone a change—
Speak! Quick, I beg—you make me nervous!
WHAT? YOU TOO—IN THE SECRET SERVICE!
(Faints.)

CARLYLE SMITH.

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AMID THE RUINS THAT ROUSED THE PITY OF THE WORLD

THIS PHOTOGRAPH, DESIGNATED AS A SCENE IN THE SHATTERED CITY OF BAGNARA, IN CALABRIA, SOUTHERN ITALY, WHERE MORE THAN A THOUSAND PERSONS WERE KILLED ON DECEMBER 28TH LAST, REACHED NEW YORK ON JANUARY 9TH, IN RESPONSE TO CABLED REQUEST FOR PICTURES OF THE ITALIAN DISASTER

A hastily constructed camp of starving, terrified refugees

Soldiers bearing the dead and the injured from the ruins

Copyright, 1909, by the Press Publishing Co.

In the shattered city of Palmi, near the Strait of Messina, where a thousand persons were killed

Copyright, 1909, by the Press Publishing Co.

The razed houses of Bagnara, a few miles from Palmi, in Southern Italy, where the earthquake force was stupendous

ITALY'S TRAGEDY OF THE CENTURIES

IN RESPONSE TO URGENT REQUESTS FOR PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE DESTRUCTION IN [illegible] AND SICILY BY THE EARTHQUAKE OF DECEMBER 28TH LAST, WHICH COST MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND LIVES, THE FOUR PICTURES REPRODUCED [illegible] COMPRISING TO REPRESENT SCENES IN THE STRICKEN REGION, WERE THE VERY FIRST [illegible] TO THIS COUNTRY

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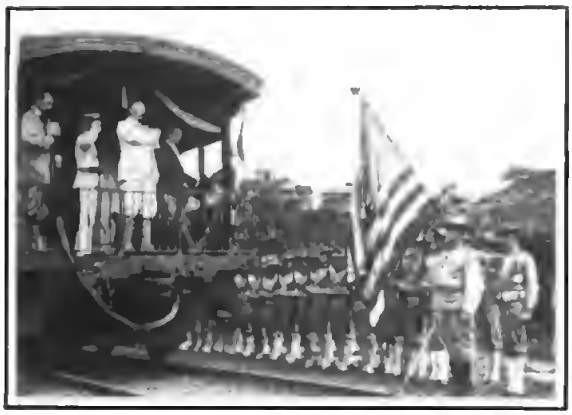
Congress and the Secret Service

By Edward G. Lowry

THE mystery surrounding the United States Secret Service is like all the ice sold in Montgomery, Alabama, wholly artificial. This made-to-order mystery, which is carefully fostered in fact and artistically exaggerated in fiction, is the chief asset of this Federal detective agency. The mystery of its power, its numbers, its methods, covers both the just and the unjust, confounding those who make the laws, awing and terrifying those who break them.

The duties and activities of the Secret Service

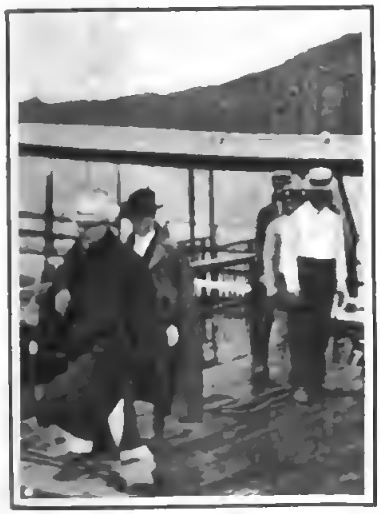


The President, while addressing United States troops during his visit to Panama in November, 1906, was guarded by a Secret Service man, who stands at his right

Division of the Treasury Department are perfectly well known and accurately defined. The duties are specified in the law, the suppression of counterfeiting and the protection of the person of the President. But concerning the work done by Secret Service operatives under other jurisdictions and not in the line of their specified duties there is an amazing array of misinformation, lack of information, and suspicion. John E. Wilkie, Chief of the Secret Service, makes an annual written report to the Secretary of the Treasury. It is printed, and any one who cares for it may obtain a copy. This report has been accurately described as being "as thick as a paper collar and containing about as much information." This paragraph in Chief Wilkie's report for 1906 tells the story of the present controversy between Congress and President Roosevelt:

"This report does not include the large number of arrests and successful prosecutions in land-fraud and naturalization cases, where agents of this Service have conducted extensive investigations for other government departments."

Congress wants to know the story of these arrests and prosecutions. Congress wants to know by whom they were made, by whose authority they were made, and who paid the bills. Moreover, Congress wants to know what the President meant when, in his annual message he said that the attitude of Congress toward



The President arriving at Colon, Panama, in November, 1906, followed by a Secret Service man

the Secret Service "has been of benefit only and could be of benefit only to the criminal classes," and furthermore that "the chief argument in favor of the provision of law forbidding the loaning or detailing of Secret Service operatives to other departments of the Federal government was that the Congressmen did not themselves wish to be investigated by Secret Service men."

The headquarters of the Secret Service is in the Treasury Department at Washington, where three or four rooms are occupied on the third floor. The Service proper consists of only ten men—a chief and assistant chief, a custodian, and seven classified Civil Service clerks. These are the men whom the law says shall protect the President of the United States, and detect and bring to trial persons engaged in counterfeiting the coin of the United States. Obviously, this limitation was not intended to be placed upon the scope of Secret Service work.

The actual operatives who investigate counterfeiting and protect the President are per diem men on the same relative footing as day laborers in the Treasury Department. The names of these operatives and the number of them employed are known only to the Chief of the Service and the Secretary of the Treasury. They are assigned by the Secretary of the Treasury to work under the Chief of the Secret Service Division. They report every day, and if they are given work to do they are paid from a special fund that is annually set aside by Congress for the detection, arrest, and delivery of counterfeiters and for the protection of the President. Taking into consideration that the whole work of the Service is carried on under an appropriation of less than $150,000, and the known fact that the pay of operatives ranges from $4 to $8 a day, it is comparatively easy to estimate the average number of operatives employed during the whole year.

In the Federal buildings in New York, Chicago, Boston, Baltimore, St. Louis, San Francisco, St. Paul, and twenty other cities branch offices of the Secret Service men unmistakable. They are as easily found and identified as the windows at which stamps are sold in the post-offices in the same buildings.

For nearly thirty years prior to the Spanish-American war there had been sporadic calls from other departments of the government upon the Secret Service for operatives to conduct delicate investigations, but it was not until about 1900 that the practice became so general as to attract the attention of Congress. The valuable work performed by Secret Service agents during the war with Spain, and subsequently in the famous Philadelphia-Lancaster counterfeiting case, brought them sharply to the attention of the heads of the other departments.

The practice grew of "loaning" Secret Service operatives to the various executive departments. When the Attorney-General, for instance, wanted a discreet, able, and experienced investigator to assist his law officers in the preparation of evidence against wrong-doers he asked the Chief of the Secret Service to help him out. This was done, and the operative was paid a per diem allowance from a contingent fund of the Department of Justice. The same practice was followed by the Department of the Interior in investigating Indian and land frauds, by the Department of Commerce and Labor in rooting out naturalization frauds, and by other departments.

Congress undertook to stop this practice last year by placing a limitation in the bill providing money for the per diem men and by forbidding their employment except in the protection of the President and the detection of counterfeiting. It was made unlawful to employ in any other department by detail, transfer, resignation, re-employment, or by any other device the men employed in the Secret Service. It is against this limitation of activity that President Roosevelt is protesting and this is the crux of his row with Congress.

Wholly apart from the question of whether the Congressional limitation was dictated by wisdom, prejudice, or fear, the fact remains that a strict enforcement of this limitation during the last half-century would be to blot from the criminal records of the Federal government some of its most interesting and thrilling pages. In its lawful field the Secret Service Division has accomplished splendid things, but its accomplishments in other channels—unauthorized and improper channels in the opinion of Congress—are equally important and even more striking.

In the period comprehended between the close of the Civil War and 1885 there had been counterfeited one hundred and sixty-two United States Treasury notes, bonds, coupons, compound-interest notes, silver certificates, and national bank notes. During the ten years ending with 1900, the average number of new counterfeit notes floated annually was ten, the highest number being twenty-three in 1895, the lowest number six in 1891. During the fiscal year which ended June 30 last, seventeen new counterfeit notes were detected in circulation, and fifteen during the previous year.

It has been noted that the production of counterfeit money keeps pace with and rises and falls with the barometer of prosperity. When the demand for labor has been plentiful and skilled artisans have not lacked opportunity for honest employment counterfeiting has gone to its lowest level. Hard times and closed workshops always mean the appearance of forged notes.

It is impossible to make counterfeit money so perfect it cannot be detected. Even the men employed in the mint cannot make it. Of each $100,000 of coin now in circulation it has been estimated by the Treasury Department officials only $2 is counterfeit, and of each $100,000 of notes in circulation less than $1 is bogus. The Treasury Department last year redeemed $349,000,000 of national bank notes, of which only $1,030 was counterfeit, and it is estimated that eighty per cent. of this amount was made prior to 1880. The so-called "Indian Head" $5 silver certificate and the $10 United States note known as the "Buffalo Note" are favorites with counterfeiters, because they are more commonly and widely circulated than other notes issued.

It was not until 1907 that the law authorized Secret Service agents to protect the President of the United States. Prior to that time the law presumed that no operative was engaged in any business other than the detection and punishment of counterfeiters. Had Chief Wilkie's men been confined actually as well as legally to the strict letter of Congressional direction one of the "inside stories" in the history of the Spanish war could not be written.

Immediately after the declaration of war with

President Roosevelt, while on the Mississippi trip which he made in 1907, boarding a steamboat at Keokuk, Iowa, as the guest of the Inland Waterways Commission. A Secret Service man stands at the President's left

Spain, the War Department called upon the Secret Service operatives to investigate the actions of the special agents of the Spanish government in this country, and a special fund of $50,000, by President McKinley's direction, was put at the disposal of Chief Wilkie. A force of "emergency operatives" was organized, of men who spoke Spanish and had experience in investigations. The spy system inaugurated by Spanish agents was disorganized, emissaries in this country were arrested, and the principals who had been sheltering themselves in Canada were ordered to leave that country. A letter from Ramon Carranza, who had been an attaché of the Spanish Legation at Washington, dated at Montreal, May 26, 1898, and addressed to the Spanish Minister of Marine at Madrid, was secured by a Secret Service agent. It contained this paragraph:

"I have been left here to receive and send telegrams and to look after the Spanish service which I have organized, or, had I better say, am establishing here, because until a very little while ago I was not permitted to do as I please. We have had bad luck, because they have captured our best two spies, one in

President Roosevelt on his way to dedicate the Harrisburg capitol. The man on the box beside the coachman is a Secret Service officer

Washington, who hanged himself—or else they did it for him—and the other at Tampa. The Americans are showing the most extraordinary vigilance."

Both Presidents Cleveland and McKinley consciously or unconsciously assented to violation of the law in the detail of Secret Service operatives. Ever since the administration of Mr. Cleveland the Secret Service has been the recognized guardian of the President's person. One of the Secret Service men who was among the first employed to watch over President Cleveland tells this story: "It took some time for Mr. Cleveland to become accustomed to the guard placed about his residence. For several months, during the first summer I was stationed at Gray Gables, the President was unaware that any Secret Service men were on duty.

"The house was situated on a neck of land which ran into the bay and it was far from other houses. Tramps used to wander through the estate, and cranks disturbed the household not a little before Secretary Carlisle ordered a detail of government agents to the Cleveland's summer home.

"Mrs. Cleveland was very much pleased at the arrival of myself and two associates, but she did not inform her husband for some time, knowing his dislike at anything approaching surveillance. We were ostensibly employed as farm hands, and I remember that we constructed a fine shell road that first summer. One day President Cleveland came to where I was at work and stood looking at me for some time. Finally he remarked very kindly that he had been informed of our presence, and after due consideration deemed it advisable on account of the children. We gave up our laborious job after that."

President McKinley followed President Cleveland's example, but went a step farther and selected the particular men he wanted as body-guards. Two men are on guard at the White House twenty-four hours in the day, in addition to watchmen and uniformed municipal police. When President Roosevelt goes walking in the country about Washington he is always accompanied by two Secret Service men. When he goes driving he is followed by two municipal policemen in plain clothes on bicycles. Riding he is accompanied by a sergeant of the regular army who acts as orderly and body guard.

When the President is travelling and while he is at Oyster Bay, Secret Service operatives have full charge of all measures taken for the protection of his person. Whenever Mr. Roosevelt leaves Washington to visit another city Secret Service agents are always sent ahead to familiarize themselves with the police arrangements and to make suggestions for the greater protection of the Executive. Mr Roosevelt does not visit any city in the country until the plans for his public movements have been approved by the Secret Service. The agents who accompany him on these trips always return to Washington in a state bordering on collapse because of the strain and the responsibilities that have been placed upon them. Through the whole twenty-four hours some one must be near the President, awake and on guard.

It was due to the technically illegal practice of detailing Secret Service men for duty under the various departments that many of the land frauds in the Western country were uncovered. In these investigations William J. Burns, a "star" of the Service, made a record that has since provided many pages of magazine copy for the "muckrakers." Two years ago Burns resigned to become the chief detective under Francis J. Heney in the San Francisco graft prosecution.

Burns had some narrow escapes while trapping the land-grabbers. S. A. D. Puter, known as "King of the Oregon Land Fraud Ring," was one of the hardest men to capture. Burns trailed Puter to Boston, and lost sight of him. The Secret Service man went to the general delivery window of the post-office and waited. Puter came. Burns was unarmed, but he took a chance and placed the fugitive under arrest. Under pretence of getting his handkerchief, Puter drew a revolver from the hip pocket of his trousers and pointed it at the breast of the detective. Puter tells the story of the fight that followed in the best dime novel style:

"Burns continued to struggle desperately with me, that he might gain a more advantageous position, hoping, no doubt, to close in on me and secure the weapon; but my hold upon his collar was too firm, and the best he could do was to tug frantically at my left arm, which he grasped tightly. Struggling thus, we backed up against the side of the building, and, as we contested every inch of ground, I threatened him with certain death unless he released his hold.

"'For God's sake, Steve, don't shoot!' he implored.

"It must have been that fear got the better of his judgment when he exposed himself thus, as he ought to have realized my desperate position.

"Finally, after a herculean effort, I managed to throw him up against the wall with such force that I was enabled to wrench myself loose, and before he could recover I had separated myself from the redoubtable sleuth by the respectable distance of two or three yards. . . . I advanced toward him resolutely, with the revolver pointed directly at his head and a look of fixed determination on my face, and told him that I would kill him dead on the spot if he attempted to pull his gun. 'Damn you, go!' I demanded, menacingly.

"At this, and with the evident thought that I intended to carry out my threat, the great detective turned tail and ran in the direction of the post-office corner, where he found shelter behind a friendly pillar."

Puter made good his escape, but Burns followed him across the continent and got him in the end, the land grabber being sentenced to serve a term in an Oregon prison. Asked why he did not shoot when he had Burns at his mercy, Puter said:

"I was going to shoot, but I liked Burns too well to kill him. Also, it was safe not to shoot right then."

Another instance in point where the Secret Service assisted another Department of the government in the enforcement of the law was the case of Cassie L. Chadwick, whose career in the realm of high finance established a new standard among women criminals. In this case the Department of Justice called on the Secret Service to keep Mrs. Chadwick within the jurisdiction of the United States Court in New York until the District Attorney could secure proof of her frauds.

One of the notable feats of the Secret Service was performed by operatives working for the State Department who prevented a revolution in Haiti which had every promise of being successful. It was planned that a vessel loaded with money, ammunition, and rifles should reach Gonaives on the day preceding the arrival at that port of the revolutionary forces. The Secret Service operatives seized 2,000 rifles, 200,000 rounds of ammunition, and $500,000 in counterfeit Haitian money, at a warehouse in Brooklyn. A Haitian plotter was arrested, and, the sinews of war being confiscated, the revolution failed away.

Nobody except Chief Wilkie knows to what extent Secret Service agents have been employed to "shadow" Congressmen and others for political reasons. Since the scandal of 1874, when agents of the Secret Service Division were accustomed to render service to those who had been instrumental in securing their appointment, it has been charged at various times that political work was being done by operatives. Last winter several members of the Senate and House pointed out to newspaper correspondents a man who was always loafing in the corridors of the Capitol Building as one of the Secret Service operatives who, under the direction of the President, was spying upon Congressmen who did not approve the Roosevelt policies.

It was the belief and common assertion of some members of the Senate who opposed the President's action in discharging the negro soldiers concerned in the Brownsville raid that all witnesses who came to Washington to testify in the Brownsville investigation were under the surveillance of Secret Service agents.

Some instances when the Secret Service has been used in investigating the official conduct of members of Congress are public property. One of these cases was that of Senator Mitchell of Oregon, who was found guilty of conspiracy to defraud the government of valuable public lands in the West. Secret Service operatives made out the government's case against Mitchell, one of Chief Wilkie's men doing especially notable work in travelling across the continent with the private secretary of the Oregon Senator, and procuring from him documentary evidence which bore directly on Mitchell's participation in the conspiracy.

In the land-fraud case against Representative Williamson of Oregon, Secret Service agents were called on to lay the ground-work of facts on which the department of Justice based its prosecution. So, too, in the case of the government against Representative Binger Herman, former Commissioner of the General Land Office, tried in Washington last year on a charge of destroying official documents dealing with fraudulent transfers of public lands. Herman was acquitted, but the trial developed the fact that the Secret Service men, operating as special agents of the Department of Justice and the Department of the Interior had been on the trail for many months.

In the case of Senator Burton of Kansas, who became involved in a post-office scandal and served a prison sentence, the evidence upon which conviction was based was largely the work of post-office inspectors, the Secret Service operatives not being called in.

One of the reasons given by Congressmen for limiting the sphere of action of the Secret Service was that operatives were being used to investigate the private conduct of public officers. It was hinted in the debates in the House last May that a Secret Service agent had been looking into the personal conduct of a member of Congress, and that in another case a Secret Service operative had been employed to gather evidence to be used in a naval officer's divorce case. Congress was shouting in the dark, the participants in the debate, including both critics and defenders of the Secret Service, having only a hazy notion of the facts. The truth is that in the case of the member of Congress the investigation was made by a police officer of Washington, who was summarily dismissed from the police force when it was ascertained what he had done.

The facts in the case of the "high naval officer" whose divorce affair was made the subject of Secret Service inquiry are, briefly: A midshipman was absent on leave. The mother of a Washington girl complained to the Secretary of the Navy that the midshipman had abducted her daughter. The midshipman denied the charge. The Navy Department asked Chief Wilkie to look into the matter. One of his men found that the mother's suspicions were correct. There was no shadowing or prying through the keyholes. All the Secret Service agent did was to examine a hotel register, and make a report to the Washington office. This report was turned over to the Secretary of the Navy, who laid it before the midshipman. The latter resigned forthwith.

Probably ninety-five per cent. of the Secret Service agents detailed to other departments were assigned to duty in the Department of Justice. In 1906, when the land-fraud cases were being pushed with vigor, more Secret Service men were loaned out than in any prior year. In that year three hundred and nine separate details to the Department of Justice were made. The average number of men employed on special duty under the Attorney-General was fifteen. The average time of each special agent was 16½ days, and the total number of days of investigation was 5,140. The smallest number on detail was six, and the largest twenty. The shortest period of employment was one day and the longest one year.

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Mr. and Mrs. Taft, Charlie Taft, and John Hays Hammond, taken recently at Augusta, Georgia. The man sitting beside the chauffeur, and the one standing beside the machine, are Secret Service officials

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Drawn by Angus MacDonall

"IT'S A GIRL!"

Edgar Allan Poe

By W. D. Howells

THE Europeans, and more especially the Continental Europeans, and of these yet more especially the French, have enjoyed the privilege of rating Edgar Allan Poe as a "genius" easily prince among those who have given as standing in literature. For the Americans it has remained to say, however unwillingly, unbeautifully, uncatchily, that they do not think so and try to say why. None of us, I suppose, would like to deny him very great talent, when we least like to distinguish it from "genius." I myself would be reluctant to say he was not a genuine poet, in spite of Mr. James' alluring alliterative attribution of only "very valueless verses" to him, and in spite of the fact that I could not give my whole heart to more than three or four of his pieces, and in these not to above a stanza or two. Of "The Raven" itself, I would willingly part with far the greater portion to the particularly necessitous, and I would bestow in charity the untouched entirety of the "Talisman," and "Lenore," and "Annabel Lee," and the others of that make. But I should like to keep for myself nearly all of "The Haunted Palace," especially the last stanza:

> "And travellers now within that valley
> Through the red-litten windows see
> Vast forms that move fantastically
> To a discordant melody;
> While, like a ghastly, rapid river,
> Through the pale door,
> A hideous throng rush out forever,
> And laugh—but smile no more."

Even against the most deserving of the poor, I should like to keep the whole of the poem below because of the two lines underscored:

> "Ulalume, thy beauty is to me
> Like those Nicean barks of yore,
> That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
> The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
> To his own native shore.
>
> "On desperate seas long wont to roam,
> Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
> Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home
> *To the glory that was Greece*
> *And the grandeur that was Rome.*
>
> "Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
> How statuelike I see thee stand,
> The agate lamp within thy hand!
> Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
> Are Holy Land!"

But doubtless I could not part with any portion of this loveliness, because it is so wholly beautiful. The finish, the perfection, the repose which we suppose to be characteristically Greek are embodied here in that wonderful adequacy, "without o'erleaping fall," which we suppose to be also Greek, and the two lines dwelt upon contain as much promise of immortality as can well be got into two lines. They sum up all we dream of that classic beauty; and of this poem, written in the author's early youth, what might not criticism have predicted for his later power? Everything that even the French believe of Poe when in their inaccurate adoration they hail him Poë.

Now that I have quoted this piece, and that piece of a piece, other fragments come floating down my memory from the far years when I used to read, or to read at, the poetry of the strange "genius" whose intimate acquaintance we shall probably never really make. He had always the making of prime greatness in him, though he never got it out. But a few pieces, and still more a few pages of pieces, attest his "genius," and leave the judgment unable to refuse him "attenuating circumstances" at his worst. A man who could do things so good should be suffered to have done things so bad with impunity; or, if he must not, I will never be the one to inflict their penalty. This, apparently, is getting round to the acknowledgment that whatever else he was or was not, Poe was a poet of indefinable quality; not unquestionable, for that is another matter, and leaves Time the chance he likes of getting in his work.

I find, indeed, that as a poet, I care more or less for Poe, but as a novelist, large or little, I care scarcely at all. I wish the reader, however, to accept this saying provisionally, for there are possibilities that before I get through here I may take it back, or give it again in modified form. What it seems to me I feel sure of is that the art in his fiction is that cruder art of the past which I once brought myself under condemnation, not to say contumely, for venturing to recognize as less fine than the present art of fiction. To put the matter very concretely, very practically, very crucially, as one standing near the elbows of editors and once squaring such elbows himself may put it, I have to ask, "Would the best of Poe's tales be accepted now by one of the leading, or one of the next following magazines?" To this question I am obliged to answer I do not think it would; no, not the best of his tales. If we take two of the best, very different in material and texture, *The Fall of the House of Usher* and *The Murders of the Rue Morgue*, we shall find the same mechanicality of motive in both. In the first the climax is effected by a succession of thrills and chills, of which the finest is imparted by the opening passages; after these everything coarsens. In the last the denouement is worked by means of the closest analyses mechanism, which at first interests, and then with its interwoven mesh, hampers and wearies the reader's imagination. *The Mystery of Marie Roget* is entirely tiresome, with its laboriously and circumstantially ingenious adaptation of a New York tragedy to a Parisian scene.

None of these stories is to-day what we should now call psychological in its appeal. Poe is subtle, but he is not delicate, he is mysterious, but he is not mystical. Where he attempts to put on the mystical, as in his studies of mesmeric experience, he is still grossly material, for all his recondite incidents. He cannot hold his hand from horror when he would move to awe, and such an otherwise well managed inquiry into the unknowable as *The Case of M. Valdemar* ends in mere loathsomeness, and you are left confronted with carrion holding your nose.

The climax of such a story would alone prevent its acceptance by a leading, or next following magazine; I doubt if a third-rate periodical would print it, unless the author consented to change the ending. That Poe did not end it more effectively, more powerfully, but imagined that such a rhyme was effective, was powerful, shows how close in tradition he stood to such old-fashioned horror-mongers as Mrs. Radcliffe and her succeeding generations. It is therefore right to judge him partly by his period and wrong to judge him wholly by his performance; many things are done through a man as well as by him, for which we must not blame him. We ought always to take account of fashion in sending him to his doom, or letting him go with a caution against doing the like again. But at the same time we ought to consider that there are always good fashions as well as bad fashions, and that a man's taste if not his character may be impugned if he prefers the bad fashion, and helps to make it prevail. At the time Poe was dealing with the ignoble horrors of his grosser tales, Hawthorne was touching in so delicately, so very delicately, so almost fartively, the effects of his truly psychological studies which, in spite of every change of the human mood, will still have power upon the human soul. To have some sense of the difference between a masterpiece and a prenticepiece, we may contrast the exquisite forbearance and inconclusion of Hawthorne's management of The Veiled Lady in *The Blithedale Romance*, and the crankiness and roughness and physical outrightness of Poe's constantly science‑ridden *Case of M. Valdemar*. To have a sense of how far he fell short in his essays at the hum‑rous we may compare his *Devil in the Belfry* of his *Literature of Hans Pfaall* with Irving's *Schoolmaster* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, which are contemporary with them, and yet so infinitely far from contemporaneous.

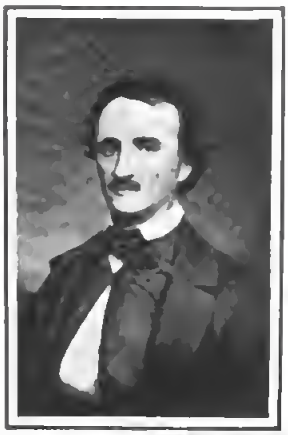
The simple fact is that Poe was as lacking in imagination as he was in sincerity, and that he vainly endeavored to supply his lack with fancy and with science. Scientific subjects were always taking his fancy, which responded with inexhaustible fertility, with infinite invention. It is wonderful how much he gets in, but it is no delightful, and the sense of unreality is on all his careful plausibility. When Tourguénef or Tolstoy reports to you what a man thought or felt in the instant of death, you know that it is true; the fact is of a mystical verity; but you know when Poe tells you a mesmeric subject spoke after death that it is not true, it would be impossible to explain how you know it, but it is somehow from your sense that the Russian masters are sincere artists and the American master is not.

For whether the leading magazines, or those next following, would accept his stories now or not, still Poe was a master. It is partly his fault and partly his misfortune that he is an old-fashioned master. In everything but his scientoanaess he is out‑dated: but in this he more than once recalls or foretells Mr. H. G. Wells, who is so modern in his fancies. I am going to venture upon saying that there is more mystical poetry, more beautiful reality in a single sketch by a certain magazine‑writer, now beginning to be known, about a little, badly treated motherless child, who has the vision of her dead mother, than there is in all Poe's mysteries and mystifications. I will not name this writer because I know that my praise has been fatal to many with the overwhelming public; but I will go a little further and divide my garlands of nightshade and yewberry among the whole generation of psychological fictionists now writing in our magazines, lest any one singly perish. This generation is doing work entirely surpassing Poe's in simplicity, sincerity, and beauty; and yet it is not the work of a master, and his work even in his 'prentice‑pieces is the work of a master.

It would be hard to say why; one must always lament that the truth is so difficult, but perhaps I may intimate one of my reasons. He wrote in an American still abjectly provincial, for a public crudely hungry, and eager for anything that would all its tamine, but stingy and ungrateful. To live by literature in his time a man must also die by it, and he must suffer the greater torment if he were as ill‑starved and ill‑conditioned as Poe was in being born to poverty, and bred to affluence, and then cast off to destitution. If he were at times wibbly a drunkard; if he were insanely made up of weakness, pride, viciousness, cruelty, and tenderness. What a man like that must have suffered during the eighteen‑forties in a poor little vain‑glorious, self‑distrustful country such as then was! What might he not have been in an older and greater community, with opportunity assured him, unattended by the fear of want? A man is partly what God has made him, partly what he has made himself, partly what his fellow men have made him; and this sort of trinne man Poe was in all his sinning and his being sinned against. Morally, he was as responsible as men mostly are, but intellectually he was not to blame for not being the great master people have mischievously and mistakenly imagined him. No one worth minding will put him with Emerson as a thinker, with Hawthorne as a romancer, with Longfellow as a poet, with Irving as a humorist; and as a literary artisan his aim is not be low, with those worth minding. Yet he was a master; his memory will not die, and his work remains constantly appealing for judgment to criteria of all proportions. To condemn it without the gr‑ded reserves would dwarf our from the modest measure of my own critical proportions, and I hope I shall be found far from such condemnation in what I shall have said. His work offends my tastes and prejudices at a thousand points, but I cannot honestly say that it is without justification in my reason and my judgment. It is long since I first read most of his things; I was a boy then, with boundless intentions toward the whole of literature, but I cannot boast that I made an easy conquest of Poe. Of course the poorer of his poems, the clamorer of his tales, fell before me, and I have not felt it needful to repossess these for the present purpose, but some of them I have read the tenth or twentieth time. When I have come slowly to the true sense of are those several three or four, great little poems in which his immortality will abide, if he has any, and I might be apt that I have read with hardly less than amazement some of his tales which I not only did not know before, but scarcely knew of. Such is one is *The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym*, which in its sort is an extraordinary achievement. The story of a stowaway, a mutiny, a shipwreck, a voyage in unknown seas, and a wild adventure and escape from savages was never more unpassingly detailed, more closely and accurately and convincingly circumstanced. It is Poe's closest approach to reality; and the verisimilitude is substantiated by the creation of characters in the different actors and witnesses. Character does not play any great part in Poe's fiction, though caricature, tragic and comic, is common enough. Her character much more abounds in this *Narrative of A. Gordon Pym*. The captain's son who smuggles Pym on board his father's ship; Peters the mutineer who survives and mostly murders all his murderous comrades; the merchant adventurer commanding the English brig which picks up the shipwrecked man; even the wily chief of the savage islanders are characters as well as types. They are not all strongly personalized (except physically); they are rather accidentally and helplessly presented, but they are not mere factors, mere agents. For the apprehension of the superior imaginative qualities of this remarkable tale something finer than a mental gullet suck as engulfs the more popular inventions of the author is needed. The arithmetical gift is so common that almost any man can do sums; but for mathematics, for the exquisite science that measures sound into music and counts the paces to the stars and weighs the planets, some higher and finer and rarer sense is required. Such a fact may help to explain why *The Murders of the Rue Morgue* is a performance that stands for Poe, and *The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym* is never "among his cloudy trophies hung."

I suspect that he had always a keener literary conscience than he seemed to have. I believe that he must have hated to do the many clever, vulgar things which he did, and which are reproduced in edition after edition of his works. I believe this because I cannot forget that he was always working for a living and working overhard, with the jarred nerves and headdened senses of the drunkard. After long misprizing him I have come to see him in his pathos, as a prodigal of wasted powers, the victim of cruel circumstances, of inherent evil propensities, with a certain majesty of nature inalienable in his moral squalor. I believe upon reflection that it will count nothing with the judicious that the leading and next following magazines would not now have him. They might not so wholly deny Poe for his 'prentice workmanship as for his want of the properties which win them most of their readers. It is the outdated fashion of good and bad in his work which would be fatal to him; just as the actualities of Shakespeare's time are fatal to Shakespeare in the theatre of our day; for the theatres would no more have Shakespeare now than the magazines would have Poe, except very exceptionally and upon conditions of excision and adaptation, which might also fit Poe for the modern editorial approval. I do not mean otherwise to liken him with Shakespeare; at the end of the ends, with the judicious his preference of incident to character must be fatal to him. This is his preference at his best, his subtlest, his closest, his most scientifically ascertained: what happens, and how, is the great matter with him; with Shakespeare the great matter is why it happens and to whom.

But in spite of his disqualifying qualities Poe is of a life that promises to be long. Apparently there is a strongly recurrent if not continuous interest in him, though beyond this "apparently" one must not go, unless one is ready to turn again and unlive several scores of years and be one of the actual reading public. Do the young people like Poe? I do not mean the crude and common of them, but those formed by nature and culture for discrimination. Only the young people can say, and if I know young people at all, or ever did, they rained say honestly, they value themselves more upon their taste in literature than on their pleasure, which is, after all, the test of an author's survival. The case is difficult, and seeking my own palfingerein in a reperusal of this author's prose, I have found old young reluctances in my way. I have not read his tales again willingly; I have loaad myself skipping, as I should not and could not skip in the novels of Jane Austen his anterior, or in the tales of Nathaniel Hawthorne his contemporary. That unsparing detail, that analysis, that series of characterless events deter me, repel me, and I am not willing to say that the fault is in me. So far as I am able to be candid about it, I find that Poe's method is always mechanical, his material in mostly unimportant; but from this saying, if anybody brought me to book, I might wish to hedge in a hundred instances. With his poetry it seems to me no easier matter. Can a man continue in remembrance by virtue of pieces of two pieces, and by the entirety of one piece? Whether I think he can or not, it appears that Poe does live with the wise in these as he lives with the unwise in his inferior pieces.



A faithful likeness of Edgar Allan Poe taken from a pastel portrait

The Poe Cottage at Fordham, New York, where the poet lived from 1844 to 1849. During this period he composed "The Raven"

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Virginia Clemm, Poe's cousin and child wife, whom he married in 1834

The old Westminster Presbyterian Church in Baltimore. The square tomb of Poe is seen in the right-hand corner

Mrs. Sarah Osgood Whitman, to whom Poe was betrothed, and the inspiration of his poem "To Helen"

Doorway of the room Poe occupied on West Range, University of Virginia, while a student there in 1826

Where Poe was first buried in the Westminster Presbyterian church-yard. The weed in the centre of the photograph roughly indicates the place of the old grave

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Before this mantel, now at Columbia University, Poe wrote "The Raven." It stood originally in the farmhouse of Patrick Brennan, on what is now West 84th Street

SOME HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS OF EDGAR ALLAN POE

THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE POET'S BIRTH OCCURS ON JANUARY 19, 1909

A Few Words on a Master-Mechanician

By Edith M. Thomas

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

(1) we not consider the principle of *ars non bonum* removed in case of those whom the world has very generally agreed to call its Immortals? Voted *not dead*, we may then speak of them as we would of the living. This being granted me, I shall lay at liberty, *sans reproche*, to offer a few harmless words that shall, surely, seem like attempted detraction, to very many, but shall be, perhaps, to a small minority, as the voice of their own stealthy conviction. I would speak of the author of "The Tales," of "The Raven," of "The Bells," and other verse, all indicating the Master-Mechanemus—plus, here, Imagination; plus, there, the disordered outgivings of conclemnar! It is of the verse rather than of the prose that I would speak. And should I hesitate so to speak, I am reminded that he whose work I venture to challenge, in some of its aspects, did not in his own day shirk the utter annihilation of those whom he regarded as "mere knights, little men," in the great tilting field of letters.

A Master Mechanicus—but I do not think he would himself have objected to this addition. He invites it, if ever poet did invite such "eternal blame" set up an affiche over his own door! As that door opens—in the pages of "The Philosophy of Composition"—I am aware of a handsome face, with a cynical upcurl of the lip, which, for an instant only, suggests that the revelation which the Master proposes to make regarding the operations of the laboratory, is but a specious one. He will fill our curiosity to the top of its bent! Yet, we can but take him at his word's worth. It is all very interesting—one might say very "instructive"—this ravelation, wherein, process by process, Poe shows us how he produced that singular, anomalous, and magical composition, "The Raven." He declares that similar expositions of the laboratory would have been long ago offered by other practicers of the art of Poesy, had not their "antorial vanity" forestalled. If Poe has any of this vanity antorial, it would seem to be in his professed atheism as regards Divine Afflatus—no Plato's Poet for him! But, since Poe has no objection, let us walk in and examine the methods and the "properties of the literary histrio."

Our "histrio" tells us that he always prefers "commencing with the consideration of an effect." Also (how airily!) that he "keeps originality always in view"; since a man would be "false to himself who ventures to dispense with so obvious and so easily attainable a source of interest" (a fact that should immediately be transferred to the Symbenle's "Hints to Young Authors!"). He proceeds to say to himself: "Of the innumerable effects, or impressions, of which the heart, the intellect, or (more generally) the soul is susceptible, what one shall I, on the present occasion, select?" So, all is "occasion"—all is *prepense*: select your effect or impression—preferably, that of "the soul"—and then *Go Ahead!* Now, if is a curious fact that Poe always insists upon "the soul." Turn the leaf, and you will find him saying, "It is needless to demonstrate that a poem is such only inasmuch as it latenesly excites, by elevating the soul." He will have nothing of the poor "heart," nothing of the "intellect"; or, if these at all, they must be so enlisted in the scheme as not to antagonize Beauty—"that Beauty which, I maintain, is the excitement, or the pleasurable elevation, of the soul."

The substance of my search can be compressed into few. Does the work of Poe (his verse), as a rule, either excite or elevate the soul? When and where does it achieve that psychic exaltation to which he refers when he warns us, "Beauty, of whatever kind, in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears." When, I would ask, has the sensitive soul wept over any Ulalumes, any Irenes, any Lenores even? "The Raven" is a poem of very wondrous-perfect mechanism, and therein exhibits the same master methods which its author pursues in the building of his most famous and unexcelled "Tales." It is an edifice of Buoyance, built under the wand of the arch-enchanter; but there is an live inhabitancy of that edifice. If is soulless—at least, it is soulless to those whose "soul" finds its "pleasurable elevation" in the kind of imaginative work in which "The story's heart still beats against its side." It seems to me that "The Raven" stirs not at all that deeper sensibility which Beauty "in its supreme development" has been promised to do. The necromantic lines do, indeed, stir us, but in not our "reactive" rather to mystery, glamour, sensuous fascination, than to pathos? I find myself not a little affected by "the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain"; much by the "cushion's velvet, violet lining, with the lamplight gloating o'er"; somewhat less by "The seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor"; but my "intellect," "heart," or is it "soul"? suffers an obdurate dulness, or indifference, to the pathetic lure of "saluted maiden"—"rare and radiant maiden whom the angels call Lenore." And I am unsalutably unconjunctious toward the woes of him whose head at ease reclined on the aforesaid cushion with "velvet, violet lining"! It is the fancy—and not "the soul"—that is affected. The fancy is, indeed, thrown into a haunted, expectant state where it remains captive, from beginning to end of this marvellous, spellbinding production. With the most ardent of the Poe idolaters, withal, I am never done admiring the strategic efforts of measure and stanza achieved in this poem (effects whose management the author confides to his reader with a real artistic sincerity that seems wanting somewhat in his other confidences).

I have discovered that it is rank heresy—nay, it is little less than sacrilege—to the good Poe-worshipper, to impugn either the sound or the sense, the shadow or the substance, of such poems as "For Annie" or "Ulalume." Yet, so I am constrained to do, braced by the courage of conviction! I am not going to be hoodwinked here, by any prodigious conjure-words (as I was, willy nilly, by the "kind nepenthe"—the grim enticement of "The Night's Plutonian Shore," in "The Raven"). No "misty mid-region of Weir," no "dank tarn of Auber"; neither "boreal pole," nor "Mount Yaanek" itself, nor any other quasi-geographic allurements; nor wheedlings by "Psyche," nor fear of the crescented, duplicate-horned "Astarte,"—shall turn aside my determined and merciless quest for meaning—for entity, of some sort! When I do not find these, but "Darkness there and nothing more," and when I turn elsewhere on similar quest, as "Naphthae River of Passion Accurst" is going to flaunt an investigating spirit! Compare the maundering conclusion of "Ulalume"—for the evocation of pure spiritual despair and horror—with that now little read ballad of John Keats, "La Belle Dame sans Merci." From the former:

> "And I cried—it was surely October
> On *this* very night of last year,
> That I journeyed down here—
> That I brought a dread burden down here—
> On this night of all nights in the year
> Ah, what demon has tempted me here?"

Compare with that knight at arms "so haggard and so woebegone," in his meeting with those fellow prisoners of the woven pace.

> "I saw their starved lips in the gloam
> With horrid warning gaped wide,
> And I awoke and found me here—
> On the cold hillside."

A recent critic actually singles out for admiration, "The Conqueror Worm," rating this production above "The Raven" even. Let us sample most briefly:

> "It writhes—it writhes—with mortal pang
> The mimes become its food—"

But enough! a more sickeningly revolting and tasteless piece of mortuary business it would be hard to find in the whole realm of the gruesome in verse. If, as Emerson observes of Swedenborg, this great writer would always frighten away "girls and boys," because of his propensity to the "charnel-house," how much more so would adolescence be warned away from the dire precincts of the muse of Edgar Allan Poe. So it would seem.

But the obsession singularly remains, more especially, we venture to suggest, for the "boy and girl" devourer of Poe's verse; far less for any reader of maturity.

"For Annie" is if we may call it so, a posthumous *ex dono*. From its composed note of personal, subjective experience, this particular poem has been held as almost sacrosanct—quite removed from the frail criticism of the living. And of the dully other "soul" I will only ask, What would an editor of nowadays say to a poem that came to his desk, with a stanza like the following, with its flavor as of *double entendre*, in the repeated last word of the fourth and the sixth verse?

> "Sadly, I know
> I am shorn of my strength,
> And no muscle I move
> As I lie at full length—
> But no matter!—I feel
> I am better at length."

inclining one to add, with a dash and a supplementary, corrective line (in true Persian manner)—seemingly, afterthought, suggestively, a time-gamer—

> "That is,—at full length!"

Also, what editor of to-day would view serionsly the statement as to the now soothed condition of the "tantalized spirit" of the bard, as set forth in the following?

> "And so it lies happily
> Bathing in many (pronounced *Hibreeze*, "many")
> A dream of the Truth
> And the beauty of Annie—
> Drowned in a bath
> Of the tresses of Annie."

I recall that the late Richard Hovey in one of his metrical Arthurian romances represents the desire of Lancelot to be permitted to drown himself in the tresses of Guinevere; but I seem to recall, also, that this pleasing little extravagance on the part of Lancelot did not encounter favor at the hands of the hardy race of critics. When, in the course of recent readings, I turned to "Annabel Lee," I hoped to find there, at least, something of the charm that in childhood had attended the recital of that extraordinary concatenation of sonant syllables. A faded remnant of that charm, I found, still clinched to

> "The stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
> Of the beautiful Annabel Lee."

But, for the most part, I was forced to confess, for myself there was only infinite hollowness—the attenuated shadow of passion and tragedy in an impossible "No Man's Land." And when I came on the jigging cadence of the penultimate couplet of the last stanza,

> "And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
> Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,"

I experienced a sense of mental vertigo and illness. Then, still cherishing the belief that I should find something definitely to excite, to elevate, the soul, in the lofty spirited "Israfel" and his lyre, with

> "The trembling living wire
> Of those unusual strings,"

I was amazed to meet anti-climax with a vengeance (or such it seemed to me) in the trivial, childish, put yours-if-in-his-place conclusion of the whole matter, as contained in the following:

> "If I could dwell
> Where Israfel
> Hath dwelt, and he where I,
> He might not sing so wildly well
> A mortal melody,
> While a bolder note than this might swell
> From my lyre within the skies,"

an obvious and needlessly tamed conclusion!

But I found, in my rereadings, one rare song—I fear its appeal is more to "the heart" than to "the soul"—the lines entitled "To Helen," and said to have been written when the author was but fourteen years of age. The golden charm of this poem remained, as indestructible as that of Troy's Helen herself—with its "Nicean barks of yore," with the rich and tender glow of that "agate lamp" in hand, rounding with the *utmost* impassioned

> "Ah, Psyche from the regions which
> Are Holy Land!"

Let us hark back once more to the laboratory, and to the examination, piece by piece, of "The Raven" in construction. When in the process of this creation it becomes time to consider the matter of "refrain," the selection of a word, or words, that shall best serve the "predetermined" tone of "melancholy," we are told that "in such a search it would have been absolutely impossible to mistake the word, 'Nevermore.'" Now, I have, in my heresy, often speculated as to the why of that "absolutely impossible," and have then remembered that Poe was a scholar of no mean attainments, especially in the languages. He must have heard, however faint and far away, the plaintive wailing of poor Gretchen, in the fitful song of her despair, "Ich finde Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer, ich finde sie nimmer und immer mehr!" It seemed yet more certain that Poe, a confessed admirer of Shelley, must have been familiar with that "melodious sigh" to which its bard gave no little save "A Lament"—two brief stanzas, of a spiritual sweetness and an ecstasy of sadness "wild with all regret"—never excelled, I believe, in expressing these ideas. Here are the lines:

> "Oh, world! oh, life! oh, time!
> On whose last step I climb,
> Trembling at that where I had stood before,
> When will return the glory of your prime?
> No more—oh, never more!
>
> "Out of the day and night
> A joy has taken flight,
> Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
> Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
> No more—oh, never more!"

Was it here—just here—that Poe did not "overlook the word, 'Nevermore,'" with its wonderful, conjuring possibilities? Be that as it may, it is a part of my heresy, to ask my friends, of the extreme Poe cultus, whether, in their instantaneous vision, the image of Poet looms largest, most unmistakable, behind this delicate and subtle weft of Shelley's "Lament," or, as seen through and beyond the marvellous elaborations of "The Raven." I will add, to do them justice (or is it to do them injustice?), there have been those who, unguardedly, perhaps, came over to the persuasion of heresy!

Attorney-General D. J. Caldwell, the prosecutor

Judge J. E. Jones, presiding at the trial

Hon. R. A. Pierce, chief counsel for the defence

The Lake County posse at Camp Nemo. Judge Harris, owner of Reelfoot Lake, is seated in the front row between his sisters

Tid Burton, on trial as a leader of the night riders

Three prominent prisoners being escorted through the town of Union City, Tennessee, under military guard. They had been brought in from Camp Nemo

Frank Ferriner, night rider and star witness for the prosecution

Habeas corpus proceedings held before Judge Jones. Attorney-General Caldwell is in the centre with his eyeglasses showing against his waistcoat

The trial jury for the cases of the night riders charged with the murder of Captain Rankin at Reelfoot Lake

THE "NIGHT-RIDER" TRIALS IN TENNESSEE

The Briton and the Native in India

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY

ONE of the commonest fallacies about British rule in India is that the natives have little share in it. That is a gross error. In the actual daily work of administration the natives play a far greater part than Englishmen. The Queen's proclamation of 1858—the proclamation that ended the mutiny and transferred the government of the country from the East India Company to the crown—contained these words: "It is our will that, so far as may be, our subjects of whatever race or creed be freely and impartially admitted in offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity, duly to discharge." This pledge has been abundantly kept. It has been kept by adhering to two principles. The first is that the highest ranks of civil employment in India, though open to such Indians as can proceed to England and pass the requisite tests, must, nevertheless, as a general rule, be held by Englishmen, for the reason that they possess, partly by heredity, partly by up-bringing, and partly by education, the knowledge of the principles of government, the habits of mind, and the vigor of character which are essential for the task, and that, the rule of India being a British rule, and any other rule being in the circumstances of the case impossible, the tone and standard should be set by those who have created and are responsible for it. The second principle is that outside this *corps d'élite*—I quote from the speech of a recent viceroy—"we shall, as far as possible and as the improving standards of education and morals permit, employ the inhabitants of the country, both because our general policy is to restrict rather than to extend European agency, and because it is desirable to enlist the best native intelligence and character in the service of the state." This principle is qualified only by the fact that in certain special departments, where scientific or technical knowledge is required, or where there is a call for the exercise of particular responsibility, it is necessary to maintain a strong European admixture, and sometimes even a European preponderance.

The figures for the past forty years see them to show whether these principles have or have not been vindicated in practice, and they completely dispose of the charge that the Indian people are mere hewers of wood and drawers of water in their own country. Since 1857 the total number of government posts in India carrying a salary above $300 per annum has more than doubled. In that year Europeans and Eurasians held 35 per cent. of the offices; they now hold 42. Hindus held 58 per cent; they now hold 50. Mohammedans held 7 per cent; they now hold 8. In other words, the number of posts held by Hindus has increased by 179 per cent., by Mohammedans 120 per cent. by Eurasians 106 per cent., and by Europeans only 36 per cent. In the same period the average salary drawn by natives has risen 7 per cent., while that drawn by Europeans and Eurasians has fallen 4 per cent. There are 1,370 government servants with salaries of more than $4,000 a year. Of these, 4,283 are Europeans, 15 are Eurasians, and 92 are natives. That is to say, the bulk of the higher and more responsible offices, rightly and inevitably, are in the hands of Englishmen. But if you take the ranks between $300 and $4,000 a year you find that out of a total of nearly 27,000 government officials only 5,200 are Europeans, while of the remainder 5,400 are Eurasians and 16,280 are natives. Altogether the British Empire employs less than 6,500 of its own countrymen in the government of India.

But there are an enormous number of posts—several hundreds of thousands—that are worth less than $300 a year; and these are practically in native hands exclusively. Three hundred dollars a year, judged by British or American standards, scarcely represents munificence, but in a country where the average income is estimated at not more than $10 per annum it means something considerably more than comfort. If all these minor posts are included in the calculation the number of natives employed by the State or by local bodies amounts to close on 1,000,000. Thus a small but increasing number of natives have been admitted to all but the highest posts in the government service; in the middle ranks they outnumber the English by four to one; and the lower grades are practically monopolized by them.

"The organization of our great and highly efficient native civil service," says Sir John Strachey, "is one of the most successful achievements of the British government in India. Native officers manage by far the greater part of the business connected with all branches of the revenue, and with the multifarious interests in land. Natives dispose of the greater part of the magisterial work. The duties of the civil courts throughout India, excepting the courts of appeal, are almost entirely entrusted to native judges. Native judges sit on the bench in each of the high courts. For many years past, native judges have exercised jurisdiction, in all classes of civil cases, over natives and Europeans alike. Forty years ago the native civil service was badly paid, comparatively inefficient, and not always trustworthy. In these respects there has been a great change. Nothing in the recent history of India has been more remarkable than the improvement which has taken place in the standard of morality among the higher classes of native officials."

If, now, one turns to the army one finds that here again the natives predominate. The wholly British force consists, in the aggregate, of some 70,000 troops. The native force consists of about 160,000 troops, commanded by British and native officers in about equal proportions. In other words, the native army in India is more than twice as strong numerically as the British. Nor must it be forgotten, when considering the question how far Indians have a hand in directing their own affairs, that there are some 700 native states, covering more than a third of the entire country, inhabited by over 62,000,000 people, and ruled by native rajahs under British suzerainty. Then, again, nearly 750 municipalities have been established in which the elected members represent over 50 per cent., and more than 1,000 rural boards in which the elected members number a third of the total, while the self-governing village communities—the most pertinacious feature in the social structure of India—have been taken over and maintained practically intact by the British rulers. It is clear, therefore, that, so far from there being any ban of exclusion against natives, the peoples of India under British rule are admitted to a far larger and more effective share in administering their affairs than any other peoples similarly circumstanced, unless, perhaps, it be the Filipinos. British government in India rests on the good will, and is worked by the co-operation, of the Indians themselves. The census tables show that over five million natives are dependent upon some form or other of official employment for their sole or chief means of support.

It has always been a leading principle of British rule in India to associate the peoples themselves with their government. As a nation the English do not form theories or look far ahead, but I think it may fairly be said that somewhere in the consciousness of the British administrators is the conviction that they are in India for the ultimate purpose of teaching the Indians how to rule themselves. They have, at any rate, consistently made it one of their objects to provide a training in administrative and legislative responsibility for the peoples under their charge; and in pursuing this object they have dumped down upon India many purely Occidental contrivances such as a free press, trial by jury, and the device of representation by election. But in a country like India, where nineteen-twentieths of the people are wholly illiterate, where the lines of cleavage are racial and religious, and in no sense political, and where internal peace is only maintained by the strong arm of British power, it is clear that progress toward representative institutions must be extremely cautious and limited if the privileges and liberties extended to the peoples are not to foment the strife of race and creed, and if the free hand which the British are bound to reserve for themselves is not to be disastrously manacled. No Western analogy can be made to apply to a continent so infinitely diversified and sectionalized as India—a continent of forty three races or nationalities, nearly 2,500 castes and tribes, 185 languages, and 9 main religions, where more than a third of the people live in villages of less than 500 inhabitants, and where three-quarters of them support themselves by the land. It has been a necessity of the case that the introduction of Occidental ideas and ways of government in circumstances such as these should be carefully graduated, first, to the capacity of the peoples to profit by them, and, second, to the need of maintaining unimpaired the ultimate guidance of things in British hands. "Is there," asked the late Lord Salisbury, "any man who will have the hardihood to tell me that it is within the range of possibility that a man in India should be appointed lieutenant governor of a province, or chief commissioner, or commander-in-chief of the army, or viceroy, without any regard whatever to his race?" Speaking broadly, the English in India have hitherto answered that question with an emphatic and unanimous negative. A mere handful of foreigners among 300,000,000 natives, they have rigidly kept the supreme executive posts in their own hands, and while allowing Indians to participate in and to influence the decisions of the Viceroy and the provincial legislative councils, they have taken measures to prevent them from dictating those decisions.

It is the essence of Lord Morley's scheme of reforms that this barrier or safeguard has been largely removed. Henceforward Indians, besides overrunning the middle and lower grades of the civil service and retaining a solid foothold in the higher ranks, will have access to some of the vital and determinating executive posts hitherto reserved to Englishmen, and will be given an opportunity of affecting decisively the course of legislation. The Viceroy's Executive Council, as at present constituted, consists of the Viceroy himself, of six ordinary members—who are the heads of the great state departments—and of the commander-in-chief as an extraordinary member. No native of India has ever sat on this Council, which is, of course, the supreme governing authority in India. Lord Morley, however, has announced that when the next vacancy occurs he will advise the King to appoint an Indian—presumably as head of the legal department. That is an immense, a revolutionary change, and even among Indian civilians who welcome the employment of natives it is regarded with a good deal of apprehension. Lord MacDonnell, for instance, one of the ablest and most sympathetic administrators that India has known in the last thirty years, has condemned the innovation root and branch. "The principle," he urges, "which might, in my opinion, to direct and control our policy in India is this—the maintenance of complete and absolute control in the hands of a small body of picked officers of the Empire who form the government of India, and, subject to that control, the fullest measure of local government in the provinces that each province is fit to administer. I believe you cannot find in India a single individual who would be able to give valuable advice and assistance to the Governor-General in council. I am also certain that you cannot appoint a Mohammedan to that Council without also appointing a Hindu, and if you do appoint such an officer, and he were not of the class against whom the (repressive) legislation of which we have heard has been directed, then he would command no influence whatever among his co-religionists." Lord Lansdowne, himself an ex viceroy, and *The Times*, which is remarkably well informed on all Indian matters, share Lord MacDonnell's doubts and fears, and I have no doubt that Lord Curzon is in even stronger sympathy with them. Lord Minto, on the other hand, the present Viceroy, not only favors the admission of a native to his Executive Council, but was himself the first to propose it, and I do not think there is much question that Parliament will sanction it. Thus an enormous step will have been taken toward making Indian opinion directly effective in the supreme government of the country.

The second of Lord Morley's reforms concerns the Viceroy's Legislative Council. This Council is the Executive Council reinforced by from ten to sixteen additional members, at least half of whom must be persons not in the civil or military service of the crown. At a full meeting the members present include (1) a few gentlemen qualified by rank or personal distinction and nominated by the Viceroy to represent particular communities and interests; (2) officials, recommended by heads of provinces; (3) a contingent of gentlemen, usually natives of India, selected by the non-official members of provincial councils; (4) one member nominated by the Calcutta chamber of commerce. At this moment the Legislative Council consists of twenty four members, of whom only five represent the non-official element. Thus there is always an overwhelming official majority, and while ample room is left for the expression of native opinion, and while the Indian members do not hesitate to speak out in criticism, complaint and warning, it is the fact that their views nine times out of ten are mechanically voted down. Members are allowed to ask questions for information, but they may not challenge or criticise the answers given. They are also allowed to discuss the budget, but they may not move any resolution or divide the Council; and the Viceroy, who presides, is vested with full discretion to decide all points of order, to adjourn any meeting or business, and to suspend any of the rules. Thus the native members form a permanent and, on the whole, an ineffective opposition, and their attitude and criticisms are vitiated for the consciousness that whatever they say or do will be without practical effect. They are invited to criticise, but they are barred from real responsibility. Lord Morley proposes to change all this. He intends to raise the membership of the Legislative Council from 24 to 62, of whom 28 (26 Indians and 2 commercial Europeans) will be elected. The Viceroy will thus be left with only a very small, and possibly a fluctuating, official majority. At the same time the reality of the debates is to be assured by giving to all members, in Lord Morley's words, "the novel right of moving resolutions and dividing the Council on administrative questions of public interest, and of taking part in settling the actual figures of the budget, both by informal discussion and by bringing forward specific recommendations which will be put to the vote." Any one with the least experience of administration can see at once that these are valuable powers. They transform the supreme Legislative Council into a real deliberative assembly in which native influence is given a genuine chance of making itself felt.

In the provincial governments Lord Morley's reforms are even more drastic. The governors of Madras and Bombay are at present assisted by an Executive Council of two English officials. Lord Morley proposes to raise the number to four, one of whom is to be an Indian. In the five provinces, ruled by lieutenant-governors, where no executive councils exist, Parliamentary authority is to be sought to create them. But it is in regard to the provincial legislative councils that Lord Morley makes the most sweeping changes. Not only are their numbers to be doubled and their powers extended, but they are to be divested of official majorities. Henceforward the Indian members of the provincial legislative councils will themselves be the majority and in a position, subject, of course, to the veto of the local governor or lieutenant-governor, and to the reserve powers of the central government, to pass whatever legislation they please. Such is the broad outline of Lord Morley's scheme. Into its details I cannot venture; nor can I speculate on how far the elaborate systems of election will really secure the proper representation of minorities. But on the face of it Lord Morley's plan of reform is a bold and generous measure of enfranchisement. It turns sham into realities and does not merely expand the representative principle at the elections in order to stifle or overrule it in the Council Chamber. By all the moderate elements in India it has been received with unqualified enthusiasm, and its promulgation has immensely strengthened the hands of the government in dealing with the sedition mongers, the bomb throwers, and the extremists. The natives of India, as I have shown, have for many years past been trusted by their British rulers with the bulk of the administrative work of the country. From now onward they are to be allowed an effective, as all but decisive and controlling, voice in the spheres of policy and legislation.

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FROM A GALLERY OF FAIR WOMEN

A PORTRAIT OF MRS. NELSON TAYLOR, OF NEW YORK, PAINTED BY EMIL FUCHS

FAITH, HOP

DRAWN BY

AND CHARITY

MONTGOMERY FLAGG

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SUGGESTION FOR INCREASING THE AMOUNT OF THE SUNDAY MORNING COLLECTION

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING

THERE is a new rule in force on the Brooklyn street-car lines which requires the conductor, in receiving from a passenger a coin in excess of the amount of his fare, to call out the amount due to the company. A German, unfamiliar with the rule, recently boarded a car on the system and handed the conductor a quarter. "Five out!" announced the master of the car.

"Nein! Nein!" protested the German, loudly. "Nicht five!"

"Ah, whatcha talkin' about?" growled the monarch in uniform. "Do you think you're the whole blessin' family?"

LA DECOLLETEE

Here is a subtle joke to quote—
We hope it's not too jolty:—
My lady wears a pony coat
When she goes out de-colty!

N. H. D.

HIS REASON

During the trial of a man who had made an unsuccessful attempt at suicide, a lawyer had badgered the witnesses to an exasperating degree, and evidently intended to pursue the same course with a meek-appearing little Irishman who next took the stand.

"You say you talked with the accused an hour after his attempt?" the lawyer demanded.

"Oi did," was the direct reply.

"And did he give any reason for attempting to commit suicide?"

"He did, an' it was a good reason."

"Well, and what reason *did* he give?"

"Sure, an' he said he wanted to kill himself." Pat answered, and for a moment even his Honor could not control his laughter.

MOTIVE POWER

"Rogers's mother-in-law has gone on a Mediterranean trip. He treated her to it."

"Money makes the mare go, doesn't it?"

THE SCIENTIFIC MIND

Professor Spinks, the scientist, who was engaged in a profound psychological work, rang for his manservant. Then he indited the following note to the Police Commissioner:

"I will thank you to send one of your men to arrest my cook. She has stolen my purse."

The servant, who had at once answered the bell, stood at his elbow, waiting for his employer to finish the note. He stooped to pick up something that was lying under the table. As the note was handed him, the servitor handed the object he had found to the scientist, remarking as he did so:

"Here is your purse, sir. It was lying under your table."

"Ah, you are just in time," observed the psychologist. "Give me the note."

This being done, the investigator of the mysteries of the human mind thereupon added the following postscript:

"The purse has just been found. It will, therefore, be unnecessary for you to send any one."

"Here, John," said the professor, "deliver this note at once. It is important."

And the learned gentleman resumed his work.

THE SPIRIT MOVED HIM

An old negro preacher approached a Southern physician and offered a scrap of paper.

"Please, sah, to read dat," he said.

The physician found it to be an advertisement in which it was asserted that whiskey was the only genuine and reliable specific for malaria.

"But you haven't any malaria, Uncle," he assured the old man; "none of it around here at all."

"Whar do dey hab it, de wust, Mars' Jeems?" the other then asked, curiously.

"It's pretty bad down on Cypress River," the physician told him, naming a locality some twenty miles away.

A few days later the physician was passing the old fellow's cabin, and observed him climbing upon a rickety wagon piled high with household goods.

"Moving, Uncle Ned?" he asked. "Where are you going?"

"Mars' Jeems," the old man said, solemnly, "ah done had a call; de sperit done move me to go wuck in de Lord's vineyard on de banks ob Cypress Ribber!"

A SUBTLE DISTINCTION

Professor Rogers. "Have you Ibsen's plays?"

Fair Young Librarian. "No, sir, but we have Ibsen's works."

EXPERT TESTIMONY

"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?"

"Yes, Judge, and he can drink like a fish."

POOR OLD FATHER!

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A HORRIBLE PREDICAMENT

MRS. McCARDELL was in the depths of despair. Her face was the perfect picture of deep-seated gloom, and in a household where for many years happiness had reigned and where sunshine and sweet contentment had been the prevailing note all was clouded and forlorn. The children played about and indulged in merry pranks and jests, but the good mother smiled not, passing her time in sighs so deep as finally to attract the attention of McCardell himself. Manlike, he tried to get at the causes of her troubles by vague hints, but, these proving of no avail, he finally came out flat-footed with a direct question.

"What on earth is the matter with you, Jane?" he asked. "Has anything gone wrong?"

"Yes, John," she answered, her voice trembling with emotion. "I am afraid I am ruined. What do they call the person who loses at cards and then doesn't pay?"

McCardell's blood froze in his veins as he conjured up in his mind the possibilities.

"They call him a welcher, my dear," he said, hoarsely. "You have been playing bridge?"

"Yes—at Mrs. Van Robinson's all the afternoon."

"Oh, well, in a woman's game like that you surely can't have ruined yourself. How much is it? A hundred?"

"No, dear."

"Jerusalem!" ejaculated McCardell. "Five hundred?"

"No, dear."

McCardell gasped. What, indeed, had she been led into doing? He feared to put the next question, but he must know the worst.

"A thousand?" he whispered.

"No, dear," she answered. "It wasn't dollars at all."

"Well—what then?" he blurted out with a deep sigh of relief.

"I—I—I played for our cook, John dear, and lost!"

"Oh, is that all?" cried McCardell, a smile of joy wreathing his face. "Well, my dear, that's not so bad. There are plenty of cooks to be had in this world."

"I know that," sobbed the unhappy woman. "But I told Bridget and she refuses to go."

NATURE STUDY

THE BUMBLEBEE

You mus'n't pat th' Bumblebee
When he is busy with th' rose,
'Cause it might 'sturb him! Now,—one day
He didn't like it much! I s'pose
He's diff'ent,—if he is all black
An' furry,—like my pussie's back,—
(Cept where he's yellow.) When *he* purrs
His song is diff'enter than hers,—
An', oh, his scratch is dreffle hot!
I put some mud right on th' spot!

MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.

A CRUEL REVENGE

PAT had had trouble with his eyes, and a friend having advised him to consult an oculist, he went a few days ago to see Dr. W——, a distinguished specialist, for relief. On his arrival at the doctor's office he found the usual large number of patients in the anteroom awaiting attention, and though he was in a great hurry he was forced to wait several dreary hours before his turn came. He lost and regained his temper several times in the interim, but when all was over and he found himself out upon the street with the day half spent, indignation over the loss of valuable time was the predominant note in his feelings.

"But Oi had me revenge!" he ejaculated with a broad smile, as he told his friend Mike about it afterward. "Oi don't t'ink he'll keep me waitin' again loike that."

"Phwat did ye do to 'um?" asked Mike.

"Sure an' Oi wint back th' nixt day," said Pat. "Oi got there at noine by the cloch an' ivery toime they said 'twas me turn to go in Oi said Oi'd wait an' let some other felly have me place, until the clock sthruck twelve, an' thin Oi wint in. 'Well,' says he, 'phwat can Oi do for ye this mornin', Pat?' 'Arre, doc!' says Oi, lookin' him shquare in the eye ne Oi turned on me heels and lift the room. Bedad, Oi don't believe he knows yit what sthruck 'um!"

THE CITY MAN. "SO YOU THINK THAT CONFIDENCE HAS BEEN RESTORED?"

THE FARMER. "CONFIDENCE? YOU BET. I KNOW WHAR THAR'S HALF A DOZEN GOLD BRICKS TO PROVE IT."

SOFTENING THE BLOW

"Here, Tommy," called old man Walhup to his youngest grandson, who was running toward home—"here, Tommy, get me a paper of tobacco."

"Can't do it, grandpa," cried Tommy, slackening speed very little. "I've got to hurry home. Mommer's going to give me a lickin'."

"Gosh! What are we coming to? Running home to get licked!"

"You bet! If I don't, father 'll get home first!"

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

LAMAR AND BLANDFORD UNCLE. "Why don't you get up and give one of the ladies your seat, Tommy?"

TOMMY. "Why don't you get up and give them all your seat?"

OUR FLOWERS

Down in our garden, lilies tall
Are fastened in the ground,
And roses to the bushes tight
With prickly thorns are bound;
While Johnny jump ups live in beds
And cannot run around.

But just one Lily moves about
In many a happy play,
And we've a Rose without the thorns
Who's never still all day;
And John can jump both up and down,
And once—he ran away!

ELIZABETH HOWLAND RICHARDS.

RESULT OF READING A FAMILIAR SIGN

"THE OWNER OF THIS RESTAURANT IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR HATS, UMBRELLAS, OR OVERCOATS, UNLESS CHECKED."

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A Study in Disillusionment

By Elizabeth Knight Tompkins

DRAWINGS BY ADOLPH TREIDLER

SAN FRANCISCO, February 8th.—Today we said good-by, Raymond and I. It was the only thing to do. The last month has shown the impossibility of our being anything less than lovers; and I cannot endure the thought that he should fall below any man on earth in truth and honor because of me. It does not matter about me so much—at least it matters only to myself: I am such a little star, and the radius of my atmosphere measures only a span, while whole constellations revolve about Raymond. There are many people who would be the worse because of any lack in him. It is this thought that has given me the courage to say no and to keep on saying it, realizing as I do that it means death in life for me. I know that I shall never care for anybody or anything again. Our lives have grown into each other's, until it is like cutting a piece of flesh out of me to let him go.

I know that I shall never care for anybody or anything again

How would it have been, I wonder, if I had known about this other woman when we first began to be friends? I have often been conscious that he was trying to tell me something, but I have hindered rather than helped him, because I supposed it was something quite different, and my instinct to avert was at the moment even stronger than my desire to hear. How could he have helped telling me? How could he have satisfied himself with those reasons—that I never seemed to love him, and was myself so little the kind of woman he expected to love? And, afterward, he was afraid that what he calls my dreadful Puritan conscience would make me give him up. As if he didn't have one himself! Well, a woman can't be hard on a man who does wrong through love of her—particularly a woman like me, whose whole life has been one long ache for love given and returned. I have wanted it so much that it has belittled all my other deprivations. I have always known that no other thing would satisfy me, so why should I lament my poverty, my uncongenial work, me any other of my many troubles, when neither wealth nor congenial occupation nor a mind free from care could stop this craving?

And now? Well, I suppose I shall kill it some day if it does not kill me first. Love—the love of women for man, I mean—reigns only a short time, when measured by years, but, oh! the seconds in a year when each second means a stab! And yet, no doubt I shall live to see the day when all this suffering will seem so remote—the day when love for one man shall have given place to loving-kindness toward all my fellow creatures. I shall not suffer then, but, Almighty God, let me die first! I should freeze to death, starve utterly, on a diet of loving-kindness.

I so often think, these days, of a composition I wrote at school on useless sacrifices. I declared that to sacrifice the happiness of two people for that of one was sheer folly, and, with all the crudity and exaggeration of schoolgirl language, criticised the writers of old-fashioned novels who spread abroad the idea that self-sacrifice is always a virtue, regardless of values. I feel very much the same now; and in this case, if sacrificing Mary Ashton would give Raymond and me our happiness, I should say, sacrifice her. Raymond, however, is not, thank God! a man who could push aside the obligations, the overwhelming obligations, that he is under to her and know a moment's happiness, and I could not be happy in having him lower his standards of loyalty and truth. No; we should both of us be unutterably wretched. We could never forget her a moment. When he took me in his arms, I should feel her there between us. And then she has been so fine in all their relations that I do not dare show myself less so, knowing that the day would come when he would compare us, to my disadvantage. I know that he himself never doubts which way his duty lies, and that he let me decide only because he felt so sure that I should see with his eyes.

The delight of finding him so true and fine has made up to me for the disappointment his former reticence brought me. If he did wrong in that, he has atoned for it amply. I suppose it is weakness, but I doubt if my character could stand having to put him in a lower place; it would confuse values for me: it would do me infinite harm. Well, fortunately, I have not this to fear. This last test has proved for me beyond doubt what I knew instinctively from the first moment I met him. O God, I thank Thee that Thou hast made him worthy of this great love I bear him.

A week later.—I have decided to put my pride, my independence, in my pocket and go to Aunt Rachel. I have had another letter from her:—she has quarrelled with Kate and wants me. I have only just enough pupils to exist on now, and nobody wants music lessons in summer. Besides, I cannot stand this hand-to-mouth struggle any longer, now that there is nothing to look forward to. And what reason is there that I should stay in San Francisco? It is folly to suffer as I do at the prospect of putting three thousand miles between us. As if mere geographical miles could separate us more effectually! I shall hate living with Aunt Rachel; but, at all events, I shall have no doubts about next week's rent, and luxury will be an agreeable novelty—at least, so I tell myself.

New York, Four months later.—I read this paragraph in the *transcript* to-day: "A quiet wedding was celebrated Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's parents, 2713 Laguna Street, when Miss Elsie Warren became the wife of the well known society and club man, Mr. Raymond Sturgis. The news of the wedding came as a surprise to the many friends of the bride and groom, as the engagement had been kept a profound secret."

Where is Mary Ashton? Did she too learn it from a newspaper?

San Francisco, Six years later.—To come back rich to a city in which one has spent one's youth in poverty is an interesting experience, common to all the uncles from Australia in story-books. I thought I had become so used to my money in the past four years that it couldn't give me a sensation, but I find I was mistaken. There is a flavor in spending money in San Francisco that I have never tasted anywhere else. In the face of my present absence of sensation, painful or otherwise, it seems amusing that I dreaded coming back all the time my California blood was calling me westward. Once a Californian, always a Californian. We all come back to die here—not that I am thinking of dying yet. Oh no! Now that I am my own mistress and have learned not to suffer, I find life a pleasant thing. In more ways than one I am my own mistress. There is a delicious sense of freedom in not being hampered by the scruples that hampered my younger self. Nothing ever seems very wrong in these days, beyond being unkind to children or to animals. Prudence and Self-respect are still in control, however, and anything they do not forbid I am at liberty to do. It does not offend either of these ladies, for instance, that I should let a man find me attractive even when it helps him to find his wife less so. Poor Henry Barton! I say that, but I am not really sympathetic. To make a man suffer, even when one does not do it deliberately—and I never do that,—seems to even things up a bit. Oh, this nice sense of emancipation! It is delightful to feel that only my own disenchantment stands between me and the things I used to call sin. I suppose I shall live and die a virtuous woman. I know I shall, in fact. Prudence and Self-respect would back me up there, and I should never have enough for any man to defy them. Nevertheless, it pleases me to feel free to go to the devil, even though I always decide to stay at home. This is my revenge—the only one I would ever want—and I find it sweet to the taste. He will never know it. I do not want him to know it. It is even greater, subtler so—to share with no one the knowledge that he has killed the good that was in me. I suppose my goodness was not a very real thing.—Why do I say that? It isn't true. It was the most real thing on earth except my faith in him. Nothing else could have shaken it. But to lose faith and hope in one blow, that was too much. I have never been aware of possessing a conscience from that moment to this.

It is strange to look on the devastation wrought by a force that is absolutely dead—like the desolation and ruin about an extinct volcano. I went to all the old scenes yesterday and wasn't even interested. I shall bear the scars all my life, but I am no longer conscious of the wound. It is unlikely that I should meet him, but I don't care if I do. I shall be perfectly indifferent. Well, that's disposed of. The next thing is to find a home for the summer. It must be in Marin County, near Mount Tamalpais, in a beautiful spot, with trees, water, a view, and all modern conveniences. I wonder if I shall find what I want. I can't bear ugly, inharmonious surroundings.

The next day.—I went to see the Packards to-day. It was great fun—to be a somebody where one has been a nobody. I used to be invited to lunch on rainy days; now it seems I am to have dinner-parties given for me. Which doesn't mean that I am criticising them. No, indeed. Cousin Caroline was always kind, and so were the girls; but I was not in their class in those days. By their standards I was absolutely unimportant, for they did not know the only thing that would have given me value in their eyes. Now, however, I am a personage, and I carry myself like one. I suppose my own valuation of myself on my world. Even in unworldly eyes I am a much more likable person, being no longer depressed by work and worry and overwhelmed by the insufficiencies of my clothes. When I went to Cousin Caroline's I used to feel as I did in a dream I had last night, in which I found myself riding horseback in my nightgown, to my intense mortification, although before leaving home I had decided that the costume was perfectly suitable. No matter how philosophical I was before I started for Cousin Caroline's, when there I could never rise above my clothes. Accordingly, it was not strange that I took an ordinary mortal for a God, because he was big enough to discover a princess in a Cinderella who never went to a ball. The fact that he never minded the shabbiness or unsuitability of my clothes, though he dressed so well himself, was more heroic in my eyes than if he had jumped off the Oakland ferry-boat to pull me out of the water.

It was a tremendous satisfaction to dress for my call to-day. When I got back to the hotel, I found Mr. Murray waiting for me. He thinks he has found just the house I want. It is at the foot of the mountain, *the* mountain, built two or three years ago by some people named Leale. I am going to see it to-morrow.

Marin County, Ten days later.—Here I am settled in my new home, with far less personal trouble and inconvenience than went into the buying of a new gown in the old days—not that I ever did buy a new gown; the illustration is not realistic. This is a lovely place, with redwoods all to myself, a creek bordered with wild azaleas at the bottom of the garden—such a garden!—a glorious view, and, best of all, streams of sunshine everywhere. I have a piano, and to-morrow I am going to work again at my songs. I was counting up, it is nearly a year since I have worked on them—not since that night in Rome when

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Rodney rebelled and refused to be musical and impersonal any longer. Poor dear Rodney! He would not believe that I was telling the truth when I said I had lost the power to love. Sometimes I wish it were not so true, and again I am unspeakably thankful that it is. It is all thankfulness, now that I have got Rodney off my mind. Does it hold any joy that can pay for the suffering?

I know I am going to be happy here. I shall practise and write music in the mornings, garden and ride or drive in the afternoons, read in the evenings. And occasionally I will have one of the Packards over, and I will give a house party for Alicia. I can do a great deal for that girl, and I will. She is not of the family pattern, and feels cramped in her niche. I believe there are few neighbors of the genus that makes calls, for which Heaven be thanked. I'll return first calls and be very friendly to people when we meet on neutral ground, but the intercourse shall end there.

I wonder who lives in that shingled cottage at the turn of the road? I saw such attractive children there to-day, a boy and two little girls. I'd like to make friends with them if it need not include their parents.

The next day.—If I were not emancipated from the tyranny of the commonplace, I suppose I should begin the account of to-day's adventures with a "What a small place the world is, anyway!" or a "Truth is stranger than fiction." And yet I am not a bit surprised. It seems as if I had known all along that Raymond Sturgis and his family lived in the small shingled cottage at the turn of the road. Speaking of the commonplace, nothing could have been more so than our meeting. I was strolling down the road at about six to-night, reaching the turn just in time to see a pretty picture. Those adorable children, with frantic expressions of joy, were embracing a young man, a good looking young man, who had just emerged from the opening of the short cut up the hillside. He was so infested with small arms and legs that I was quite near them before I saw his face. It was Raymond, of course. It had to be Raymond by all the laws of my horoscope. He could not have passed absolutely out of my life forever. Things do not happen that way. He recognized me before I did him; it seems he knew that I had taken the Lewis place. He was a little ill at ease at first, and was evidently relieved by the matter-of-fact way in which I greeted him. No one could have divined from it the manner of our parting. Neither of us called the other by name, but we shook hands, and he introduced his children. Ray, the eldest, is five, and then there is Elizabeth, who is four, and little Elsie is two. They are beautiful children, with good manners. I don't wonder Raymond is proud of them. We stood there

We were at home with each other immediately

talking for a few minutes. When I turned to go, Raymond said:

"My wife will come to see you. I will tell her that you are here." That he has not already told her seems significant of something; I don't quite know what.

"She must bring the children. There are some cherries on the trees that are begging to be eaten." There was a chorus of appreciative "Ohs" at this, and three little hands were held out to be shaken.

This meeting has left me perfectly calm. It is quite dead, this thing that I shall never get over. Raymond leaves me absolutely unmoved; and yet he is not appreciably changed. He is as good to look at as ever; but now I see his good looks with my eyes, while once I felt them in my heart. I wonder what his wife is like, whether she knows about me, how she felt about Mary Ashton, whether they are happy together, and a host of other things that I probably shall discover soon. The children certainly look well cared for, and their home is neat and pretty. Raymond does not look like an unhappy man. Dear me! I hope he isn't too happy. How wicked that wish would have seemed to me once, though probably I should have soothed my conscience with the reflection that it would not be just for him to be so. I wonder—oh, I wonder so many things!

Three days later.—Mrs. Sturgis came to call to-day. She did not bring the children, and she had on white gloves and a veil and a long gown, and carried a cardcase. She was very well dressed and extremely pretty and well bred, and I liked her, although I am sure she would say, "What a small place the world is, anyway!" and if she gave a tea (she would give teas), she would say to each guest, "It was so good of you to come." Well, some men prefer that sort of thing; it is pre-eminently safe, and you don't run the risk of being misunderstood or disapproved of. I am sure she is a good mother, a good housekeeper, and a good wife. A man ought to be happy with such a wife, even very happy; and yet—and yet—all my vague jealousy (it wasn't vague once) has gone since I have seen her. She is far better-looking than I have ever been, and has all the virtues that I lack, including a conscience and a good heart; but, oh! how many things there are in heaven and earth that she knows nothing of! I had been reading *Romola*, and she picked up the book.

"Do you like Lotty?" I asked.

"No," she answered, with decision. "I don't like any French novels. I don't like their morals."

I am sure she always thinks of the morals of everything—such a tiresome trick! The question of conduct need not enter into everything; that is almost as great a sin as making it enter into nothing. I wonder such women can put up with the works of Nature. Nature is not moral. I wonder how Raymond likes this sort of thing; he would have hated it once.

I wonder, as I have wondered all these years, what became of Mary Ashton. Shall I ever have the courage to ask him?—courage to face the acknowledgment of our common past, I mean.

Ten days later.—It is Sunday evening, and Raymond has been up here singing to my accompaniment, just as if he had been doing it every Sunday night for the past six years.

This morning I met the whole Sturgis family out walking, escorting Raymond to the train, as it seems he sings in a church choir. For all the fair showing, money is evidently not abundant in the Sturgis household. Mrs. Sturgis was regretting that she could not pay her husband's accompaniments, mentioning that he had often spoken of my skill in that line. As the result of her remarks, somewhat to the surprise of both of us, I fancy, it was arranged that he should come up this evening for a little practice. Mrs. Sturgis evidently likes to manage things. It is at the same time amusing and irritating to see the impression I make on her. It has evidently never occurred to her that I might be dangerous. She is even a little patronizing. It seems she has what she would call good social connections, while I, though brought up in San Francisco, do not know the local Vere de Veres, and that is damning. But all this is terribly unfair. If circumstances were different, I know that I should both admire and like her.

As soon as we got to the piano, Raymond's uneasiness of manner—it was not marked enough to be called embarrassment—left him. We were at home with each other immediately, just as we were the first day we met, when I played his accompaniments at a charity concert. It seems as if nothing could be a barrier between some people. Their mutual sympathy crashes through everything. Their hands are bound to meet.

Three weeks later.—Every day I am expecting my conscience to wake up, but it doesn't. I suppose it would be more excusable if I were in love with Raymond. He certainly thinks me, appeals to a side of me that no other men has ever reached; but the myself, the real me, is absolutely my own now. I do not believe I could ever again yield that to any man, which, by a paradox, makes me more accessible. I seem to have got more nearly into the man's point of view. I suppose it is a dreadful thing to say, but I feel as if I could now go on from one affair to another in cold masculine fashion.

I can see that I puzzle Raymond tremendously—puzzle as well as interest him. He cannot understand how a person's attitude toward life could change so radically. Whether he realizes, or even suspects, that he is the cause of this, I do not know. He cannot understand how it is that I no longer take his character on my conscience, that his loyalty to me no longer a matter of consequence to me. He knows that I would once have damned my soul to spare his sin. He finds me more interesting in my fall, however, and it piques him that he can no longer move me. It is I now who am in the superior position.

As for me, I am always wondering about him. I wonder that he has not taken his conduct in the past more to heart, that it has not left more mark upon him. When feelings are concealed he is always inarticulate; but how could any man do to a woman what he did to me and meet her afterward without a word or a look of regret? Sometimes I wonder if I did not imagine it all—if he ever really told me that he loved me and should continue to love me through time and all eternity. It is no use talking—I do not understand the workings of the masculine mind, and never shall.

It is quite evident, however, that he is falling in love with me now, and much more unreservedly than of old. Once this would have seemed to me the ecstatic compensation; I should have exacted such an issue; my suffering vanity would have been appeased, I should have triumphed in it. Now, unfortunately, I do not care, except in so far as it makes an interesting situation. I haven't any vanity to be gratified. I fancy it must have died of its grievous wounds. And yet it does please something in me to feel a sense of power that I never used to have. It makes so for power not to care; one is so helpless when one cares.

As for her, I wish I was not growing to respect her as thoroughly, and to like her in spite of myself. She is limited, of course, but so true and good, so unselfish, and so warm-hearted. How she does love her children, while, as for Raymond, he is her sun. She has the warmest heart I ever knew. I am coming to believe that she was never told about Mary Ashton. Raymond had learned wisdom. She is not a woman to take that which belongs to another. He is going to Seattle to-morrow on business, to be gone a fortnight, and she is positively suffering at the prospect.

The next day.—We had an affecting parting. Raymond and I. He evidently hated to go, and I hated to have him.

Several days later.—I have been seeing a great deal of Elsie Sturgis and the children since Raymond has been away. I haven't wanted to, but it has happened so. The children bring us together. She is so sweet and good and unsuspicious that I marvel at myself for not being conscience-stricken. I am afraid I shall be if I see much more of her, and that is why I want to keep out of her way. It would be so stupid to have to give this thing up when it amuses me so well.

A week later.—I am going away to-morrow, before Raymond gets back. No, my conscience is not troubling me, but something has happened. Last Monday I took the two little girls to drive. My thoughts were elsewhere; I was careless; there was a runaway. We all escaped without any serious hurt (if only I had a God to thank for it!), though at first we were alarmed about little Elizabeth, the doctor fearing internal injuries. My ankle was twisted, and we were all three badly bruised and frightened. They carried us into the Sturgises', and I stayed there all night. Oh, that fearful night! Elsie was a tower of strength. The goodness of that woman is past belief. Although so anxious about Elizabeth, she would leave her to come to me every little while to be sure that I wanted nothing and to divert my mind, trying to make me believe that I was not at all to blame for the accident. Nobody had had time to send Ray to bed, and he slept beside me on my bed, in all his clothes, just as he had fallen asleep, until at about two his mother undressed him. Her ways with her children are indescribably beautiful.

I made up my mind to go away the first minute I could think coherently, but, strange to say, it was not gratitude or admiration that forced me. It was the thing I had been afraid of from the first minute of meeting Elsie. I cannot run the risk of killing the good in her as it has been killed in me. My own conscience is not troubling me, but I cannot bear the thought that the conscience of another woman should be deadened because of me. One may be fewer, but life has lost its meaning when good and bad have become merely names with which to frighten children.

I wonder, I wonder what has become of Mary Ashton? Has she still a conscience? I suppose I shall never know, now.

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Vermont, the Tafts' Home-Place

By Charles Spooner Forbes

The President-elect's mother, who died recently

Alphonso Taft, father of the President-elect

THE English ancestors of William Howard Taft came to the colony of Massachusetts Bay in 1678 and settled in Worcester County. The pioneer settler there was Robert Taft, who became a resident of Mendon and one of its proprietors in 1679. At the first town meeting he was chosen a selectman—an important office in those days. The Taft family flourished in the new colony, and were prominent in local affairs for many years. They removed to Uxbridge, Massachusetts, early in the eighteenth century. At that time the Taft family consisted of Peter Taft, his wife Elizabeth, and several children, among whom was a son, Aaron, born May 28, 1743. Aaron Taft was the great-grandfather of William Howard Taft. In 1768 he married Rhoda Rawson, daughter of Abner and Mary Allen Rawson, and great granddaughter of Hon. Edward Rawson, Secretary for thirty-six years of Massachusetts Bay colony.

Both the Taft and Howard families, from which Judge Taft is descended, were residents of Townshend, Vermont, during the greater part of a century. Townshend was one of the first townships chartered in the New Hampshire grants, but the town government was not permanently organized until 1771. It is situated on the West River and lies in Windham County. The settlement known as Townshend was, like most Vermont towns, built on a hill, with the meeting-house occupying the highest point of land. The district schoolhouse was the next most conspicuous building. All the dwelling-houses were originally built of logs, and, later, frame buildings were erected. By the close of the eighteenth century clearings around the residences had become greatly enlarged, and the towns began to grow in population and importance. A saw-mill and a grist-mill were built, and a blacksmith, a shoemaker, a cabinet-maker, a merchant, and a doctor established themselves in business in the hamlet. The first settled minister was ordained June 21, 1775. The first schoolhouse was built in 1793.

The pioneers who settled in this new country and founded an independent state and organized free institutions were men of brain and brawn. They were both mentally and physically equipped to cope with conditions existing in the land of their adoption. They established the town meeting, the church, and the school throughout the territory. They were mostly English from the older New England colonies. Many of them were descendants of the Puritans, who had had ample experience in self-government. They gave to the towns founded the names of their old homes in many instances.

The leaders of the "Green Mountain Boys" were such men as Thomas Chittenden, Ethan Allen, Ira Allen, Samuel Robinson, Moses Robinson, Seth Warner, Isaac Tichenor, Nathaniel Chipman, Remember Baker, Paul Spooner, Joseph Bowker, Jonas Fay, Samuel Fletcher, and John Hazeltine. These men were among the state-men and military geniuses who brought constitutional calm and domestic peace out of civil chaos and destructive war.

Vermont is a striking illustration of a small political unit with great influence and power in the American Union. The State is particularly famed and distinguished for the men it has produced. It may be claimed with proper modesty that the chief product of Vermont is men. Save includes women, horses, and maple sugar among her famous products. Vermont is entitled to distinction as the cradle of Presidents and Vice-Presidents of the United States. Some of its Presidential timber has been of original growth, and some was early transplanted to the soil of sister States, there to be grown to maturity. The Green Mountain State is the birthplace or ancestral home of seven Presidents and Vice-Presidents.

The winter of 1798–99 was drawing to a close when a sled-load of new settlers and their household goods, drawn by two yoke of oxen, arrived in Townshend, Vermont, at that time a village of increasing importance. The new arrivals were Aaron Taft and family, of Uxbridge, Massachusetts. One of the boys, Peter R., then fourteen years old, came all the way on foot and drove the cow. The snow at the time was six feet deep in southern Vermont, and it took nineteen yoke of oxen to move the household goods up the hill to the new Taft farm in West Townshend, which had been bought from Peter Hazeltine. The deed of the farm is recorded in volume three, in the town clerk's records of Townshend, in the following form:

Peter Hazeltine to Aaron Taft. } To all people whom these presents shall come Greeting:

Know ye that I Peter Hazeltine of Townshend in the County of Windham & State of Vermont. Gentleman for and in consideration of the sum of Five Hundred & Sixty seven Dollars to me in hand before the ensealing hereof and truly paid by Aaron Taft of Townshend in the County of Windham and afs. Gentleman this Presetipt whereof I do hereby acknowledge. I feel therewith fully satisfied and contented and thereof and of every Part and Parcel thereof do exhonorate and acquit and discharge unto the sd Aaron Taft his heirs, executors and administrators forever by these presents have given granted bargained sold and assigned conveyed and confirmed onto him the sd. Aaron his heirs and assigns forever. A certain Farm of Land lying & being in the Northerly part of Townshend aforesd it being the farm which the sd Aaron now lives on, containing one hundred Acres with an allowance for highways through the same Bated and bounded as follows viz: beginning at a stake & stones sixteen rods easterly of the East side of the highway as now traveled on Levi Hayward North line where he now lives, thence, North four deg. west Twenty rods and one half rod thence North three degrees. East Ten Rods, thence North sixteen degs. East six rods & one third of a rod West seventeen degs. North nine Rods, and one third of a rod thence West thirty one degs. North twenty eight rods, and one third of a rod to a stake and stones a corner Hence East Forty-four degs. North twenty one rods, a corner thence North two degs. West seventy one Rods stake and stones on Johnson's Hore, thence West ten degs sixty toward a stake and stones a corner then East ten degs South thirty eight rods. A corner then East Nine degs one hundred and seven rods to the bound afore mentioned To have and to hold the sd Grnat and bergained premises with all the appurtenances privileges & commodities to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining to him the sd Aaron Taft his heirs and assigns forever to be him and their own property & benefit and behoof forever and I the said Peter Hazeltine for myself, my Heirs, executors, and Administrators do Covenant promise & grant to and with the sd Aaron Taft His Heirs and assigns that before the ensealing hereof I am the true sole and Lawful owner of the above bargained premises and am Lawfully seized and possessed of the same in my own proper right as a good perfect and absolute estate in Fee simple and have in my own good right full power and lawful authority to Grant bargain and confirm said bargained premises in manner as aforesaid and the sd Aaron Taft his heirs and assigns shall and may from time to time and at all times forever hereafter maintain by force and virtue of these presents Lawfully peacebly, equitably, have Hold, use, Occupy, Possess and enjoy the sd bargained premises with the appertenances free and clear and truly acquired exonerated and discharged of from all manner and all form or other gifts, Grants, bargains, sales, Leases, Mortgages, wills, Entails, Joynters Dowries, Judgments, Executions or Incumbrances of whatever that might in any way measure or degree obstruct or make void this property described. Furthermore I the sd Peter Hazeltine for myself, my Heirs and assigns do convey and engage the above described premises to the sd Aaron Taft his Heirs and assigns against the Lawful claims or demands of any Person or Persons whatsoever forever hereafter to warrant secure and defend by these presents.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this twenty-third day of Dece A D Seventeen Hundred and ninety-nine

PETER HAZELTINE, L. S.

JOHN HAZELTINE,
TIMOTHY HOLBROOK.

Personally appd
JOHN HAZELTINE,
Just Peace.

Rec'd to record Dec 26th 1799 and entered this First Feb 1800

A true copy
attest Ephraim Wheelock Register

View of the Taft and Howard farms at West Townshend, Vermont

When they came to Vermont the family consisted of Aaron Taft, the father, Rhoda Rawson Taft, the mother; six daughters—Milly, Selina, Cynthia, Nancy, Sophia, and Mary; and three sons—Jeremiah, Peter Rawson, and Samuel.

In 1799 a frame house had replaced the old log cabin, and into this the Taft family moved. The building was about 16×18 feet in dimensions, and one and a half stories in height. It probably contained

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three or four rooms. The hitchen was the living-room, and its principal feature was a big open fireplace built into the wall. Supported by projecting stones, there rested a bar six or seven feet from the floor called a lug-pole. This was made of green wood or hack bars of iron. On this were hung chains of iron, with hooks of various lengths called pot-hooks, hakes, pot-hangers, pot-claws, pot-dogs, etc. An iron kettle, a frying-pan, and a bake-pan were cooking-utensils displayed by the housewife. Over the fireplace and across the top of the room were hung long poles on which were suspended strings of peppers, dried apples, and rags of dried pumpkins. An old queen's arm, or fowling-piece, rested on hooks over the fireplace. Wheels for spinning flax and wool stood in a corner. Like other new settlers, the Tafts raised corn, beans, pumpkins, wheat, rye, turnips, beets, and flax. A few sheep supplied wool for making clothing. Pigs and cows were kept to supply meat for the family. In those days the streams were filled with trout and the woods were full of game.

Sylvia Howard Taft
(From an old portrait)

The church building of these times was a square wooden structure with a truncated roof, surmounted by a belfry which served as a lookout station and held a bell. The main body of the building was plain and undecorated. The pews were square and boxlike, and the pulpit stood high above the congregation. There was no church society or building at West Townshend village until early in the nineteenth century. In 1810 the first Baptist Church Society was organized, of which Sylvia Howard Taft, grandmother, and Alphonso Taft, father of William Howard Taft, subsequently became members. Meetings were held in the schoolhouse until 1817.

A meeting-house was built at West Townshend in 1817 by the village society of Townshend. It was used by the Baptists for church services, and among the regular attendants were the Taft family. The church was remodelled in 1848, but its main appearance remained unchanged.

Aaron Taft died in 1808, leaving a wife and nine children. His wife died on June 9, 1827. The bodies of these two pioneer settlers lie in the little neighborhood cemetery on Taft hill, in Townshend, and their graves are marked by simple old tombstones. To Peter Rawson Taft, eldest son of Aaron Taft, was intrusted the management of the farm. He was then twenty-four years of age. Peter, like other farmers' boys, had done chores, helped about the farm, and attended with more or less regularity the district school. Fondness for mathematics resulted in his receiving the appointment of County Surveyor. The accuracy of his work establishing disputed lines and making divisions of real estate brought him into public notice, and gave him much employment in every part of Windham County. The duties of this office often made necessary a long attendance on his part at the terms of the County Court. On such occasions he was a willing as well as attentive listener, and so gained a knowledge of many legal principles which a person of his parts would be apt to apply correctly in unfolding the twists of a complicated lawsuit. From his decisions as a trial justice the public gained great confidence in him, and in one capacity or other he was often called upon to decide matters in dispute between litigants.

While pursuing his studies, he devoted a portion of his time to reading—a habit which grew with advancing years. In early manhood he taught the winter term of the district school for a number of years, or was employed as long as he could be hired by the district for that service. As a teacher he had an excellent reputation. No person was oftener called upon to fill town offices. In one position or other his public service was almost continuous. To the guidance of business matters he brought intelligence, honesty, energy, prudence, and a judgment that hardly ever mistook the right way. In the efforts to establish what is now Leland and Gray Seminary Peter Taft took a very active part. His name heads the list of corporators, and he was the person designated in the statute for calling the meeting which organized the corporation. As one of the committee for erecting the academy building his foresight and executive talent were appreciated. During his residence in the State he was one of the board of trustees, and was regarded as one of the most thoughtful and reliable advisers.

In 1827 and 1828 he was chosen as the first of a board of road commissioners. These were county officers and were elected annually by the General Assembly as required by the statute of 1827. The nature of the duties cast upon this office often made their performance laborious and perplexing. He was chosen Judge of Probate for the district of Westminster in 1830, 1831, and 1833; a judge of Windham County Court in 1835, 1836, 1837; a Justice of the Peace in 1818, 1824, 1825, 1835, 1838, and 1840. In the General Assemblies of 1818, 1820, and 1824 he represented Townshend, and in 1827 and 1834 he represented Jamaica.

Among other Worcester County settlers at this time were several families of the name of Howard. Levi, the head of one of the Howard families, migrated with his family to the territory now known as Vermont in 1775. Levi Howard was one of the earliest settlers in Townshend and an original land proprietor. He cleared a forest section of land on the mountain in the west part of the town and built a log house for his family. Levi Howard had five children—Henry, Chapin, Levi, Jr., Sylvia, and Olive. The oldest son, Henry, inherited the home farm and carried it on for many years. The Howard farm adjoined that owned by Aaron Taft. The Howard and Taft families were close neighbors, and so it came about one day in the year 1808 that Sylvia Howard married Peter Rawson Taft.

The only son of Peter Rawson Taft and Sylvia Howard Taft was Alphonso, father of the President-elect. He was the first descendant of Aaron Taft to be born in Townshend. The youth followed in the footsteps of his father, worked on the farm, and attended the district school. Alphonso early developed unusual interest in his studies and showed himself to be possessed of more than ordinary ability. His learning enabled him to teach school in his native town. When he had earned sufficient money he entered Townshend Academy. Alphonso Taft determined to have a college education and entered Yale University in 1829 at the age of nineteen. Four years later he was graduated from Yale with high honors. He studied law, and in the year 1840 went west to Cincinnati, Ohio, and began to practise there. The young attorney from Vermont soon acquired a good clientage in his new home, and it was not long before he was recognized as one of the leading lawyers not only in Ohio, but in the West.

As a young man he had imbibed the spirit and adopted the principles of the Whig party in the State and nation. When the tocsin was sounded in the early fifties for a free soil party to come into the field to succeed the Whigs, Alphonso Taft became a pioneer in the movement for the formation of the Republican party. He was elected as a delegate from Ohio to the Republican national convention in 1856, and voted for John C. Fremont as the party candidate for President. Later in life Alphonso Taft served his party and country in many positions of trust and honor. He was at different periods a member of the Cincinnati City Council, a school commissioner, and a trustee of the University of Cincinnati. From 1865 to 1871 he was a judge of the City Superior Court. In 1870 President Grant appointed him to a Cabinet position, and he served as Secretary of War from March 8th to May 22d, when he was transferred to the office of Attorney-General. In this important office he served nearly two years. In 1882 President Arthur appointed him Minister Plenipotentiary to Austria, where he remained two years. Later he was appointed Minister to Russia, but resigned in 1886 on account of ill health.

The Taft genealogical tree has flourished since it was removed from Vermont soil and transplanted to Ohio. There is no evidence of race suicide found in the Taft family record. The household of Aaron Taft consisted of thirteen members, and his descendants have well sustained the ancient custom of raising good-sized families.

Alphonso Taft was twice married, and of these unions eight children were born, three of whom died in infancy. His first wife was his boyhood sweetheart—Fanny Phelps, of Townshend, Vermont, a daughter of Judge Charles Phelps. The marriage occurred August 29, 1841. There were born to Alphonso and Fanny Phelps Taft two children—Peter Rawson, deceased, and Charles Phelps. Charles Phelps Taft was born December 23, 1843. Alphonso Taft's second wife was Louise Maria Torrey, daughter of a prominent East India tea merchant of Boston. She came from a sturdy and prominent New England family, and was a woman of sterling character and pronounced virtues. Four children were born to them, all of whom survive, the eldest being William Howard, who was born in Cincinnati on September 15, 1857. The second child was Henry Waters, born May 21, 1850. The third was Horace Dutton, born December 28, 1861; and the fourth, the only daughter, is Fanny Louise, born July 18, 1865, who married Dr. William Edwards, of Los Angeles, California, in 1890.

Charles Phelps Taft married Anna Sinton, of Cincinnati, by whom he had four children, two of whom are deceased. Those living are Annie Louise and Charles Howard. William Howard Taft married Helen Herron, of Cincinnati, in June, 1886. They have three children—Helen Herron, Robert Alphonso, and Charles Phelps. Henry Waters Taft, of New York City, Judge Taft's brother, married Julia Walbridge Smith, of Troy, New York, in 1883. They have three children—Louise Witherbee, Walbridge, and William Howard. Horace Dutton Taft, the second brother, married Winifred Shepherd Thompson, of Niagara Falls, New York, in 1891.

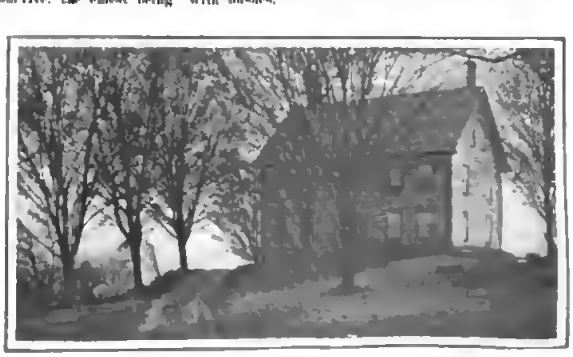
The Tafts of Vermont and their descendants have ranked among the foremost families of America. From generation to generation the members of the Taft family have made good their honored heritage. From father to son has descended the typical Taft character. In the male line they have been big men physically. Alphonso was a six footer with a massive head, William Howard is tall and broad, Horace Dutton is six feet four inches in height, and Henry Waters is over six feet. The Taft brothers are also big and broad men mentally, clean morally, and hard workers. The four sons of Alphonso Taft are successful men of affairs, and each one has attained distinction in his respective vocation. Charles Phelps Taft is a well-known man of affairs, the owner of a great newspaper,

The old church in Townshend, Vermont

and a successful financier of Cincinnati. Henry Waters Taft is a prominent lawyer of New York City. Horace Dutton Taft is head master of the Taft school for boys at Watertown, Connecticut.

A visit to the ancestral home of William Howard Taft among the green hills of Vermont is made to-day with much less difficulty than a journey made one hundred years ago. The railroad has been supplanted by the automobile, and the forest has been transformed into fertile farms. The Taft farm of one hundred acres occupies the brow of the highest hill in Townshend and one of the highest in Windham County. The original farm has been divided and sold to farmers owning adjoining farms. Nothing remains of the old house where three generations of the Taft family lived except the cellar hole and crumbling walls overgrown with bushes.

Townshend, showing Leland and Gray Seminary, of which Peter Taft was a founder



The old Howard homestead at West Townshend, Vermont

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THE SENATORIAL HALL OF FAME

OHIO—FORAKER AND DICK

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

FORTY-FIVE MINUTES FROM BROADWAY

The Present Condition of this Country's Forest Resources

Few people have anything like a clear idea of the amount of forest wealth left in this country. Those who think at all about this natural resource, which has assisted in material development since the landing of the first settlers, are usually too much influenced by the condition of that particular State or section in which they are most familiar.

If they live in a much deforested or a treeless region, the people usually imagine that the country's timber-supply is even more limited than is actually the fact; on the other hand, with those whose homes are located in a section where a pinch in timber has not been experienced, the feeling is likely to be altogether the other way, and some become so indifferent at times as to think that there is really not much reason to worry about a timber problem. Both can profit by a reading of the actual facts.

The forests owned by the government cover almost five hundred and fifty million acres, or about one-fourth of the land of the whole country. The original forests covered not less than eight hundred and fifty million acres, or nearly one-half.

The forests owned by the government cover one-fourth of the total forest area, and contain one-fifth of all timber standing. Forests privately owned cover three-fourths of the area, and contain four-fifths of the standing timber. Besides having three times the area and four times the forests, the timber land privately owned is generally more valuable.

Forestry, or conservative lumbering, is practised on seventy per cent. of the forests publicly owned and on less than one per cent. of the forests privately owned. This covers the country's forest resources as they stand to-day. Senator Smoot, chairman of the section of forests of the National Conservation Commission, in outlining the future has said:

"By reasonable thrift, we can produce a constant timber-supply beyond our present need, and with it conserve the usefulness of our streams for irrigation, water-supply, navigation, and power.

"Under right management, our forests will yield over four times as much as now. We can reduce waste in the woods and in the mill at least one-third, with present as well as future profit. We can perpetuate the naval-stores industry. Preservative treatment will reduce by one-fifth the quantity of timber used in the water or in the ground. We can practically stop forest fires at a total yearly cost of one-fifth the value of the standing timber burned each year, not counting young growth.

"We shall suffer for timber to meet our needs, until our forests have had time to grow again. But if we act vigorously and at once, we shall escape permanent timber scarcity."

No Romance about Cleopatra

The romantic story of Antony and Cleopatra is nothing more than a mythical legend if we are to believe the statements made by Signor Guglielmo Ferrero, the noted Italian historian, in his lecture on "The History and Legend of Antony and Cleopatra" which he delivered at Columbia University on December 14th. According to the historical facts, Antony was not wildly infatuated with the Egyptian queen and merely married her for her money, while Cleopatra, being in desperate need of a strong bodyguard of soldiers, was willing to part with some of her fortune in order to secure the services of the Roman legions. It is from a comparison of Plutarch's conception of Cleopatra, with that of Shakespeare and other modern poets, that we learn how greatly the latter men have idealized this royal personage and have given us a mistaken idea of her charms. Portraits of the queen which have been discovered by archæologists in Egypt portray a woman with a fleshy face and a powerful aquiline nose, but with none of the features resembling the countenance of a Venus. However, Signor Ferrero considered that question of little consequence and proceeded to show that there are no proofs that Antony ever "sighed for" his queen, although he was absent from her for three years.

"The simple truth of the matter," declared Doctor Ferrero, "was that Antony wanted Egypt; . . . he meant by his dynastic marriage to her to establish the Roman protectorate in the valley of the Nile, and to be able to dispose for the Persian campaign of the treasures of the kingdom of the Ptolemies. At that time, after the plunderings of other regions of the Orient by the politicians of Rome, there was but one state rich in reserves of precious metals—Egypt. Cæsar already understood this; his mysterious and obscure connection with Cleopatra had certainly for ultimate motive this political necessity, and Antony, marrying Cleopatra, probably only applied more or less shrewdly the ideas that Cæsar had had. . . . As to Cleopatra, her government was menaced by a strong internal opposition, the causes of which are ill known; marrying Antony, she gathered about her throne to protect it the Roman legions. . . . The conquest of Persia is the ultimate motive of all his policy, the supreme explanation of his every act."

Antony's defeat at Actium was caused by his soldiers turning against him after learning of his treason toward Rome. Augustus and the victorious party then created the beautiful romance which we know in order to further the political schemes of the new party in power at Rome.

A Word about Titles

There appears to be an increasing love for titles and appellations either as prefixes or affixes to the names of individuals not of noble birth. This custom is becoming more and more pronounced in England, according to a British writer, who is himself of aristocratic rank, and the opposite trait, that of dropping titular forms, is now the fashion among the nobility.

The saleswoman in the shops must always be addressed or spoken of as the "young lady" or the "lady manageress," though they themselves are not so particular in their speech when referring to a customer. While making some purchases at a millinery shop one morning the daughter of a famous statesman was directed to the counter of the "young lady a little farther on," and the attention of the clerk in question was attracted with these words: "Miss ——, this young person requires some black velvet."

Tradesmen now are "gentlemen," and an amusing incident is told of a peeress who had occasion to visit a furniture shop. She had been there only a few days previously and desired that the same "person" should wait upon her as on the former occasion. "Is it the gentleman over there with a fair mustache?" inquired the manager. "No," replied the irritated peeress, "it is the nobleman next to him with a bald head."

An ingenious rule for the use of the affix "esquire" is practised by one of Britain's "younger sons" in his relations toward tradesmen. When the young man has settled his account with a creditor he merely addresses the latter as "Mr.," but when a bill remains unpaid the importunate creditor is pacified and flattered with an "esquire."

A New Use for the Cat

The status of the cat has suddenly risen in Japan, and the few families in that country which are without these pets are on the alert to secure one or more of them wherever they may be found. The cause of this increased demand for felines is due to the statement recently made by Doctor Koch, who advised the keeping of cats as the best means of avoiding the plague. The Japanese authorities have taken a census of the cats in several of the larger cities, and in Osaka, whose population is 1,900,000, it was learned that 48,222 families kept cats to the number of 54,389. In addition to these it is estimated that there are 5,000 homeless felines, and, remarkably enough, those sections of the city which are frequently visited by the plague were free from cats. The number of the animals without a home is rapidly diminishing because their value as a plague preventive does not depend upon the quality of the breed, so that the common or garden variety is equally as efficient as the thoroughbred.

REDUCE THE CARES

of housekeeping. One decidedly practical way is to use Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk in all cooking where milk or cream is required. Results will be more satisfactory than with most "fresh" milk. The convenience and economy will please you. Dilute Peerless Milk with water to any desired richness. ★★

THE BEST WORM LOZENGES for CHILDREN are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS. 25 cents a box. ★★

ADVERTISEMENTS

Pears'

Most soaps clog the skin pores by the fats and free alkali in their composition.

Pears' is quickly rinsed off, leaves the pores open and the skin soft and cool.

Established in 1789.

CLARK'S CRUISE OF THE "ARABIC"
16,000 tons, fine, large, unusually steady
TO THE ORIENT
February 4 to April 17, 1909.
Seventy-two days, costen only $480.00 and up, including shore excursions. SPECIAL FEATURES: Madeira, Cadiz, Seville, Algiers, Malta. 18 days in Egypt and the Holy Land, Constantinople, Athens, Rome, the Riviera, etc. Cruise Round the World, Oct. 15, 1909. 20 TOURS TO EUROPE, $250 up. F. C. CLARK, TIMES BLDG., NEW YORK.

The Globe-Wernicke Co., Cincinnati, not only makes the best obtainable wood and steel filing cabinets in the world, but they also make supplies, such as vertical file folders—guides—card index record and guide cards, etc.

To get the best results in office equipment buy from the house who is responsible for the supplies as well as the cabinets.

It guarantees both. Catalogue free.

A Government

Benzoate of

Its Effect Upon Health

The Government Says:

"Benzoate of Soda is highly objectionable and produces a very serious disturbance of the metabolic functions, attended with injury to digestion and health."

The Government Says:

"The evidence which has accumulated as a result of all these researches conducted in the Department of Agriculture, as well as the result obtained as the outcome of other researches, both in the United States and abroad, point so strongly to the **POISONOUS** properties of preservatives that their use as a class should, under the act, be inhibited in food and food products."

What Benzoate of Soda Is!

A powerful chemical anti-ferment—tasteless, odorless, imperceptible. Benzoate of Soda is a coal tar product. It cannot be classed as a food. It is not a form of baking soda, as many believe.

HEINZ

Contain No Benzoate of Soda

We believe we adhere to the highest standards of materials, preparation and cleanliness that can be attained. The fruits and vegetables composing Heinz 57 are for the most part grown under our personal supervision—that guarantees their ***quality.*** They invariably enter upon preparation as soon as picked—that guarantees their ***freshness.*** They are prepared by exacting methods, in kitchens fairly immaculate, by tidy uniformed workers—that guarantees their ***cleanliness.*** At every stage we have the advantage of surpassing facilities and equipment.

We do not use any Benzoate of Soda, any drug, any chemical, or any coloring or adulterant of any kind.

Back of every Heinz product is a flat guarantee to please or grocer refunds money.

Last year 30,000 visitors were freely shown through Heinz Model Kitchens. An establishment that has for many years kept its doors open must use approved methods and proper materials; its products are always safe to buy.

OUT of many brands of Ketchup and Chili Sauce taken promiscuously from grocers' shelves throughout the country last month, comparatively few were found that did not contain benzoate of soda. On the labels of the rest it was necessary to put the following statement:

CONTAINS 1/10 OF ONE PER CENT BENZOATE OF SODA

Some of the 57

Warning Against Soda in Foods!

Why Benzoate of Soda Is Used

Benzoate of Soda, as well as other drugs and chemicals in foods, has usually two uses: either to cover up unwholesome or inferior raw materials or to prevent fermentation in products not well enough prepared to keep otherwise.

In view of the questionable character of materials and methods made possible by its use, the presence of Benzoate of Soda warrants you in asking yourself, "Was the food prepared in sanitary surroundings? Were the methods clean and proper? Is it really eatable?"

How To Avoid Foods Containing It

The Government protects you by requiring that the presence of Benzoate of Soda in a food must be stated on the label. Therefore,

Examine All Food Labels Carefully

The Government authorities require that when a food contains Benzoate of Soda, it shall be so labeled. Do not be deceived. This labeling is always obscure and in fine type. You will need to look closely for the statement: "Contains one-tenth of one per cent Benzoate of Soda." When buying goods sold from bulk and you cannot see the label, you must depend upon your grocer or the reliability of the brand.

57 Varieties Pure Foods

—No Drugs of Any Kind

Some of the 57

Mince Meat, Tomato and Fruit Products are the foods most frequently made of low grade materials and preserved with chemicals.

Not only are the materials in **Heinz Mince Meat** thoroughly high grade, but they are even better than you could buy from the average grocer, should you wish to make mince meat at home. So cleanly prepared, so skillfully blended, that there can be no question as to the purity and goodness of Heinz Mince Meat.

Heinz Tomato Products—Ketchup, Chili Sauce, Tomato Soup—are made from sound, whole tomatoes, prepared immediately after being taken from the vines. Every ingredient added—every detail of preparation—is up to the Heinz standard.

Heinz Fruit Products—Preserves, Apple Butter, Jellies, etc.—are made of fresh, whole fruit. We use none but pure granulated sugar, spices of our grinding.

Let us send Booklet on Heinz 57—where and how they are prepared.

H. J. HEINZ CO.,

New York—Pittsburgh—Chicago—London

PURE FOOD 57 HEINZ VARIETIES PRODUCTS

Finance

THE FLOOD OF NEW SECURITIES

By Franklin Escher

AN investor was talking to a Wall Street man recently about the reasons for the present great output of new securities. "Here," said the investor, "in the midst of a period of but very moderate trade activity and on top of borrowings from the public, last year, of nearly a billion and a half dollars, the corporations are again in the market for immense amounts of money. Why do they want to borrow now and on such a scale? What will be the effect of the sale of all these new securities?" "It's January," replied the Wall Street man, "and in January, you know, money is generally easy, and we look for the corporations to come into the market for big amounts of money." The business man was not entirely satisfied with that reply. "I'm not borrowing over sixty-five per cent. of my usual amount," he thought, "and yet, surely, from the extent of these new issues and the way in which they are being snapped up, there must be very good reasons not only why the corporations want to borrow so much money just now, but also why the public appears so anxious to lend it to them."

The same question has presented itself to a good many other business men and investors, and the same conclusion that there must be special reasons for existing conditions has led to a great deal of intelligent investigation of the subject. Why are the corporations so anxious to borrow at present? Is it the fact that they have large issues of notes maturing in the near future and that they consider the present time as a highly favorable one in which to raise the money by the sale of long-term bonds? Or is it that the present is the first opportunity in over two years for a good many companies really in need of money to raise it on favorable terms? Or do business managers, perhaps, see ahead a period of trade activity, and are they anxious to provide themselves with additional capital while it is still obtainable at low rates?

Not any one, but all three of these reasons are responsible for the great borrowing movement under way at present. Measured by influence exerted so far, however, the reason first mentioned (the necessity for paying off maturing obligations) is by all odds the most important. The investment markets of 1907 and 1908, it will be recollected, were of such a character as to make impossible the financing of the corporations' needs in the regular way; and during those two years there about $640,000,000 of short-term notes were sold. These notes ran mostly for one, two, and three years—hardly any of them for a longer time. So that they are coming due now in enormous amounts and will continue to come due all through this year and the next. Now these notes must be regarded as capital requirements, and must be funded as they come due into long-term bonds. They were issued to pay for expenditures properly chargeable to capital account, and were put out with the distinct idea that when they came due investment market conditions would be such as to allow their conversion into regular long-term bonds. So far the plan has worked out admirably, but it means, after all, a great amount of what is no more than delayed financing, financing which should properly have been done two or three years ago, but which was, perforce, laid over till a more favorable time—which happens to be the present.

Refunding operations, however, are responsible only for a part of the big demands on investment capital. Its many important corporations the present opportunity to sell bonds has been anxiously awaited for several years. Not since the period of the authorization of big bond issues back in 1906 has there been a time when it was possible for the best important railroads to sell their bonds at fair prices. And during that time, especially in its early part, there was every reason to increase capitalization. Some of the railroads, as we have seen, adopted the expensive expedient of issuing high interest-bearing notes and thus tiding over the time of the unfavorable bond market. But even then, in many cases, the amount of notes issued was kept down to the smallest possible proportions. Such financing was regarded as little better than a necessary makeshift, and the time was anxiously looked forward to when capital could be raised to carry on the pressure of business on hand.

That time has come now, and even with the marked reduction in the pressure of business on the railroads' facilities, there is little reason to think that they will throw away the opportunity for which they have waited so long. It is only the relaxation of the business pressure which has made present easy investment conditions possible, and it is during such periods that the corporations have to provide themselves with funds. As a matter of fact, issues of bonds under authorizations made some time ago by the less important railroads have been comparatively moderate in volume as yet. Before the present easy-money period is over, however, a great deal of this sort of financing is sure to be done. Any sign of decided improvement in business or any indication of change from present easy money conditions will mean the quick bringing out of a number of these issues.

So much for the reasons why the corporations want to borrow. How will their big demands affect the situation? Everything depends upon the available supplies of investment capital. If most of last year's idle money has been invested already, the issue of so great a volume of new securities is bound seriously to affect prices. But if the amount of money awaiting investment is still very large, and if Europe is willing to participate on a fair scale, it may be that the new issues, great as they are, will be readily absorbed. What light is there on this point?

First the deposits in the banks. Between December, 1907, and December, 1908, roughly speaking, deposits in all the national banks in the country increased $543,000,000. Not all of this was new money, by any means; most of it was money which had been hoarded during the panic and which, as confidence returned, was put back into the banks. But, looked at from the standpoint of its availability as investment capital, this increase of over half a billion dollars in bank deposits does mean a tremendous increase in the security-buying power of investors. Very little money hoarded outside the banks is ever put directly into securities. Practically the whole amount so hoarded at the end of 1907 and the beginning of last year had to be deducted from the available supply of investment capital. But when it began to go back into the banks it began to become available again for the purchase of securities. A man who hears for his money puts it into a safe deposit box. As his confidence comes back he puts it back in the bank. Later, if he considers his balance too large, he is apt to use some of it to buy securities.

Another statistical indication of the great increase in the amount of available investment capital is to be found in the gain in the country's total supply of money in circulation during the past year. Notwithstanding a net loss on the European gold movement of about $40,000,000, the total supply of money in the country increased $76,000,000 during 1908. When it is considered that a very large part of this amount can be made the basis of further loan increase, it will be seen that the infusion of so large a sum into the circulation means a great deal in the way of added buying power on the part of investors and institutions.

These figures are interesting as showing the great increase in available investment capital during the past year, but they are hardly needed in forming the conclusion that investors all over the country have money, and that they are waiting for a good chance to put it into securities. Among bond dealers who come into close touch with people in general, the opinion is unanimous that, even with all the great amount of investment which has been going on already, there is an immense amount of money now lying idle which will eventually find its way into securities. There are a number of good reasons why this should be so. First, of course, is the fact that no business in general is being carried on at not over two-thirds of its normal volume, only about two-thirds of the amount of money normally needed to carry on business is now being used—to make the illustration very plain, a small retailer who under ordinary circumstances might carry a stock of goods worth $900 would now be carrying a stock worth only $600, and would have the rest in the bank. Secondly, there is the fact that the rise in securities during the closing months of last year was so rapid and continuous that thousands of cautious investors all over the country would have nothing to do with the market, preferring indeed, to let their money lie idle in the banks than to come in and buy at the high prices. Lastly, there is all the crop money to be taken into consideration, the vast amount of money which has gone into the agricultural sections in exchange for the harvests, and which forms a fund into which tens of millions of new securities can easily be absorbed.

Investors' security-purchasing power is very great—of that there can be no doubt. From bank statistics, from the united opinion of those in a position to judge correctly, from the very way in which the new offerings of bonds are being taken, it is plain that there is a great mass of uninvested capital in the country. So far on the present movement the advantage has been all with the borrower—for every dollar the corporations have wanted to borrow there has been a dollar of investment capital readily offered. How long will this condition continue? That depends, of course, upon the extent to which these companies which have money to borrow accommodate their demands to the supply of capital in sight. Borrowing movements have been overdone in the past, and very disagreeable conditions have been created by making the demands upon capital unreasonably large. As against the chance of recurrence this time, however, there is all the lesson of 1907 still fresh in mind.

But to however satisfactory a degree we ourselves may be able to finance the capital needs of the corporations, Europe's attitude toward our new securities will be of the utmost importance in shaping the course and extent of the borrowing movement. What are the prospects of substantial foreign participation? Excellent, to judge from the share which foreign houses have taken in the issues already made. Of our stocks, with the tremendous rise they have had, the foreign investor wants nothing. But with bonds, and particularly new bonds issued on an attractive income basis, the case is different. And to even a more marked degree than in this country, investment capital abroad is idle. The Paris market to a certain extent is preempted with the Russian loan, but trade in Germany and England is slow to recover and money is in great supply. Furthermore, a very large amount of American stocks were sold on the December rise by foreign holders, and a good deal of this money is seeking reinvestment. It will not go into American stocks again for a good long time, but the eagerness with which the foreign houses participate in the bringing out of the new issues shows that these houses believe that foreign investors' money will go into American bonds. Just at present the plethora of investment capital here blinds us somewhat to the importance of the foreign participation. Later, when the expected revival of business begins to make inroads on the capital supply, the taking out of the market of millions of dollars' worth of the new securities by foreign investors will be better appreciated.

BALLOTING FOR THE FIRST ELECTION IN TURKEY

The Turkish election lacks the intense excitement and strenuousness so prominent in our own politics. Great seriousness and dignity attend the casting of the ballots, as though it were the occasion of a religious ceremony instead of a decidedly worldly manifestation of the new order in Turkey

A Woman's Unique Farm

In the southwestern part of the State of Michigan lives a woman who earns a livelihood by conducting a farm of a unique type—the raising of peppermint. Forty acres are under cultivation and each yields annually a profit of $40, and often half again as much when the price of peppermint oil rises. It fluctuates between $1 and $5 per pound, but the product may generally be held for a favorable price.

The best land for a peppermint farm is reclaimed swamp land, although any low ground that is sufficiently fertile will answer the purpose. Every five years the crop should be changed, or else the peppermint will exhaust the soil to such an extent that a profitable yield cannot be obtained. Fifty pounds of oil to the acre may generally be produced for each of four consecutive years from the first cutting of the peppermint hay, and usually there is a second cutting which adds ten pounds more. If an attempt be made to raise mint for a fifth year the yield of oil would fall below forty pounds and a second cutting would be impossible.

Peppermint is grown from roots which are planted in furrows three feet apart after the soil has been deeply ploughed and carefully harrowed. These roots, usually from one-eighth to three-quarters of an inch thick and about two feet in length, are placed in the furrow so as to form a continuous line. The planting is done by hand, the roots being carried in a bag and immediately covered over as soon as they are laid in the furrow, lest their moisture evaporate. When the mint begins to shoot above the ground it must be weeded, or else the hay and the resulting oil will be filled with impurities.

About the middle of August the first crop is in full bloom and ready for cutting, and a month later the second cutting may be made. The hay is then thrown into windrows and left until it is thoroughly dry, when it is ready to be run through a still and the oil extracted. To produce one pound of oil requires at least 325 pounds of dry hay, but unless the soil is well fertilized the crops will rapidly deteriorate.

The Undesirable Bachelor

England bachelors should take warning and join the ranks of the benedicts before the government levies a tax upon their single blessedness. It is claimed that the unmarried man does not bear his share of the burden of taxation because he pays only the income tax and indirect taxation for one person, while the average married man pays both of these in addition to an "inhabited house duty," local rates, and indirect taxes for the average family of four. Obviously the married man is at a disadvantage.

The stability and power of a state are closely concerned with its married populations, and bachelorhood was discouraged even among the ancients, often by a loss of certain political rights. Statistics show that in England the number of bachelors is increasing. Unmarried men of twenty years and upward have increased 20 more per 1000 in the decade between 1891 and 1901. The annual report of the Registrar-General recently issued shows that the proportion of bachelors per 1000 males of fifteen years and upward was 386 in 1871 and 421 in 1901.

A tax upon bachelorhood is not altogether improbable, because we can find precedents for it in English law at times when the nation's expenditures were abnormally great. During the reign of William III. every unmarried man above the age of twenty five years was compelled to pay a special tax varying from 1s to £12. 10s. according to the person's income. This was levied until 1706. In 1785 bachelors' servants were taxed at a higher rate than were ordinary domestics, and five years later Pitt's graduated income tax was more severe upon the unmarried than upon the married men. Truly, the bachelor needs beware!

Who Was the Lady?

At a recent performance of *The Merry Widow*, during its engagement at the Cambridge Theatre, the audience was greatly interested in a particularly beautiful young woman who occupied one of the boxes. She wore an exquisite gown of white satin trimmed with glistening sequins and her hair was dressed most elaborately. Three Harvard undergraduates were in the box and paid her every attention, while the curious ones in the audience, including a number of students, ventured guesses as to who the fair stranger might be. Undergraduates are not permitted to have a box at this theatre unless accompanied by a lady who must be a relative, but no one remembered having seen the lady in question at any of the 'varsity functions.

On the following day a full explanation of the mysterious theatre-party leaked out. It developed that the "lady" was a Harvard undergraduate who, with his three classmates, had successfully evaded the college rule by means of this perfect disguise. The quartette had taken dinner at a fashionable restaurant and a taxicab brought them to the playhouse, where there was not the least suspicion of the hoax. Such extreme care had been taken in preparing the disguise that it is not remarkable that the distinguished "lady" defied even the closest scrutiny. A famous dressmaker's services were secured in making the costume and the beautiful coiffure was obtained from a noted theatrical wig-maker.

The Beach is Public Property

The New York State Court of Appeals has handed down a decision in a lawsuit which will seriously affect the many seaside resorts in the vicinity of New York City. The gist of the matter in that all barriers, such as bulkheads, fences, and the like which extend across the beach and prevent walking along the beach at high tide are illegal and must be removed. This decision, which was unanimous, relates to every bit of water front which is reached by the ebb and flow of the tides and millions of dollars in property rights are involved.

The lawsuit in question was brought several years ago by John A. Barnes against the Midland Terminal Company, which had built a resort known as "Midland Beach" on Staten Island and had erected a wall which shut out the patrons of the adjoining "Woodland Beach." The Midland Company also constructed a pier which ran across the beach.

The court found that any pier or superstructure which prevented the public from free access to the beaches may be removed by the authorities or may become a cause for damages by an owner of adjoining property if it interferes with his bathing, boating, or fishing. This means that in the future one may stroll along the beach from Manhattan to Coney Island without being compelled to make a detour inshore to avoid the premises of intermediate resorts. The decision of the New York court will probably be accepted as a precedent in New Jersey and Connecticut as well.

An Auction of Royal Jewelry

Some rare jewels will probably soon be offered at auction in Paris by the Mont de Piété, the state pawnbroker of France, and if this occurs the bidding is certain to be spirited. About fifteen months ago the Sultan of Morocco became involved in financial difficulties and a supply of ready cash was absolutely necessary to meet the emergency. The only available assets were the court jewels and other valuable ornaments and it seemed expedient to visit a pawnshop with these. The reliable French shop was recommended as a safe depository, and $250,000 was advanced to Sultan Abd-el Aziz on the jewels at a rate of seven per cent. interest for twelve months. An additional one per cent. was added for the cost of expert valuation.

According to the terms of the transaction the duration of the loan might be extended by payment of the interest, but the Sultan has been unfortunate in his investments and is unable to meet his obligations. The days of grace are at an end and the Parisian "uncle" has been debating whether to sell his valuable securities as would be done in the case of an ordinary customer. If the jewels go under the hammer the Mont de Piété will undoubtedly clear a handsome profit, because the jewelry connoisseurs are eagerly anticipating the opportunity to bid upon the valuables.

The Thornless Cactus is Assured

Luther Burbank's thornless cactus has justified the highest expectations with which it has been regarded, according to a recent report from the California experimental station. During the past summer fields of this plant were under cultivation and, almost without exception, the growth of cacti was without spines.

Many scientists had feared that when the thornless variety of cactus was given a practical test on a large scale a reversion of type would occur and the objectionable thorns again appear, but this theory has been disproved. Burbank, the wizard among horticulturists, has performed another miracle and his spineless cactus should eventually provide an inexhaustible supply of fodder for the cattle of the Southwest.

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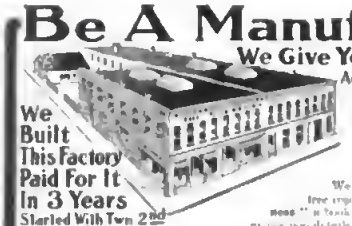

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The Tunis Ghetto

THE crowded condition of the Hebrew quarter in big cities is well known. No where, however, in this evil more pronounced than in the "Hara" of Tunis, where it is estimated—for no official record has been kept—that there live at least 30,000 poor Jews, of whom 7,000 are dependent on public charity. This population leads an existence isolated from the community at large. The Tunisian Jew grows poorer year by year, since, owing to the introduction of modern business methods, notably that of the department-store system, which calls for a professional training, he finds it more and more impossible to make a living at his old profession of peddler and dealer in second-hand goods.

Jews have occupied the place since remote times. There is, in fact, good ground for the belief that a portion of the present Hebrew population is of indigenous descent. Certain Purim practices survive in their religious ritual and indicate old habitations. Yet, like other aborigines, they do not live on an equality with more recent arrivals. Original occupants are viewed as aliens by the French authorities, since the Jew is not subject to military service in the Foreign Legion. On the other hand, when as a stranger—say, for instance, an Italian or an English man—the Jew appeals to a French tribunal, he is treated as a "subject of the reigning" Bey—that is, as one under Mussulman law, while at the same time in his personal relations he is subject to the Hebrew or rabbinical tribunal. Hence, in order to avoid confusion between jurisdictions, it is suggested that Jews be made amenable to French law.

It follows that in order to rehabilitate themselves the inhabitants of the Hara, held Dina at arm's length by the French and Arabs, have first to justify their claims as citizens. The present outlook is discouraging enough. A Hebrew charitable institution is practically responsible for the continued existence at all of this indigent city, which ought to be pulled down, while its site should be cleansed before the rebuilding of a new quarter. To give an idea of the abomination of these crowded alleys when, as happens frequently, a row of houses, rotten to the last degree, crumbles of itself, no builder is to be found disposed to undertake the work of reconstruction. Such is the repulsion with which the Hara is regarded among the French and Arab populations, that if a speculator did attempt an operation of the kind, his property would remain untenable—except, perhaps, by beggars paying but one dollar a month. Hara real estate has, therefore, little value; but in other quarters, especially the French, ground commands a respectable price.

R. HOLT-LOMAX.

A Profit in Snakes

RATTLESNAKE HUNTING can scarcely be called a trade, but nevertheless that is the sole occupation of H. T. Brown, of Newton, Wisconsin, who makes a comfortable living at this business. During the winter months no snakes can be found, but throughout the summer Brown averages between fifty and one hundred dollars. There are two methods of work: the hunter either hires himself to a farmer at a weekly salary of fifty dollars, or roams about the country killing the diamond-backs wherever he chances to find them and gaining the bounty which the State pays. He guarantees to clear a farm of 160 acres of all its snakes in one week and destroys their homes, unless the land is exceptionally rocky.

Although Brown has hunted snakes for fifteen years, and has killed thousands of them, he has never been bitten. In a single day forty-two rattlers were killed, but this is not an extreme case when we realize that one nest may often contain a dozen of the reptiles. The State of Wisconsin pays a bounty of fifty cents for each rattlesnake, a good skin sells for one dollar and fifty cents, and the oil brings three dollars an ounce.

The method of killing a rattler is very simple when you understand it as thoroughly as does our Western friend. A stout hickory club is the only weapon necessary, but caution must be exercised not to allow a snake to get in position for striking. When the reptile is moving directly away from its pursuer a deadly blow may be received, but when following at the side of the fleeing diamond-back you are safe from any danger. At least Brown assures us that such are the facts:

"When the snake turns, if you can get home to them, strike your blow quickly and firmly. The operation is not hazardous if you know what you are doing, but I won't vouch for a beginner. I have had a few snakes strike at me, but when the rattler's tail is away from you and you are at his side you are safe. Sometimes I take my dog with me, and he can smell rattlesnake. All dogs can, and he serves as an alarm-clock for the reptiles. Rattlesnakes like rocks, but won't live where there is much noise. That is why they aren't found in quarries, but only in wild places."

Why was the Goose Selected?

THE goose is held sacred in the traditions of many peoples of the world, although the basis for this superstition is impossible to trace. The national flags of Burma and of Kandy, Ceylon, bear representations of this humble bird, and wherever the Buddhist religion is practised a veneration for the goose is evident. The great temple of Anajapoora is surrounded by immense ornamental figures of geese, and Japanese art is filled with sketches of this fowl. In China the goose symbolizes peace and happiness, and no wedding ceremony would be complete without tiny models of this bird, which are considered fully as necessary as the wedding-cake is with us.

The story of the flock of geese which saved the Capitol at Rome is not credited but nevertheless it furnishes a splendid demonstration of the importance which attached to these birds since the early Romans regarded them worthy of a place in the popular legends. The emblem of the Egyptian god Seb, the father of Osiris, was a goose, and upon one of the statues still existing is engraved a title whose translation is, "The good goose greatly beloved."

Coming down to the present day, we learn that in Great Crosby, a town of Lancashire, England, there is held an annual festival known as the "Goose Fair." Apparently the only reason for such a name is that during that celebration the eating of goose is strictly forbidden. In parts of Scotland, and in the islands of the Hebrides, the natives have always considered the goose "too sacred" to be used for food.

Harnessing a Historic River

THE Susquehanna River is upon the verge of becoming a useful stream. Although it is the greatest river of the United States flowing into the Atlantic Ocean, yet it has never been famous for anything except beautiful scenery and treacherous flat bow engineers are constructing a hydro-electric power plant near the historic Conowingo Ford, and the erratic river is to be compelled to accomplish something for man's benefit.

In spite of the size of this river it is not navigable for more than five miles above its mouth, because beyond that point rocks, rapids, and shoals are so frequent that only an occasional raft is floated down at high water. An area of 27,000 square miles is drained by the Susquehanna, and since the timber has been cut from this mountainous section the floods of this river come suddenly and with great violence. Often the flow at high water is twenty-five times the volume of the stream at low water.

At a very few places along the Susquehanna small ferry boats are operated, and most of these spots are of historic interest. It was at McCall's Ferry that a part of the American forces crossed on the campaign which ended with the capitulation of Cornwallis at Yorktown, and Washington himself made use of Conowingo Ford fourteen miles below.

Sir Harry Johnston's African Romance

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, the African traveller, administrator, and naturalist, whose impressions of New York were recorded in a recent issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY has had some quaint adventures. A reigning chieftain, through whose country he had to pass, more practically held him up to ransom, his price being fixed at one bed, one chair, thirty barrels of powder, one hundred Snider rifles, one hundred muzzle-loading guns, one thousand cartridges, a cowrie tax, a desk, a table a tent, thirty loads of big red beads, and thirty loads of fine blue beads. Diplomacy, however, got the explorer out of the country with the cartoon unpaid. A love-smitten queen in the Dark Continent once summoned Sir Harry to her, and refused to believe that the rest of him was as fair as his face. So imperious was her curiosity that he had to lift up his trousers and show, bashfully, the calf of his leg, upon which the enchanted lady declared that he must stay with her forever. The gallant Englishman had to do what he had never done to an enemy—bolt before the violent wooing of the dusky one.

The Gentler View

The Senseless Necessities

By Florida Pier

It is often asked with a flourish of the voice and a wag of the head which are supposed to stagger one, "What are the necessities of life?" Every one, after drawing deep breaths and downing a natural nervousness that will rise, begins to find an answer. Some say that to be happy—an attempted happiness is the popular interpretation of life among the strangely fight-hearted of the populace—one must have work, love, and parenthood. Others choose as necessities health, social intercourse, and hope, and one woman says that all any one needs is tenure. Perhaps, after all, it is. Bounce appeals to one as a thing amazingly useful in time of need. And if people were well supplied with bounce their friends would not worry for their futures, but could send them on their bounding way with a confident heart. The virtues of bounce grow on one. It is the greatest of pities we haven't all got it.

When the few people with already formed ideas on the subject of what is necessary have spoken there are millions of shocked ones left who agree ardently with each of the speakers, yet who have not any of the necessities named and still manage a fair amount of happiness. They are quite upset, for nothing so jars your self-respect as to agree with everybody; an open mind always feels to the owner so peculiarly like unoccupied space. They wonder uncomfortably what they base their claims to contentment on. They do not mean to cheat, they are sorry to be pleased with any but the best, yet they are not parents, they do not work, and they do not love any one in particular. That is, not at present. Running quickly over the list of things they enjoy—they are in reality in panicky pursuit of that safeguard known as a conviction—they come to yawning, surprised to find it among the first of their likes. Yawning! Yawning? A most curious preference, and yet on second thought it comes to them that yawning is as agreeable a sensation as anything that at the moment occurs to them. Not that they for a moment wish to put yawning against parenthood. Still the thing has given them pleasing moments, it is one of the experiences that make them beam so amiably on the world and it should undoubtedly receive full recognition. They are a little ashamed of it, but flaunt it, nevertheless.

Then there are breakfast and the dripping of rain from the eaves. Devoid of bounce, with the other necessities lacking, one still smiles at breakfast, particularly if there is toast and if one is a little late, while the drip of rain outside causes one to give one's self over to a moment's complete, sheltered, warm, dry delight. A person robbed of work, health, parenthood, etc., and at once plunged in despair deserves the highest praise. He seems a remarkable character, possessing the highest ideals, fanatical in his loyalty to limitations. We wonder disconsolately if we can ever be like him. Tramps ought to dissolve from excess of unhappiness, but none of them have done so yet, and though from their whining tales of misery they would perhaps be open to reason and might be convinced that they were not happy, still we suspect them of concealing from us certain enjoyments to which they are devoted. They cannot deny that they have going to sleep and waking up, two entrancing occupations. (Waking up, particularly. It is such a joke on one.) And it is just possible that they consider the coursing of their blood through their veins a sufficient excuse for going on. Well, it is not a completely burdensome experience. Few of the functions of nature are. Think of the pleasure that grief minds have derived from eating; in fact, it takes a fairly brainy person to appreciate food; and then there was the man who said he felt the keenest pride while digesting, it was so clever of his organs to know how to do it. He never got over congratulating himself on their actually being able to manage the thing. It is all very well to be proud of one's children, but why not be proud of one's joints too they are just as remarkable.

Coming into a warm room after a walk in the cold and sitting with the quietness of a log while some one rattles the teacups—at such moments one has a knowledge of something beyond mere work, one catches a glimpse of ecstatic insensibility, and all the other necessities seem mere irritants as one views them from the depths of one's blissful lethargy. These are, one makes no attempt to deny, frankly material pleasures, but, after all, the material is one's body and so one is by way of giving a miracle its due of attention. Laughing who left out of the list, with a carelessness which one hopes indicates no real decadence in the moral declarers of necessities, but one cannot be sure, for laughing is almost the only necessary thing. Not a mere sense of humor only, that doubtful endowment which so nearly developed into a religious cult some two years ago and brought most dangerous consequences to its train, but a hearty guffaw that shocks the hopeful, healthy, socially inclined ear of working parents, a peal that threatens to choke you, and that proves how nearly the point of the joke has caught you in the ribs. Yet these people who drew up the things without which one could not be happy omitted this. As though the precious things they mindedf would have been worth a blind man's glance without it.

Going on is necessary to us, if one must dig to the bottom of the bag—only let us not forget that by forever plunging in our arm to the very depths we ferret out the lightest things which were meant to remain on top, and give the entire contents an excessively unused appearance—the delightful process of living along is one of the few things we feel to be imperative, and never have we found anything to match it for absorbing detail, flig things one so quickly becomes accustomed to that when they are taken away they are like the stars and one does not realize for a long time that they have gone; but little things, how they excite and thrill one. The inexplicable joy of being alone, and the unbounded charm of not being alone. Two such possibilities should suffice to fill the life of any one, and as for proving you were right in the face of figures to the contrary, and kicking leaves that rustle, pretending to be bigger than you are, making impossible plans, dreaming, catching the tongues of one's friends, inhaling fresh air, seeing new places, digging in a garden, being impudent, winking a variable eye, rubbing smooth surfaces, getting muddy, starting, being stared at, rising to heights that are not one's own, swaggering, reforming—those are the senseless necessities, and many we fail to do without them for eons to come.

We work because we must, we do all our duties because public opinion yanks us by the scruff of the neck and hangs us up on the hooks where we belong. When we obey the laws of nature it isn't because they are necessary to us, it is because we are necessary to them, and they have their way with us. We go through our steps, marry, have children, work, hope, keep what health we can, seek the society of our fellows, exhibit bounce if we are lucky, but these are not the things that lead us on, that convulse us, that catch our eye and delight us, without which we are limp bored rags. We are fish (the hook metaphor will kindly be forgotten at this point) going with the current. The kind of fish we are and the sea we are going to are subjects too large and uncertain for us to bother with, but the bubbles that flash in the sunlight, the way the water slips over us, the worms the nervous fisherman drops by mistake, the waving grass, the bugs on the surface, the naturalists murmuring on the bank, and the dark caves we dash unexpectedly into, these are the things that are necessary to us. It is over these we wave our tails, and it is the blessed, varied, pointless details that make the stream so uncommonly fascinating to us.

Fixing the Price of Diamonds

The price of diamonds is to continue at its high level, although the supply of the precious stones is vastly increased. Such a result, contrary to economic maxims, is to be effected by limiting the output of the South African mines and thereby not overloading the market.

At the annual meeting at Kimberley of the De Beers Mining Company the chairman announced that an absolute agreement had been reached by the directors and that their policy henceforth would be to regulate the production of the mines. The American demand is increasing and it will be only a short time before prices begin to soar if the proposed syndicate is formed by the South African companies. This coalition would include the great Premier mines and the other large producers and could easily control the diamond market of the world.

Fishing by Telephone

Consul Lee to Goldschmidt, of Nantes, France, makes the report that a use for the telephone in fishing has just been invented in Norway. A microphone, the role of which consists in amplifying submarine sounds, is shut up in a thin, watertight steel box and kept in constant communication by metallic wires with a telephonic receiver installed on the fishing-boat. It is stated that with this apparatus the fisherman is always informed of the approach of fish. Moreover, it is said that each kind of fish gives in the instrument a particular sound. Thus the arrival of herring is signalized by a sort of whistling, the codfish announces its arrival in the neighborhood by a sort of grunting.

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HARPER'S
WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ITALY'S CALAMITY

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ITALIAN SOLDIERS SEARCHING FOR VICTIMS IN RUINED MESSINA

1909 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cer

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A PLAIN TALK WITH THE POLICY-HOLDERS

OF THE

New-York Life Insurance Co.

346 Broadway, New York.

SIXTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT.

To the Policy-holders:

One year ago the Company consisted of people insured under about 980,000 policies, citizens of every considerable country. They were under definite contracts with each other which called for scientific co-operation and mutual protection. They had paid such sums into a common fund that all their matured obligations had then been met, and, on January 1, 1908, against an ultimate average obligation of about $2,000 per policy, there was accumulated about $525. The membership was under definite contracts duly to provide the difference between the sums accumulated and the sums ultimately due.

What happened during 1908? You directly reached and relieved the beneficiaries under 9,000 policies when their relief resource had been taken away by death; your relief went into the 46 states and 6 territories of the United States, and into 44 other countries. The total of this relief, as expressed in money, was $22,131,290.77. But that is only a part of the story. You sent these families, not property, but money; you reached them immediately and just when need was greatest. In doing that you really did more. You did what no other organized body of men could do, except those similarly organized. You paid to these beneficiaries a partial equivalent for the property value of lives cut off prematurely.

Most insuring persons are young. They have strength of body, a reasonable mental equipment and an average training. When they assume the obligations of home and children they, in effect, make a contract with society, but the burden of that contract for a time is on society. *They are themselves their chief asset.* But the bank will loan no money on that asset when life is extinct, and very little when life is at its full. If that asset fails, these men default to society, and society has no remedy except the orphanage and the reformatory.

A large portion of the death-claims of 1908 represented the salvage of the one really valuable asset which these families had,—a resource which, by all the ordinary rules of business, was totally lost. These payments prevented social defaults, and to that extent made the orphanage and the reformatory unnecessary.

It is worth while for you, as policy-holders, to know something of the other things which you accomplished in the year 1908. You paid in all to your own membership, $49,191,258.40. This total includes death-claims, annuities, dividends, maturing endowments, maturing deferred dividend policies and surrender value for contracts sold to the Company. You loaned to your own membership, on the security of their own policies, $28,000,000. For your own protection, you increased the general funds of the Company (book values) by about $42,000,000. This increased the security behind each average ultimate policy obligation by about $48.

All this represents mutual help of the first order. Compare it with your other investments and your other activities in 1908. Did you do any better work during the year? Was it not worth while? Would you not like to see more of it done by your Company in 1909? Would not an almost unlimited amount of such work carefully and effectively done be a public benefit?

HOW YOUR WORK IS LIMITED.

But here a curious condition confronts you. In the *extent* of your work, and in that alone, you are not advancing. For example, in 1908 you issued about 93,000 new policies, and from various causes you lost 70,000. It is a startling fact, that **if you had taken into your ranks in 1908 enough new members to make good the number that dropped out, making no growth whatever, you or your representatives would have violated the criminal law of New York State.** Notwithstanding the high character of all you did in 1908, notwithstanding your willingness and ability to do more of it, the laws of New York State are such that your Company near the close of the year had to slow down the busy wheels or risk committing a misdemeanor.

This particular law (Section 96 of the Insurance Laws of New York) has been in full force for two years. It places an arbitrary limitation on the legitimate activities of life insurance men. Its direct effect on your Company has been the reduction of a plant capable of insuring 150,000 people a year to a plant insuring less than 65,000 people a year. It has reduced our outstanding business about $68,000,000 and reduced the number of families protected by our guild by about 20,000!

I call your attention to the general facts contained in the Balance Sheet and statement of Income and Disbursements attached hereto. I think you will there read the answer to the query that uninformed people so often make, "Why do life insurance companies need such great accumulations of money?"

Our ultimate obligations at their face value (each two thousand dollars, our assets for all purposes (in the values) are about five hundred and fifty-seven millions. Every dollar of those assets is absolutely necessary under a clearly defined program in order to liquidate our liabilities, both actual and contingent. Our assets are large because our liabilities are large. Our liabilities are large because we are doing a large work of the kind I have described.

Study the figures attached. Study them as you would the balance sheet of your own business. Commend or criticise them if they deserve either. But, above all, observe what a far-reaching, equitable and during program of self-help you are a part of in the daily work of the New-York Life.

Darwin P. Kingsley

President.

New York, Jan. 14, 1909.

Balance Sheet, January 1, 1909.

ASSETS.

1. Real Estate	$12,645,993.97
2. Loans on Mortgages	58,706,413.36
3. Loans on Policies	87,316,641.44
4. Loans on Collateral	500,000.00
5. Bonds (market vals. Dec. 31, 1908)	375,516,651.02
6. Cash	9,124,131.44
7. Renewal Premiums	7,413,992.69
8. Interest and Rents due and accrued	6,062,846.84
Total,	$557,286,670.76

LIABILITIES.

1. Policy Reserve	$459,209,411.00
2. Other Policy Liabilities	6,357,583.57
3. Premiums and Interest prepaid	2,763,130.84
4. Commissions, Salaries, etc.	1,011,983.34
5. Dividends payable in 1909	7,602,905.1[illegible]
6. Additional Reserve on Policies	3,129,402.00
7. Reserve for deferred Dividends	67,181,561.00
8. Reserves for other purposes	10,030,693.8[illegible]
Total,	$557,286,670.7[illegible]

INCOME, 1908.

Premiums:		
On New Policies,	$5,424,856.35	
On Renewed Policies,	72,069,813.64	
Annuities, etc.,	964,255.31	$78,458,925.30
Interest and Rents,		23,352,186.86
Other Income,		624,882.13
Total,		

DISBURSEMENTS, 1908.

Payments to Policy-holders:		
Death Losses,	$22,131,290.77	
To Living Policy holders,	27,059,967.63	$49,191,258.4[illegible]
Paid to Beneficiaries under instalment contracts,		154,801.9[illegible]
Paid to Agents and Medical Examiners,		4,320,657.[illegible]
Taxes, Licenses and Insurance Depts. Fees,		962,385.2[illegible]
Other Disbursements, including Real Estate Expenses and Taxes,		
For Reserves to meet P[illegible]		

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LIII — New York, January 23, 1909 — No 2718

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THE RUINS OF THE AMERICAN CONSULATE AT MESSINA

IT WAS IN THE COLLAPSE OF THIS BUILDING THAT DR. ARTHUR S. CHENEY, THE UNITED STATES CONSUL, WAS KILLED

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LIII No. 2718

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THIRTY-SIX PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, JANUARY 23, 1909

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Comment

I know that sometimes the Constitution seems to be in the way of direct effectiveness. The division under our system by which the central government is limited to certain things and the State governments carry on other things sometimes seems to work against the rapid carrying out of some of the reforms, as, for instance, the conservation of our natural resources and perhaps the regulation of railroads and the suppression of those abuses which have crept in with our marvelous progress in the combinations of capital.

And yet, gentlemen, that Constitution, simple, clear, and comprehensive, has in the past been capable of such fair construction as to meet in a marvellous way the development and emergencies of our country, which could not have been anticipated by those who framed it in any detail at all, and I am very certain that the same Constitution will meet the emergencies that may come in the future.—*William H. Taft at Augusta.*

An Opera-bouffe Performance

WE find ourselves wholly unable to regard seriously the President's attempt to put JOSEPH PULITZER in jail for libelling the United States and DOUGLAS ROBINSON. And yet the learned Attorney-General of the famous Corsican name has subpœnaed a number of newspaper men, mailing-clerks, *et al.*, to appear in court and divulge all facts presumed to be in their possession. Apparently the sleuths have been at work, and the proceedings are enveloped in an atmosphere of becoming mystery. At this writing, Mr. BONAPARTE is saving in his most portentous manner that he will make a full statement "in a few days." Meanwhile we may only amuse at the schemes hatching in that wondrous mind and recall previous futile attempts of angry politicians to choke the press. The Federalists made the first mess of it in 1798, when they passed the Sedition Act, which provided for the fining and imprisoning of any person found guilty of printing or publishing "any false, scandalous, and malicious writings against the government of the United States, or either House of Congress, or the President, with intent to defame them, or to bring them into contempt or disrepute." HAMILTON protested in a note to WALCOTT while the bill was pending, saying:

> Let us not establish a tyranny. Energy is a very different thing from violence. If an take no false step, we shall be essentially united; but if we push things to an extreme, we shall then give to parties body and solidity.

But the Federal leaders of that day were as incapable as our present Chief Magistrate of discriminating between energy and violence, and the bill was enacted. The people expressed their view emphatically at the first opportunity, two years later, when they drove the Federalists out of power and compelled an immediate repeal of the oppressive legislation.

No further effort to impair the freedom of the press was made until 1873, when the GRANT administration, smarting under the criticisms of the *Sun*, resolved to silence it, and to that end undertook by the exercise of despotic authority to compel CHARLES A. DANA to answer in Washington for what he had said in New York. Application was made to the United States district court for a warrant of removal, but in a memorable decision Judge BLATCHFORD refused the warrant, holding the proposed form of trial to be unconstitutional. Enlightened public opinion strongly supported Mr. DANA in his resistance of the subpœna which would have placed him at the mercy of the Washington ring. Returning thanks to the oldest newspapers in the country, which had stood with him unfalteringly, Mr. DANA said:

> And so the press rises to the comprehension and assertion of its own dignity and power. And all petty and despicable jealousies and rivalries are buried deep in the strong current of the brotherhood of the press—the brotherhood representative of the rights of the people.

We direct the attention of the present angry administration to these memorable words. In a like contingency they would prove to be as true now as they were then. We have no means of ascertaining at the moment the curious process by which the Attorney-General proposes to carry out his master's order to prosecute Mr. PULITZER for criminal libel in the Federal courts on behalf of the United States of America, because, forsooth, his paper printed things about "my brother-in-law" which the aforesaid brother-in-law resented. But if that mightily resourceful official has in mind any such bootless proceedings as were attempted against Mr. DANA, he will discover very quickly that the press cards, the public probably, and the courts almost to a certainty will stand as a unit against a ridiculous assumption of unprecedented and unwarranted authority. The people are not worried over the *World's* attempts to trace to their final resting-place the millions that were wheedled out of Congress. In point of fact, they would like to know a good deal more about it than has yet come to light, and are quite willing that the *World* or anybody else shall dig to the bottom. They have not been plundered, and do not feel that they have been. Neither has the government. Congress, which voted the money, manifests no excitement. Why should the President? And does anybody suppose for a fraction of a minute that he would, except to divert attention from real issues and put upon the government the cost of exculpating "my brother-in-law," to whom, if he has been injured, the courts are open? Fudge!

Let Us Be Polite

We take the liberty of suggesting to our esteemed contemporaries the propriety and desirability of speaking of our highest officials in terms indicative of respect for both the individuals and the positions they occupy. President ROOSEVELT has never signified that he disliked being called "TEDDY," and once during the campaign Mr. TAFT good-naturedly told some folks to call him "BILL." But it is a poor practice and one not calculated to enhance our repute for manners at home or abroad. There may be some excuse for those who feel sufficiently familiar to say "BILL" till March 4th and "TEDDY" thereafter, but while President it should be "Mr. ROOSEVELT" or "Mr. TAFT." And do let the Vice-President be Mr. SHERMAN. "Sunny JIM" is enough to justify the breaking of every prohibitory statute in the land.

The Tillman Episode

There is no issue of fact between the President and Senator TILLMAN. The Senator believed that a corporation held about two million acres of government lands unlawfully and proposed measures to make it give them up. That was all right and in line with his public duty. But he employed an agent to obtain about a thousand acres of the land for himself and relatives when they should become available for settlement at the fixed price. That was all wrong. Not that he had no right to do so. He had as much right as anybody else. But his attempt to reap personal advantage through pressing legislation was manifestly improper. That he was not conscious of doing what he should not is evident from the fact that he made no secret of his intention, and, as soon as he learned that his name was being used by schemers, he dropped the project entirely. He committed no crime, and though, perhaps, as he himself declares, "disingenuous" in his original statement to the Senate to the effect that he had not "undertaken" to obtain the land, he seems not to have been intentionally so, claiming to have used the word in its common legal meaning as synonymous with "contracted." But the President had his sleuths on the trail, and on the day when the House pronounced him a prevaricator, he attempted to divert attention by making their findings public. The President had no legal right to use the Secret Service for such a purpose, to begin with, and, secondly, finding no evidence of crime, he had no moral right to cunningly arouse indications of mere impropriety in an official document to blacken the character of a political enemy. The Senate is the judge of the qualifications of its own members, and, as the *Times* truly says, "it is no part of the President's business to inquire into or pass upon the behavior of Senators." Apparently it was the President's purpose to show that he really has pigeonholes full of incriminatory evidence against Congressmen, and stands ready to carry out his repeated threats through the *Tribune* to publish it if they don't let up on him. More reprehensible conduct on the part of a President of the United States could hardly be imagined. It is, as the *World* declares, government by blackmail, far removed from any proper conception of public duty, and wholly foreign to any measurable sense of personal honor. If Mr. ROOSEVELT has evidence to convict Congressmen of crimes, he ought to produce it. If he hasn't, he ought to shut up. He ought to shut up, anyway.

No Room for Favorites

The incoming Cabinet is not to be composed of clerks. We are reliably informed that, before accepting the post of Secretary of State, Mr. KNOX insisted that he, and not the President, should be Mr. TAFT's chief adviser in selecting his colleagues, and that they should be men of independent minds. What is more, the President-elect, with grace and, we may well believe, with gratefulness, signified his acquiescence. Mr. KNOX begins well.

Millions by the Hundreds

Senator HOPKINS has introduced a bill authorizing the sale of $167,000,000 of bonds to provide funds for "completing" the Panama Canal. The original estimate of the minority engineers whose recommendation was sustained by the President was $135,000,000, which was appropriated and has already been expended, along with about $80,000,000 more drawn from the Treasury. The total cost is now placed, therefore, at $550,000,000, plus the $40,000,000 purchase price. This is just four times the original estimate of the minority engineers who have been appointed by the President to accompany Mr. TAFT and pass solemn judgment upon their own work. The eloquence of the testimony to their capacity is painfully apparent. Incidentally, we adhere firmly to our expressed belief that the total cost will approximate one billion dollars.

Congratulations

The War Department delayed so long that we began to fear that it might not rise to full appreciation of its solemn responsibilities in an exigent situation. It is with no little relief, therefore, that we are enabled to record the fact that, on January 4th, a formal order was issued by the Department, "by direction of the President," assigning Lieutenant-Colonel EGBERT A. MEARNS to "active duty, with station in this city," with instructions to report to the Commander-in-chief. By a happy coincidence, another order was issued on the same day announcing the retirement of Major EGBERT A. MEARNS "by reason of disability incident to the service," as a lieutenant-colonel, to date from January 1st last, the date upon which he would have been promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy by reason of seniority, if found qualified. Major MEARNS was examined for promotion and found physically disqualified for the duties of lieutenant-colonel. The finding was based upon the Major's application for retirement, in which he alleged that he was afflicted with "extensive atrophy of the abdominothoracic muscles, involving the epigastric and hypochondriac regions, with a partial paralysis of the perimysic and sarcolemmic membranes extending to the obliquus externus." The lay mind, as we observed recently, was filled with anxious forebodings when forced to contemplate the affliction thus succinctly portrayed. But there was no real cause for apprehension, although, in point of fact, the Major's recovery was really quite remarkable. In the short space of twenty-four hours his condition underwent a complete change. The surgeons were amazed by the marvellous improvement, and even the President, who is not easily surprised, is said to have manifested genuine astonishment. It was felt, however, that full recuperation could hardly be gained in a climate free from fevers and bugs and lallapaloosas and things, so the Major—or Lieutenant-Colonel, as he is now—will accompany THEODORE ROOSEVELT, citizen, upon his daring famal expedition to the jungles of Africa. "Under these orders," says the happy Associated Press, "Lieutenant-Colonel MEARNS will receive the full pay and allowance of a lieutenant-colonel on the active list during his entire service under his assignment with Mr. ROOSEVELT in this city and in Africa." All other members of the Hunt continue to be in prime condition and splendid rifle-shots.

In Darkest Africa

A PERFECTLY CORKING TIME,

OR,

INSPIRATION FROM A GLOWING EXAMPLE TO THE YOUTHS OF AMERICA TO CULTIVATE LOFTY IDEALS.

By a Mighty Hunter

I was reaching for my rifle when the rhino caught sight of me. It was too late. I turned and ran toward the river. A dive would save me. I thought of the crocodiles. I felt the puff of the rhino's foul breath. My heart sank. I had one chance to jump aside and let the rhino pass. I jumped, and the roaring animal wiped its gore-stained cheek on me as I did. I doubled on my tracks, the demoniac brute frothing in fury after me. As I passed under the hammock where my comrade lay between life and death, there was a vivid flash, a deafening roar filled the world, and I fell. The rhinoceros rolled over, spurting a stream of hot blood on me from a wound in its neck. I looked up, dazed and breathless. I didn't know whether I was dead or alive. I felt the huge, throbbing carcass beside me. The yellow, lever-stained, hollow-eyed face of Dr. VILLIERS looked over the hammock and asked, "Are you hurt?"

"I think not," I answered. "What happened?"

I got no answer. Dr. VILLIERS sank back with a groan. I sprang to the side of the hammock. I thought he was dead. His breast was covered with blood. I opened his shirt and saw his right collar-bone broken and protruding through the flesh. I forced some brandy down his throat and he revived. "What happened?" I asked again.

"You had one chance for life, and that was the death of the rhino. I had one chance in a thousand of saving you and killing the rhino. I took it and gave the rhino both barrels of the express. Your face is singed a little from the flash. The recoil of the blunderbuss has hurt my shoulder."

He put his left hand over and felt the shattered collar-bone. "I suppose it's all up with me," he said. "This, on top of the fever, is too much." He smiled and fell back unconscious.

The natives who had fled returned, and we examined the five porters who got the rhino's charge. Two were dead, three badly injured.

Through that night I sat beside my unconscious comrade in the flicker of the camp fires, listening to the dull, monotonous droning of the insects in the trees, and seeing faces in the embers, one face especially, a kind, thin face crowned with white hair weeping as I told her of Jappie, her hunter son's death. The chill before dawn struck the earth. I turned to put some wood on the fire. Glaring in the grass a few yards away I saw two green, phosphorescent eyes. I seized my Luger pistol and rose. Like a flash a lion sprang away before I could shoot. A little later the forest burst into thunderous roars. It seemed to be full of lions, which were attracted by the smell of the rhino's blood.

Dr. VILLIERS did not die. He came through it all. He now organizes hunting expeditions into East Africa and in all probability he will be one of the ROOSEVELT party.—*Fritz Duquesne in Hampton's Magazine.*

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Hail, Lallapalooza!

We present herewith a striking photograph, obtained at great expense from Central Africa, of a galloping lallapalooza:

It is a fine specimen of the ferocious animals now being trained to be shot "to preserve and not to kill."

Courage in Congress

The New York *Evening Post* says in a leading editorial:

All this, however, only throws us back on the question why Congress should have been heaping up so intense a hatred of the President. Was it due to jealousy of his popularity? Was it envy of his fame? Was it even resentment at his dictatorial manners? None of these things. The truth of the matter it is a delicate thing to state, but no one who has any acquaintance with Congressmen, no one who knows Washington, can have any doubt what that truth is.

It is, in a word, that Congress does not believe in President ROOSEVELT'S moral sincerity. It thinks him hypocritical. He has lectured it and the country on truthfulness, yet nine out of ten Congressmen believe Mr. ROOSEVELT himself to be habitually untruthful. He has posed as a champion of fair play, yet Congressmen believe him to fight foul. They picture him as living in and delighting in an atmosphere of suspicion, intrigue, and calumny.

In short, Congress is thoroughly convinced that all the superior moral exhortation which it has had from President ROOSEVELT has come from a man who allows in himself the thing he condemns in others.

Mind, we do not say that Congress is right about it. We only state what it believes to be true. Congressmen may be deceived, but there can be no question that this is what they honestly think about the President.

We believe this to be an accurate statement of the opinion of a large majority of Congressmen. We observe further that these very Representatives, now so brave and so jealous of their prerogatives, sang very low while the President held the sword of patronage over their heads. Anybody can kick a dead lion with impunity.

Excusable

The *Independent* expresses disappointment with the *World* alumnae because it gives the population as the same as last year. It is a just complaint, but not without excuse. Actuated by a stern determination to keep his alumnae up to date, Brother PULITZER has been in the habit of taking his census personally at the very last minute before going to press. This year, when the time came, he was busy with other things.

The League in Conference

Obviously impressed by the admirable work of the Interdependent League, the Hartford *Times* rises to remark:

We congratulate the Hon. THEODORE ROOSEVELT on the fact that his most loyal and admiring support which he is now receiving as President of the United States comes from the Hon. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. We do not know whether Mr. HEARST is looking for editorial talent, but we suppose there is always room for first-class men in his editorial department, and it would seem that the HEARST newspaper syndicate would afford to Mr. ROOSEVELT, after his retirement from the White House, a much more satisfactory means of keeping himself in the public eye than the circumscribed field afforded by the arrangement with the Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT. We assume that Brother ABBOTT would consent—though with reluctance—for the sake of good government, and to keep the national sense of humor keen and bright, to release Mr. ROOSEVELT to Brother HEARST, if the latter should propose it. Moreover, Brother HEARST is understood to pay much higher salaries than Brother ABBOTT can afford to pay to editorial contributors.

Passing only to admonish the *Times* that money is no object, we may observe that Brother HEARST is now hastening across the continent from California to open negotiations with Brother LYMAN ABBOTT, who has still what is known in secular circles as the first call, but is adjudged susceptible to the influence of fraternal association. We await the result of this friendly rivalry for the possession of the Greatest Series of Politico-religio-scientifico Articles Ever Written by Mortal Man with ill-concealed anxiety.

Tut! Tut!

The chief argument adduced on the floor of the House was that the traditions of the House were against it.—*The Outlook.*

Not at all!

The chief argument in favor of the provision was that the Congressmen did not themselves wish to be investigated.—*From the President's Message of January 5th.*

The first thing Brother LYMAN ABBOTT knows, the bogey man will catch *him* if he don't watch out.

Harvard's President Elect

When President ELIOT was doing the honors at Harvard to Prince HENRY of Prussia, he told him in some welcoming remarks that every member of the Harvard Corporation was of a family that had served the public in Massachusetts (we quote from memory) for not less than six generations. The tradition that drives men to serve the public is strong in the strong Massachusetts families, and we have always supposed that when the Harvard Corporation came to choose a new president they would choose a man who stood for that tradition, provided they could find a fit one. Mr. ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL exemplifies that valuable tradition, and he is a fit man to be President of Harvard, and to have chosen him to be President ELIOT'S successor is just what was to be expected of the Harvard Corporation. It seems an admirable choice. If a man so penetrated with the atmosphere of Massachusetts as President ELIOT was fit to be President of Harvard, there is no reason why Mr. LOWELL should not be fit to follow him, for he is no more and no less of Massachusetts than Dr. ELIOT is. There were those who hoped that Harvard would go outside of her immediate environment for her president, choosing a Western or a Southern man—some one a little outside of the family, who might perhaps make the university seem more homelike to students from afar, and broaden and extend its influence. That is a natural feeling, but there is this to say on the other side—that Harvard as President ELIOT leaves her is an institution that interests every other college and university in the land, that part of the interest she excites and the influence and authority she exerts is due to her personality, to her being a little different from other institutions, and reflecting certain qualities of her age and her site in the most cultivated and one of the longest civilized corners of the United States. That she is the more attractive and more useful to distant communities because of the differences in her qualities and point of view than she would be if those differences became likenesses seems probable at least, provided, of course, that her differences continue to be worth coming a thousand miles to feel or to observe. So we do not look for any intimations of regret from persons that are really interested and really informed that Harvard has found at home the man she wants.

A Natural Choice

It is vitally important to the prestige of the Massachusetts university that she should keep her hold on the whole country, and her people are well aware of that. The country has been growing steadily away from her for two hundred and seventy-three years, but as yet she has not become a local institution and does not mean to if she can help it. Choosing Mr. LOWELL, she takes the man that seems to her most like the man she is about to lose, a member of her family and her faculty, a lawyer practised in the affairs of business, a writer and historian of high distinction, a man of vigor, in excellent health, and fifty-two years old. Probably Mr. LOWELL would be glad to be somewhat younger, if he could, to allay the concern of folks who confide in youth, but in truth he is only just about as old at fifty-two as President ELIOT was at that age. He is made of excellent materials that have been wisely used ever since he has had them. He has done many things well, has seen more than one aspect of life, and is fully able to appreciate that the job he is to direct is to make men rather than Harvard men, and to make good Americans rather than Bostonians. He is far from being a narrow man, though he has the flavor of his environment.

This is the Terminus

The niece of Ambassador REID and the granddaughter of DARIUS O. MILLS was married last week to a good-looking young Englishman, the Earl of Dunmore, King EDWARD'S Master of Horse. Judging by his picture, he is a good young man to marry, and we don't doubt that he is as good as he looks. But why are our likely girls whom Fortune has favored with special marks of her bounty so prone to find away from home the gentlemen upon whom it suits them to confer happiness? And they like them with titles, don't they? Miss MILLS has lived abroad a good deal since her uncle has had a foreign job, and that she should have married a man that was in sight, rather than one that wasn't, is natural enough. But back of that is the fact that our American girls seem to find the conditions of life as shaped and lived by persons advantageously situated in foreign parts more interesting and alluring than our American life here at home. We don't think that is going to be so much longer. Life in these States is more interesting now, take it by and large—than it is anywhere else, and it has only begun. It takes time to make a way station of anything so well established as Europe, but, after all, North America is the present terminus of civilization, and it is here that the through passengers are getting off.

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Some Aspects of Nature

It looked like a grain of yellow sand fitted with six neat and agile legs and it hastened diagonally across the printed page with all the air of making the shortest cut to an appointment where important business was to be transacted. It seemed innocent and busy and self-important, but the reader desiring to distinguish an a from an e set his thumb on the little creature, and in the place of the errand and the activity, the egoistic business and liveliness there was only a faint brown smudge on the page which the reader turned. The microscopic speck of life was sacrificed to a higher cause, and the reader, at any rate, was peacefully unaware of ensuing disaster or mourning by his impatient assassination.

In not unlike manner, the other day, some hundred thousand human beings were swept out of existence by one of nature's catachysmic outbursts. On a larger scale, disaster, falling so suddenly upon men like ourselves, brings home to us the vast, embracing metamorphosis that goes on continuously in the universe. One day these men were all alive and eager, eating, drinking, loving, rejoicing, weeping, making themselves secure and comfortable within their transient homes, and the next day dissolution clothed a barren chaos where they had been.

We leave ourselves, for a brief time, on an earth which is spinning through infinite spaces, whose three-fourths of its surface is formed of devouring waves fatal to man, where mountains vomit up burning fire, and the winds drop pestilence as they blow. Beyond our dwelling, out in the vague blue spaces, numberless heavenly bodies spin, endlessly shifting positions. An entire world is flung out from a nebula and across the sky another is condensed into a twirling ball of flame and sent spinning through the universe; moons and planets are making and breaking again, space is dotted with flying meteors and shooting stars; planets cross and recross in the great maze of the cosmic dance. The tired moons, cold and weary, drop away into stars and are reabsorbed, and frozen suns jostle against one another and melt into vapor, while the blow generates a new heat and new worlds emerge and flit along the wonted course. Even in the little attic where the reader sits juggling with words as his toys, the drama is repeated in little: a ray of sun beating through the dormer window picks up the motes at dust and sets them whirling into a miniature dance of the worlds, and the eyes that gaze and mute and wonder are themselves but glued together atoms which shall shortly be broken and scattered dust, floating along at the winds' will or set a-capering by the heat.

But in the midst of wheeling suns and planets, in a universe where man is apparently so slight an atom that he may be destroyed by the hundred thousand, who is it that stands firm and looks on unaffrighted, trusting, hoping, believing? Man bears the turmoil, sees the tragedies, offers his sympathies, works his remedies and moves on, over it all, still pursuing his ends, eager, zealous, unaffrighted, doing what lies at his hand to do, learning what he can, valiantly ignoring his helplessness, and to the last cheerfully gazing out into that great domain that lies beyond his conceptive powers.

Surely nature has little care for the stability of bodies: it makes and unmakes; it builds up and destroys; it shifts its lines; the sea makes in upon the land and eats the coast; the wind-blown sands heap themselves up into hills and tumble down upon the tree tops, and the living forest is turned into coal-mines. The methods of nature are all methods of endless change. And yet Emerson says: "All loss, all pain is particular; the universe remains to the heart unhurt." Over the scenes of death and desolation, above the pain of physical suffering, of mortal loss and broken lives, the sun goes smiling across the sky in a universe "to the heart unhurt." Whatever disasters seem to the finite eye they are as tiny incidents in the course of the world's life as the death of the ant-hill to the reader.

Yes, here comes my mistress, the Soul.
The Soul
Forever and forever—longer than soil is brown and solid—
Longer than water ebbs and flows.

This thought and this one only can console man in the face of material disaster. In each body there dwells something not all confined; whose fate is divorced from the body's fate; something that any moment may step outside and take a wider view, can foresee the calm and upbuilding that follow disaster and calamity, nye, can foresee and set to work at it:

Apart from the pulling and hauling stands what I am.

Let any man ask himself if all that he is goes down to breakfast and reads the morning paper; or if all that he is drops to sleep weary and exhilone by the day's brettings and fummings. Let any man ask himself if all the acts and the words of his life were gathered together in a shovel and presented, would he be willing to call them all that he is? When the corpse of our dead friend lies in the room with us we have all these things, his face and his hands, his length and breadth, his echoing words and treasured deeds, and yet we say our friend is gone, and this that remains is fit only to be

Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks and stones and trees

How difficult it is in our daily struggles with matter, our rearing and training and teaching the body to do its work, to remember its reality, its inspirer! And yet, herein is all life. Life is not in the body, nor in the house, nor in the world, except as the soul flows through them, and the fate of the soul is divorced from these things, it neither begins nor ends with them; it merely flows through coaxing matter into momentary life and efficiency, and passing out in due time to further eternal works—

Who knows if life be not death, and death life?

"For I think," says SOCRATES, "that we are very likely dead; and I have heard a wise man say that at this very moment we are dead and that the body is a tomb, and that the part of the soul which is the seat of the desires is liable to be influenced and tossed about in different ways."

One thing, too, becomes more and more certain as the history of the world rolls up and we read it. Only those can bear life also, by some means, keep alive a knowledge of the soul; only those live life triumphantly and courageously who by some means keep up communication between the temporal mind and its soul. The means are varied; SOCRATES' way was one, and WHITMAN'S another. ST FRANCIS found the perfect way and yet in lesser degree, with fainter beauty LUTHER and KNOX and SAVONAROLA, ST. JOHN and ST. CATHERINE, and hundreds of thousands of men and women to-day know and speak to their souls. "Because having looked at the objects of the universe, I find there is no one, not any particle of one, but has reference to the soul."

Surely these "objects of the universe" at which WHITMAN looked have little respect for the body, torn and wiped out in a day, passing and repassing, flowing past us in varying shapes like waves of cigarette smoke, in cloudy rings of vapor that expand and melt into nothing.

No; whoever will be a king in this adventure of life and refuse to let it crumble and go up in smoke must somehow learn to discern the soul that guides beyond, and "to the heart, unhurt" by the flowing instability of matter, and holding by the greater part he may yet become what all men owe it to themselves to be, one whom "destiny may not surprise nor death dismay."

Correspondence

THE DISLOYALTIES OF CARL SCHURZ

ASHEVILLE, N. C., January 5, 1909.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It is good to be reminded of Carl Schurz. The third volume of his reminiscences is a somewhat unsatisfying volume, because he himself falls on silence in the middle of it and other voices bring us on to the end. But the life thus untimely broken off at seventy-six has something in common with John Brown's soul. We cannot help believing that still—although, it must be confessed, we hear less of Schurz these days than we should like—it goes marching on.

How it did march on, in point of fact! Before the German Schurz was properly out of college, he was crawling through the sewer to his escape from the doomed fortress of Rastatt; and here, in the opening chapter of this third volume, we find the American Schurz on the Gettysburg heights watching Pickett's charge. It reminds one of *Charles O'Malley* and other of Charles Lever's morels—the way the man was from first to last acting a part in the chief events of his time and encountering its most potent personalities; but there is no denying the record. It makes one again acknowledge that the novelists cannot match the strangeness of the facts of real lives.

Nor the consistency, either. That is why, to a certain sort of mind, Schurz's life seems inconsistent. It hadn't the consistency of the lives of heroes in novels, because he was always ready to change sides when the sides seemed to him to have exchanged principles.

Take particularly the American part of his career as the part with which Americans are, of course, most familiar. A Republican from the birth of the Republican party, he supported Seward for the Presidential nomination in 1860. Becoming well acquainted with Lincoln, however, he soon concluded that the convention had made no mistake, and throughout the war was continually drawing closer and closer to the President, whom he seems to have powerfully influenced in the most momentous decision of his life—the decision to issue the Emancipation Proclamation. When Andrew Johnson succeeded to the Presidency he also asked Schurz to be his adviser; and it is now generally admitted by historians that the Reconstruction policy which Johnson tried vainly to carry out was substantially the same policy to which Lincoln was fast committing himself when he died. Johnson sent Schurz South to study the situation and report, but the report he made proved good material for Sumner and Stevens—Johnson's arch opponents in Congress—and helped to defeat the Presidential programme. Professor Dunning, who has helped Mr. Frederic Bancroft complete Schurz's story from the point where the reminiscences end, has shown clearly in his own history of the period that he sympathizes with the general attitude of Lincoln and Johnson rather than with that of Schurz and Sumner. But we fancy he would not find Schurz inconsistent or disloyal; for Schurz, bred in the European school of human rights, went beyond Lincoln in the demands he made for the freedmen, and in his faith in their fitness for full citizenship in a republic.

And yet, in 1870, largely on the same Southern question, Schurz turned against Grant's administration, this time declaring more generous treatment for the Southern whites; and in 1872 he took the leading part in the so-called "Liberal Republican" movement which aimed in the name of the Greeley candidacy.

Here was ground enough for the "stalwart" Conkling to stand on and denounce Schurz for unspeakable disloyalty; but Schurz, living refused to wither under Conkling's invective—Conkling, on the contrary, loomed under Schurz's retort—and now his memory does not seem to suffer from it. Although the movement he led proved one of the most hapless, it was nevertheless one of the most nobly conceived in all our political history.

For repairing the Republican party in 1876, supporting Hayes, and serving in his cabinet—the civil-service reformer par excellence of an administration that deserves more praise than it gets—Schurz got less abuse than usual. But when, in 1884, he led the mugwumps in the support of Cleveland he incurred a malignity deeper than Conkling's, and secured for himself a distinct primacy among those bad-hated contemporaries to whom Blaine devotes the liveliest paragraphs of his *Twenty Years in Congress*. Again, however, the traitor remained unexcused, and it is easier now for his biographers to justify his treason of that particular campaign than it will be for President Roosevelt's biographers to explain his loyalty.

And so it was to the end. In 1896, when Schurz, although still thoroughly discontent with the Republican party, went West and dealt Bryan and free silver a resounding body blow, he found himself in the company of so many and such respectable traitors that he got off lightly; and by 1900, when he opposed McKinley and supported Bryan on the issue of Imperialism even the truly loyal had got so used to his change-ways that they let him alone. He had already, in 1898, begun another scandalous apostasy when he wrote to Theodore Roosevelt, then running on Rough and a cowboy hat) for Governor of New York: "We have long been friends, and I ardently hoped to be able to support you for the Governorship. . . . I continued to hope until I read your Carnegie Hall speech. . . . I cannot tell you, remembering our long and sincere friendship, how painful it is for me to be obliged to say this." That final disloyalty he completed, in 1904, with the famous "Two Roosevelts" letter. That that letter did not evoke from the White House any of those new formulæ of objurgations which Judge Parker was then encountering gives no hope concerning our next ex-President.

Is there more or less than there used to be of this disloyalty to men and parties that spells loyalty to causes, to mankind? If less, then there is the more reason to regret Carl Schurz; if more—and we believe there is more—then we should count his career a cause of the change. In this respect we can think of but one other American career to be compared to his—that of George William Curtis. As Lord Halifax made the term "trimmer" honorable in English history, so these two men made the terms "mugwump" and "independent" honorable among us.

Nor is this the only fine association of their names. Schurz succeeded Curtis as President of the Civil Service Reform League; and when death robbed these columns of the charm only Curtis could give them it was Schurz—and who else was there, indeed, that could be thought of to fill such a vacancy?—who took his place. May HARPER'S WEEKLY keep the tradition of disloyalty which it thus inherits. I am, sir,

WILLIAM GARROTT BROWN.

The Iconoclasts

"Paul Revere a myth!"—*Daily Paper*

THEY say that Paul Revere's a myth,
That Shakespeare was Lord Bacon's name;
That good old Homer's name was Smith,
And so deny the poet's fame.
They tell us that the Trojan fray
Was but a common vulgar row—
I wonder what the deuce they'll say
A hundred years from now?

No doubt they'll say that Tammany
Was not the Sachem of New York,
That Lyman Abbott, LL.D,
Wrote Teddy's message on the Stork.
They'll say that Lincoln Steffens wrote
O' Khayyam's verses on "The Bough";
And emil Debew no anecdote
A hundred years from now?

Some critic with an avid eye
For dark and deep historic fake
Will rise and blatantly deny
That Haskell ever got the shekc.
They'll tell us Rockefeller had
Red ringlets hanging from his brow;
Dub Lawson Mrs Eddy's dad,
A hundred years from now!

Some Abeck smart of that far time
Will delve into our present day,
And say that Gompers was a rhyme,
A bit of bagle roundelay;
That Cannon was a work of art
Hand painted on the gilded prow
Of Uncle Sammy's Tariff-Cart,
A hundred years from now!

They'll say that Hearst was but a dream·
That Brisbane wrote Tom Watson's books;
That Fields and Weber were a team
That preached the Gospel to our crooks;
And they'll deny that Charlie Morse
Carnegie's Book-Stalls did endow,
And claim Hughes was a Trotting-Horse.
A hundred years from now!

Hear's help no when these Knockers knock?
No record's rale when they begin
They'll prove that Bok was never Bok,
That Bryan was bereft of chin.
What use is Hohenzollern blood,
What use in effort, toil, and vow?
They'll prove the Kaiser's name was Mud
A hundred years from now!

CARLYLE SMITH.

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A panorama of Messina from the harbor, showing the shattered buildings afire along the water front

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy (indicated by the cross) and his staff visiting the victims of the earthquake at Reggio

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Ruins in the crowded tenement district of Messina where thousands lost their lives

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The crumbling remains of the buildings that stood on Messina's sickle-shaped water front

IN THE ITALIAN CITIES OF SORROW

THE KING OF ITALY AND HIS QUEEN WERE TIRELESS IN THEIR TASK OF AIDING AND COMFORTING THEIR DISTRAUGHT PEOPLE. AT MESSINA AND REGGIO THEY FOUND TWO OF THEIR FAIREST CITIES ALL SAVE OBLITERATED

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A view of one of the main streets of Messina where the buildings were torn apart and flung in heaps of ruins in the roadway

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A corner of Messina's ruined plaza with its shattered houses. An Italian military patrol station may be seen at the right

WHEN NATURE RISES IN HER SENSELESS WRATH

MESSINA THE FAIREST, BUSIEST CITY OF SICILY, WAS LAID IN RUINS BY THE EARTHQUAKE, ITS PEOPLE KILLED BY THOUSANDS, AND THOSE WHO ESCAPED WERE TORTURED FOR DAYS BY HUNGER AND EXPOSURE. THE KING OF ITALY DECLARES THE CITY SHALL BE REBUILT FAIRER THAN BEFORE

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Victoria Avenue in Messina after the first shock of earthquake on December 28. The broken pavement shows the upheaval of the earth

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One of the palaces in Messina riven to the roof by the shock

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The wreckage in a street which made the recovery of bodies an appalling task

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In such ruins as these the Italian Queen labored valiantly to succor the living

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What remained of homes in Messina when the earth paused in its trembling

MESSINA, A CITY THAT WAS

WITHIN THE SPACE OF THIRTY-TWO SECONDS MESSINA, ONE OF THE OLDEST CITIES OF EUROPE, WHOSE SPLENDID, SICKLE-SHAPED WATER FRONT HAD BEEN FAMOUS SINCE BEFORE THE CHRISTIAN ERA, WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A VAST HEAP OF RUBBLE AND RUINS PILED UPON THOUSANDS OF DEAD

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For many days the roads out of Messina and neighboring towns were crowded with refugees and their hastily laden carts

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Destitute survivors at Messina going to the naval quay to await transportation northward

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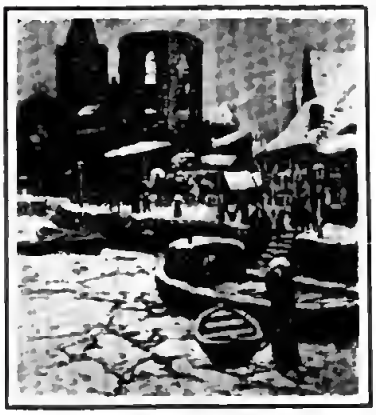
British bluejackets aiding the injured

THE FLIGHT FROM THE STRICKEN REGION

AS SOON AS THE ITALIAN PEOPLE RECOVERED FROM THE FIRST MOMENTS OF HORROR THERE WAS A GENERAL FLIGHT FROM THE SHATTERED CITIES. IN THIS THE WARSHIPS OF SEVERAL COUNTRIES GAVE IMMEDIATE AID, TRANSPORTING THE REFUGEES TO NORTHERN CITIES

"On the Watch"
BY PROFESSOR WILHELM THEINER



"In a Winter Port"
BY HANS HARTZ

"Bavarian Peasants of Dachau"
BY WILHELM LEIBL

"Mother"
BY ARTHUR LEWIN-FUNKE

"A Peasant Girl"
BY PROFESSOR CARL BAUTZER

"The Surf"
BY ARNOLD BOCKLIN

GERMAN ART OF TO-DAY

An exhibition designed to represent contemporary achievements of German art, in painting and sculpture, is now on view in New York at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The marble sculpture, "Mother," by Lewin-Funke, is a gift to the Museum from Mr. Edward D. Adams; Bocklin's painting, "The Surf," and Liebl's "Bavarian Peasants," were loaned by the Berlin National Gallery

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Celebrities at Home

Laura Jean Libbey

By Victor Rousseau

UPON one side of President Street, Brooklyn, not far from the romantic galleries of Prospect Park Circle, there stands a pale brown house. Outwardly it appears not different from the other houses that line this thoroughfare, and yet it is different, for it contains—except from three till five thirty daily, upon fine alternoons—Laura Jean Libbey.

What is art? By light of what canons may we affirm this writer, who has the power to uplift the hearts of millions of obscure people inferior to those masters of psychological fictions whose first editions

Laura Jean Libbey—from a favorite portrait

moulder upon the bookshelves of the department store? Probably the shopgirl who handles these, wiping the dust from their tarnished and frayed bindings at long intervals, is one of Miss Libbey's great, silent audience. Perhaps she is among the innumerable unknown visitors and correspondents who besiege her daily. I take Miss Libbey as the prophetess of the proletariat, the voice of the dreams and aspirations of the level multitude, and therefore a significant figure among the writers of to-day.

The large room on the second story was neither garish nor effectively severe. Around the walls, which were covered with rich, red paper, were rows of bookcases, containing for the most part sets of the writings of classical authors. To my masculine sense the impression of the room was general and not particular; there was a pleasing and restful effect of harmonizing reds and browns, relieved by gleams of bronze from the winged Mercury statuette, the long bronze pendulum of the deep-booming clock, the gold lettering of the volumes in the glass cases, and the gaslight that shone on the gold shoes and hair of the author. At one end of the room Miss Libbey's friend, wearing a black Liberty silk gown trimmed with pailetted bands, reclined in a capacious chair of blue stamped leather. In a capacious chair of blue stamped leather Mrs. Van Mater Stilwell [Miss Libbey] reclined at the opposite end of the room. She looked younger than the years allotted her in the reference books and her voice had a pleasing sound. Her gown impressed me greatly; I do not remember it in detail, but it left the sense of a sad, dove-colored garment of clinging crêpe de Chine, cut square at the neck in Dutch fashion, with a touch of bands of Chinese embroidery in dull old tones of rose, green, and sienna. The gown gave the fashionable effect of long lines, the bands of Chinese embroidery extending to the feet, which were dressed in bronze slippers with little gold buckles. If this is not precisely what Miss Libbey wore it should have been. The skirts tumbled in beautiful, soft, shimmering folds, touched with high lights here and there by the effect of the gas.

"Tell me how you began to write," I asked, seating myself in a capacious chair of blue stamped leather.

"You ask me the old story," Miss Libbey began, "a story old to me, and yet, I suppose, new to others. Well I first began to be an authoress at the age of fourteen, while I was still at school. My teacher said to me, 'Laura, I think you'd make an authoress,' and she sent one of my essays to Mr. Robert Bonner, of the *New York Ledger*. He wouldn't believe it came from one of her pupils.

"'Now Laura, I'm going to send him another,' she said. 'I'm not going to ask you to write about flowers or trees; tell him your thoughts on writing.' I wrote this essay and Mr. Bonner sent for me. When I got to his office I felt like running away. But he called out to me, 'Come in, little girl, come in.' I went in and said who I was, and he said: 'Come and sit down here, child. Suppose you write a little story and bring it to me?' I went home and wrote one of forty or fifty chapters. When I took it to him I found that he only required one of half a column. He told me to go back and write another story. I spent three months on this, and put me whole heart and soul into it, and it was so good that he agreed to publish it and paid me $140 for it. At that time I was only fourteen years old.

"'Now, understand, I'm not going to take your next story, Miss Libbey,' he told me.

"'Oh, why not, Mr. Bonner, if I make it good enough?' I pleaded. I was much wrought up and dreadfully cast down. The disappointment was terrible.

"'Because it will do you good to go round among the publishers a bit,' he answered.

"'Don't you ever take a second book from any author?' I asked.

"'Very seldom,' he answered.

"That's how I began to write. My first great success came with the publication of *Miss Middleton's Lover* and since then I have been a rising constant."

Looking at her, it seemed difficult to believe that this delightfully youthful lady in the capacious chair of blue stamped leather was the author of *Don't Tell Mamma, Parted on Her Bridal Tour, We Girls of Avon Seminary*, and almost eight and seventy other productions.

"How many plays have you written?" I asked.

"Eighty," replied Miss Libbey.

"You have had eighty plays produced?"

"No, nine."

This is what she meant. Miss Libbey has an original method of work, initiated at the suggestion of Colonel Robert Ingersoll, whose acquaintance she made at the commencement of her literary career. Most successful authors, said Colonel Ingersoll made little synopses of plots before they wrote their books. "In the first act," he explained, "you bring all your characters together. In the second act let them do something worth while. The third act must contain the climax and the fourth should be shouted to the winding up." Miss Libbey never forgot the Colonel's suggestions. Each one of her books was written first as a play synopsis and copyrighted at Washington. Not all these plays have been translated into book form; conversely, too, not all her books have been dramatized in a shape suitable for production upon the stage. The following list of copyrighted plays is, however, more or less representative of the books actually published by her:

"The Sad Love Story of a Pretty Village Belle"; "Zita the Old King's Sweetheart"; "The Pretty Little Flirt"; "Young and Too Trusting"; "Finding Her Affinity"; "Led by a Turkish Impulse"; "In an Unguarded Moment"; "Rebel His Heart for a Day"; "Quickly They Fell in Love—Then—"; "Just What Settled Her Fate"; "Nobody Knew—But Her Enemies Guessed"; "Ought the World to Condemn Her?"; "All the Way You Look at It"; "Don't Tell Mamma"; "When True Hearts Meet"; "Look Before You Leap"; "Marriage—It Must Be"; "Perhaps Mother Knew Best"; "A Young Girl's Fatal Error"; "Don't Judge Her Too Harshly"; "A Political Plot"; "Aunt Tommy"; "Parted on Their Bridal Tour"; "Love or Honor"; "Do You Love Me, Dear?"; "When You Meet the Right One"; "When Love Is True"; "Could She Forget or Forgive"; "Dulcea's Devotion"; "In Spite of All"; "Gertrude Denning's Love Affair"; "Miss Middleton's Lover"; "Rent Me a Lover Cat"; "She's a Merry, Innocent Coquette"; "Under Promise"; "The Sad Love Romance of Lola Dale"; "When We Meet Again"; "Knowing All, But Trusting Him Still"; "Linda's Pitiful Atonement"; "Norrella, the Belle of the Ball"; "Pleasing her Parents or Loving a Lover"; "Estranged, But They Still Loved"; "Fancy Free, Yet Linked for Life"; "Golden Moments of Lovers"; "Hastily Wooed—and as Quickly Parted"; "When His Love Waned"; "Another Man's Treasure"; "Only a Flirtation"; "The Price of a Young Girl's Heart"; "The Abandoned Bride"; "The Heart of Saucy Susalyn"; "Riches, or a Poor Young Man's Love"; "Pretty Dorothy's Honor"; "Love Me, and I Am a King"; "The Waifs of Rag Picker's Alley"; "In a Moment of Temptation"; "A Sudden Betrothal"; "When Love Takes Wing"; "The First Kiss"; "Because His Love Proved False"; "Since the Hour They Met"; "Tilly, the Slave of the Family"; "Sweethearts Once, But Now We're Parted"; "Vain Violet, the Beauty"; "United by Mistake"; "Waiting for Him who Came Not"; "Aesha's Fickle Lover"; "Yesterday's Affections, But Not To-Day's"; "Zoe, the Pride of Morgan's Alley"; "If the Heart is Truly Mated"; "Idolized Little Maid in Town"; "Kiss and Make Up Again"; "Mischievous Madge Darling"; "Only Love's Cross For Her"; "A Poor Girl's Love"; "Quickly Mated, Then Repentant"; "Beautiful Christelle, the Pride of My Heart"; "As the World Judged Her"; "Her First Temptation"; "Lola's Sin"; "Just a Girl With a Heart"; "Evanell's Sad Secret"; "An Unhappy Love"; "The Wife—or the Other Woman."

"I like play writing much better than writing books," said Miss Libbey. "If I hadn't been an authoress I should love to have been an actress."

"Why not both, Miss Libbey?"

"No," she sighed, "talent doesn't run both ways.

"My one play that has been acted, *Parted on Her Bridal Tour*, which is a dramatization of *Miss Middleton's Lover*, was produced two years ago," she continued. "I've given up writing books now. I'm going to do nothing but plays in future. In fact, I've just finished another, two days ago; I forget the name of it, but it's in here."

She opened one of the glass-fronted bookcases and took out a box containing a typewritten manuscript. The title was *Only Love's Cross For Me*.

The news that Miss Libbey has written her last book will come with painful force to thousands of those to whom her writings appeal. They will feel that they have lost a personal friend, one with peculiar, almost psychopathic insight into the human heart.

"But if I should keep on writing," Miss Libbey said, "look at all those poor authors behind me, crowding up the ladder of fame. I want to give everybody a chance in their youth. Successful writers ought to step aside and let others advance: it is the only thing to do."

"Do you detect any development of your literary powers as you grow older?"

"Yes," said Miss Libbey; "I believe my earlier work was cruder. When one is young one looks on life with roseate, impossible views. When one becomes older one sees things as they are. That is the difference between the mature thought and the immature mind."

"Then why don't you continue to write up to extreme old age?" I urged. "Every year will bring some new unfolding of your powers, your mind—"

"No," she replied, "not after fifty. Fifty to fifty-five represents the climax of one's powers after that one grows less brilliant; one's mind does not mature." Miss Libbey is far from fifty, even according to the reference books.

"How do you write your books?"

"Well," said Miss Libbey, softly, "I'm very much a creature of impulses. I get up quite late; I wouldn't like to say how late—let's say about nine—and have a light breakfast, consisting of buttered toast, coffee, and some nice little thing or other. From ten till twelve I write, and again from one till three. Then I go driving till about half past five. I have used a typewriter for eight or nine years. I only use one finger—like this."

"How long does it take me to write one of my books? About a month. I shall say I don't know how many words they contain—I've never measured them that way—but they consist of thirty or forty

Another portrait of the Brooklyn novelist

chapters each. No, I only write them once. I would have loved to go over each of them again; but I'm so rushed, I have neither the time nor opportunity.

"I think a novel should do good and should lift people out of themselves, absorb them, as it were, and take them away from the dull world. If a novel doesn't do that it hasn't fulfilled its mission. I don't like impossible novels that deal with things which couldn't happen in every-day life. I like to know about the young people round us, their hopes, their loves, their trials, their dreams, their sorrows, their joys, their aspirations, their perplexities, their ambitions.

"For instance, you'd rather read a story about some young gentleman like yourself than of some Syrian or Arabian who lived alone in a cave, wouldn't you?

"My favorite book is *Reveries of a Bachelor*. I like something that has a beautiful plot, something intense and real. I love to read about the lives of the

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queens. I like something pathetic, something that touches the heart. I like some of Charles Dickens characters. I love Little Nell and I love her grandfather. I love Dora—she had such sweet, rambling little ways. I like cute little girls that look up at you and take your hands and cuddle right up to you—they are so much sweeter than the other kind. I think an author puts much of his own spirit into his works, you're very much as your characters are.

"But, after all, an author had best let books alone, or else they will accuse you of copying other people's writings. I never read books now—I just glance through them.

"I get my characters from the people I meet. There's something about every one you see that impresses you. I remember a curious incident that happened to me once when I was in Baltimore. I made the acquaintance of a young reporter for one of the newspapers there. The young lady he was engaged to was very, very fond of my books and used to cut out passages from them and paste them on to pieces of paper and send them to him. 'Oh, Miss Libbey,' he said to me, 'I do wish you would make your characters different. I can't live up to them. There's one thing that I beg of you: come down to earth with your heroes, write another book with heroes like us ordinary people, so that I can mail it to her.'

"Girls' chatter always amuses me. I like to pause and listen to it, in the stores, or among a theatre audience."

"And that brings me to a question I want to ask of you," I said. "Will you describe your favorite heroine?"

"Well," said Miss Libbey, "I like a nice, comfortable little girl who will let you take her hand and pat her cheeks—she's so shy, you gentlemen are not apt to recognize her when you meet her; so many, many come here to see me, strangers from all over the world. They are so pleased to see me, and they sit down and tell me just what they liked and what they didn't like about them in such a sweet little way, and I know it comes right from the heart. Young girls are almost all in the same order. They have youth, sweetness, and innocence, and they look up with earnest eyes as they question you. So many, many write to me that I don't have time to answer them all, and yet their letters are worthy of a beautiful reply if they are kind enough to write to you."

"What is your ideal man?"

"A good, hearty, whole-souled man. A good companion, a man who has a heart. Just imagine a good tall man coming in with a good hand-shake and a good, hearty voice, trying to do all he can for you all the time and considerate of your happiness and comfort? He needn't be a college man; there's nothing like a self-made man, they are such noble characters.

"No, I don't believe in international marriages at all. I think our young ladies can do just as well by marrying men at home. I think all young people should marry for love and love alone—that's what makes the world go round. I'll have to go up-stairs to look for those photographs. Please entertain the young gentleman while I am gone."

"I'll try," said Miss Libbey's friend, leaning back in her capacious chair of blue stamped leather. "Yes, that globe is very useful to Laura when she's writing her stories. Suppose she makes her characters take a trip to the Philippines, for example? She just has to turn it round and she finds out where the Philippines are at once.

"She never told anybody who she was when she was in Europe; she let them find it out. That is just like Laura. She's so thoughtful for others and never thinks about herself at all. You were very lucky to get an interview with her. You are the only one she's seen this week, but then she's so thoughtful, and she's very, very fond of young gentlemen."

Miss Libbey's favorite recreation—driving, and studying the types she portrays in her books

Nature in a Metal Prison

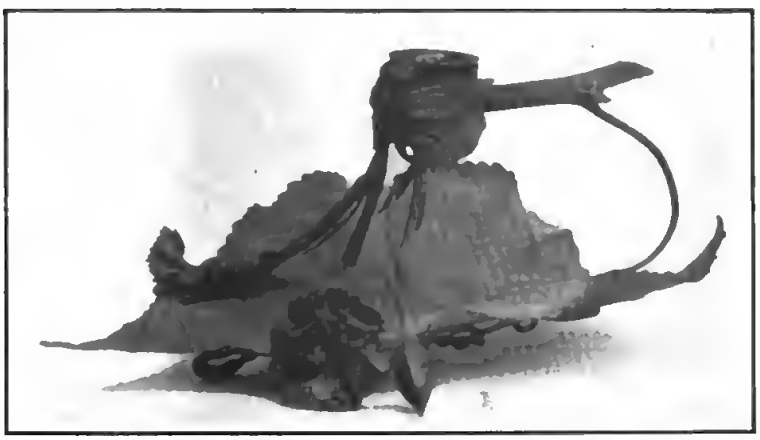
By Emmett Campbell Hall

THE dainty things of nature—flowers, butterflies, humming-birds, gorgeous insects—have long been gazed upon with envious eyes by craftsmen who have striven to imitate them in metal. Now, through the discovery of a French scientist, it has become possible to transform the flower itself into a metal fabric which preserves its own essential form in every detail.

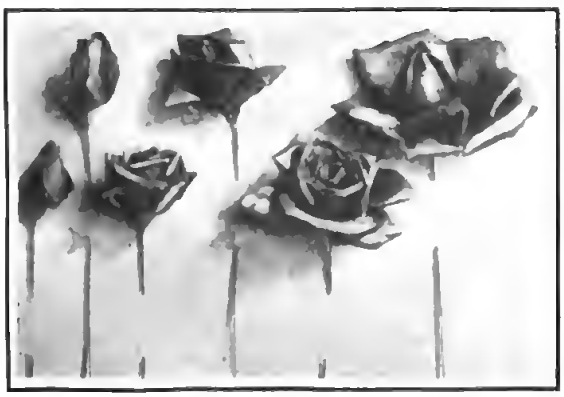
The secret of the new metallizing process is well kept, but the product speaks for its efficacy. This process is evidently in no wise similar to the one known to science for many years, and which consists in simply producing a deposit of metal upon the exterior of a vegetable substance. The flower, fruit, or insect is actually transformed.

Commercially, this metallizing process is being applied only to roses at the present time, these roses being made into hat-pins, but there is hardly a limit to its possible application. Candelabras may consist of bunches of real flowers, stems, leaves, and blossoms; scarf-pins may be metallized violets with a diamond for a dew-drop; brooches may be lifelike but imperishable butterflies or humming-birds; a photograph frame might consist of sprays of orange blossoms. And these things, though of equal beauty, may be costly or inexpensive, according to what metal is employed in their making. Gold, silver, and bronze have been used with great success.

A particularly attractive feature of the "real" flower jewelry is that there are no duplicates, for there are no duplicates in nature.



A candlestick made from a grape leaf, a dragon-fly, and carnation sprays



Some real rose hat-pins, now being used for ladies' head-gear

Rose and carnation on a bronze plaque, metallized by the new process

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MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE

IN HER NEW PLAY, "LADY FREDERICK," IN WHICH SHE IS NOW APPEARING AT THE HUDSON THEATRE, MISS BARRYMORE ACHIEVES THAT ALMOST UNHEARD-OF THING, A TRIUMPH OVER AN IMPORTUNATE DRESSMAKER

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How a Classic is Born

THE manner in which a literary classic is born, the method of its development, the period of germination in obscurity, followed by an apparently spontaneous outburst of recognition, are strikingly illustrated in the history of the prose-poem whose story is told upon this page. The contribution, which is entitled "A Last Will," was printed first in the issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 3, 1898. Its vitality was so remarkable, and the interest in it so uniform, that it was republished in the issue for Christmas last. The "will" is assumed to be that of a wealthy man who bequeaths to children, youths, lovers, and old people the joys of life, the beauties of nature, memory, and all the pleasures appropriate to their respective ages.

Williston Fish, the author of this document, which is entirely imaginative, is a graduate of West Point, served for the period of six years in the army, and is now a prominent lawyer in Chicago. He wrote "A Last Will" in 1897, and it was first published in HARPER'S WEEKLY about a year later. Shortly afterward it began to appear in a sporadic manner in various newspapers throughout the country. "Whenever a newspaper did not have at hand what it really wanted," says Mr. Fish, in *The Oberlin Alumni Magazine*, "which was a piece entitled 'Reunion of Brothers Separated for Fifty Years,' or a timely article about 'Marriage Customs Among the Inhabitants of the Friendless Islands,' it would run in this piece of mine. In return for the free use of the piece, the paper, not to be outdone in liberality, would generally correct and change the piece and fix it up and soak the rhetoric into it, often in the most beautiful manner, so that I am forced to believe that nearly every paper has on its staff a professor of Literature and Belles lettres, always ready to red-ink the essays of the beginner and give them the seeming of masterpieces. This simple piece of mine has been constantly undergoing change and improvement. Sometimes the head has been cut off; sometimes a beautiful wooden foot has been spliced on."

One publication of repute reprinted the "will," complaining the author, using a copy in which the common word "dandelions" was skittishly changed to "flowers"; "daisies" was changed to "blossoms"; and "creeks"—which is only a farmer boy word—was changed to "brooks." Where the piece stated that the author gave "to boys all steams and ponds where one may skate," this publication added the explanation, "when grim winter comes." One genius added a further item to the "will"—"And to the loved ones with snowy crowns I bequeath the happiness of old age, and the love and gratitude of their children until they fall asleep." The "snowy crowns" struck a responsive chord within the public breast, and this addition became adopted almost everywhere. "Some writers can boast that their works have been translated into all foreign languages," says the author, "but when I look pathetically about for some little boast, I can only say that this one of my pieces has been translated into all the idiot tongues of English."

Of course the authorship was claimed by others. One friend of Mr. Fish sent him an enthusiastic letter from the Klondike, enclosing a piece written by a college man who was a miner in that region. The friend had appreciated the piece so much that he had had it reprinted to send to his friends as a holiday remembrance. When Mr. Fish began to read it he discovered that it was the "will."

"The name 'Charles Lounsbury,'" explains the author, "is a name in my family of three generations ago—back in York State, where the real owner of it was a big, strong, all-around good kind of a man. I had an uncle in Cleveland named after him, Charles Lounsbury Fish. . . . My uncle took delight in keeping Charles Lounsbury's memory green. He used to tell us of his feats of strength; that he would lift a barrel by the skimes and drink from the bung hole." This is the only element of reality in the legend that has grown up about the authorship of the piece.

As the "will" became known, the story began to spread that the author had died in the insane asylum at Dunning, Cook County, Illinois, where the "will" had been composed by him. He was an insane pauper, it was added. A Kansas newspaper contributed further information. The name was not Lounsbury, but Lounsberry—a statement cordially concurred in by a newspaper over in Wisconsin—and he had been an able lawyer, but died insane and destitute in the Dunning asylum in the year 1900. By this time the preamble of the original text had become lost, of course, or wholly distorted; else the authors of this statement would have stultified themselves.

Then various individuals and firms began to write for permission to republish the article. The original had been unearthed from HARPER'S WEEKLY, and applicants were referred by this publication to Mr. Fish. One gentleman wrote:

"I have been told that Mr. Lounsbury is one of your friends who is at present an inmate of an insane asylum, and that he sent for you and desired to make his will, and that as he had no property, and you, as old friendship sake and a general kindly interest, desiring to gratify him, prepared the document which you did, full of its beautiful expressions."

Another wrote:

"Bored as much as you doubtless have been by communications from absolute strangers, you have yet to shrug your shoulders once again, and say 'Oh why!'"

"You are entitled to an explanation," noted in last Sunday's paper that the University Press of Cambridge had put into book form a prose-poem which I have kept in private circulation for nearly ten years. Right here I should explain that I am not a sentimental girl of sixteen, nor a susceptible youth of corresponding years; but am a gray-headed grandfather of sixty six.

"But let me tell you my little story. It was in a fishing camp in the wildwoods of Wisconsin, in the summer of 1899, as nearly as I can now recollect, when I wrote a bit of verse suggestive of the joys of the angles. This being read to the crowd around the campfire, Judge Lovell, of Elgin, Illinois, now deceased, complimented me by asking for a copy. Upon my return to this city I complied with his request; and in return for my poor effort he sent me a typewritten copy of 'A Last Will,' by Williston Fish; published in HARPER'S WEEKLY of such a date.

"That original, then sent me, was carried in my breast-pocket, and read over and over again to appreciative friends until it was worn to rags; while in the mean time I worked my typewriter overtime in reproducing copies of the same, and all through these years there has not been a waking moment with me when I could not produce, on the spot, the text of one of the sweetest and purest poems with which I am familiar.

"I might here interject that upon a subsequent occasion, in that same fishing camp, where all hands are supposed to be imbued with a sense of nature's charm, I had the humor to read one more, 'A Last Will.' Among those present was a gentleman, now a prominent municipal official, a utilitarian of the extremist type; and he paid you the inestimable compliment of remarking, 'The man who wrote that was a damned fool.'"

One correspondent, who had applied at the office of a New York newspaper, which had reprinted the will, for permission to inspect the issue in which it had appeared, was told:

"Oh yes, that in the copy that contained the will of that crazy man, and about two hundred crazy letters have been here since to get it."

"I doubt if you know how deep an impression the will has made," wrote the editor of a prominent magazine. "People carry it about to read to their friends and it has been reprinted (with omissions) in a broadside for distribution among children."

The "will" was read by Judge Walter Lloyd Smith, of Elmira, presiding justice of the Appellate Division, Fourth Department, at a dinner of the Alumni Association of the New York University Law School, in April, 1907, and thus came into wider notice than had been afforded it by the reprints in country newspapers. Judge Landis read it at a dinner of the Chicago Patent Bar Association. Now the period of obscurity was at an end: the "will" became the subject of eager investigation.

The superintendent of the asylum at Dunning began to be deluged with letters of inquiry. The "will" was read by after-dinner speakers and afternoon orators. A wholesale paper dealer sought for permission to republish it as an advertisement "in old-style script after the style of a legal document, and would be printed in very neat style and sent out to recognized reputable houses who are purchasers of bond paper." Firms asked that they might be allowed to republish it on trade pamphlets and as Christmas gifts.

No doubt, in spite of this authentic reproduction of this prose-poem, various and diverse copies of it will continue to be reprinted throughout the country for a long time to come. But if, during a ten-year period, in a land where printers' ink flows in profusion, the original document can have become mutilated and changed until it is almost unrecognizable, what changes are likely to have occurred in classical and sacred texts through twenty and more centuries, during three-fourths of which printing still remained to be invented?

AN OCEAN IN THE CLOUDS

A photograph taken from the summit of one of the Apennines, looking out over the sea of clouds which surges about the peaks of this part of the range. The view is toward Aosta

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Guiding Young Readers

The Influence of Eight Thousand School Libraries in Indiana, where the First Young People's Reading Circle was Organized

By Emma Mont McRea

Professor of English Literature in Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana

THERE are many persons whose childhood memories enable them to give most vivid pictures of their own childish efforts to conceal from parental eyes the much coveted book. The more the book seemed to appeal to the boy or girl the more dangerous was it considered, and the more emphatic was the ban placed upon it by the sincere, anxious guardian of the child's welfare. To such a well-guarded child the story that was just "made up" very often expressed the highest sort of truth as he followed the career of some real being torn by conflicting emotions and yet rallying to the standard of the worthy hero. As the youthful culprit with the condemned book was nourished on the forbidden fruit he found himself growing into a somewhat larger world. For to an indefinable sort of way the book is so personal, it becomes a companion who dares to say to one what the closest friend would sometimes hardly dare to say. If the book contains the message of a master, one who has had enkindled within him the divine fire, then the reader responds from off his own altar fires and so feels the glow of a redeeming force.

One may well ask, "What relation does the book sustain to the general process of education?" In raising this inquiry it is desirable for one to keep in mind that "book," as it is to be considered here, is the fit expression of truth, which makes of recorded thought a real book. Among these real books are many varying degrees of value dependent somewhat upon the taste and needs of particular persons. Two mistakes are frequently made even by persons zealous for the good of young people in the process of their education. One is the notion that if a book has stood the test of time, if it has come to be regarded as great, therefore it must please every young person; otherwise he will have disclosed a very grave deficiency. But failure of appreciation may mean a lack of training leading to fine understanding, or it may mean that some peculiarity of mind or heart has made impossible a response to even what is well nigh universal in its appeal. It certainly does not mean in every case a hopeless condition of depraved taste, but more often a condition of neglected or mistaken education.

The other mistake is frequently made in insisting upon teaching a child what he should find in a piece of literature, so that all the real help and enjoyment for him are destroyed. The child who browses among books carefully chosen is the one who really comes to enjoy the highest function which books can perform in his education. Shall the schools teach literature? Yes, if it can be so taught as to make the child a real lover of the best books. Yes, if the child can escape the belittling and destructive influence sure to follow the teaching of those who by their critical analysis and forced interpretation may take all of the power and beauty out of the sweetest and the loftiest poem in the language.

What, then, is the place of the book in the life of the human being: It is to be the inspiring source of the highest ideals, it is to be the mainspring of the noblest purposes, it is to be the solace of the sorrow-stricken heart, it is to be the guide pointing the way to the heights of human endeavor.

In recognition of the value of books as a means of general culture the Chautauqua movement made its beginning, and it has gone steadily on until in its beneficent influence it has reached not only to the remotest parts of our own country, but to foreign lands as well, carrying with it blessings for all, for those who had enjoyed privileges as well as those who were eager for a first chance. Inspired by this general movement the State Teachers' Association of Indiana in December, 1883, appointed from its own membership a Board of Directors whose duty was to be the organization of a Teachers' Reading Circle. The feeling that prompted this action was the recognized need of better preparation on the part of the teachers of the State. There were already many teachers who had had the training of some of the best colleges and normal schools of the State and of the country, but it was recognized that even teachers so trained needed to continue to grow as men and women and as teachers. Still more was it felt that the teachers of limited opportunities needed to have brought to them the possibility of gaining more culture as well as more knowledge. Through the twenty-five years of the life of this Circle there have been selected for the teachers of the State two books each year, one upon some phase of the professional work of the teacher, the other a book of pure literature or one of general interest. So there have been through the years books upon psychology, pedagogy, history of education, besides histories, poems, novels, dramas, essays. This work has been carried on with the most cordial support and recognition of the State Board of Education. The result has been a growing professional spirit and a far better preparation for the work of teaching.

As the success of the Teachers' Circle came to be more and more assured, the thought was suggested that these teachers were but children of a larger growth, and that the children whom they were teaching should be given an opportunity, not afforded many of them either in the home or in the school, to come to know at first hand some of the best books. So, four years after the organization of the Teachers' Circle, under the supervision of the same Board of Directors, the Young People's Reading Circle had its beginning. Thus was the first children's circle in the United States.

The first consideration to which the Directors gave attention was what relation the work of the Circle should sustain to the work of the school. It was very strongly felt that it should not be an additional burden to either teacher or young people. It was thought that its purpose should be to provide at the lowest price obtainable the best books adapted to the different grades of the schools from the second year through the high school. The list for each year numbers about twenty books and includes a wide range of subjects. The natural demand of the child for fairy stories, for stories of adventure, for tales of heroic deeds, for accounts of life, manners, and customs of other lands, for history, for biography, for songs and poems, for simple stories of boys and girls, for stories of animals has been recognized. All sorts of clean books have been included in these lists. So the children of Indiana have had brought to them for their pleasure and profit, too, the clean, wholesome books of many of the best writers of this and earlier times.

These books have from year to year been purchased for the different city, town, and rural schools and have been the beginning of a school library. Sometimes the money has been taken from the public funds, sometimes it has been obtained through private enterprise. These books have not only interested the children, but they have gone into the homes and have been read by fathers and mothers. Instead of adding to the burden of the already overfull course of study they have proved to be fine side lights upon many an otherwise uninteresting lesson. Through the almost twenty-five years of the existence of the Teachers' Circle and the almost twenty-one years of the Young People's Circle directors have been selected from among the thoughtful, painstaking teachers of the State, men and women who have had very vital interest in the outcome of this

Fassett A. Cotton

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN INDIANA

Jesse M. Nest

PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF READING CIRCLES

J. Walter Dunn

MANAGER OF INDIANA YOUNG PEOPLE'S READING CIRCLE

In the library of the consolidated township school at Lima, Indiana

work. These directors have been chosen from the different departments of the educational work of the State. The State Superintendent of Public Instruction is *ex officio* a member of the Board of Directors. Other members are county superintendents and city superintendents, college professors, and teachers in the public schools.

Among those who have given most signal service upon the board in setting high standards and in preserving them are many whose names have come to be well known in the educational circles of the United States. The names of such persons as George P. Brown, editor of the *Illinois School Journal*; J. J. Mills, President of Earlham College; Arnold Tompkins, principal of Chicago Normal School; J. A. Woodburn, Professor of American History in Indiana University; Lewis H. Jones, President of Ypsilanti Normal School; Miss Adelaide Baylor, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Wabash; Robert J. Aley, Professor of Mathematics, Indiana University; T. A. Moff, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Richmond; Charles H. Patterson, Superintendent of Public Schools, Tipton—suggest high ideals in the inception and efforts toward realization of these standards. To the untiring devotion of these teachers, together with others of equal interest and discrimination, and to the hearty co-operation of the body of teachers and the school officials, is due the success attained.

The consolidation of rural schools has made possible the township high school. In Luna, Lagrange County, a village of 500 population, there is a consolidated high-school library of 1500 volumes. This school, consisting of 200 pupils in the grades and 20 in the high school, has a reading room and a paid librarian, a laboratory for scientific investigation, a school garden. There are two pianos in the high school and an organ in each grade room. A lecture course is sustained at a cost of between $400 and $500 a year. There is a free kindergarten, an athletic field, a five-acre playground, and a separate building for a gymnasium. A supervisor of music gives a daily lesson in all the grades and in the high school. There is a superintendent who gives half his time to supervision. There are four teachers in the high school, all of whom are college graduates. Five of the grade teachers have had professional training.

This school at Luna is the nearest approach to the ideal for the rural school yet attained. Toward such an ideal the present State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Fassett A. Cotton, has been directing most earnest efforts, believing that the relation of the rural schools to rural life is the great educational problem of the present time, and believing also that a well organized library will have great influence in the rural school problem. The results have been most gratifying both as to the effect upon individual children and in the effect upon communities in the creating and fostering of a very much improved taste, and, what is still better, an improved standard of moral concepts.

There were sold last year by the manager of the Young People's Reading Circle 51,670 books. The average sales for the last six years have been somewhat more than 50,000. Nearly every school, city, town, and district school in the State has some books. So that it is fair to estimate that there are as many as 8000 school libraries in the State. This estimate does not include the public libraries, many of which contain a children's room. The school libraries are made up largely of the Reading Circle books, which go directly into the hands of the boys and girls.

The history of libraries in Indiana is a long and honorable one, going back to the early part of the nineteenth century, including the work done by the New Harmony Community and the establishing of the township libraries; but not until recent years have the efforts put forth begun to give promise of much greater returns in the near future. There are in the State 125 public libraries, in many of which special provisions are made for children, a room being reserved for them and special days set apart for them to come to hear stories read or told. The city of Fort Wayne has done work for children that is especially worthy of note. Indianapolis and other cities in the State are also doing work of very great value in the way of affording facilities for children in the public libraries. In the rapid growth in number and efficiency of the libraries, the Public Library Commission of Indiana has done a most valuable work, no part of which has meant more, especially to rural communities, than have the Traveling Libraries. In the work of this Commission great stress has been laid upon improving the quality of the reading rather than the quantity, upon substituting for indifferent or harmful fiction the best books, such as contain both instruction and inspiration.

Waiting for the story hour in the children's room of the Public Library in Fort Wayne, Indiana

Acting a Mine Disaster for Instruction

THE GOVERNMENT'S EXPERIMENT IN SENDING RESCUE WORKERS INTO CHAMBERS FILLED WITH DEADLY GASES

INTERESTING experiments for determining the causes, remedies, and best mode of rescue work in mine disasters are being conducted by the Technologic Branch of the United States Geological Survey at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. The station has been converted into a miniature coal-mine, and a large room has been fitted up with intricate passages, awkward obstructions, and various obstacles representing the débris in a mine shaft after an explosion has occurred. This room is absolutely air-tight, being encased in glass, and is filled with a deadly gas to represent the fatal fire-damp. Dummies weighing from 150 to 200 pounds, representing miners overcome by the damp, lie on the floor of this chamber, and a rescue corps, wearing helmets supplied with oxygen, enter this room and remain for two hours clearing away the obstructions, searching for the "bodies," and carrying them out on stretchers. The experimental chamber is located in an auditorium which will seat several hundred persons, and through the immense glass windows of the gas-filled chamber miners and operators may watch the entire rescue drill.

More than 3,125 men lost their lives in the coal-mines of the United States during the year 1907—a death-rate of 4.86 per 1,000 men employed. These figures are truly appalling, but 1907 was an exceptionally unfortunate year for the miners, and in all probability the statistics for 1908, as yet uncompleted, will show several hundred less fatalities. This decrease is due partially to the establishment of the Pittsburg station, and to the great agitation which swept over the country preceding the necessary legislation, and caused the mine operators to exercise greater care. In the past year there were but two accidents attended with a heavy loss of life; the disaster, in January, at the Hanna mine in Wyoming, cost 70 lives, and on November 28th, at the Marianna mine in Pennsylvania, 154 persons were killed. But in 1907 four explosions gave a total loss of life of 700 men.

Two discoveries which have already been made at the experimental station should be most productive in lessening the number of accidents in coal mines. The first of these is, that the great majority of the so-called "safety" explosives utterly belie their name; and, secondly, that coal dust is a violent explosive equally as dangerous as the deadly fire-damp.

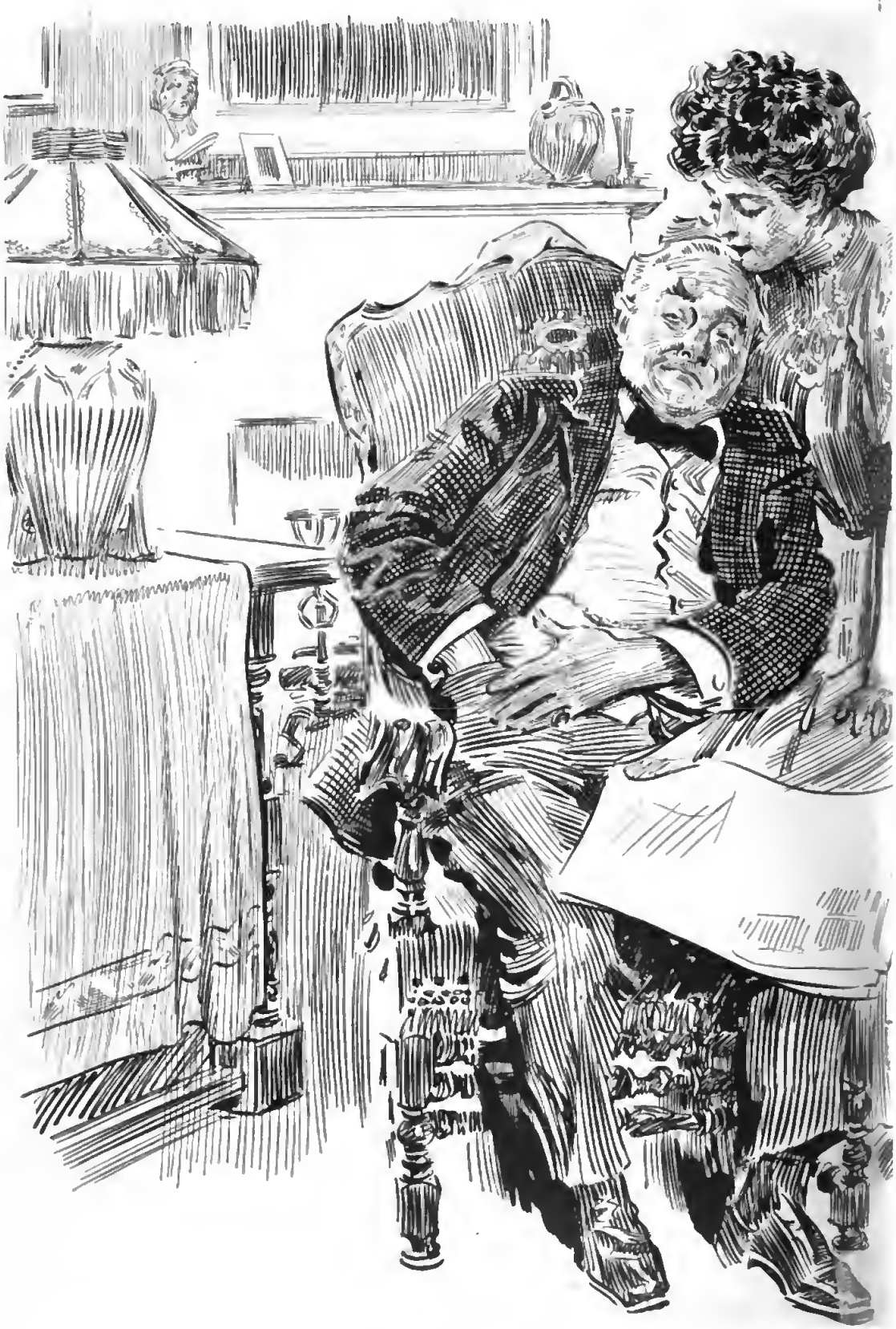
At the present day the miner is incurring a terrible risk each time he is compelled to touch off a fuse. The government intends to conduct such exhaustive experiments with those explosives now on our market that accurate information regarding the action of each of these may be definitely given to all miners. When these tests have been completed a bulletin is to be issued, which shall recommend those explosives whose use is permissible, and the State Mining Bureaus are to be kept posted as to the results.

A member of the government rescue corps equipped to enter a mine

It has been repeatedly shown that coal dust will explode in a mine where there is not the slightest trace of gas, for many tests of this nature have been witnessed at the Pittsburg station. No practical method has been devised to render this dust incombustible, though it does not ignite when it has been thoroughly dampened.

Experiments with various kinds of dynamites and blasting powders are conducted in a great cylinder of boiler-plate one hundred feet long and six feet in diameter. Along the top of this cylinder are safety valves which fly open under the pressure of the explosions. Half-inch glass portholes enable the experiments to be witnessed from an observation house sixty feet away. A mixture of coal dust and air, or fire-damp and air, fills the great tube before the blast is exploded. Natural gas is used instead of fire-damp at the station, because their properties are very similar. The explosive charge is shot into the gaseous mixture from a cannon fired by electricity from the observation house. These investigations are expected not only to reduce the number of fatalities due to accidental explosions, but to save a great deal of coal which is usually pouched, because of excessively heavy blasts.

The government does not intend training a rescue corps to be called upon whenever there is a mine disaster, but expects the mine-owners to profit by these exhibitions and establish systems of their own. A number of mining companies have already undertaken this task, and a squad of men equipped with oxygen helmets will soon be a necessary requirement at every coal-mine.



THE SENS

DRAWN BY JAM

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

ES—TOUCH

NTGOMERY FLAGG

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SMALL BOY. "SAY, MISTER, IF YE DON'T LET ME CARRY YER GRIP, I'LL WALK BEHIND YE, WHISTLIN' THE WEDDIN' MARCH"

STRANGE RESULT OF POLITICAL SUCCESS

PRESIDENT ELECT TAFT had a few moments to spare the other day, and had his secretary telephone to his tailor to come up and remeasure him, as he was afraid that he had "fallen off" within the past few months, and he would like to order some new clothes.

The maker of men hurried post-haste to Mr. Taft, drew his tape measure, and began his task.

"I think you will find me slightly smaller," said Mr. Taft, with a twinkle in his eye.

The man worked on, calling the measurements to Mr. Taft's secretary, who jotted them down.

"How are they running," asked the President elect—"smaller?"

"Not very much smaller," disconcertedly answered the tailor. "The measurements are about the same as last time."

"About the same, you say?" asked Mr. Taft in some surprise.

"Yes, sir," replied the tape-stretcher, "they are about the same, except, sir, your chest is a little lower down."

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.

"I RECKON you have to watch your pocketbook an' overcoat, an' watch, an' so on, pretty close, don't you?" a Western visitor to New York asked a friend, a native of that metropolis, as they were starting out to view the city, and, despite the citizen's assurance that no more than ordinary vigilance was required, the Westerner proceeded "to keep his eye skinned," much to his friend's amusement.

Presently they entered a café for luncheon. The New-Yorker was discoursing goshy upon the greatness of his native city, when he observed that the other had an expression on his face much like that of a rat at a mouse-hole.

"What are you watching so closely?" he inquired.

"Just keepin' an eye on my overcoat," the other replied.

The New-Yorker laughed.

"Oh, the coat's all right. I'm not worrying about mine, you see, and they are hanging together."

"No, they ain't," the Westerner drawled. "Mine's still there, but yours is gone—feller walked out with it 'bout ten minutes or so ago."

THE HOLD-UP

HE was the angel of the boarding-house, or the—but those things depend, of course, on the point of view.

"Will mamma's angel recite 'Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night'?" that doting parent asked one night recently, when a dozen of the boarders were gathered in the parlor.

"Don't remember it?" was the prompt reply of the angel.

"Mamma will give him five cents if he will."

The angel hesitated. Just then mamma was called from the room for a few minutes. The angel grinned around the room.

"I'm a-goin' to say it when she gets back,—for fi' cents," he intimated.

"No, you're not," three men said, in chorus, and

ENOCH RAGING: "RURAL" JUSTICE

"SO YOU WANT ME TO PERFORM THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY. WELL, IF YOU HAVE MADE UP YOUR MIND, I RECKON I CAN DO MY DUTY."

each produced a dime. The angel collected. Soon mamma returned.

"Will mamma's angel say the nice piece now?" she entreated.

"Aw, shucks! I told you I'd forget it," the angel said, and blundered out of the door.

"Bright boy, that," a boarder commented, grimly.

"But the darling's memory is so bad," mamma said, sadly.

THE GOLDEN SHEAVES GAVE A COTILLION IN THEIR NEW MILLION-DOLLAR BARN FOR THE BENEFIT OF SOME OF THEIR LESS FASHIONABLE FRIENDS. THE FAVORS WERE OF A MOST ORIGINAL AND APPROPRIATE CHARACTER

HIS REPLY

I wonder why
The pine trees sigh,"
Said lovely Clementine.
"Their leaves are cold,"
Said Charles the Bold,
"And that's what makes them pine."

HAMILTON PEPE GALT.

TRUE POLISH

"Is your dog a hearty eater, Colonel?"

"Hearty eater? Why, when I give him a plateful of scraps from the breakfast-table he polishes the plate so clean that I have to daub it with ketchup to make sure it will be washed!"

SO BACK HE CAME

AN official of the Superior Court of Cook County, Illinois, which has jurisdiction in the matter of the naturalization of foreigners, tells the following:

"In October last a man named August Hulsberger took out his 'first papers.' As he was about to leave the court-room he was observed to scan very closely the official envelope in which had been enclosed the document that was to assist in his naturalization.

"In a few days August again turned up. Presenting himself to the clerk of the court, he bestowed upon that dignitary a broad Teutonic smile, saying,

"'Well, here I vos!'

"'Pleased to see you, I'm sure,' said the clerk, with polite sarcasm. 'Would you mind adding who you are and why you are here?'

"August seemed surprised. He exhibited his official envelope. 'It says, "Return in five days,"' he explained, 'and here I vos!'"

BREAKFAST HOURS

A TRAVELLER stopped at a hotel in Greenland, where the nights are six months long, and, as he registered, asked a question of the clerk.

"What time do you have breakfast?"

"From half-past March to a quarter to May."

NOT IN NEW YORK STATE

An instructor of cookery in a New Orleans school was endeavoring to make clear to her pupils which portions of a side of beef yielded the various butcher's "cuts." The neck, shoulder, leg, and loin had been successively pointed out.

"Now, Alice," said the teacher to her brightest girl, "there is one portion I've not yet mentioned. Your father is a groom, he frequently rides horseback. Come, now, tell me, what does he often put on a horse?"

"Two dollars each way, ma'am," replied sophisticated Alice.

TO A LADY IN A SHEATH GOWN

You may be a daughter of Eve,
But to me 'tis exceedingly plain
Your figure, dear Madam,
Hath little of Adam,
But looks very much like a Cain.

A. TENNYSON BOOMYAHELL.

PERFECTLY SAFE

In a certain town in Alabama which is divided by a shallow stream there is a quaint old character of a ferryman named Bob Taylor.

"Are you sure this is safe?" one day asked a man from the North, as he and a friend were about to take passage across the said stream in Bob's rickety old flat-boat.

"Oh, she's safe, all right," Bob assured them, with a grin.

"Has no one ever been lost in this stream?" asked the other stranger, as he gazed doubtfully into the muddy water.

"Ole Colonel Morgan, he fall in an' git drownded las' week," answered Bob, blithely. "But dey find him next day. No, gen'lmen, dere ain't nobody ever git lost in dis stream."

SOULFUL WORSHIPPER. "WOULDN'T THAT MAKE A CHARMING PICTURE PUZZLE!"

HE LAUGHED ALONE

STRANGER. "Why are you crying, sonny?"

BOY. "Paw hit his thumb wiv a hammer an' I laughed."

THE WISE, THOUGH GENTLE, READER

In an armchair of a Pullman smoking-car on the way east from Louisville, a polite but resourceful man was trying hard to read a novel while his next neighbor kept up a running fire of chatter. With the light of a desperate resolve in his eye, yet cloaking determination with exquisite politness the reader presently said: "Pardon me, but my memory for names is wretched. Your name is—?"

"Shepherd," replied the voluble one, cheerfully.

The one-sided conversation kept on awhile longer, the light of desperate resolve meanwhile burning brighter and brighter. Then the reader raised his eyes to a stranger, his neighbor across the aisle, and suddenly demanded, "What is your name, sir?"

"Ward," said the stranger.

"Yes, yes; of course," cried the reader, briskly. "Mr. Ward, let me introduce Mr. Shepherd."

By which simple but ingenious expedient the torrent of extraneous chatter was diverted to poor Ward, and the reader read happily ever after.

ARCTIC EXPLORER (*stepping on a sleeping polar bear*). "EXCUSE ME, BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE A RUG."

IT WOULD APPEAR SO

HE. "WHAT ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT, DEAR?"

SHE. "WHY, HOW FUNNY IT IS THAT THE PRESSURE IS ALWAYS GREATER WHEN THE GAS IS TURNED DOWN."

A MAN WITH A PAST

A TRAMP sat by the roadside during a heavy rain, calmly eating his dinner.

"Why don't you seek shelter, man?" asked a passerby.

"Force of habit, my friend. In my palmy days I was a famous diner out," was the reply.

THE OLD CRY OF "WOLF"

OFFICE BOY. "I want to go to my grandmother's funeral."

EMPLOYER. "I can't let you go, and I don't think you will be missed, anyway, as the last time she had a funeral there were fifteen thousand people there."

FROM THE MOUTHS OF BABES

BENEVOLENT OLD GENT. "Now, children, can any of you tell me the kind of people that go to heaven?"

TOMMY. "Yes'r. Dead ones."

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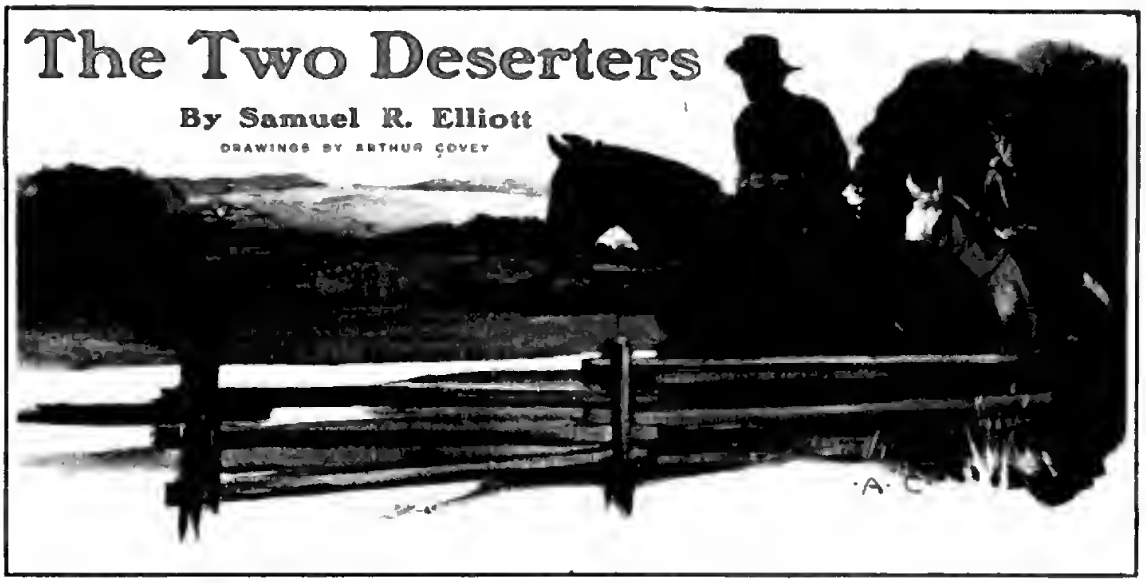
The Two Deserters

By Samuel R. Elliott

DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR COVEY



I had heard him called "Le Capitaine Guillaume"; and his trusting expression, his candid smile, together with his beardless face and his boyish figure, gave earnest of that perennial youthfulness which parts reluctantly with its first name. A chestnut blond whose hair curled deliciously at the temples, he was tanned by the fierce African sun to a hue so dark as to bring out more noticeably the frank blue of his eyes. A type familiar enough among Franco-African soldiers, in whom an almost effeminate delicacy of line and hint is relieved by an Oriental robustness of tone that is nearly Moorish, I noticed in his buttonhole the fragment of red ribbon which proclaims, while seeming to conceal, the coveted prize so dear to both genius and valor in France—the Cross of the Legion. I ventured to ask how he came to be serving with us.

"To all who seek foreign service our war department gives congé that we may learn in the school of adversity."

"Thank you for the compliment," replied I, laughing; for at this stage of the war our victories were few indeed.

"I mean," continued he, "one fights for La Belle France for pleasure, but enlists with her dearest ally for glory and experience. My own country is at peace; but here one grows a veteran in seven days."

"Even seven days of disaster and retreat," I murmured, discontentedly, thinking of the Peninsula.

"Yes," answered he, serenely, "to one who studies the game of war there is a lesson in every disaster. We gather experience as the gambler gathers gold."

"But the cause?" I suggested, faintly.

"Oh, then! No European ensuist can make out your cause. You do not fight to free the slave. Your foes do fight to free themselves—at least that is what they say. L'Amérique is the foe of l'Angleterre, and hence the hereditary ally of La France. Voilà! Hein! Your riflemen are adorable; but your cavalrymen do not know yet how to ride. *De retour*," he cried, gayly, interrupting himself, as a Minie ball hissed through his hair.

The conversation ceased; yet he rode on singing while the cannonade, which had accompanied our talk, continued to increase. Our troop, having crossed the stream by a deep and difficult ford, now formed for attack, and were led into the deadliest of all the death-traps of that fatal field, Antietam, a place afterwards known as "Bloody Lane."

To describe the scene of horror that ensued is not within the scope of this sketch; suffice it that the heaviest troops of the Federal Army were sent, brigade after brigade, against that impregnable position, only to be hurled back with depleted ranks, almost without officers; for at the short range afforded, these were an easy mark. A panic seemed imminent, when our General ordered two of his staff, the Frenchman and myself, to ride up and find an opening in some dense undergrowth which with a heavy snake-fence protected the enemy and left an opening through which the troops could be drawn to a vantage-ground commanding a sunken road.

Le Capitaine Guillaume was the better mounted; and as he rode by me on the dangerous quest assigned to us, I noticed a compression of the lips and a dilating of the nostril which told how serious even that reckless youth regarded the situation. We both made for a small gap in the undergrowth where the fence seemed lowest. But when within a few bounds of the spot I espied, lying on a ledge of rock a short distance beyond, a score or more of sharpshooters looking at us along their rifle barrels. It was too late to stop or even to warn my companion, so furiously had we galloped. As the young chasseur rose at the fence which he took at a flying leap, carrying the top rail with him I thought he looked the embodiment of chivalrous grace. Some such impression may have struck the sharpshooters, who for some reason forbore to fire; and indeed I heard something like a cheer as horse and rider alighted almost in their midst. But the next moment came an explosion of a shell that seemed to rend like heavens and the earth. The air was darkened by a confused mass of stones, soil, and whirling fence-rails. The two horses had fallen, torn by fragments of the shell, and were confusedly rolling with their riders in a chaos of dead leaves and torn-up earth. An occasional glimpse of what seemed a revolving sky, and an appalling sickness of dizzy trance, and darkness closed over my consciousness.

It was afternoon. I awoke from what seemed a long, troubled sleep. A tall lhin man lifted me up, adjusting the pillows with a gentleness that comes only with trained deftness rendered easy by strength. I recognized the hospital steward, an English soldier and veteran of the Crimea. "Where are we, Dadd?" I asked in a voice whose weakness surprised me.

"Near Antietam, sir—in Maryland," was the reply.

"How long have we been here?"

"Over three weeks—since September 17th. It is now October."

I sank back in amazement. Three weeks of fever, blotted, blank! "Dadd, did we lick them?"

"Yes, sir, in the long run. The Grand Army's gone to Harper's Ferry, but the 'eadquarters are still 'ere; for General McClellan's a-lyin' in the Lee mansion—first cousin of Robert Lee, sir. An' the General a sent for 'is wife and baby 'n' mother-in-law, and is ridin' round in a hambulance drawn by eight mules with the American flag stuck at each ear."

"Where is the French Captain?"

"You'll see 'im in the garden below."

"Carry me to the window."

I was transferred to the window, where I knelt on a pillow placed on the floor. Looking down, I saw a man walking softly on the grass-plot beyond the box border. A tall figure denoting suppleness rather than strength. A walk like an Indian's. Altogether, a sinister suggestion.

"Not he, surely—not Le Capitaine Guillaume!" I exclaimed.

Dadd looked out himself. "Oh no, sir; that's Lieutenant Pierson, our chief of scouts—but I'd like to know what brings 'im to these parts now. Ah, there's the Captain." And, following the eye of the garrulous old steward, I saw my gallant friend limping painfully with the aid of a pair of crutches. A young woman walked near him, so near that, at first, it seemed as though he leaned upon her for support; but the way the wounded man plied his crutches denied this impression. The man designated as scout was keenly watching the couple, although they were evidently oblivious of his presence; and as he walked he managed to keep a small ornamental fir tree between himself and the unconscious objects of his scrutiny.

"Notice 'is walk—just that of an Indian trankin' his foe," growled old Dadd. "I don't like men an walk with their toes turned in, except after the fashion of the cavalry. An' I distrust them lurkin', pick-eared chaps."

"Remember," said I, mischievously, trying to stir his national prejudice, "it's only a Frenchman he's tracking now."

"'E's a brave lad, wherever 'e comes from," ejaculated the hospital steward with fervor. "The night our hambulance found you both 'e made us take you in place of 'imself, seein' there was no room but for one—an' 'e your superior in rank as chief of staff. 'Never mind for me' (here Dadd executed a travesty on the French cadence); 'I am Scotch.' An' indeed 'e was bleedin' to death from a frightful shell wound in the thigh. 'Take zis friend from me—'e's only stun, and vill recve.' When we got back, hours after, 'e was lyin' white as a wax flower, with 'is leg tied up with your hat-band. Luckily, it was within reach, an' 'e had made a tourniquet by twistin' it with a pistol."

I looked at my friend the Captain with a fresh glow of admiration and gratitude. By this time the young soldier and his companion had advanced so near that I could see his pale face lighted up with a beautiful joy. He was murmuring something in low, hurried tones, as they paused for a moment on the gravel walk, and even at that distance I could discern that the young woman listened with lowered head while she watched him from under her long curved eyelashes. A blond Southern girl, with a certain grace of measured movement—and, apparently, not without serene consciousness of power in the presence of such unreserved devotion. But when, soon, they drifted to a rustic seat, into which the wounded soldier sank to a semi-reclining position, she stood looking down at him in such a position that her shadow fell softly, almost caressingly, upon his pale face, deepening the eager expression upon his features.

"Dadd, who is that girl?" I asked, after a few moments of revery. "What of her?"

"They say she's a visitor at this 'ouse—some sort of relative. Maytap her folks in Virginia, proud but very poor—and, I fancy, to be Confederate is the fashion. All women are natural Jacobites—at least, that's hour hexperience in the Hold World. I'll wager she's tellin' 'im, this very minute, about her Southern relatives who are endurin' hunger, wounds, and death for liberty, with a sly 'int that we're only fightin' for empire—and 'e's 'eard hell this before 'e left France! Look, she's made a Confederate flag out of her red shawl and white handkerchief."

I looked. Sure enough, whether by accident or design, the red, white, and red of our foe draped her bosom as naturally, yet as obviously, that I found myself regarding the seductive non-combatant with curious interest and an uncomfortable sense of foreboding.

"See 'im, will you?" cried the old hospital steward, indicating the scout with the Indian walk, who was just leaving the garden, still unobserved by those whom he had kept so closely and so malignantly under scrutiny. "The Captain 'olds 'im in the 'other of 'is 'and; and that's why 'e 'ates 'im so!"

This rather sweeping elision of aspirates being wholly unintelligible, I pressed my old nurse for an explanation.

"Why, you see, sir, when General Reno fell at South Mountain, mortally wounded, who should come ridin' along but the young Frenchman, bringin' in a prisoner! May I never see another day if that prisoner wasn't the scout that the Captain had caught skulkin', and disharmed 'im, supposin' 'im to be a rebel. Never did I see a man in such a funk; the sweat rolled off 'im, and 'is teeth an' 'is knees was a-chatterin'. 'E pleaded 'ard to be spared, sayin' as how it was along o' some nervous disorder 'e's subject to. But it was the worst fright I ever see. The Captain flung 'im 'is sword, at last, and said something like, 'See that this don't 'appen again.' But it was in 'alf French, so I couldn't be right sure. But you can bet your sweet life that skulkin' fellow's goin' to get rereaged on the Captain some ow—and if there's no other way, 'e'll stroke 'im through that girl. An' I look'a though 'e's jealous o' the Frenchman, too."

It was natural that among the vivid rose character sketches which enlivened the house where I was convalescing I should seek to learn something of the sphinx of our garden, who might even then be making a prisoner of my friend. But in vain. She had no intimates here. Her home in London Valley, however, was spoken of as a hotbed of rebels who held their heads very high and who seemed all traffic with their foe. Personally, it was said, her preferences were as few and her bearing as serene and cold as to leave nothing whereon to hang a conjecture. Her name was Agnes Dawson, said one of my informants, adding, "She's mighty proud and ambitious, and I cannot make her out."

When I next saw the Captain he was plainly preoccupied. With the sorrowful philosophy traditional among men when the love of woman comes between them, I recognized its supremacy. At that time I thought of no other darker barrier that might rise

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between us. A few days later the order came to join our corps at Harper's Ferry—at least, all convalescents. What of the others? They must do the best they can. The waters will close over this place tomorrow—that is, the rebels will be in possession as soon as our troops are withdrawn. This I gathered from the old hospital steward; and, furthermore, that the Captain's wound having broken out afresh, he could not accompany us.

I hurried to my friend's room. The Captain lay on his bed partly dressed. He seemed deeply troubled, and was evidently suffering. I observed that his saber hung on the wall in such a fashion that his eyes would fall naturally upon it as he sank to sleep, much as the gaze of a devotee might rest upon a crucifix. He congratulated me with kindly look, on my return to active service, an almost hectic flush kindling on his cheek. "Moreover, I envy you, *mon brave*, because—because you draw the sword for your own country, and not for another."

I tried to translate into French the line from Mrs. Browning's "Court Lady," He shook his head. His eyes rested upon the sabre hanging hiltwise like a cross. . . ." I would it were for La Belle France!"

Two years after the events above narrated I was riding with Captain Magrath, our provost marshal, along the banks of the Shenandoah. It was an enchanting morning in mid-October. But something had gone wrong with the provost marshal. I knew it not only by the expression of his face, but the Captain's mustache, usually waxed to a degree that imparted a look of Napoleon III. to a somewhat wooden countenance, was this morning in drooping disorder; and he had on only one spur, which gave a sidewise motion to his horse, from his nervous jabbing. "There's a despatch from the War Department—another one," began the troubled officer; "it's about that confounded Mosby, the guerilla. They say that the audacity and impunity of these partisan rangers argue inefficiency in my office. I don't know what they expect me to do more than I have done. I'm sure if Pierson, our chief of scouts, who has been after that gang of cutthroats all winter, can't overhaul them, nobody can. All very well to sit on a sofa in Washington and telegraph recklessly, 'Catch Mosby!' 'Kill Mosby!'—but how is that to be done, when the rascals we're after are plain farmers by day and 'Johnnies' by night!"

Magrath continued for a while to fume over the unwelcome theme, then we rode in silence until we encountered a straggling group of unmouth mounted men. Suddenly some one emerged from this group, and we were addressed with clamorous effusiveness. It was Lieutenant Pierson, chief of scouts. Aside from the offensively familiar fashion of his greeting, the fellow was, to me, persona *non grata* because of his reputation, which was that of a renegade from the Confederate Army, and a spy on occasion. Besides, I had not forgotten the garden incident, of two years before, in which he had enacted "the snake in the grass."

But the provost marshal, having seemingly accomplished the object of his ride, now turned and went back toward headquarters, conversing in earnest low tones with the scout, the two moving rapidly at the head of the unmouth column. Left to myself, I rode leisurely to headquarters, where I dismounted, and entered for the purpose of asking some small favor of the general commanding, who was at Winchester and could be reached only by telegraph.

Passing through the long, low ceilinged room which served as audience-chamber for the German potentate Max Weber, I was making my way through groups of uniformed idlers whose clanking sabres and glittering spurs gave a jingling emphasis to their breezy talk. I came to the telegraph operator. He was busy. I waited awhile and was about to go away, as my message was not important, when through the lurid dimness of tobacco smoke which constituted the light of the place I espied Pierson leaning idly with both elbows on the shelf for despatches, and talking with the operator.

"Yes, but which wire goes to Sandy Hook?"

"The one on the left takes in *all* the Maryland stations," responded the garrulous clerk. "The centre, a little raised, you see—is the only one that goes to Washington direct."

I was listening idly, but I was conscious of a malevolent joy fairly illuminating the face of the scout—like some noxious spirit *fetuus*. He hurried past me to the door, as if struck with some novel idea. He did not observe me, but elbowed his way out like one possessed.

After delivering my message I made some remark to the operator, a young man who exulted in his one gift, that of unmusicance.

"What sort of fellow is that?" I asked, indicating the scout with a hall gesture.

"Reckon he's the only man in Harper's Ferry that I couldn't tell you anything about—that is, where he hails from, and all that. At first we took him for a deserter, from somewhere far southwest. His talk was a trifle outlandish. Then Colonel Savery said he spoke French not like a Creole, as we first supposed, but like a Russian or a Pole. Then, Bandmaster Maugano declared his Italian was queer but undoubtedly genuine, from some wild corner."

"How does he swear?" asked a bystander, who thought that the lurid unless of unpremeditated profanity might betray the swearer's nationality!

"Never drinks, nor swears, although the boys does say that he draws pay for hootin' guerillas with a bottle of whiskey and a broad brimmed hat—certain if Mosby couldn't tell him on sight beyond rifle range, he'd be 'most blind.'

And in fact the very conspicuousness of the scout in appearance and dress would seem to impair his efficiency, while it doubtless added to his reputation for recklessness. That efficiency was, as I soon learned, signalized and rewarded by a capture which touched me nearly. There was no mistaking the name and identity of the prisoner concerning whom, as if now appeared, the scout and the provost marshal had been conferring in their recent discussion. One evening, on returning to my quarters, I found Captain Magrath waiting. He had come with the order to parade for execution to-morrow at ten.

"It's a wretched business," groaned the provost marshal, who had a kindly heart for a non-combatant. "But the fact is, we've had so much trouble with the partisan rangers or guerillas that to save our own bacon, you see, we must do something. I thought the young Frenchman would get off as a prisoner of war, but he was too high and mighty, scorned to deny anything, or betray anybody, and allowed he'd been with Mosby—and what could we all do?"

It was of "Le Capitaine Guillaume" that the provost marshal spoke!

"Had he no counsel, no defence?" I asked, bitterly.

"Oh yes, both his counsel and I tried to persuade him that if he'd only pretend to turn state's evidence, perhaps—but he gave me a look that brought cold sweat to my forehead and made me feel mean ever since." The Captain's voice quivered and, sinking to a hoarse whisper, he went on, "And when I think how he came to be taken—"

"Why, how was he taken?" I inquired, observing hesitation on the part of Magrath.

"We'd got to do something," Magrath repeated: but his honest Celtic blue eyes no longer looked directly into my own.

"How was he taken?" I insisted.

"His sweetheart—Agnes Chasmon—betrayed him."

"Impossible!"

"Yes, it's true," replied Magrath. "But the business was managed by Pierson."

"What business?"

"Why, the business of working me up to betraying him, of course," said Magrath, rather feebly. "These Southern women are nothing if not patriotic. Her patriotism was the string that Pierson pulled."

"I don't understand."

"Well, the long and the short of it is" (Magrath hurried on), "Pierson pretended to turn rebel—I don't know how ever he managed to convince her of his conversion, but he did it; and the next step in his game was to prove to her that the French Captain, her lover, was no true guerilla, but only a Union spy."

"Preposterous!" I interrupted.

Magrath continued, "Pierson got Sam Burchell to help him in this—"

"What! Burchell?—that cunning rogue who's done time as a forger—"

"Yes—got him to write a letter more like the Frenchman's hand than he himself could have written it. The letter purported to give information, such as a spy could give, to the Federal authorities. Showed the letter to the girl, and she believed it. Being a fiery patriot, the betrayal of her country was a greater crime than if the betrayal had been of herself. She was ready on the moment to hand over the supposed traitor to Pierson; but when she did so she thought it was to the Confederate authorities (and not to us), to deal with him as they should see fit. She never saw the Frenchman again. Pierson took care of that. She informed Pierson as to the whereabouts of the Frenchman, and Pierson nabbed him."

"It was infamous!" I exclaimed.

"Well, we swallowed hard, but took it as a matter of self preservation. The methods of war are not always nice, young man," added the Captain, somewhat correctively.

"Does he—does the young Frenchman know of all this?"

"Well, no, not exactly. We did send old Sam Burchell to the prison disguised as a Johnnie, and what Sam can't worm out of a man is pretty close. You know we wanted particulars for his trial—evidence; but nothing could be done with him to break him down. Sam hinted how the bounty might have had some share in his taking. But the Captain just shut Sam up so violent, so contemptuously, that Sam, tough as he is, was scared."

We were both silent for a moment. The provost marshal resumed: "Poor fellow! He's writing his letters now, and the clergyman is with him. But we hope for a reprieve at the last minute. Pierson—I know what you think of him—but he's really shown considerable fine feeling in this affair. As he puts it, his duty ends with the capture'; and now he's going to strain every nerve to save the poor fellow's life."

The young woman listened with lowered head while she watched him from under her long curved eyelashes

"You forget," I began, "Pierson has an old grudge to pay off, and, besides—"

But the provost marshal rose abruptly, as one who considers that the last word has already been said, applied a match to his extinct cigar, and bade me good night. I accompanied him to the door and looked out over the encampment. All was as silent as death. The motionless forms of the sentries seemed to emphasize the stillness. But as the Captain turned out into the street our ears were assailed by a long, low, wailing sound like a distant banshee. It

was the band practising in Bolivar Church. Harry Frakenfeld had called an extra rehearsal to-night.

To this doleful accompaniment I pursued the sequence of certain reminiscences. I recalled the scene in the garden near Antietam, and particularly the malignant enmity of the scout as he overshadowed the lovers. I remembered that our forces had withdrawn from the neighborhood, leaving those too ill to be moved to fall into the enemy's hands. It was all clear. My friend was a deserter, and had become a guerilla. The very success of this youth in Mosby's service and his skill in evading capture had maddened Pierson's hate, which the taunts of his superiors had

The column of parole headed by the cavalry had already passed my quarters on the way to Bolivar Heights, where, on a plain overlooking the two rivers, Potomac and Shenandoah, the sorrowful scene was to be enacted. Trains of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway passed so near that the groaning of signaled iron and the shriek of escaped steam were distinctly audible. I took my place in the marching column which moved slowly to the funeral music of the band and presently debouched on the open plain. A light drizzling rain had fallen during the night, having little further effect than to render the roads somewhat heavier, and imparting to grass and foliage a deeper tint, as of added

He came to a word that froze his being as with something worse than terror

driven to a frenzy. And besides—but there had been no positive proof of that—the jealousy of their furtive watching in the sword-threatened garden of Eden near Antietam!

Yes, they are both deserters, I thought. But how different the motive: the one brave, generous, self-sacrificing, in love; the other, a villain, treacherous, and animated by self-interest and hate. The one roused to hunger, wounds, and death for love's sake; the other had fled the failing cause, and was working his way by a deft use of the sagacity and merciless energy which were his gifts.

In the troublous times of which I write events of tragic import were all too common to keep us long awake; and I, notwithstanding my wretched preoccupation of the previous evening, slept so soundly toward morning that I did not hear the reveille. With not a little contrition I learned how late it was. My routine duties of the early morning were scarce concluded when the long-drawn wail of the band struck my ear. It was the "Dead March in Saul."

sumptuous. The rain had fallen wearily upon dead leaves, for it was late autumn, blackening the trunks of trees; and the weather toward morning had cleared up bleak and chilly, with no hue of tenderness in sky or plain. The bayonets and sabres of the troops looked steely and hard in that light, and the very guns lurked behind dry-looking white clouds, as in cruel discontent. The column wound slowly around the plain, silent (but for the band), while an ominous stillness pervaded the ranks usually so breezy and vital. Men moved with set faces and never spoke. As the soldiers gradually gathered themselves into a hollow square I noticed that we were enclosing a platform absurdly small in the presence of such hugeness of mountain and plain, and of our own square.

Here, for the first time, I saw the prisoner, seated, as is customary, on his coffin, in an ambulance drawn by two black horses. Beside him was an old French priest, Father Duclette, from his own neighborhood, near Rouen. I had little doubt that one of the prisoner's nationality, and presumable temperament, would be quite ready for any dramatic situation. But I was not prepared for the superb air with which the young man mounted the scaffold, having the aged priest on his arm. Not a touch of bravado. No light ignoring of the awful situation; but, moving with a poise that was like courage personified, he had more the air of one about to give an exhibition of marvellous strength and agility—a fencing bout, for instance—than of a doomed criminal. For a few minutes he busied himself with the details of his dismal toilet, looking around at the deathly appointments of the place with a glance of what might be called exultant indifference, then bowed, turning to the aged priest. The latter advanced slowly with raised hand; and the poor boy knelt reverentially beside him with upturned face, which was then illuminated by a passing gleam of sunshine.

The music ceased. A frightful stillness held the vast concourse as in a trance. I saw his face. I hurriedly left my place and rode toward the platform until warned by the guards. It was my friend—the man to whom I owed my life, praying on the scaffold! Again I was warned back. But even in such circumstances a rescue had been attempted by desperate men, yes, and effected: I saw Magrath. He was there in his official capacity.

"Captain, I must speak with the prisoner. He saved my life."

"You can do far better service for him than that. Ride down to the sally-port, and hurry up the horseman who brings his reprieve."

"Who is he? How shall I know him?"

"Why, you know him perfectly well. It's Pierson, our chief of scouts: he volunteered to go in person. He's a gallant fellow!"

My uneasiness suffered small abatement from what I had just heard. Still, I reflected that, coward and traitor as he was, the scout could gain nothing now by foul play: the eyes of the whole army were upon him in dubious displeasure. But now he had vindicated himself by the capture of a man who was credited with a part in most of Mosby's daring performances—the renowned "French Bill." There remained the fact, however—the fact that no non-combatant can fully understand—Pierson had, from his point of view, the strongest motive for revenge known to the ambitious soldier—namely, impeachment—just or unjust—of the courage of the soldier; and Pierson had been exposed by the Frenchman, who had detected him in an unmistakable example of cowardice, and if to this motive for revenge were added that of jealousy—why, it was but grim comfort to have my friend's fate in the hands of such an one volunteering rescue!

I had obeyed orders, however, riding in the direction indicated by Magrath. I waited long and anxiously. The sun dipped again behind the chilly-looking clouds, and a low, moaning wind crept over the dark-ened valley. Then through the keen air darted a shrill bugle call. Straining my eyes through the field-glass, I could see that the prisoner had arisen from his knees, and that he seemed about to address the crowded ranks. With an anguish of incertitude I turned my horse's head that way, when I heard the tumult of rushing hoofs behind; and in a moment the scout flashed by on a horse literally white with foam, while the rider was spattered with mud so as to be scarcely distinguishable. With a hoarse greeting he passed on, holding something white like folded paper in his right hand and continued tearing toward the scene of the execution. I followed as best I could, with some sense of relief, certainly, yet unable to account for the misgiving that each moment tightened about my heart.

As I drew near the dismal spot the concluding sentences of the poor boy's remarks fell strangely on my ear, in this wise:

"My life is forfeit by the laws of war; and I am to perish by those laws. I am content. It is only the form of death that I protest against. I am entitled to a soldier's death, not one of ignominy."

Here he was interrupted by a rough bustle on the platform, a stamping of heavy boots, a clatter of jingling spurs—and the mud-stained scout mounted the scaffold with a paper which he handed to the prisoner, who was as yet unpinioned.

A shudder of anxiety passed through the crowd, followed by an audible sigh of relief; and the whisper crept from mouth to mouth. "A reprieve!" growing and gaining strength till it broke into a faint, dubious cheer.

Meantime the young Frenchman turned a wondering look upon the intruder, as though not understanding.

The provost marshal spoke, and with asperity—for to him should have been handed my communication at this moment: "A reprieve?"

"No!" replied the scout, coldly, "only a private message."

The handsome youth raised his eyes swimming with the mists of dawning eternity, gave one glance over the paper, looking as though he saw it not, till he came to a word that froze his being as with something worse than terror. His hand moved convulsively, as if clutching some inviable object. The paper dropped from his grasp. A spasmodic movement of the right hand seemed instinctively to make a sign of the cross. His head was thrown back, his eyes raised; and then he murmured in a strange but steady voice to the priest, "I am ready now."

I turned, nearly fainting, from the awful sight. A fragment of paper had caught on my bridle rein. Absently I read it:

"I promise to surrender unconditionally, to be dealt with according to his deserts, the person of Guillaume La Tour, known among us as 'French Bill.'

"Agnes Dawson."

The words of the old hospital steward had been verified. "He will strike him through the girl." . . . And now I knew that the mud which disfigured horse and rider was not the red mud of Virginia, but the black loam of the Maryland bottom, which prevailed where the wire hauling to Washington had been cut.

The World of Music

A BRITISH SYMPHONY, AND OTHER MATTERS

By Lawrence Gilman

THE most illustrious of British composers, Sir Edward Elgar, has written a symphony this first, it is understood, and this symphony has now been heard both in England and in America: all of which events have been provocative of excitement among the musical publics of two nations. Sir Edward Elgar is a music-maker of great eminence. He has been extraordinarily successful in his relations with the outside world, for he has compelled a degree of enthusiastic attention and of acclaim for his products which is very rarely given to any but meretricious or easily assimilable music. Now while Sir Edward's music is as far as possible from being meretricious, it is not difficult to assimilate. Let no one discover in this remark a reflection upon the seriousness of Sir Edward's attitude toward his work, or an aspersion upon the work itself. Sir Edward is nothing if not serious—even, it may be said, when he is deliberately and determinedly jocose. He has written three oratorios filled with a spirit of immense earnestness and conceived in the profoundest sincerity. He is a very devout man, a man of deep feeling, a thinker—doubtless, in his way, a philosopher. He is known to concert goers in this country chiefly by his oratorios, *The Dream of Gerontius*, *The Apostles*, and *The Kingdom*, each of which, upon its production in New York, was discussed in this journal. The first of these, *The Dream of Gerontius*, made his reputation, both in England and in America, and it still remains the most impressive of his works. It was praised in this place, at the time of its production, for its nobility of feeling, for the genuine fervor of the impulses which inspired its conception; though it seemed then, as it still seems, lacking in originality. Yet it had beauty (though a reflected beauty), and it was uncommonly interesting. But Sir Edward's subsequent productions have been unmitigated disappointments. *The Apostles* was portentously dull. *The Kingdom* intolerably dull—in them Sir Edward made the mistake of supposing that piety without exaltation can be made artistically commemorative and satisfying.

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Mr. Vieuille as Arkel in "Pelleas et Melisande"

One of the wittiest of critics has doubted "whether genius can be turned on and off, like a tap." It would not be very difficult to show that it can; but the comment would scarcely lend in the case of Elgar; for Sir Edward has not yet, in many minds, established a claim to genius. A man of gifts he certainly is, a musician of admirable skill; but measured by the side of such far wandering and intrepid souls as the many-hued Debussy, the rarely imaginative d'Indy, the incalculable Loeffler, the cyclopean Strauss, he appears somewhat less towering a figure than even his most warming admirers would have us see. His new symphony has been ranked in England as his best work, as "perhaps the finest masterpiece of its type that ever came from the pen of an English composer"; and in New York it has been named, with sublime contrast, as "a great work," as "the first symphony since the last of Brahms." These are opinions which are scarcely calculated to benefit Sir Edward in quarters where he is not yet accepted as a greater music maker than Tchaikovsky. The symphony (it is designated as in A flat, op. 55) is not as excellent a performance as *The Dream of Gerontius*, yet it is far superior to *The Apostles*, *The Kingdom*, the overture *In the South*, the laborious and unleavened *Enigma* variations. It is not programme-music, in the definitely illustrative sense. It has been supposed to be the *General Gordon* symphony which Elgar is known to have planned; but Mr. Ernest Newman, who speaks with the authority of first-hand information, declares that the symphony "no more applies to General Gordon than it does to Sir Walter Raleigh, or Dreyfus, or Hackenschmidt," or himself, "or any other noble and injured person"; though "the pressure of vital feeling is evident almost throughout the work; there is no pattern-weaving, that is, purely for its own sake."

Like *Gerontius*, it is a deeply felt work, but it is wanting in the poignancy of expression which music certain pages of that work unforgettable; and it has even less of personal profile, of distinguishing individuality, than had *Gerontius*. In the entire score there is not a single passage which causes the hearer to make the mental comment, "There is Elgar—no one else could have said that." The score has undeniable felicities. Almost the whole of the Adagio is memorable, and the close of this movement especially is of a lofty and exquisite beauty. But elsewhere there is much platitude, much impotent striving, even—as in the *Scherzo*—a definite vulgarity of idea. But the symphony was worth producing, earth; performing as well as it was performed by the New York Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Walter Damrosch. After all, an unrelieved course, as an unbroken diet, of masterpieces would probably be demoralizing in its ultimate effect.

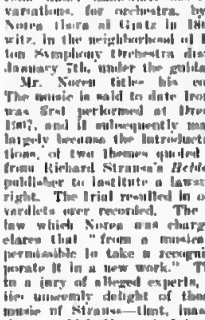
An Italian composer hitherto unknown to what Walt Whitman lovingly called "These States" was introduced here on January 6th, by a music-drama performed at the Metropolitan Opera House. The work was *La Wally*, the composer Alfredo Catalani. Catalani was born at Lucca in 1854, studied in Paris and in Milan, composed six operas (*La Falce*, 1875; *Elda*, 1880; *Dejanice*, 1883; *Edmea*, 1886; *Loreley*, 1890; *La Wally*, 1892), and died at Milan in 1893. *La Wally* is based upon a story by a German novelist, the Baroness Wilhelmine von Hillern, which was adapted for operatic use by Luigi Illica, who turns out libretti as prolifically as the tireless Masenet turns out scores. The action of the drama passes in the Tyrolean Alps, and deals with the suit of one Hagbarr, a marksman, and his rival, Hagenbach, for the hand of Wally, a resolute and resourceful young woman who dwells in the village of Hochstoff. Wally, of course, loves the man whom her father does not wish her to wed, and spurns the husband whom he has chosen for her. After numerous vicissitudes, extending through four acts, the favored suitor perishes in an avalanche, and Wally commits suicide.

Dramatically, the opera is diffuse, inchoate, badly constructed, and generally negligible. The music is better. It shares one of the most excellent traits of the modern Italian music-makers: the capacity for underlining moments of tense dramatic crisis. It is often graphic, forceful, muscular; it has a certain freshness and buoyancy; and it is at times strikingly full-blooded. But like Puccini, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and the rest of the neo-Italian crew, Catalani has no lyric gift of any distinction or mobility—indeed, his melodic style is far inferior in point and individuality to that of his fellows. He lacks, too, Puccini's harmonic inventiveness, his skill in characterization, and in the diffusion of atmosphere. He is, in brief, inferior in every respect to those who were his younger contemporaries.

Mr. Toscanini, who directed the production, is said to have an inviolable and touching faith in the opera, for whose fortunes he has made propaganda elsewhere; but it will be a miracle if even his able exposition can win for it any considerable measure of approval. It was well sung and, in the main, well acted, by Miss Destinn, Mr. Amato, and Mr. Martin.

Germany, barring the works of the unique Strauss, continues to produce compositions expert in workmanship and of surpassing unimportance: music which recalls a reference once made by President Eliot to "the intellectual economy of most Episcopal sermons"—save that contemporary Teutonic music exhibits rather an economy of inspiration than of cerebral expenditure. The newest emanation in this field to come under immediate observation is a theme with variations, for orchestra, by one Heinrich Gottlieb Noren (born at Gratz in 1863, now living at Leobnitz, in the neighborhood of Dresden), which the Boston Symphony Orchestra displayed in New York on January 7th, under the guidance of Mr. Fiedler.

Mr. Noren titles his composition *Kaleidoscope*. The music is said to date from the years 1906-07. It was first performed at Dresden in the summer of 1907, and it subsequently made its composer famous, largely because the introduction, in one of the variations, of two themes quoted (with acknowledgment) from Richard Strauss's *Heldenleben*, caused Strauss's publisher to institute a lawsuit for violation of copyright. The trial resulted in one of the most delectable verdicts ever recorded. The section of the copyright law which Noren was charged to have violated declares that "from a musical composition it is not permissible to take a recognizable melody and incorporate it in a new work." The matter was submitted to a jury of alleged experts, who gravely decided—to the unseemly delight of those who do not love the music of Strauss—that, inasmuch as neither of the themes which Noren had borrowed from *Heldenleben* was a melody, he could not be said to have violated the law; whereupon he was permitted to publish his score. Yet, after hearing the work, it is easy to feel that Strauss's publisher was justified in his objection; for the variation in which Noren disports his borrowed plumes yields the only important passages in the score. Elsewhere the music is a triumph of ingenious banality, a dexterous web of commonplaces. The variations are mildly pictorial and suggestive. They contain a "Praeambulum," a "Mournful Dance," a canon, a scherzo, — "Rumor," a section called "In the Cathedral," a "Pastorale," a "Pimperneel March," a Slavic dance, a section called "From Far-off Days," a mazurka, and the disputed variation to which Strauss is paraphrased: "To a Famous Contemporary." The last is at once the most ingenious and the most engrossing. The "Funeral March" has striking moments; "From Far-off Days" is agreeably sentimental; the Cathedral scene has a certain easily wrought impressiveness, the rest is inconsequential. Mr. Noren has a deal of ingenuity, and he is fluent and facile; but of imaginative power or original thought he gives no sign. The work will in all likelihood be popular.



Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the distinguished Russian pianist now visiting America

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Mr. Dalmores, the new Pelleas in Debussy's opera, at the Manhattan

The most inspired and original music composed since the death of Wagner may now be heard at the Manhattan Opera House, where Debussy's lyric-drama, *Pelléas et Mélisande*, has been revived for a series of performances. No one who cares to observe a contemporary masterwork in the slow process of achieving immortality, and who is able to recognize epoch-making qualities in a work of creative art, should neglect an opportunity to witness Mr. Hammerstein's notable production of this opera. It is not likely that Mr. Hammerstein will ever be willing to allow *Pelléas et Mélisande* to drop out of the repertory of his house; for its production not only does him high honor, but constitutes the pre-eminent artistic triumph of his career as an impresario; and its performances are the choicest ornament of his theatre. Nevertheless, it is well in this uncertain and precarious world to grasp an opportunity when it offers itself; and Debussy's work is not likely ever to be more admirably performed in New York than it is now being performed at the Manhattan by Miss Mary Garden, Mr. Dalmores, Mr. Dufranne, Mr. Vieuille, Miss Gerville-Réache, Miss Trentini, and the extraordinary Campanini. The Mélisande of Miss Garden, the Golaud of Mr. Dufranne, the Arkël of Mr. Vieuille, the Geneviève of Miss Gerville-Réache, are incomparable: these are, so far as is humanly possible, ideal embodiments. The performance of Mr. Dalmores, who is enacting Pelléas for the first time, leaves something to be desired. It lacks *nuance*; it is too emphatic and corporeal, too assertive and confident. Pelléas was a dreamer, a child of sorrow, and he was not very resolute or puissant. But Mr. Dalmores will probably fit himself to the part in time; and meanwhile he contributes a chivalric and impassioned figure to the ensemble, and he sings the music excellently.

And how the wonderful magic of the work itself persists! It cannot be too often repeated that here is a masterpiece of the first rank, a miracle of expressive music that is steeped in genius. Its elegance whether passionate or subdued, is golden throughout, at its best it is without a parallel.

It adheres to familiar paths, and it makes no disconcerting demand for co-operative imagination on the part of the hearer.

It was beautifully played by Colonel Higginson's remarkable orchestra.

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THE NEW PRESIDENT OF HARVARD

PROFESSOR ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL, WHO HAS OCCUPIED THE CHAIR OF THE SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY, WAS NOMINATED JANUARY 13 TO SUCCEED PRESIDENT ELIOT, WHO RETIRES ON MAY 19, AFTER HOLDING OFFICE FOR FORTY YEARS

Harvard's New President

THE NOMINATION OF ABBOTT LAWRENCE LOWELL

By James Wellman

THE distinguished line of succession, which began in 1640 with the first president of Harvard College, the Rev. Henry Dunster, is to be continued in 1909 by the inauguration of a new president, Abbott Lawrence Lowell, Harvard A.B. in 1877, LL.D., Williams, in 1898, author, administrator, and professor of the science of government in Harvard University. His name will be the twenty-fourth to be inscribed on the roll of Harvard presidents, which bears such names as Chauncy, Increase Mather, Holyoke, Quincy, Kirkland, Jared Sparks, James Walker, Edward Everett, and the name which has represented Harvard for forty years—longer than that of any other president—the name of Charles William Eliot. But length of administration is not essential. Up to the inauguration of President Eliot, in 1869, the average official life of a Harvard president was slightly under eleven years.

For the great responsibilities before him, very different from those that confronted his predecessor, but in certain respects no less vital, Professor Lowell should be able to offer the twenty best years of his life. The presidency of Harvard is no local function. It is a matter of concern to every American, not for the sake of the university alone, but by reason of the influence of Harvard and its ramifications upon the course of American education and American life. Who, then, is this newly elected president and what are his qualifications?

By descent, Professor Lowell is a Bostonian of Bostonians. Each of his names tells a story to those familiar with Holmes' restrained levity regarding the "Brahmin caste." Two Massachusetts cities bear the names of his ancestors, their founders, men of large affairs. His father fulmerizing this ability in business, and not content with maintaining the family fortunes, ministered wisely to others in founding the Lowell Institute and its famous course of lectures. Others of the family have served and still serve on the bench in Massachusetts. It was in Boston, on December 13, 1856, that Professor Lowell was born, and with the exception of two years in Paris in childhood Boston has remained his home. He prepared for Harvard at the Noble School, and was graduated in the class of '77. As an undergraduate his life was studious and, for his turbulent class, relatively quiet. His rank was high. Unlike the most brilliant member of that class, the lamented William E. Russell, he was not everybody's friend, but the group who had known him from childhood remained of his immediate circle, and by others he was always well regarded. His class was one of peculiar individuality and independence—one might add obstreperousness, in view of divisions over societies and elections which led to an abandonment of Class Day. Yet the individual force, shown unwisely then, has counted in after-life. Among Lowell's classmates was Russell, three times a Democratic Governor of Massachusetts, who died seemingly of a broken heart when his party followed false gods and first nominated Bryan. In political life also there have been Sigourney Butler, Assistant Attorney-General under Cleveland; Ball, formerly Lieutenant Governor of Rhode Island; and Bourne, now United States Senator from Oregon. The late E. H. Strobel, formerly professor of international law at Harvard and legal adviser of the King of Siam, was another classmate. The authors of the class include Lowell himself, E. S. Martin, George Edward Woodberry, Barrett Wendell, Ripley Hitchcock, and Prof. Benjamin Wells, and the class roll bears also the names of several professors and judges. With this class Lowell was graduated, receiving the highest honors in mathematics and gaining an election to the Phi Beta Kappa. There followed a most creditable course in [illegible] Harvard Law School, and then he en[illegible] practice of law with his [illegible] Lowell, which was [illegible] appointed lecturer [illegible] in 1897.

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phasis—the *Governments and Parties in Continental Europe*, which appeared in 1895, and his recent work, *The Government of England*, which has attracted the quality of attention best worth having in England as well as in this country. What the ultimate verdict of time will be, time only can determine; but the research, thoroughness, dispassionate treatment, and vigorous style of this remarkable work have invited immediate comparisons with Bryce's classic *American Commonwealth*.

As a lecturer at Harvard, Lowell is reported to have held his classes. There is indication of success in the fact that when the late Dorman B. Eaton left a fund of $100,000 for a professorship of the science of government at Harvard, Lowell was appointed to fill the chair. Of his competence in administrative capacities there is testimony not only in his conduct of the Lowell Institute, but as a member of the executive council of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and in other fields of action. At the recent meeting of the American Political Science Association in Richmond, he was elected president. So much for training and the official record.

As to that elusive thing termed personal quality, Lowell has the advantages and disadvantages of his birth and environment. Dignity is inseparable from the thought of a Harvard president, yet the dignity of Boston, sometimes a thought provincial in its self-satisfied aloofness, is not the best commendation of Harvard to the larger world. Fortunately Professor Lowell, even if he has not yet learned "to think in terms of the continent," is a man of broad experience and sympathies who may be depended upon to realize that more than the mere drawing of students from every part of the country is needed for a national and in the best sense a democratic university. Obviously the president of a university containing five thousand students can know personally only a few. But his personal influence can be felt, and his sympathy with the human side of student life. Constant aloofness and repression are not helpful—witness the checkered career of Harvard athletics. While Professor Lowell has had full opportunity to realize the evils of modern athletic excess, it may be expected that he will recognize not only the sanitary value and rightful place of college athletics, but also the necessity for the stimulus of competitions under a sympathetic control which shall be just to the higher aims of the college and to the student body. The newspapers have told much stress upon Lowell's prowess as a mile and two-mile runner in his undergraduate days. The present head of the university was a rowing-man, but his attitude toward undergraduate life, correct and logical in many points, has left much to be desired. The breadth, the lively human interest, the kindly man-to-man contact of the late Professor Shaler would be invaluable in the Harvard of the future. How much of this will be expressed in the tall, dignified, self-contained, correct professor of international law it is impossible yet to say, but those who know him here have reason to believe in him as a man broader and more open than his immediate environment, a man of warm personal sympathies always subject to a clear judgment, a man who will not be content to follow local influences or cliques, or to remain in inherited leading-strings.

What are the problems which the new president must face? As compared with the disorganized college of 1869, the new president may seem to be entering upon a most prosperous charge. The professional schools here been raised by President Eliot and others, less conspicuous but perhaps equally essential. In their present high plane of usefulness. On the scientific side the university has enjoyed great accessions. President Eliot's constant demand has been for efficient work, higher standards of scholarship, and freedom of choice in the broadest possible field of knowledge. The fact that the number of students registered at the university has fallen off for the last two years is not necessarily of special significance. But what of Harvard College proper? Has not the constant raising of admission standards and throwing back more work upon adolescent years resulted in a crammed and mentally stale succession of students? Is not the number of entrance conditions significant? Are these boys fit for the sudden change to freedom of choice among a bewildering multitude of electives? Should there not be certain general directions for their guidance and some preceptorial plan for their immediate stimulus? Has this insistence upon the elective system resulted in a large percentage of idlers and sciolists strong only in self-complacency? What is the meaning of the great systems of tutoring and cramming, the "Widow," and others which are tacitly recognized? What of the social spirit at Harvard represented in the perfection of luxurious private dormitories and clubs?

Such are some of the questions which are being asked in the world outside with thoughts of the personal contact possible at Williams, and the preceptorial system at Princeton and the "make good" spirit of Cornell. That Harvard is a world in itself reflecting the changed material conditions of the outer world is true, but should it not be for the greatest of our universities to strive for efficiency and earnestness and true democracy? For years there has been insistence upon the application of university methods to the college with the let-alone policy as regards the student. At present the results upon the secondary schools and the products at Harvard College are being challenged more and more insistently—witness the writings of Pritchett and Flexner, the discussions in educational conventions, and the doubts of parents.

What, then, can be done to strengthen Harvard College proper? That is the great task which the new president must face.

THE HUMBLE SISTER OF A POPE

When Pope Pius X. was elected in 1903 to succeed the late Pope Leo XIII, two of his sisters, with whom he had previously lived, accompanied him to Rome, and have since resided near the Vatican. The above photograph shows one of these sisters attending to her household duties in their apartments at Rome

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In a Casual Way

By Henry Edward Rood

For a good many years it has been the habit of certain Americans to bewail the decline of our shipping interests. Time was, of course, when the Stars and Stripes floated from masthends in every port of the world, when ripper ships were a common sight, when sturdy little schooners poked their pugnacious noses into every island of the South Seas as well as into Arctic ice-floes. There was a certain spice of rare adventure, a large freedom of life, under such conditions; but these changed with surprising rapidity when steam took the place of sails. Lads of New Bedford and Nantucket, and their counterparts in a score of other ports, were eager for life on the raging main when it meant comradeship with one's boyhood friends throughout a long voyage, and a variety of work abovedecks in winds and weather; when every man had a chance to prove his mettle, and every worthy lad had reason to expect that some day he would become master and part owner of a profitable ship. That, however, was very different from the laborious monotony of passing coal in the dark depths of steamers for a daily wage. It is no wonder that young Americans preferred to stay ashore, especially since, following the period of Reconstruction, unlimited opportunities for enterprise and industry were open from one end of the land to another. Capital also found other opportunities for investment, in railroads, mines, mills, in manufacturing of all kinds, in agriculture, and a thousand commercial activities. Capital preferred such investments because of the greater stability and profit in them, owing to a variety of reasons. As a whole, then, there may be no real basis for permanent regret and woe over the decline of our shipping interests. Should conditions change so that American lads will find seafaring attractive, so that capital will find in shipping a safe and good investment, our merchantile fleets will expand again surely, steadily, in response to natural economic law. Meanwhile it is interesting to note that while the tonnage of Great Britain's mercantile steamship fleet is eight or nine times as large as the tonnage of the mercantile steamship fleet of the United States, yet Uncle Sam's sailing fleet has a tonnage almost equal to that of Britain. The sailing tonnage of the two nations is as follows: Great Britain, 1,501,000; the United States, 1,403,000.

THE figures quoted are from annual statistics published by the *Nautical Gazette*, which shows, furthermore, that last year the world's mercantile fleet tonnage increased by 620,000 net tons. All of the principal nations made an increase excepting Russia, which shows a loss of 22,000 tons. Great Britain leads with a growth of 172,000 tons, France following with 75,000, Norway being third with an increase of 66,000, Germany fourth with 60,000, and the United States occupying fifth place with an expansion of 55,000 tonnage. Spain's increase of 6,000 was the smallest, while Japan's growth was 10,000 tons. During the last two decades, approximately, the world's sailing vessel tonnage has decreased some 4,000,000, and in the same period the world's steam tonnage has increased by about 12,000,000. These figures mean several things, the most important being that because of the increase men and women and children in every corner of the world now have in abundance food and raiment, books, medicines, comforts, luxuries, which would be utterly impossible but for the great fleets of merchantmen. And following these is steadily coming to even the most distant peoples an interchange of ideas, a knowledge of one another, a realization of the universal brotherhood of man, that augurs well for the gradual coming of peace and goodwill throughout the earth.

PITTSBURG reports that low water in the western section of Pennsylvania has been causing coal-operators a daily loss of $20,000, and that until recent rains fell, one of the greatest mining companies made no shipment from the district in 216 days. And this in a panic year! It does seem as if everything but good luck has struck Pittsburg these last few years—and just as outsiders say that if good luck should appear in their midst Pittsburgers couldn't recognize it on account of overhanging smoke. The town that Mr. Carnegie made famous needn't feel badly over such brash statements, however. They are probably inspired by some green-eyed creature who tried to "do" the Pittsburg outfit and failed. At any rate, Chicago is a close second when it comes to allegations of smoke, soot, dirt in general. Not long ago a body of scientific sharps were quoted as saying that after careful calculations they found that in certain sections of Chicago there was an annual precipitation of mineral and vegetable matter amounting to three tons per acre. And following this a Chicago surgeon is alleged to have remarked that in performing autopsies he could always tell whether the subject operated on had lived in Chicago or in the world outside. If in Chicago, the subject's lungs were practically black. These statements are not made here by authority—they are merely quoted. But it would be interesting to learn from some reliable source whether they are true.

SUPERSTITIONS die hard. According to a newspaper despatch the recently elected Governor of Arkansas declined to be inaugurated on Wednesday, the 13th of January, because it was "hoodoo" day. This idea about the connection of "bad luck" with the number thirteen is curiously wide-spread throughout many portions of the world, and various origins have been attributed to it. Whether it prevailed among savage peoples before the advent of white men could probably be told by explorers, missionaries, and travelers. But as to the existence of the superstition in the civilized world there can be no doubt. Can any one name offhand sufficient examples of disasters, accidents, misfortunes, occurring in connection with the "thirteen" hoodoo to give a reasonable basis for the superstition—if, indeed, there can be reasonable basis for any superstition?

ONE of the most satisfactory signs of modern development is the arousing of public opinion to actively combat preventable, curable, communicable disease. It was not so very long ago that the greatest capitals of the world were overwhelmed with smallpox and other epidemics, and even enlightened men then were prone to call them the scourge of God, instead of the result of filth, carelessness, and worse. In the course of the present century our children, then grayheards, may look back upon our present prevalence of tuberculosis as we look back upon the seasons of "plague" in Europe—with horror, amazement, and something of contempt for those who failed to grasp the danger and throttle it, when it could be done away with so easily. Important steps have recently been taken toward preventing the spread of tuberculosis, and the recent exhibitions in Washington and New York will doubtless have wide effect. This great exhibit, about which so much has been written in the newspapers, should be placed on view in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other large cities, in order that the great mass of people can understand what tuberculosis is, what it means, how it may be prevented and cured. The New York State Board of Charities recently issued a statement estimating that the annual cost of tuberculosis in that single commonwealth amounts to $63,000,000, this estimate including the value of workers prematurely lost to the State. This loss in money, vast as it is, does not, however, measure the actual loss caused by the justly dreaded disease. To get some idea of what it means one must also imagine the heartache and sorrow in tens of thousands of families over the deaths of fathers, mothers, children; the boys and girls who are deprived of a parent's care, guidance, aid through their lives; the grief of husband or wife whose helpmeet is taken away never to return, and the removal of that spirit of cheerfulness, hope, courage, without which any life is starved and stunted. Furthermore must be counted in the influence of such disease on crime, on wrongdoing of whatever nature. Ill health, weakness of body, cannot but lower the spiritual tension of man, his inclination to live a decent, honorable, upright life. Increasing frailty of body means impairment of conscience as well, and of mind, too. Taken all in all, the present war against tuberculosis is one of the greatest, most necessary wars ever undertaken in the history of civilization. It should be encouraged, aided by every civil and religious organization in the land which has for its object the uplift and betterment of mankind.

IT may be news to some folks but by an overwhelming vote a large audience in New York has decided that the average married woman earns her board and clothes. The question up for debate was whether the American wife is supported by her husband in the sense that such support in the material things of life come to her in the form of charity—as the same husband might send food and clothes to a poor woman living around the corner—or whether such articles are hers by right of having earned them in the course of a day's work. The average mother in this country, who lives on a village or town or city of moderate size, is apt to commence the day by arising early, awaking her husband after much effort; persuading him to go down and shake the furnace (after much more effort); and then, while he is leisurely shaving and dressing, hustling into her own clothes, seeing that Bridget has prepared breakfast and set the table, getting the children ready for school, giving her lord and master his morning meal in comfort, watching the clock to see that he gets off to business on time, making beds, ordering from the store, sewing on buttons, darning stockings, dusting, repairing a broken chair, trying to glance at a newspaper so she can talk intelligently to John when he comes home from business, starting Bridget on the children's luncheon, seeing that they are washed and brushed when they come romping home from school, that they eat slowly and properly, that they get off in time for the afternoon session, feeling the cut, running down cellar to look at the furnace, taking a stitch in that curtain, counting John's collars when the laundryman brings them home, putting away his slippers and gathering cigar ashes off the rug, hurrying out to a meeting of the Dorcas Society, stopping in to see whether old Mrs. Smith is better or worse, rushing home to be sure Bridget hasn't forgotten to start dinner on time, tying up little Johnny's cut finger, writing a couple of letters, calling the children in to study their next day's lessons, helping William with his arithmetic and Mary with her geography, giving Johnny his bath and his evening meal, lighting the reading-lamp in the library, changing her workaday dress for something pretty and cheerful in order to please John, and then sinking down to breathe for five minutes just before he comes home. After which the family must be gathered for dinner, and then the children want to sing a few songs or play games or listen to a story, and then have to go to bed. By which time John, sitting comfortably by the fire, has started on his second cigar and wants to go over to the Thompsons' and play euchre or bridge for two or three hours, remarking, however, that after they come back he'll have to have a button sewed on his coat, and one of his gloves mended. When this has been done, and the clock points to 11.30 little Johnny wakes up with a bronchial cough and a temperature; so she lies down on the lounge in his room with closed door in order that John shall not be disturbed, and is able to sleep from three until six the next morning before the daily schedule begins again. On the whole, it is safe to say that the average American wife and mother does earn her board and clothes.

AT the sixth annual meeting of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society recently held in New York the statement was made that the number of Jewish immigrants arriving at the port of New York during eleven months ending November 30, 1908, was 41,372, as compared with 98,000 for the corresponding period of 1907, showing a decrease during the year just ended of something like 57,000. "It be the purpose of the Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society to prevent Jewish immigrants from becoming public charges under any circumstances whatever," said one of the speakers of the meeting. "It has ever been the peculiar pride of our people to relieve the government of the care of the extreme poor among them; and as we look upon immigrants as our guests for a certain period, as deem it a sacred duty to prevent them from falling into distress during such period." An admirable aim, admirably expressed, and worthy of the men at the head of the Hebrew Aid. It has frequently been asserted, by some who ought to know where of they speak, that Jewish philanthropists and Jewish societies especially in New York put forth greater efforts in looking after immigrants than corresponding individuals and organizations of almost any other race or religion. Their charities are many and varied, their schools of all kinds, for all ages and conditions of people, are marvels, especially the great institution known as the Educational Alliance. Back of all this systematic effort to help the Jewish immigrant in New York City is the far deeper and more important hope that gradually great numbers of them can be persuaded to leave the crowded Ghetto and undertake farming in a small way. It is only by such distribution, probably, that the poorer and less educated Jewish immigrants can be amalgamated with the rest of our population and become American through and through. One grave difficulty in the way of successful farming by Jewish immigrants is that for generations they have been traders, merchants, by force of circumstances. Discriminated against by laws in Europe for hundreds of years, forbidden to own real estate in certain countries, a large percentage of the Jews now coming here are about as well fitted for agriculture as the average American is fitted to pursue the calling of a pearl diver. Whether any considerable proportion of them can successfully desert the sweat-shop, the factory, the mart of retail trade but farming remains to be seen.

MORE than one hundred persons bitten by dogs in ten days, in one section of Pennsylvania, five hundred dogs killed, sixteen patients crowding a local Pasteur Institute and twenty more awaiting outside for admittance—such are startling details of a recent newspaper publication. One person is reported as already dead of rabies, and the other thirty-six are supposed to be suffering this dread disease. Whether or no all of them actually have contracted hydrophobia, the fact remains that they at least believe they are infected. By the time hot weather comes again next summer doubtless additional epidemics of like nature will be reported from one State or another. There seems to be only one safe way to deal with this dog question, at least in villages and towns, and that is the way Great Britain deals with it. We don't hear of hydrophobia scares from England; she doesn't have any.

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A GOOD YEAR'S WORK

The New-York Life Insurance Company publishes its annual report in unusual form in another column. The "Plain Talk with Policy-holders," which precedes the usual balance sheet, is interesting in itself, and shows the figures of the latter in their true significance. Nearly fifty million dollars were paid policy-holders during the year in death claims, annuities, dividends, matured endowments, and for deferred dividend policies and contracts surrendered. The company's accumulated funds now exceed five hundred and fifty million dollars. As President Kingsley says: "Our assets are large because our liabilities are large. Our liabilities are large because we are doing a large work of the kind I have described."

Financial

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Finance

THE HALT IN THE BUSINESS RECOVERY

By Franklin Escher

THAT there has come a decided halt in the progress of the recovery in business is something which it will be hardly necessary to bring up detailed figures to prove. Whatever the hopes may have been that the opening weeks of the year would bring about a resumption of the activity which followed the election, the fact remains that there has been, instead, a decided slowing down in most lines of trade. What of this interruption in the progress of the march back to normal conditions—this enforced pause? What has brought it about, disagreeable to business interests as it is, may there not attach to it, possibly, some of the good results which enforced pauses in any line of endeavor often bring?

Perfectly plain are the causes of the present halt in the trade recovery, and in them, perhaps, is to be found the best indication as to how long it is likely to last and by what effect on the financial markets it is likely to be accompanied. First in importance, of course, is the tariff revision agitation; necessary as it is, that has done more to check business than anything else. After that comes the fact that we are nearing midwinter, a time when in large areas of the country trade is brought almost to a standstill by climatic conditions. Then again, and this has been brought about largely by retrospect of 1908, the realization has become very general that recovery within a period of a very few months has made about as much progress as is consistent with safety—that it is time to slow up, as it were, take bearings, and get ready for the business activity which it is so confidently believed will come with the opening spring months.

If there is one thing which hurts business more than anything else, it is uncertainty as to the future, and that uncertainty has been provided in generous measure by the recent tariff hearings. In all sections of the country, it appears, the newspaper accounts of these hearings have been most eagerly read not alone on account of the piquancy of the testimony given, but on account of individual interest as well. It was interesting indeed to read the solemn opinions of the present captains of industry who have axes to grind, and the less solemn opinions of some of those other captains of industry who deem their axes ground sufficiently sharp already. But, after all, the real interest in the matter lies in how it is going to affect this little factory here or that little mill there. And on that point, it must be admitted, it has been pretty difficult, so far, to form an opinion. These, of course, are preliminary hearings only, and it is not intended that the country *should* be able to gather from them what form the tariff revision is going to take; but, after all, the hearings have been public, and it is only human nature that the great body of interested merchants and manufacturers all over the country should be taking the keenest interest, and speculating actively on what is going to be done and how they are going to be affected.

An immense aggregate of small improvement and extension work is being held up in consequence. When the newspaper boom in trade was started up last fall, just after election, it was with the full realization that these tariff hearings were just ahead, and that the literary efforts to set the heavy flywheels of industry turning would have to contend with conditions of very serious doubt and uncertainty. That time has come now and all evidences of the artificially stimulated boom have vanished. Instead of a boom we have a condition where merchants and manufacturers all over the United States are going ahead very cautiously, holding up any ambitious plans they may have in mind till they see with what change in the basis of their business they will have to deal.

That the check is more than temporary—in other words, that tariff revision will really hurt the country's business in the long run—is hardly to be thought. Nor will the drag last until the tariff changes are actually announced. From these preliminary hearings the public has been able to form no ideas whatever, but long before the new schedules actually go into effect it will be surprising if the country has not a pretty definite idea as to what the changes will be. And just as business discounted Mr. Taft's election, it will discount the operation of the new tariff law. Tariff agitation now is most certainly a severe check on business, but he would indeed be a pessimist who would claim that it is anything more than a temporary influence.

The fact that we have run into the midwinter season has been the second important influence in checking the progress of the business recovery. Reports are continuously coming in from the Northwest of the serious impeding of railroad traffic on account of snowstorms, and over a very large area business is being seriously hampered. In this there is nothing unusual: January and February are normally the months of ebb tide in business; prudent people took it into their calculations as to whether the November boom could last. Nineteen hundred and nine is going to be no exception to the rule. There have been severer winters than this, but in the Northwest the winter is always so rigorous as to cut down every form of trade activity. But this again is an influence which is entirely temporary; indeed, the more trade is hampered by climatic conditions now, the greater will be the awakening when the fetters of winter are shaken off.

Coming to the third reason why the recovery is marking time, it appears as though the more important commercial interests had made up their minds that the recovery has gone along about as far, for the time being, as is consistent with the good of the future business situation. There may be doubt in the minds of a good many people as to whether controlling commercial interests—the men, for example, who can give or hold back an order for 100,000 tons of rails—ever look at the situation in this very general way. The logic of why they do is plain enough. Take, for instance, the present steel situation. In their issue of January 16th both the leading trade papers take a most sober view of trade conditions. The *Iron Age* says: "There is a feeling of some disappointment even among those who refused to join in the chorus of exuberant predictions of last November. There is no snap in the demand, and what requirements there are come out in a hesitating way." In view of such conditions, is it any wonder that leading trade interests deprecate the great increase in the production of pig iron in December, and openly question the wisdom of running up the supply so far ahead of the demand? Exactly the same thing applies in the copper market. A great deal more of copper is being produced than there is any demand for. Such conditions do not make for stability later on; large users of iron and copper know that very well, and withhold their purchases.

The halt in the business recovery is here, and these are the reasons why it has come—temporary, every one of them, and indicative of solid improvement later on. But what of this enforced pause in the mean time? It is one as it may be to business men, just as in the course of any strenuous endeavor it is often wise to pause, take bearings, look back at what has been done and forward to what remains to be done, may it not be that much good will come out of the present situation?

Take, for instance, the question of the new capital so much needed by many of the corporations that failure to obtain it would in many cases have meant nothing less than bankruptcy. How could they ever have raised the money had the boom of last November continued, and capital come into active demand for business purposes? Present investment market conditions are primarily a product of low money, and low money is only possible because business is so quiet. The fact that investment capital is so plentiful has proved the solution of what was a very serious problem. It is only a few months ago that half a dozen of the big railroad systems were face to face with the question of raising new capital to meet maturing notes, and on the possibility that the money could not be raised, some of the bonds of these same companies sold down to panic prices. And as a matter of fact, their solvency did depend on whether or not they could raise the money.

Favorable investment market conditions have allowed the accomplishment of a good deal of this necessary financing, but much of it still remains to be done. So far as the question of credit is concerned, it has now been shown that practically every corporation with a legitimate demand for money can get it, but the present period of business quiet and resultant money ease is a godsend to those companies which still have financing to do. Suppose, for instance, that business were active now, and money obtainable only at high rates. The companies with refunding operations still to be done would either have to take care of their maturing notes with more makeshift, miserable financing, like that of 1907 and 1908, or would have to sell bonds on a basis that would saddle them with big fixed charges for years to come. The profit they are losing now on account of quiet business conditions is nothing to what these additional charges would amount to.

In the way of scaling down charges, too, and increasing the efficiency of operation, the present enforced pause in business will have a good effect upon net earnings later on. Had last November's boom continued, the benefit of last year's dearly bought lessons would have been largely lost. As it is, there will no doubt be a further gain in the efficiency of labor, and railroad men at present estimate that a dollar will already buy anywhere up to thirty-five per cent. more worth of work than it would buy in the fall of 1907.

These may seem philosophical views to take of a halt in business which is causing such wide-spread disappointment, but a broad-minded study of present conditions cannot fail to show that much good is mixed with the apparent evil. The railroad receiverships abuse, which must have come had money been hard to raise, would have set back the business recovery for an indefinite period, and as it is, these have not only been avoided, but a number of corporations which have been in bad shape for the past two years because they *never* have been able to capitalize their betterments, are now provided with working capital. It is the discounting of these changes in fundamental conditions which is so largely reflected in the rise in security values. Business and earnings are pretty poor just now, but investors realize fully that during the present period of quiet, conditions are being brought about which will later make for bigger earnings, out of the same amount of gross business, than have been possible in a long time.

D. F. A.—Will the increased production of gold throughout the world make bonds a less desirable investment than stocks in the near future?

This seems impossible in view of the increased absorption of gold through the natural and rapid increase of the world's commercial activities.

M. B. G.—I see that a resolution has been proposed in Congress authorizing the issue of $500,000,000 of new Panama bonds. How will this affect investments in general?

Whatever the amount of Panama's authorized, they will be issued gradually, and only as the money is needed to go on with the canal work. You need have not the slightest fear of any ill effects on the market, as these bonds are eagerly bought up whenever they come out, by banks who wish to use them as the basis for additional circulation. Practically all the bonds so far issued are held by banks, and do not in any way come into competition with ordinary investments.

M. S. G.—What do you think of convertible bonds as investments? Do you consider the Union Pacific or the Atchison fs as better?

The leading issues of convertible bonds dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange are practically all debentures—promises to pay—and come after the mortgage bonds. Most of them are, however, amply secured by earning power, and in such cases can be regarded as fair investments for surplus money—but not for money on the income from which the owner is dependent. The convertible privilege is an attractive speculative feature.

There is little to choose between the Union Pacific and the Atchison convertibles from the standpoint of safety; both are good. The former are convertible $175 par value of bonds for one share of stock. The Atchison bonds are convertible dollar for dollar. Choice between them, therefore, depends largely whether you think Union Pacific stock will go up seven points to Atchison's four.

G. B. J.—Do you consider that the gold exports will bring about high money?

Taken alone, the outflow of gold would have to assume larger proportions than at present to make much impression on the great supplies of idle money. Taken in connection with withdrawal of government deposits and the required adding to trust-company reserves, it may be that gold exports will cause money rates to rise. Any decided rise in money would be likely to put a quick end to the gold outflow.

M. H. T.—In your article of January 2d you speak of the flow of January reinvestment money into the "second grade of bonds." What issues would you suggest for investment of this kind?

The bonds meant are those yielding an income of from four and one-quarter to five per cent. Any leading bond house will be glad to furnish you with a list of bonds yielding that income.

A. W. G.—Do you believe that European holdings of American stocks are as large as generally supposed, and have the foreign investors been selling?

You can get a rough idea of how great Europe's holdings of American stocks are from the recently published lists of railroad stockholders. One good authority estimates that one-quarter of the whole bonded debt of our railroads is held abroad.

Foreign investors have not only been selling stocks on balance during the past six weeks, but have been selling on such a scale that we have had to export a large amount of gold to pay for our purchases. The exchange market is usually an excellent gauge of what Europe is doing in American securities.

G. E. E.—What do you think of Consolidated Gas as an investment?

We cannot undertake to give speculative advice.

January

By Wallace Hirst

My garden was gold,
Flaming with daffodil graces,
Filled by East winds brave and bold
In its secret, shadowy places;
Fairies labored, as fairies know,
Softly weaving Summer: and lo,

My garden was red,
Red with a splendor of roses,
Red as the ravished lips of a maid
When the flower of a kiss encloses;
O echo of song, and laughing vow
Broken so soon and lost! For now

My garden is white—
White with snow-phantoms and frozen;
Cold is the passionless Winter's light,
And the way that my heart hath chosen
Lies with the red-rose vanities—
Not with these stainless mysteries!

The Gentler View

The Serious Results of the Late Humor

By Florida Pier

A sense of humor went out (that term of fashion meaning complete extinction of the thing gone and shame to the persistent wearer) just in the nick of time. Not that humor has disappeared. Great numbers of old-fashioned people still cling to it; but there is a vast deal of difference between a thing being in vogue and its merely being in existence. It is always the people who consent to a mental dowdiness, a complacent using of opinions totally lacking in style, who keep the world properly balanced. If we all rushed to the extreme of the day there would be a dangerous toppling over, and Heaven only knows where we would land. Fashionable insistence on humor was excessively dangerous. A little, quiet, behind-the-times chuckling does not a whit of harm, though it is best not to mention it, never peruse it, and only condone it in the privacy of the home.

With a turn that no one in the least expected, humor, about a year ago, assumed the attributes of a Gorgon, and not only turned to stone anything it set its eyes on, but made it vanish into thinnest air a moment later. If we had any of us had the slightest inkling of these serious consequences we would have thought twice before so assiduously cultivating the horrid trait. But how were we to tell? Humor was required, commanded. It was as much as one's life was worth not to possess it. Every one naturally, stupidly, thought it had come to stay. We were led to believe by a few of the most rabid believers in humor that the world was to be regenerated by it, that civilization in creating it had achieved her *chef d'œuvre* and would not rest on her laurels, while all the time we were being led upon perilously thin ice, through which we have now fallen into cruelly cold water and a most ignominious scramble for safety. We were taught—we do not know by whom, but it was certainly none of our doing—to laugh at marriage and love and emotion and sentiment, above all, to shout at seriousness in any of its various forms, with the exception of Ibsen, and now—it really is too absurdly humiliating—we are left with our antiquated talent on our hands and the appalling realization that it is interfering seriously with our movements, if not making us ridiculous. A humorist ridiculous! The horror of it? And yet if, two legs having gone out of fashion, every one cut off one and hopped on the other, only to find that a year later legs were extremely necessary, as running was all the rage, he would be in not a jot more trying a predicament than the humorists are now. They cut off something and at present they—let this not be said in public—want it back most sincerely. They want to fall in love, that interesting, daring tumble that no self-conscious person is capable of. Humorists became self-conscious almost in the very beginning. They want a *grande passion*, or at least the feeling that they are fitted for it, instead of the maddening hollow laughter with which their every crevice is now filled. They want to cry, cry convulsingly as though there were a reason for it. They long to take unimportant things seriously, and they would give all the jokes in the world for an hour of sustaining, dull, literal conversation. They would like, more than all else, to fall into fifteenth century rages, and if they ever feel a flash of awful ire in their eyes, instead of that fiendish little self-satisfied twinkle of amusement which has been there so long, they will leap for joy, shout with relief, and perhaps nip their rage in the very bud.

It is humor that has made marriage the unpopular thing it is—not any of the more serious reasons that excited scientists give, but just a madness that passed through most of us and left in its trail a shy uncertainty, a sensitiveness, a tendency to wince at so much as a corner of a mouth's slightest twitching. It is amazing how tender, almost raw, the poor sufferers are. Never before has retribution come so quickly. The poor creatures screw up their courage to exhibit the faintest show of feeling, just any little fragment of sentiment that somehow has managed to stick to them; and before it has been out a blink of time they cover it up nervously and smile tightly, thereby hoping to give the impression that they did not mean what they said and only trust that you saw the joke of their having said it. Now was ever a situation more pitiable? No reformed criminal has more need of sympathetic encouragement than a reviving humorist. It is imperative that those who escaped the worst of the humor storm should turn away their heads and pretend not to hear when a faltering sufferer makes a tentative, appealing, half-serious remark. After their strength has returned a little they may be agreed with, though always in a gentle voice that will not startle them, and do not under any circumstances try to catch their shifting, unhappy eye. They will laugh if you do; they cannot free themselves from the trick, and it is sure to give them a relapse.

It is a matter for which Americans can never be too grateful that a hardy half of our citizens showed an inability to be inoculated with the humor germ. It blessedly did not "take" with some, and the nation was saved. These people went living along, as though the other half of the population was not racking in agonies of dutiful laughter; and now that the storm has passed they do not know that it ever existed, and their example is going, after this present time of anxious uncertainty, to pull the convalescents through. Their literalness will serve as a screen under which the rescued laughers can gradually nurse their reactions back to normal size. If the catastrophe had been general, America would soon be non-existent. With every one ashamed to feel any thing, they would have ended by laughing themselves out of existence or satirized themselves into atoms. One of the convulsing details—no, no, not that, never that again, but one of the interesting facts noted during the process of this interesting phenomenon—is the bravado with which they do the things they once considered so—ah, well, there is no necessity for harping on the word! They step out bravely to admire things they like, to discuss their annual cold, or row over trunks checked wrongly. They swagger, roll a watchful eye, and you know to a certainty that they expect momentarily to be tripped up. They step high because they feel the pitfalls of old still about them, and the spirit of them makes one's heart ache. They are so like slowly filling balloons, one fears for their delicate emptiness and instinctively holds out a supporting hand.

It is not in the least likely that this experience will teach any one a lesson. We are so extremely gullible about ourselves, and will believe anything so long as it is on the delectable subject—us. We ought to be nasty—and we are, while we are painfully picking ourselves up. Once on our feet, we gayly walk any plank that looks extensive and alluring. We fall and rise again and feel with an pleasant realism the swing of the pendulum. We dangle fatuously and are carried to dizzy heights. We lose our breath and are swept down at a sickening speed; and with a stubbornness that is perhaps the most amazing thing of all, we regard our position as stationary or else steadily ascending. This while the wind is on our faces and our bodies mere bunners with which to mark the pendulum's half circle.

A Proposed Successor to Senator Knox's Seat

THE name of the Hon. J. Benjamin Dimmick, Mayor of the city of Scranton, Pennsylvania, has been presented to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, as a successor to the Hon. Philander C. Knox, in the United States Senate, which post will be vacant upon the entrance of the Senator into the Cabinet of President-elect Taft, as Secretary of State. The proposed candidate is well

Hon. J. Benjamin Dimmick, Mayor of Scranton, Pa.

equipped for the Senatorship, because as a statesman, student, and man of affairs he has displayed great ability as a leader of men, and has proven himself the ideal citizen in public service.

Mayor Dimmick is a descendant of an early New England family which has been prominent for generations in the social, political, and religious life in whatever community it has chanced to settle. Prior to the announcement of his candidacy for the Mayoralty, three years ago, a large petition bearing the names of Scranton's most successful business and professional men was circulated, urging him making the race, either as an independent candidate or as representing one of the national parties. It was under the Republican standard, with which his family's name had ever been connected, that he made his successful campaign.

Upon entering office, Mayor Dimmick signalized the initiation of his promised "business administration" by making his appointments to the important municipal posts strictly in accordance with his own conscience and judgment, though he was always open to wise suggestions, but never to dictation. His administration has never proposed a measure to Councils which has failed to carry, nor has his veto ever been disregarded, although hitherto the Mayors had received little cooperation from Councils. During his term in office Scranton's physical needs, such as sewers, streets, bridges, parks, etc., have been adequately supplied, and by practically no increase in the tax rate, through equitable property assessment and through the collection of outstanding indebtedness to the city.

The press has mentioned Mayor Dimmick as a future Governor, Ambassador, and United States Senator, and in the latter office he would assuredly represent the sentiments of the people for good government.

Results from Some Cross-Purposes

It has long been alleged that people of this world are working at cross-purposes; and that there may be some foundation for the charge is indicated in two or three recent disclosures of individual effort in such directions. Up in Massachusetts a sure-enough Yankee is reported to be exhibiting a vegetable fruit consisting of a cross between a cucumber and an orange. According to the latest statements, the New England experimenter did not grow cucumbers on an orange tree, but grew hybrid oranges on a cucumber vine. The third year of experiment he picked five perfect cucumbers, so to speak, from a single cucumber vine. He hopes soon to raise these articles in a seedless form. A day or so later a genius in the Southwest was reported to have bred and raised an animal partly mule and partly zebra—although for what purpose is not stated, unless he hopes to avoid the ears and kicking qualities of one and to obliterate the stripes of the other, which must bring unpleasant memories to those who have sojourned in Sing Sing or like institutions. Much more important than either of these, however, may be the long-continued effort of a Texan stockman to breed animals for meat production that are part buffalo and part beeves. A recent magazine article on the subject tells of many years of careful, costly experiments, and it is possible that they will be successful ultimately in developing cattle with all the good qualities of the beef, and with the stamina and power of resistance so marked in the buffalo.

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For FEBRUARY HARPER'S MAGAZINE For FEBRUARY

Beyond the Southernmost Town in the World

A remarkably interesting narrative of personal adventure among the islands of the Fuegan Archipelago. Mr. CHARLES W. FURLONG, after visiting the penal colony Ushuaia, the southernmost "white man's town" in the world, went on farther south in a frail little sailing vessel. He tells of his first meeting with the Yahgan, a rapidly disappearing race.

What Berlin Does for Its People

Miss MAIDIE JENISON has made a thorough study of the Berlin way of handling the problem of the tenements and their people. She shows most interestingly what the German capital has accomplished.

Bad English that Once was Good

One of the most interesting of Professor LOUNSBURY'S articles on the English language. He shows that many of the usages now found in the speech of ignorant, uneducated persons were formerly the best "literary" English.

The Railroad Terminal

Into a great city like New York there come each day enough people to make up the entire population of a good-sized city. They all come in over a few railroads. EDWARD HUNGERFORD tells in the February HARPER'S how this vast traffic is handled.

Edwin A. Abbey's Shakespeare Pictures

Mr. ABBEY has made for the February HARPER'S two of his most interesting Shakespearian studies illustrating the play of "Pericles." They are accompanied by a brilliant essay on the play by THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

A Sheik of the Desert

NORMAN DUNCAN pictures vividly the events during a night's halt in the desert. In his portrayal of the sheik and other desert types he brings the reader into intimate touch with the most fascinating side of life of the East.

Radium and the Earth's Internal Heat

Professor JOHN JOLY, F.R.S., of the University of Dublin, has recently announced a new and intensely interesting theory as to radium as the cause of the earth's heat. He has consented to make his first general statement of his position in the pages of the February HARPER'S.

8 Notable Short Stories

There are stories of every good sort among them. Some of the authors are MARJORIE BOWEN, GWENDOLYN OVERTON, GEORG SCHOCK, FLORIDA PIER, THOMAS A. JANVIER, ROY ROLFE GILSON, and CALVIN JOHNSTON.

A Remarkable New Serial **"THE INNER SHRINE"** *A Novel of New York*

Rojestvensky, the Russian Scapegoat

VICE-ADMIRAL SINOVI PETROVITCH ROJESTVENSKY, commander of the Russian fleet in the late Russo-Japanese War, died from paralysis of the heart in St. Petersburg, on the morning of January 14th. He had entertained a number of friends at his apartments on the eve of the Russian New Year, and shortly after the guests had departed the Admiral was fatally stricken and died instantly.

Rojestvensky first saw active service as commander of a gunboat in the Russo-Turkish War in 1877, and in 1885 was

Vice-Admiral Rojestvensky in the Japanese hospital at Sasebo after the battle of Tsushima Straits

naval attaché to the Russian Embassy in England. He was second in command of the Russian fleet in the Far East during the war between China and Japan, and in 1902 was made a Rear-Admiral. He commanded the fleet which fired on the British fishing boats in 1904, while on the long voyage to Japanese waters, where he was defeated and captured by Admiral Togo in the battle of Tsushima. Rojestvensky was court-martialed for cowardice when he returned to Russia, but was acquitted in July, 1906, subsequent to his retirement from the navy.

It will be remembered that on July 21st of last year Rojestvensky was reported to have died suddenly at Bad-Mauheim, Hesse, but it developed that this was another Russian of the same name.

How Switzerland Treats Her Unemployed

SWITZERLAND is not a place for tramps, because the man out of employment and who makes no effort to find work is not tolerated for a moment in that country. The district authorities will secure him a job at hard labor and little pay, and such an offer can be refused only under the penalty of going to a penal workhouse. These institutions are under military discipline, the work is severe, the wages a penny or threepence per day, and release is granted only upon the advice of those in charge. No difficulty is experienced in determining between beggars and unemployed, because all legitimate laborers have papers given them by the district in which they live, containing information concerning the position they have held.

In every part of Switzerland are established "relief in kind" stations for the exclusive use of respectable unemployed. Only those are admitted who have had regular work during the previous three months and have been out of employment for at least five days. These men must be on the lookout for work and accept any situation that is offered, because the chronic loafer is soon detected by the police and his papers are marked so that he can never again seek refuge in a "station."

"Caught by the Rising Tide!"

THE latest feature at the London "Hippodrome" is a spectacle entitled, "The Sands of Dee," which culminates in the rescue of the heroine, gagged and bound to a stake planted on the beach, just as the rising tide sends in great breakers which nearly overwhelm the girl. Nine huge rollers sweep across the stage in a most realistic manner, and the hero, on the back of a swimming horse, barely reaches the unfortunate heroine as the water laps about her shoulders.

The apparatus necessary for the production of waves is very simple. Seventy-nine feet above the stage, in the flies are three great tanks, each measuring and holding five tons of water and fitted with an arrangement whereby the water may be discharged in a solid mass as though the bottom had fallen out. A "wave-producing board" is built upon the stage immediately beneath the tanks, extends across the full width of the proscenium opening, and is concave in form, with the back ten feet high and the front edge only about twelve inches above the concave trough. The falling water swirls as it strikes the hollow of this board and is projected in a solid sheet about thirty feet into the air before it breaks in the arena. A back cloth and water-proof paint aid materially in creating the illusion. Nine "waves" dash into the arena at intervals of six seconds and the roar of the "breakers" is very similar to the surf. A high-pressure main fills the tanks in three seconds after they are emptied.

The Grisly Setting of a Night-Rider Tragedy

REELFOOT LAKE, located in the northwestern section of Tennessee near the border line of Kentucky and long famous as affording the finest duck-shooting in the South, has recently come into prominence as the scene of the murder of Captain Rankin by the Night Riders. It is a body of water covering some forty thousand acres, about eighteen miles long, and from one to five miles wide. The northern end terminates in sloughs which extend into Kentucky.

This lake did not exist previous to 1812, when a series of earthquakes changed the contour of the land in that region and produced a basin which was filled with water by neighboring creeks. Some scientists declare that a ridge of land was thrown up so as to dam the Reelfoot River and cause it to broaden out into a lake; others say that the ground sank after a severe quake and the great floods on the Mississippi in the spring of 1812 filled the cavity.

The grotesque appearance of Reelfoot Lake at once proclaims its unnatural origin, for it is totally unlike the ordinary lakes one sees. Trunks and branches of dead trees project above the water and give it a most dreary aspect. Many of the stumps of the former forest lie just beneath the surface of the lake and render boating precarious. Venturing out in the grey dawn in search of water fowl and paddling in a shallow dugout, not infrequently a hunter finds himself struggling in the water after his unstable craft has collided with a sunken branch.

It is at night and in the full of the moon that Reelfoot Lake appears most extraordinary. The tree trunks, protruding in the most fantastic shapes, are really ghostly in the moonlight, and the general effect is exceedingly weird and not easily forgotten.

England's Leading Anti-vivisectionist, about to Visit this Country

MISS L. LIND AF HAGEBY, of England, the leading woman anti-vivisectionist of that country and one of the foremost writers upon the subject, is about to visit America. Miss Af Hageby's book, *The Shambles of Science*, bids fair, anti-vivi-

Miss L. Lind Af Hageby

sectionists say, to do for the movement what *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did for the negro and *Black Beauty* did for the horse. Miss Af Hageby will address several conventions during her stay in this country and will take part in a number of debates.

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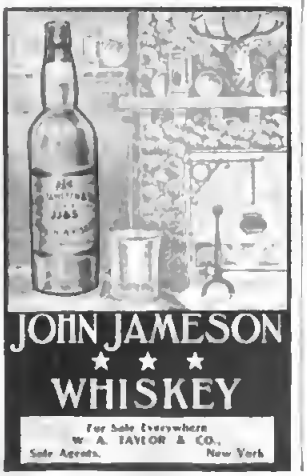

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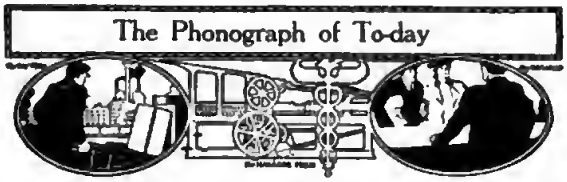
The Phonograph of To-day



THE phonograph of yesterday was first one of the most famous and astonishing of American inventions. After that it became a mechanism for recording business correspondence — wonderful in its efficiency and economy for that purpose, yet meaning nothing whatever to the public at large in recreation and culture.

The phonograph of *to-day* is another instrument altogether. If you are familiar only with the phonograph of yesterday you owe it as a duty to yourself and family to become acquainted with the phonograph of *here and now*. What this newer instrument is you can learn right in your own community, and it is what it is largely through the magazines.

Magazine advertising has put the talking machine into every nook and corner of the nation — of the world. Demand created by magazine advertising has enabled the various manufacturers to undertake research, find new substances, develop more delicate mechanism, and, above all things, safely invest the large capital needed in the making of fine records for the instrument.

In your own home today, no matter where you live, the world's great opera singers will sing their greatest parts for you, your family, your friends, at a *first cost* far less than would be paid for a few performances of opera in New York, even if you could go there. You can hear these singers again and again at your own convenience. Your talking machine will bring you songs of singers yet to rise into prominence, and keep the voices of the singers of the present at command years after they themselves have gone into retirement.

The capital invested in securing these records for you would subsidize half the state opera in Europe. Yet they are yours at the cost of street music if you appreciate them, along with instrumental music of highest quality. For the magazines have provided for the new phonograph a vast national audience of interested patrons, making the investment possible. That is why an authority stated, just the other day, that "the magazines have really *made* the phonograph, and it is not possible to imagine the present instrument without them."

In 1900 our phonograph industry was grouped with electrical supplies by the census-taker — not big enough then to be classed separately. Five years later it *had* to be classed alone, and to-day *few* of our industries are growing faster.

Only a few dealers sold the phonograph ten years ago, while to-day there are *seventeen thousand* dealers in the United States taking care of local demand for the phonograph. Moreover, each sale of an instrument means not merely a sale, but a permanent future connection in supplying records. When a dealer sells a phonograph he has made, not merely a customer, but a client.

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The Quoin Club

Mark Twain as an American Institution

"*When in doubt, tell the truth.*"
—Pudd'nhead Wilson's New Calendar.

DESPITE the average American's complacent and chuckling satisfaction in his country's possession of that superman of humor, Mark Twain, there is room for serious doubt whether a realization of the unique and incomparable position of Mark Twain in the republic of letters has fully dawned upon the American consciousness, says Archibald Henderson, writing in *Harper's Magazine*. On reflection, the number of living writers to whom can justly be attributed what a Frenchman would call "*le fait*" is startlingly few. It was not many years ago that Rudyard Kipling [illegible] with [illegible] note, was [illegible] of the unprecedented fifth as many [illegible] succession for the Anglo-Saxon race. [illegible] Shaw has a fame more world-[illegible]

[illegible]ish Ibsen and his dramas are played from Madrid to Hreszingora, from Budapest to Stockholm, from Vienna to St. Petersburg, from Paris to Berlin. Since Ibsen's death, Tolstoi exerts unchallenged the profoundest influence upon the thought and consciousness of the world—not so much by his intellect as by the passionate integrity of his moral aspiration. But, in a sense not easily misunderstood, Mark Twain has a place in the minds and hearts of the great mass of humanity throughout the civilized world which, if measured in terms of affection, sympathy, and spontaneous enjoyment, is without a parallel.

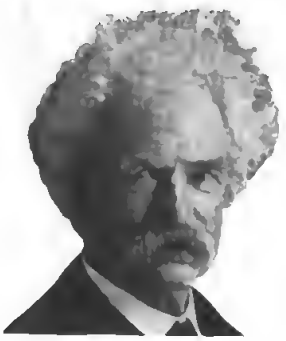
The robust nationalism of Kipling challenges the defiant opposition of foreigners; while his reportorial realism offends many an inviolable canon of European taste. With all his incandescent wit and radiant comic irony, Bernard Shaw makes his most vivid impression upon the upper strata of society; while his legendary character is perpetually standing in the light of the serious reformer. Tolstoi's works [illegible]'s greatest contribution ty; yet his [illegible]ntiments, his [illegible]de hopes, in [illegible]et manifesti[illegible], continue [illegible]f from his

Mark Twain makes a more popular appeal, it is because the [illegible]t of his appeal is the universal humor. That *codex* of which [illegible]eaks—a compact of good-humor, [illegible]ity, and large-minded humanity gently "gone about in near and [illegible]ress," everywhere making warm [illegible]g friends of folk of all nationalities never known Mark Twain in

The stevedore on the dock, [illegible]man on the street-car, the newsboy on the street, the riverman on the Mississippi speak with exuberant affection [illegible]int figure in his white suit, ever [illegible]n clouds of tobacco smoke. In [illegible] emperor and a concierge vie with [illegible] in tributes of admiration and [illegible] the man and his works. It is [illegible]ain's imperishable glory, not [illegible]t his name is more widely known [illegible]of any other living man, but that [illegible]mbered with infinite and irre[illegible]ect.

[illegible] exhibiting little of the melan[illegible]ncoln, Mark Twain has much of the [illegible]rawdiness and bed-rock common [illegible]of Franklin; and commingled with all [illegible]and exuberant fun is a note of [illegible]ssified but unmistakable. That [illegible]the reaction for hard hitting with a moral purpose to sanction it," which George [illegible] announces the national disposition of British humor, is Mark Twain's racial hereditament; and it is, perhaps, because he relates us to our origins, as Mr. Brander Matthews has suggested, that Mark Twain is the foremost of American humorists. It is impossible to think of him in his maturer development as other than [illegible]s impassioned and chivalric [illegible]ernet Shelley, his eloquent Maid of Orleans, his philippic Leopold and the atrocity, are all, in essence, vindicatory of [illegible]moral principle [illegible]court of contemporaneous [illegible]ch has registered its verdict [illegible]in is the world's greatest

MARK TWAIN'S WORKS



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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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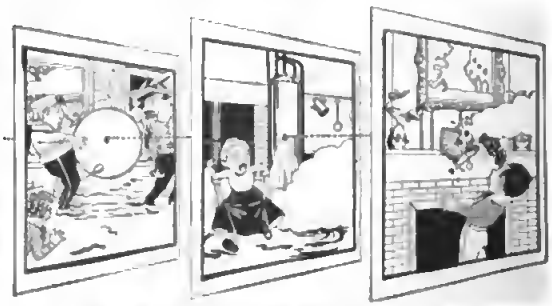

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL LIII | New York, January 30, 1909 | No 2719

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A SOLID MAN ON A SOLID FOUNDATION

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LIII. No 2718

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THIRTY-SIX PAGES

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Comment

The Voices of the Air

A wonderful and thrilling story, absolutely up to date of publication in all its particulars, is the tale of the loss of the steamship *Republic*, and the rescue of all her living passengers. The *Republic* was rammed by the *Florida* in a fog early on Saturday morning, January 23. Her engine-room was pierced and filled at once with water, the force of engineers and stokers escaping to the deck. Being a modern ship, she was built with water-tight compartments, which were instantly closed. Then came the wonder of modern knowledge:

> Out of the heart of the fog, far and wide, to all points of the compass, Captain SEALBY flashed by wireless telegraph word of the peril and requests for assistance—a general ambulance call at the deep sea. The great White Star liner *Baltic*, then about a hundred miles from Sandy Hook and making for this city, caught the urgent message and, turning in her tracks, hastened for the location contained in the despatch, latitude 40 17, longitude 70.
>
> The French liner *La Lorraine*, seventy-five miles away from Ambrose Channel, also picked up the appeal and turning on her course proceeded with all possible speed for Nantucket. The United States revenue cutter and naval stations at Nantucket lightship, Newport, and Woods Holl received the messages. From Provincetown, the revenue cutter *Gresham* was immediately despatched; the revenue cutter *Acushnet*, which had already left Woods Holl on another errand, caught the message at sea, and immediately raced for the scene of the accident one hundred miles away.

We quote from the story published in the *Evening Post* on Saturday afternoon, a little amiss perhaps in some details, but vivid and true as to the main facts. The *Florida*, that did the damage and first received the *Republic*'s passengers, was on the spot, but wireless caught the other ships—the *Baltic*, that brought the passengers to New York; the *Lorraine*, that turned back to search for the distressed steamer; the *Gresham* and the *Furacão*, that tried to tow the *Republic* in and finally took off her crew. What a wonder-tale it is, and how deeply moving—the cry for help thrown out into the air from a mast-tip, and caught, a hundred miles and more away, by steamers that turned in their tracks and headed for the far-off voice that summoned them! It is a new story; there was never one quite like it before. It helps us to realize what times these are that we live in. A Sunday paper has a picture of a sort of Pullman air-ship (so to speak), which the redoubtable LEATS NIXEY is building, or going to build, for somebody to ply between St. Louis and New York. Maybe it's true. The chief thing that we know about wonders in these times is that they will never cease.

Shipping Intelligence

Not sighted, steam-yacht *Liberty*, J. PULITZER commanding.

Down with the Tyrant Press

The prosecution of Mr. JOSEPH PULITZER for libelling the United States government and its brother-in-law continues with unabated vigor, but, sad to relate, the net result thus far has been only a further increase in the circulation of the *World*. Judge WARD promptly set aside the remarkable subpœnas requiring various persons to appear before a Federal grand jury and testify "generally," and the minions of the irritating law now have to begin all over again.

We cannot understand why the learned Attorney-General brought the case into court, anyway. Mr. PULITZER had already been tried and pronounced guilty by the President himself. Why shouldn't he have been jailed forthwith instead of being permitted to cavort gleefully over the bounding billows while his hired lawyers pile up boulders in the path of simple Justice between Man and Mank What, too, is the matter with Judge WARD that he should deny to the District-Attorney the privilege of proceeding in his own sweet way? What boots it if that way was unprecedented or technically illegal? Was it not conceived by the greatest legal mind descended from Corsica and confirmed by the highest living authority on justice and other things?

The Constitution? Fiddlesticks! What has that antiquated document to do with the libelling of a brother-in-law of the United States government? As our able President has frequently observed, new conditions call for new remedies and new interpretations, and there is nothing so aggravating as the law's delays. If, as the court sarcastically admits, "it would also contribute greatly to the success and celerity of some investigations if the authorities had an unlimited right to search and seize persons, houses, and papers," then why shouldn't all those persons and things be searched and seized, as in the good old days when rulers really ruled? We regard Judge WARD's lugging in of the Fourth Amendment as a gross impertinence, and await impatiently the scolding which is quite as justly his due as was that administered to Judge HOLMAN some two years ago.

Nevertheless, we are happy to record, the wheels are being revolved in all directions. Technically, to be sure, the alleged libelling of the government's brother-in-law was done in New York City, but really the grievous injury was inflicted in the District of Columbia and at West Point, where it is hoped adequate remedy may be found under the maintenance law. To Secretary ROOT the President is probably indebted for this remarkable discovery, since it was that distinguished lawyer whose argument won the case for CHARLES A. DANA in 1895. Of course, if Mr. ROOT and the courts were in the right then, the President has no case in the District of Columbia, but the availability of West Point as a seat of jurisprudence is yet to be tested. If it be true, as reported, that the cadets stand ready to testify as a unit that their minds were poisoned and their sensibilities shocked by the infamous suggestion that the brother-in-law of the government had speculated in Panama shares, rays of hope left to Joseph PULITZER certainly seem to be few and far apart. In any case, the boys are polishing their swords and getting ready to defend to the death the hallowed statute of 546 B. C., or thereabout.

We note with satisfaction the faithful *Tribune*'s significant announcement from Washington that "the President is deeply interested in this case, and those charged with the prosecution realize that they will earn his gratitude if their efforts are successful." The opportunity to obtain such a reward should prove, indeed, an incentive to renewed endeavor on the part of both civil administrators and armed forces. It is a time, moreover, for all good citizens to stand firm. Volunteers have not yet been called for, but may be at any moment. Patriots, be ready!

An Unsound Preachment

Mr. TAFT not only committed *lese-majesté* when he told the normal-school girls in Georgia that it was not incumbent upon them to marry, but voiced social and economic heresy. Matrimony is man's prerogative, but woman's duty.

Major Means Doing Well

The latest bulletins indicate a steady and gratifying improvement in the condition of Lieut.-Col. FRANK A. MEANS, U.S.A., retired, assigned by the Commander-in-chief to active duty in Africa in attendance upon T. ROOSEVELT, Special Shooter for the Smithsonian Institution, and K. ROOSEVELT, Official Photographer. The slight but distressing symptoms of abasso-labio laryngeal paralysis have disappeared entirely, and thought-waves now pass regularly from the caput gallinaginis through the lier a tertio ad quartum ventriculum without disturbing the oscillations of the pursue. The radioactivity of his sterneo-cleido-mastoid is practically normal, and the pectoralis major and costo-xiphoid ligament maintains the cuciform cartilage at an angle with the manubrium conforming with all requirements of military usage. His levator labii superioris alique nasi still betrays slight structural weakness, but this is not considered a serious defect in view of the unrivalled equipment in this respect of his illustrious companion. While by no means fully recovered from the severe strain imposed by the rigid examination prescribed by the Commander-in-chief, it is now considered safe to assume that the Major will be out of danger at least until he reaches Africa and they begin to shoot.

Worth Twice the Money

Why complain of $100,000 salary for President TAFT when, according to the Senate Committee on Appropriations, the country has been paying President ROOSEVELT $170,000 a year in addition to his $50,000 wage?

Mr. Taft and the Canal

Before setting sail for Panama, Mr. TAFT uttered these judicious words:

> I think you will find that mere prêt of opinion will not stand in the way of the present President or the next President making the change. For the present, however, you must remember that the lock type is the one which has been authorized by a law passed by Congress, and that the only thing which can change it is the discovery that entirely new conditions will be found affecting the foundations of the locks and the Gatun dam. This expedition on which we are about to embark is one of observation and investigation, but it must be understood that we are not going down there to thresh over old theories and old facts.
>
> Engineers who object to the present type and who originally objected to it are expressing their dissenting opinions in the metropolitan press, but what we are after is new facts and conditions, if there are any. If there is a change to be made it should be made now, because another year of the work would make such conditions that a change from the lock to the sea-level canal would be very expensive indeed.
>
> I do not believe the fact that the canal is going to cost over $300,000,000 makes much difference to the American people if they get a canal speedily and safely built. The United States has undertaken this work and it is going to see it through.

"Over $300,000,000" sounds somewhat disingenuous when an appropriation of $500,000,000 is called for and pending. But let that pass. Mr. TAFT's mind seems to be open to conviction, and we have no doubt that his decision will be based upon the best information obtainable from prejudiced engineers. We can only hope that it will prove as sound in fact as it is sure to be excellent in intent.

Maybe So; Maybe Not

> Mr ROOSEVELT will soon be on his way to Africa.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

We are beginning to have our doubts.

Senator Root of New York

The opinion is strongly held—as they say in Wall Street—that when Mr. ELIHU ROOT puts his hat on, it covers the most effective mental apparatus now working in the United States. There may be greater men in the country than Mr. ROOT, for greatness is variously estimated by various people, whom it is hard to bring into agreement as to the relative value of contrasted qualities and powers, but nobody in sight has a better hatful of brains than Mr. ROOT, or drives them more tirelessly to accomplish great work. That Mr. ROOT, pretty well tired out with six or seven years of hard service in the cabinets of President MCKINLEY and President ROOSEVELT, should have been willing and even desirous to be a representative of his State in the Senate is a great piece of good fortune to the people of this country, and a matter for the people of New York to be thankful for and proud of. For the first time in a great many years the most powerful State in the Union is to have a Senator worthy of its rank. New men, as a rule, are not immediately influential in the Senate. Before their qualities can tell they have to learn the business of being a Senator, and let their colleagues have a chance to find out what is in them and where they will best fit into the Senatorial machine. Custom decrees that new Senators shall take a back seat. But Mr. ROOT is a very exceptional man-ive. The other Senators already know him; he is too big a man to be jealous of, too wise a man to need discipline, too well equipped with varied and accurate knowledge of the business of government to be wasted even for a day. We judge that the Senators will teach Mr. ROOT his place in a fashion the reverse of what is usual.

A Public Servant by Inheritance

There were strong objections in certain quarters to sending Mr. ROOT to the Senate. He had had clients whom the objectors did not like, and he had been a "corporation" lawyer. It was held that in the Senate he would still be the counsel of his former clients, and prejudiced in favor of their point of view. There was never a more fatuous objection to public employment for a valuable man. Through all his professional life Mr. ROOT has been faithful to his clients.

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When he practised law in New York he was faithful to them here—which is the chief basis of such complaint as is made of him; when he was Secretary of War he worked himself to the limit of his great capacity in the service and for the credit and honor of the people of the United States, and the same when he became Secretary of State. He was faithful to President Roosevelt and his administration, but beyond that to the people. Now, as Senator, he will be absolutely faithful to the State of New York, and beyond that, again, to the people. The folks who distrust Mr. Root find it hard to understand an intense and laborious disinterested devotion to public duties. If a man is really able, and is going to work really hard, they look for a motive, and as the motive they best understand is money, they search to discover how his labors are to profit him in cash. But Mr. Root won't get rich as Senator. What moderate provision he needs he has doubtless already laid by, and if he cared to get rich he would come back to his law practice. If his propensity to work for the people at low wages needs explaining, the explanation probably lies in two facts. One is that he has a very lively sense of humor, and sees the folly of a good many things—great fortunes among others—and has his fun with his mind without any great strain on his pocket. The other is that he comes of a line of teachers whose lives were given to the pursuit of truth and the spread of knowledge, with only secondary care for what was paid them. Mr. Root is a public servant because he has that in his blood that constrains him to be one. Neither riches nor ease could satisfy a man with his inheritance.

Only a Fair Allowance of Fun

Suppose Mr. John D. Rockefeller *should* attain the century mark in years, as his optimistic physician predicts! He would be getting hardly his share at that, considering his lateness in life in beginning to live.

A Vision of Snakes

A voice from Nebraska—an erstwhile familiar voice—saying that professors in the University of Nebraska ought not—no! no!—to accept pensions from the fund established by the Laird of Skibo! Thus speaks the voice:

> If the proposed pension fund came from a source the character of which was unquestioned, or was given with a motive that could not be impugned, there might be less objection to it. If the professors in accepting it or looking forward to it were stimulated to greater activity in behalf of the public that fact might weigh in favor of the proposed legislative action. But from whom does the gift come? From the greatest trust magnate in the country, sara one. Can we suppose the people of Nebraska would be willing to ask alms of the steel trust when they have been fighting and expect to continue to fight this trust? Will the university professor be stimulated to oppose the principle of monopoly by being put in a position where he looks forward to a pension from the treasury of the monopoly? Even the best of men would be conscientiously influenced by the gratitude they would feel for such a substantial addition to their incomes.

What a cloud of gnats it is that our Nebraska brother strains at! Is the laird's character questioned? Is there some devilish motive lurking beneath his gift for the fund for pensioning the professors? In so far as professors are relieved from anxiety about their future maintenance their minds are probably in a better case to be active in behalf of the public. Moreover, they don't get the laird's pensions until they have stopped teaching. They can receive them without any feeling of gratitude to the Steel Corporation, which is only an incident in the transaction. The laird planned the pensions, not because he was a steel man and loved "the principle of monopoly," but because he is a Scotsman, and congenitally daft about education.

A Sturdy Crusader

Our felicitations to the *Woman's Journal* upon its fortieth birthday. A more efficient successor of Mary A. Livermore than Alice Stone Blackwell could not be found anywhere.

Spare the Hunter

The papers report that several thousand schoolchildren in Texas have signed a petition begging Mr. Roosevelt to spare the wild beasts of Africa, and not to kill any of them. The President of the Audubon Society of Texas is circulating these petitions, and hopes to get half a million schoolchildren to sign them. But Mr. Roosevelt might as well not go to Africa as not kill any animals when he gets there. Would the children have him stay at home? Oh no! not that! Don't spoil sport! The man to speak to about not killing animals is not Mr. Roosevelt, but Mr. Ogden Armour, of Chicago. If the children are tender-hearted, they should communicate with Mr. Armour, and we think also that while they are petitioning they might well petition Congress to spare Mr. Roosevelt. They seem to be straining the quality of mercy a little too fine.

Trinity Makes a Report

One excellent result of the popular tumult over the closing of old St. John's Church in New York has been to cause the corporation of Trinity Church to publish a report of the value of the properties they control, and of what is done with the income. It seems that the entire estate is now worth about sixty million dollars, two-thirds of which is in churches and cemeteries, leaving about twenty millions' worth which is taxed and produces an income of $740,000 a year. The last thing that Mr. Rossiter, Mr. Jay, and the other decent and reputable gentlemen who make up the vestry of Trinity ought to want is privacy about the value and management of the property they control. They might do worse than do what Harvard College does—issue an annual printed report of their proceedings, income, and expenditures. Dr. Manning, the new rector, is said to recognize the public character of the trust that Trinity administers, and to have been a strong influence in securing the report that was lately made. The harder it is to find out the truth about such a corporation as Trinity, the more fabulous yarns about it circulate and grow. The more fully the vestry report what is being done with the estate they manage, the more solicitous they must naturally be to have their management creditable, and the more creditable it is, the better the purposes of the foundation are fulfilled. Public opinion has made immense progress in recent years in the respect of all managers of corporations. What Trinity has begun to do is no more than most of the railroads and other big corporations are doing. All that is very healthy.

The Gilding on the Eagle

Discussing the conditions of life and politics in Boston, Martin Lomasney says:

> The people! What do the people know about it? Wake 'em up! How? Fire on the flag and they'll rise. But steal the gilding off the eagle and they'll never miss it.

Well put, Marvin. It takes a long, hard pull on their pockets to rouse the people. The mass of the voters are sentimental in their politics. When they need money it looks easier to them to try to earn it than to stickle for governmental economies. And it is easier, and with indirect taxation such as pays for the administration of the National government, the Army, the Navy, and the Panama Canal, they seldom realize what they are paying, or what for.

Immigrants Coming

We shall probably see a considerable increase of immigration in the spring. Calabria and Sicily will doubtless send us an army of refugees from the earthquake region, and if business keeps on improving the influx from all sources is likely to be greater than that of last year. In 1907 we got 1,285,000 immigrants; in 1908, 782,870; and these figures were offset by a strong human current running from our ports back to Europe. Out of last year's total, Austria-Hungary sent 168,000; Italy, including Sicily, 128,000; the Russian Empire and Finland, 156,000; over three-fifths of the total number thus coming from southern and southeastern Europe. There is a prospect of a Russian emigration of a higher quality than we have had heretofore, from the reformer and high-grade revolutionist class — discouraged patriots, such somewhat as came here from Germany—Carl Schurz among them—after the troubles of 1848. It has often been said that that suppressed revolution gave us the very pick of Germany. Now if we are to get the chosen best of Russia it will be a considerable solace to the keepers of our gate, albeit Russia can ill spare them to us.

Is This a Christian Country?

The Union of American Hebrew Congregations at its recent meeting in Philadelphia appointed a committee to distribute a publication "which shall take the stand by convincing argument that from a constitutional point of view this is not a Christian country." Subject to correction by experts, we guess it isn't a Christian country from a constitutional point of view, but if so, will it pay the Jewish brethren to rub it in? Are they not pretty comfortable here, in the main, as it is, and in so far as our laws go? Suppose they succeed in getting everybody informed and convinced that there is no warrant in the Constitution for calling this a Christian country, what is to hinder putting such a warrant into the Constitution forthwith? There are estimated to be 1,777,000 Jews in this country, and the almanac says there are five million Baptists, twelve million Roman Catholics, two million Lutherans, nearly seven million Methodists, nearly two million Presbyterians, about a million Episcopalians, and three or four millions of Christians of other varieties—thirty-three millions in all. That accounts for only half the population, but a conservative estimate would be that for one Jewish vote in the country there are forty-five that may be roughly rated as Christian. So of course our Jewish brothers would have to rely on Christian votes to keep Christianity out of the Constitution, and if any considerable number of organized and classified Christians—say, the Methodist, Baptist, and Roman Catholic brethren—were prodded up to the point of wanting to get it in, to keep it out might come to be a good deal of a labor. It looks to us, therefore, as though the Hebrew brothers would find it just as profitable to lie low about the Constitution, and content themselves with the free enjoyment of their religious preferences, and the fair chances in trade, which our laws at present secure to them. The question whether or not this is a Christian country, from a constitutional point of view or otherwise, might prove to be the kind of a sleeping dog that it was a pity to have kicked.

Unexpected

We would hardly have looked for an article on Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate in *One Hundred Animals*, but it is there. While in life Daniel and Rufus got considerable credit for being articulate.

Turn About Comes Naturally

Speaking last week at the dinner of the Harvard Club of Boston, the President-elect of Harvard said:

> Harvard is a national university, and it will be a misfortune for us if it ever ceases to be a national university. The greatest misfortune in education that could possibly occur in the United States, and perhaps the greatest misfortune of any kind that could occur in the United States, would be if the young men of each section of the country went to a local university in their own part of the country, instead of mixing together in one of many great universities all over the country.

Sound doctrine, Mr. Lowell; excellent doctrine; but it works both ways. How long, sir, do you think it will be before Massachusetts boys begin to be sent to Ann Arbor, Madison, Wisconsin, Ithaca, or Chicago, to get a change of education and imbibe the spirit of the West? That ought to come. Perhaps it has begun already.

The Hat Strike

The papers say that the tie-up in the hat factories is almost complete. It is bad for trade and to be regretted, but, after all, men's hats, with which the factories are most concerned, are of no vital importance, and it is a fair question whether a check to the variety and exuberance of women's hats might not hasten the return of prosperity.

The Difficult Case of Beach Hargis

News comes from Jackson, Kentucky, to the effect that Beach Hargis is shot for the moment with a serious, self-inflicted wound in the foot. This is good news as far as it goes, and gives Jackson a breathing-spell and time to think out some way of dealing with Beach and persuading him to let the other folks in Jackson remain alive. The case is one of much interest and considerable complexity. Beach shot and killed his father, the judge. He was tried for murder, the jury disagreed, and he was released on $25,000 bail. Within two hours he was drunk and shooting up the town. The townspeople rallied, got him back into the jail again, hurriedly provided themselves with weapons and ammunition, and looked up the law on the subject of his right to go at large. They seem to have decided that the law favored his enlargement, for Beach was out again and drunk again on January 22d, and drove Hiram Sours's family out of their house, and enjoyed himself shooting the dishes off their dining-table. Neighbors who tried to intervene had to hide in the attic, but late in the evening others of the law got Beach, who had probably succumbed to the arguments of Judge Barleycorn. It will be seen that the case is difficult. If Beach is lawfully out on bail, it is repugnant to the law-abiding Kentucky mind to lock him up, and yet it is an embarrassment to have him go loose and shoot so freely.

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Reading Away Time

READING performs two opposite functions. At its best it creates worlds for us, but at other times its service is to destroy the one we inhabit. The first function is of course the more delightful, for it bespeaks a deliberate choice, leisure, and serenity. When the winter landscape is spread over with white glitter, and the faint and delicate tracings of the trees are etched in sepia upon an unbroken gray expanse of sky, when from every crack in the window-frames enters a little breath of icy chill, then pure joy is deliberately to take the big leather chair in front of the crackling wood fire and, to the sticking accompaniment of the little blue and big orange flames, to add on another world to ours. There, in absolute peace and comfort, we let the ladies and gentlemen of the nineteenth century come back with their bows and curtsys, their perplexities and joys, their involved relations and fluid relations. How thoroughly happy one can be, resting one's eyes first upon the flames that reflect their dancing in the polished mahogany panels across the room, and then again on the printed page where Miss Yonge's shy hero and heroine, having avowed their affection, are so overcome they they immediately take to opposite sides of the street and walk protected by this safe distance! How nice to go with Becky into the attic where Amelia found her, and where she wrinkles her forehead in a vain effort to remember little George's age, or to read the chapter where Aunt Pullet unpacks the best bonnet before the envious gaze of Sister Glegg and Sister Tolliver!

There are, too, certain ripe days of early spring, perhaps the most perfect of all the year, when the cherry tree is in full bloom and the sun has borrowed a tinge of summer's geniality, when one can fling a rug beneath the star-crowned tree and divide attention between the black outlining of the stems bearing their white burdens, the scents that fill the air with waving sweetness, the wonderful, kaleidoscopic patterns of this sky cut by the white flowers above, and the high romance, the fine chivalry and compelling, fanfic, and passions in the *Morte d'Arthur*. Or we can repair

> Before the starry threshold of Love's court

to hear the noble lady with the hidden strength contend in argument with the evil emperor upon the nature of the virtues. Or perhaps a newer vision catches our wandering mind and we see the crescent moon that sails like a little feather down the sky, and beyond it the ramparts of heaven, and hear of those ladies whose names were "five sweet symphonies."

Reading for the purpose of adding worlds to worlds may be most effectively carried out, too, when one first migrates to the country in the summer, where the hay is just gathered into little stacks, dotted all over the fields, where great clouds looking like masses of broken eggs go sailing across a serenely blue sky, and the freshness and silence fill our hearts with uplifted gladness. Then we may add to all our joy of the present moment and the perfect day a sense of the medieval wood where Calidore rode and the herd-hearted maid Briana dwelt in her castle and life extends indefinitely, and we superimpose series upon series of perfect days and happy adventures in varying settings.

But our own life is not less checkered than the pages we read, and winter afternoons in the library where our souls are at ease and our minds at peace, together with warm spring days under the blossoming fruit trees, and idle mornings in June when we can sit with our backs propped against the haycocks, are but broken incidents packed into the interstices of life, or set out as contrasts to those interminable nights when for our sins or our frailties we won unconsciousness in vain. The black, lagging hours stare insolently at us, asking disquieting questions about the future, pointing out the insecurities of life, sneering at our disabilities and mistakes, giving us to understand that all these are irreparable, and dolefully conjuring up a picture of a sad and dishonored old age, *sans* everything. Or again, we find ourselves stranded in the railroad station of a strange city with four hours to wait for a train. Outside, a steady deluge of water cuts us off from any hope of diversion, and inside the thick, bad air and heavy smells wipe our faces like useless towels. Perhaps at such moments the saints and the poets refuse to come at call, but one thing is certain, if we would live and be cheerful in body and healthy in mind we must learn to bridge the gaps between our own immediate lives and those other worlds portrayed in print. We must switch on the electric light and blind the dark hours with the glare until they vanish, and we must step out over our own destiny into other lives, whose joys and triumphs may cheer our unsuccess, and whose sorrows shall divert us from those we feel with the deepest personal poignancy. That, after all, is the main service of literature. It enlarges the boundaries of life. It gives us the freedom of other lives and other environments. Life, after all, might be likened to a series of rooms through which we must pass, some dark and hideous, some lighted and beautiful, and literature is like the extra doors and passageways, so that when the room we are in is by way of being unfavorable we can open the door and walk out into a new set of thoughts, a new decoration. And if it seem almost an impiety to use books to annihilate the world, we may reflect that despite the efforts of the monistic philosophers, this world is still a very mixed matter, and that our efforts are about equally divided always between building up and destroying, and it is vastly better to destroy some of our ugly hours than to destroy our souls by living with despondent and hopeless thoughts.

There are few lives, as civilization is constituted now, that can stand a steady scrutiny. At a time when self-contemplation was greatly in vogue among poets and literary men there came into being a vast body of lamentation, and suicide grew apace. It is rather a good tendency, after all, in modern days, to turn the eyes away from life as it is, to life as it may become, or life as it might be. Of course the tendency may be carried too far, but we can remember that time and the world's diurnal course cure many evils. If we can but weather the bleakest day, the sun is bound by the natural course of events to come out again some time. And it is, after all, not so unwise a method when the clouds are thickest to turn the eyes away; to step for the moment out of our own lives; to shake off the gripping hand of destiny and enter into the world of the printed page and live there awhile among more cheerful surroundings.

Personal

THE active list of the army bows a very greatly honored and respected officer in Surgeon-General Rosecrans M. O'REILLY, who went on to the retired list on January 11th with the rank of Major-General. Doctor O'REILLY's term of service covered forty-five years, going back to the Civil War. It has always been able and useful, and of late years, and especially since the war with Spain, has been notable and distinguished. Steadily growing in knowledge and capacity as a medical officer, he has in these later years gathered the full fruits of an experience which has been of high value to the country. No one who knows him can speak of his official record without going on to say something of the lively, affectionate, and very wide spread personal regard which his character and qualities have ensured. He was the friend and medical adviser of CLEVELAND when in office, and has been in his day the friend and helper of a vast number of others, whom his skill has helped when skill could help, and his sympathy has cheered. He has lived long in Washington, is very well known there, and will, we presume, continue on there in private practice.

So many great men were born in England and America in 1809 that the public prints are going to be rather hard put to it this year to celebrate properly the centennial anniversaries of all their births. We must soon stop talking about POE, lest he thus infringe on the time and space that should go to LINCOLN and the others. But POE is still uncommonly hard to stop talking about. Everything said about him seems to provoke a reply, and every reply a rejoinder. He is eminently debatable. That may be one source of his fame. There was the remark of Mr. HOWELLS, for instance, made the other day in these columns—that if POE's work were to-day submitted to our leading magazines it probably wouldn't be thought good enough. Our neighbor, the *Evening Post*, which is commonly regarded as something of an authority on things literary, is, on the contrary, quite positive that if POE and HAWTHORNE were both young men, offering their wares to the up-to-date magazine editor, POE's would be found available, while HAWTHORNE's probably would not. "POE has, to a certain degree," declares the *Post*, "the verve, the swiftness, the athleticism of style, which is a great requirement nowadays"; and it gives other good reasons for its opinions. Yet Mr. HOWELLS is himself an ex-editor of a high-class magazine, and evidently knows how to please the editors.

And there is Mr. W. C. BROWNELL, whose severity on POE in another of this month's periodicals has got him into no end of trouble. North Wilkesboro, North Carolina, has fairly risen in arms against him as a malignant reviler of the past whom the South claims for its own—and not entirely without reason, either, for even if POE was born in Boston, his father was a Baltimorean, and most of his boyhood and youth was spent in Virginia. He thus always provokes intersectional exchanges. Paris, France, has not yet responded to Mr. BROWNELL, but the POE controversy is international also. BAUDELAIRE and other of his eminent French admirers and imitators point to his life of poverty and neatest as the supreme instance of America's Brodian indifference to genius and beauty. The English critic, MATTHEW ARNOLD, somewhere argues that when a man is more famous abroad than at home it is a suspicious kind of fame, but on the POE question England seems to stand with France and the South. So does Germany. On the whole, with the entire reading world for jury, the case seems to be going rather against the gentlemen who would not admit POE to the Hall of Fame. That hall, we take it, was built to house famous Americans, and there is no denying that POE, whether one likes him or not, is one of the most famous Americans that have yet lived—and growing more so rather than less. It is quite as clear that his work is not the kind of thing we all like. Some of us seem to dislike it even almost contemptuously. But for those who do like that kind of thing, POE is immeasurably superior to anybody else that ever tried to do it—and a great many, including men of indisputable talent, have tried.

Correspondence

THE OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER

BOSTON, MASS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I am much interested in your comments on the Hunt, and everything seems propitious. I cannot help wondering, however, what might happen to Kermit, the "official photographer," if he should happen to make a picture in which the great "faunal naturalist" was not the central figure. Would Kermit be disowned, and would the Smithsonian have to pay his expenses; or might such pictures be sold by Kermit to the *American* and *Outlook* as a side speculation? And what is an "official photographer"? Is he the person who photographs the prominent official of the occasion? Might not an occasional picture of Major Mearns be interesting, as showing how the climate of Africa may aid a disabled soldier?

I am, sir, S.

No official definition of the Official Photographer's duties has been made public as yet. We hope to be able to present a likeness of the Major as soon as his musculuracic muscles become sufficiently strengthened to enable him to stand without hitching.—EDITOR.

SUGAR AND NAILS BEFORE THE WAR

November 19, 1908

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In a recent number of your WEEKLY which I planned to pick up I saw an article by F. W. Hawes in which he says:

"The writer clearly recalls the years before the Sugar Trust was born, when white sugar was a variety found only in few homes and never used except for 'company'—the commonest brown sugar (and very brown and wet it was) cost fifteen cents a pound."

Now this is evidently to remove the idea the cheapness of sugar is owing to the Trust.

In the early fifties, more than half a century ago, the *best* quality of *crushed* sugar sold at times as low as 7½ cents per pound—the lowest quality, "C copper," so called, at 5½, nor was the latter so very wet, as it contained only about 3½ per cent. moisture. Granulated sugar, now universally used, was introduced in the markets at that time and was selling at 7½ cents per pound when the Civil War broke out. Then, with everything else, sugar rose to a high figure, the best quality reaching 45 cents per pound.

He alludes also to nails—before 1850 cut nails sold at 3 and 3½ cents a pound.

The writer presumably did not know, possibly did not care, that his statements lacked—verisimilitude shall we say?

I am, sir,

H. EDWARDS.

Brotherhood, Limited

I DREAMED I served a term in jail
Because I'd robbed the U. S. Mail,
And there I found a noble band
Of plumy folks on every hand.
What each had done I'll not relate—
Suffice it they were Guests of State,
But over all there'd rushed a flood
Of Universal Brotherhood.

We held a meeting in the yard
And there discussed our trials hard,
And each agreed that it were well
To help the other for a spell;
To drink together of the cup
The law had set for us to sup,
And mitigate as best we could
Our sorrows by a Brotherhood.

Six hundred there appeared to be
Existing under lock and key.
Some men were in for ninety days,
And some were there for two-year stays;
And some were in for twenty years,
And counting up the several tiers
And bunching all the sentences,
We had to serve nine centuries.

We divvied up and found that we
On this allotment, as you see,
If sentences were equalized
And properly fraternalized,
Would have to stay without release
Along near eighteen months apiece;
And some there were who thought it good
To work in lines of Brotherhood.

But one small chap, a piker cold,
In for six months, as I've been told,
A stupid lout, had not the wit
To see what he got out of it.
In spite of all our arguments
So clear to Socialists of sense,
He flatly said, "Hanged if he would
Go in for such a Brotherhood!"

What happened next I'm not aware;
Such language filled the ambient air
It waked me up, and I was glad
To escape from such surroundings sad;
But as I thought upon the plan
Of Brotherhood 'twixt Man and Man,
I could not the conclusion shirk
That there be times it will not work.

HORACE DODD CHASTEY.

A Wireless Victory

How the Use of the Marconi Telegraph averted a great Maritime Tragedy—The sinking of the Ocean Steamship "Republic"

UNDERNEATH a mesh of wires from which the electric flames spurted in streaks and flashes, Gilman, who operates the wireless station at Siasconset, a village on the south shore of Nantucket Island, sat at his work on the morning of January 23d, waiting for the dawn to break. From time to time the gossip and chatter of the big ocean liners came drifting over a radius of hundreds of miles of fog-bound sea.

It was quiet in the little shack upon the spit of sand that runs out into the Atlantic. Nothing broke the monotony of the night except the distant pounding of the breakers, the wind that sang through the wires overhead, and the steady, uninteresting click, click of the chattering ships. Then, suddenly and unexpectedly, cutting through the air, came the three letters C. Q. D., the signal made by some ship in distress at sea. (C. Q. stands for "all ships." D. means "distress." It was a notification to transmit the distress signal to every vessel within two hundred miles of Siasconset.)

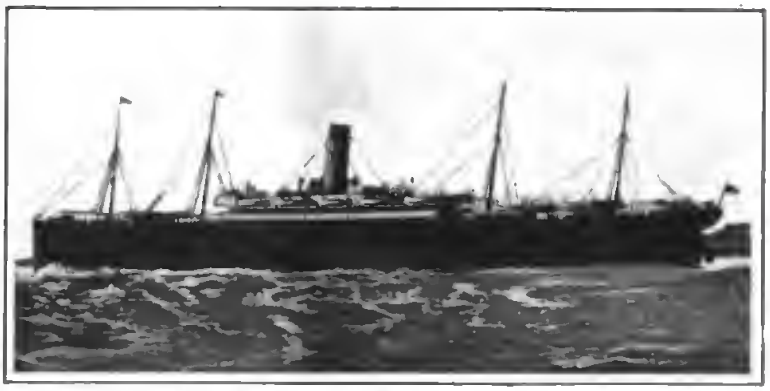
Gilman waited. The chatter of distant ships clicked off meant nothing more now than the noise of the wind or the pounding of the sea. A few seconds afterward the message came:

"We were struck by an unknown boat; engine-room filled; passengers all safe; can stay afloat. Latitude 40.17, longitude 70. *Republic*."

It was the big, four-year-old White Star ocean liner that was in distress. She had sailed from New York on Friday, carrying a full complement of passengers for the Mediterranean—wealthy Americans upon their way to their winter residences, and returning immigrants. She was rammed amidships in the thick fog on Saturday morning, by the Italian Lloyds emigrant ship *Florida*, heading for New York. On the two ships one woman and five men were killed and two men injured. They were those whose staterooms or sleeping-berths were at the point of the collision. The *Florida* stood by, in spite of a smashed bow, and received on board the 700 passengers of the *Republic*; later, her own condition being precarious, the sixteen hundred souls aboard her were transferred to the *Baltic*, which carried them to New York in safety. After heroic but fruitless efforts had been made to save the *Republic* she sank.

That these sixteen hundred-odd lives were saved is due entirely to the marvels of wireless telegraphy. It has robbed accident by sea of half its terrors. No longer need the passengers of a wrecked ship scan the horizon hopelessly while the sea pours into the hold and, inch by inch, Death gains his footing. For an invisible network of ethereal communications unites ship to ship; and from the station of the Marconi operator help can be called for and assurance of safety received. Truly, in the words of Longfellow's sea captain, "heaven is as near by water as by land." Man has half conquered the evil genius that lurks upon the face of the waters.

In the transmitting-room of the *Republic* Binns, the Marconi operator, sat, calmly tapping a key at the dictation of the captain. Outside, the passengers ran through the wrecked ship, whose engine-rooms were flooded; there were the multitudinous sounds of fear. Was the vessel sinking? Was the unknown ship that had rammed her standing by? Nothing was visible in the night; and if it had been day the *Florida* would have been hidden in the fog. But inside the transmitting-room Binns sat, calmly ticking off the message that was taken down almost instantaneously at Siasconset.



The White Star steamship "Republic," from which 700 lives were saved by the use of wireless telegraphy

The wires above Gilman's head began to catch the reply to his signals. First Charleston Navy-yard called promise of aid; then in succession came word from Newport, Boston, Woods Hole, and Vineyard Haven. From Woods Hole the revenue cutter *Acushnet* went to the rescue. The revenue cutter *Gresham* sped out from Boston. The cutters *Mohawk* and *Seneca* caught the distress signal as they cruised along the coast and started away. Then came another message from Binns, still at his post in the transmitting-room aboard the *Republic*:

"Able to keep afloat; engine-room full." The *Baltic* and the *Lucania* caught the C. Q. D. signal later in the day. From every point rescuing ships were converging toward the shattered *Republic*. Somewhere in the thick fog *La Lorraine* came steaming toward the New England shore.

"Am going to the rescue of the *Republic*, which is sinking off Nantucket," called Captain Tournier. "Heavy fog. Cannot go to her right away, as we have to take our bearings." At noon a message from Captain Ward, of the *Lucania*, was flashed at Siasconset, and thence transmitted to New York, to be posted at the Cunard offices in State Street:

"Sixty five miles east of Nantucket. Hope to reach *Republic* at 4 p.m."

Would the rescuers reach the sinking vessel in time? "Power off; have to use storage batteries," was the last message that had come through from Binns. With the flooding of the engine room and the shutting off of the power that drove the dynamos, and the necessary substitution of the reserve storage batteries for the transmission of wireless messages, the radius of communication was shortened by half. People were waiting in New York, waiting through a deep, impermeable silence that had wrapped itself around the *Republic*. She had ceased to signal. Had she gone down, or were her storage batteries too weak to carry to Siasconset?

Soon after noon the tension was relieved. A message came through from the *Baltic*, via Siasconset, where Gilman still sat waiting in his shack. The *Baltic* was almost at hand; the *Republic* was still afloat, and her passengers had been transferred in safety aboard the *Florida* during the middle of the forenoon. Through the dense fog she came, forging her way as swiftly as she dared over a dead calm stretch of water. Even when near enough to hear the deep, measured booming of the *Republic*'s submerged bell she could see nothing; only the messages of Binns that came from the transmitting-room kept the rescuers informed. At eight o'clock in the evening Captain Ransom, of the *Baltic*, sent a message directly to New York. The damaged vessels were still afloat.

Now the veil had been lifted. All were aware that through the power of wireless telegraphy—and, of course, the heroism of Binns in staying at his post—some seven hundred passengers had been saved from death. At nine o'clock word came that the *Republic* had been abandoned. When she went under, Captain Sealby and an attendant officer, who had refused to leave, flung themselves into the sea and managed to keep afloat on a coil until picked up.

On Monday evening, sixty hours after the collision, the *Florida* arrived under her own steam at this port. One of her holds was filled with water, but her water tight compartment system had kept her afloat. It is believed that it will be impossible to salve the *Republic*, which is sunk in thirty-eight fathoms of water.

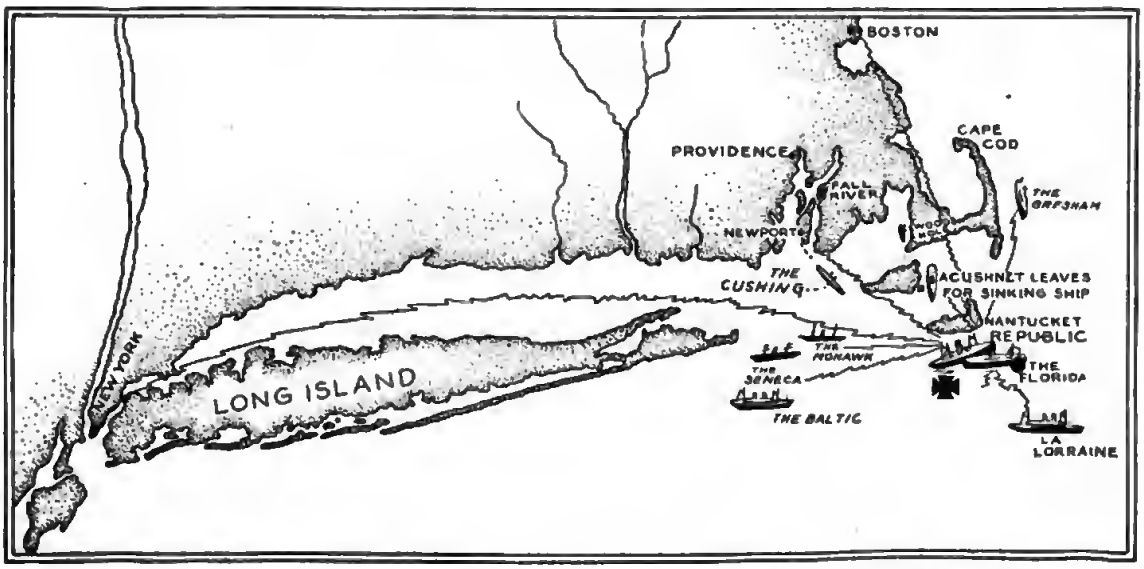


Diagram showing the scene of the collision, and the manner in which the aid of other vessels was brought to the stricken steamship by the use of wireless

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Messina's dismantled and blazing water front. This sickle-shaped harbor street was noted for the solidity and symmetry of its buildings, and of many of these the earthquake left little more than the front walls

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The platforms of the railway station at Messina, to which many of the injured were borne as a place of refuge

When the searchers began their task nearly every shattered building in Messina yielded its terrible share of unrecognizable dead

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A military relief patrol bearing the injured to the landing-stages, where were ships waiting to take them to Naples

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The Italian soldiery, inspired by their King and Queen, toiled day and night carrying the wounded to the relief stations

COUNTING THE COST OF MESSINA'S TRAGEDY

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The upper story of a wrecked house, showing how the massive masonry at Messina was riven by the earthquake

The ruined cathedral at Messina, which dates from Norman times, having been built in 1096. It had survived many earthquakes

The ruins of the City Hall on Messina's water front. This part of the city was inundated by a tidal wave

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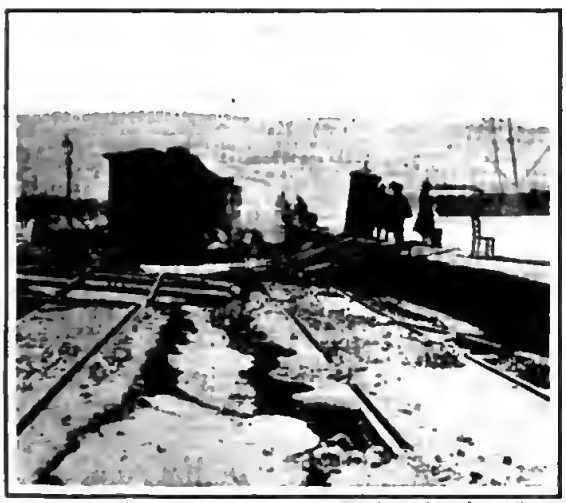
Bodies recovered from the tangle of ruin awaiting transportation to the trenches in which thousands were buried to forestall pestilence



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The destruction of the railway terminal at Messina. Such fissures as this picture shows ran in a network through the city

At the edge of one of the squares in Messina, showing the completeness of the destruction which overwhelmed some of the buildings

IN THE AWFUL QUIET OF SICILY'S AWAKENING

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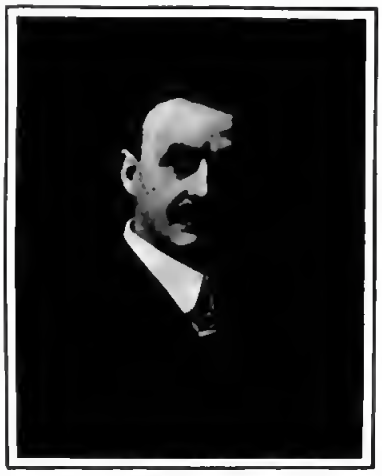
Major E. A. Mearns, U.S.A. (Retired)
AUTHOR OF A BOOK ON THE MAMMALS OF THE MEXICAN BORDER, WHO WILL SAFEGUARD THE HEALTH OF MR. ROOSEVELT AND HIS PARTY OF HUNTERS



J. Alden Loring, of Owego, New York
AN AUTHORITY ON THE SMALLER MAMMALS WHO HAS HAD WIDE EXPERIENCE IN FIELD WORK IN THIS COUNTRY, CANADA, AND MEXICO

Edmund Heller, of California
FORMERLY WITH THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM, CHICAGO, AND A MEMBER OF AN EXPLORING AND SHOOTING PARTY IN AFRICA IN 1905

MR. ROOSEVELT'S COMPANIONS ON "THE GREAT HUNT"

A Spendthrift Congress

THE Sixtieth Congress, whose final session is now about to adjourn without day, has set an entirely new mark in the appropriation of public money. It has authorized the expenditure of more money than was spent for national purposes from the beginning of the Revolution to the outbreak of the Civil War. It appropriated more money for the Navy than was required to finance the entire Revolutionary War. It provided more money for the Army for two years than was spent on the armies that fought the War of 1812 and the Mexican War. A single session of this Congress authorized the expenditure of more money than was required to conduct the government during the entire first half of the last century. The present session appropriated as much for pensions as was required to maintain the government for thirty months prior to the outbreak of the Civil War. Two-thirds of all the revenues of the government were assigned to preparation for wars to come and to payments on account of past wars.

Think of the world and history affecting achievements of the American people from 1776 to 1860! Think of how these they waged victorious war against the very "Mistress of the Seas" herself! Think of how they vanquished Mexico, of how their repeated demonstrations of their prowess on land and on sea had taught the nations to respect them as a republic invincible because of its magnificent isolation and its splendid manhood! Think of how the nation grew from a small, hemmed-in, one-seaboard country with a population of but three million souls, into a great empire stretching from ocean to ocean, with a population ten times as great and a domain five times as large! Think of the triumphs of American diplomacy, with the whole world forced to bow to the Monroe Doctrine! Yet one and all of these things were accomplished with less money than the Sixtieth Congress has appropriated.

But while the Sixtieth Congress has been lavish in the expenditure of money, it has been so only in a greater degree than some of its predecessors. The last thirteen Congresses have appropriated more money than the forty-seven that went before, with the expenses authorized by the Continental Congresses thrown in for good measure. In other words, since 1885 Congress has appropriated more money than during all the years that went before, from the outbreak of the Revolution. And those years that went before include all our wars except the one with Spain, about the smallest of them all. Up to 1885 approximately eleven billion dollars had been spent. About the same amount has been appropriated since that time. The Revolutionary War cost $200,000,000. Of this the Federation paid $114,000,000, the individual colonies $21,000,000, and France about $60,000,000. The Sixtieth Congress has spent $250,000,000 on the Navy alone.

Even the statement that we have spent more since 1885 than in all the years before does not reveal all of the extravagance of the recent Congresses. The Forty-eighth Congress, which made the appropriations for 1885 and 1886, looks like a sort of legislative tightwad as compared with the Sixtieth. It spent less than seven hundred million dollars, while the Sixtieth has spent more than two thousand millions. Likewise the Fiftieth Congress seems steeped in parsimony as compared with the Sixtieth, having kept the appropriations down to less than eight hundred million dollars. Then came the Fifty-first Congress. It appropriated a billion dollars and the body politic shuddered at its extravagance. It struck such terror to the hearts of the taxpayers that they put the party in power out of control so quickly that not until the Fifty-fifth did a Congress dare go over the thousand-million mark again. But the taxpayers have made wonderful progress since the Fifty-first Congress. Where a thousand-million-dollar appropriation startled them then, they can look at a two-thousand million dollar appropriation now with never a hint of their political eye. Yet, with all the stupendous appropriations made by the Sixtieth Congress they sink into insignificance as compared with what it was asked to make. During its career there have been more than forty thousand bills introduced. Nine-tenths of them call for the appropriation of money, and seven-eighths of the money is asked for private individuals. No one has yet had the hardihood to foot up the immense totals of all the money-appropriating bills introduced in the Sixtieth Congress, but some idea may be had from the fact that there are at least five times as many public buildings asked for at a single session as are authorized. The ratio is even greater in private claims, invalid pensions, etc. In other words, if every bill introduced in the Sixtieth Congress had become a law the total appropriations might have been ten billion dollars instead of two billion.

Expenditures promise to increase as the years go by, even above the great record of the Sixtieth Congress. In fact, it is not improbable that the Seventieth Congress will so far outclass the Sixtieth as it outshines the Fiftieth. Everywhere the demands for appropriations are multiplying—multiplying so that that the appropriations of the two Congresses of the present Roosevelt term exceed those of the two Congresses of the Civil War by $33,000,000. The Navy is now getting $122,000,000 a year, and yet it is no more satisfied with that than a hungry stevedore would be satisfied with a single doughnut. It has made out a building programme for the future. This programme contemplates the construction of at least nine more big battleships, each of which must weigh not less than 25,000 tons, cost some fifteen million dollars to build, and a million a year to maintain. When the nine are completed they will represent an outlay of at least fifteen millions a year for construction, and the nine will add nine million a year for maintenance. Then this programme calls for the construction of a scout cruiser for each battleship, and they want four built every year until the quota is filled. We have some thirty torpedo-boat destroyers now, but the building programme says there must be four for each battleship, which means one hundred and sixty in all. Then there must be submarines, colliers, armored cruisers, gunboats, hospital-ships, ammunition-ships, repair-ships, and a thousand other items that call for the expenditure of money. The navy the building programme proposes will certainly call for more than two hundred million dollars every year—more than was required to whip England on land and sea during the Revolution, and many times more than her second defeat cost us.

The Republican leaders in Congress are not at all disturbed over the tremendous increase of appropriations and expenditures. They admit at once that the Sixtieth Congress has been going some in appropriating the money of the public. They acknowledge, without question, the Democratic assertion that we are spending more than six times as much per capita as in the time of Washington, and almost double that of the period immediately preceding the Civil War. They concede that the Sixtieth and Fifty-ninth Congresses have appropriated more money than the two Civil War Congresses. But they come back with the answer that the expenditures of to-day are less in proportion to national wealth than they were in 1870, and just about as much as those of 1850. In other words, if the revenues of the United States were raised by direct taxation based on values, a man would have to pay no more according to his wealth than he had to pay in 1850. The tax rate in 1850 would have been sixty-five cents on the hundred dollars, and that of 1907 sixty-seven cents.

They point out that the expenditures of States, counties, municipalities and minor civil divisions have shown as great increases of per-capita expenditures as the National government shows, and that the tax rate has been allowed to remain practically stationary through all the years. They make property the basis of taxation rather than population, and assert that if the municipal voter is satisfied to continue a tax rate of bygone years at home he may be presumed to be satisfied to continue it in national affairs. Furthermore, they point out that although the American Congress appropriates more money than any other governing body on earth, the burdens it imposes upon property are small as compared with those in other countries. It is estimated that where we are spending sixty-seven cents per hundred dollars of national wealth for Federal purposes, the English are spending a hundred cents, and the French and Germans one hundred and twenty cents each.

During the one hundred and thirty-two years of our existence as a nation, starting with the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, the government has spent a little more than twenty-one billion dollars. Assuming that the present ratio of increase in annual appropriations is maintained, by 1920 Congress will be making appropriations of more than two billion dollars at each session, and in the twenty years from the beginning of the century it will have authorized the expenditure of more money than was expended in all the remaining one hundred and twenty-four years of American independence, which will include every war in our history.

All of this means that new methods of raising revenue must be found. The people of the United States want lower tariffs. Yet how are they to get them when the government must raise more revenue than ever? They may beg for the head of a general reduction, but with a deficit of $114,000,000 for the past calendar year, the only way open is for the giving of a stone of increased tariff burdens. They may remove the prohibitive duties on some things, but, on the whole, the tariff must bring in more money in the future than it ever has in the past. Even then it will not be enough. It is not impossible that a resort will be had to a stamp tax like that of the Spanish-American War period.

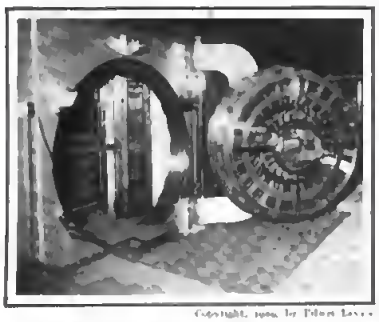
From the enactment of the first tariff law down to the present the American people have been taxed a little less than eleven billion dollars through the operation of tariff laws. Eight billion dollars of internal revenue receipts have been paid by them. Vast have been the collections from these two sources, and yet they are now to be found inadequate unless new things are to be taxed. The indirect tax idea has been the most wonderful governmental idea yet evolved. Its workings are so smooth, and so far removed from the vision and knowledge of the average individual, that he is ready to argue that "the tariff is not a tax." Suppose, on the other hand, that we had a direct tax, and that the average citizen had to walk up to the collector and pay down his money. The farmer worth ten thousand dollars would have to put up sixty-seven dollars. It is easy to imagine that he would keep a rather close tab on the body that is appropriating a billion dollars each year, under such circumstances.

In justice to Congress it is to be explained that the fact that it is represented as having appropriated a billion dollars at a single session does not make it follow that it has provided for the expenditure of that amount in a single year. Many of the items in the appropriation bills are in a more limited sense only "authorizations." For instance, in river improvement the expenditure of a million dollars for a single stream may be "authorized," but only a hundred thousand dollars of that is "appropriated" or made available for expenditure during the following fiscal year. The net ordinary expenditures of the government for a given year are always less than the appropriations of the same year, because of the fact that appropriations are always made for a year ahead. But these facts have been held carefully in mind in the preparation of this article, and appropriations and expenditures have not been confounded—as they frequently are even by good writers. For instance, a story that has had wide circulation recently, states that the Sixtieth Congress had appropriated $680,000,000 during its first session. As a matter of fact, the appropriations, in the accepted sense of the word, amounted to $1,008,804,000.

The Greatest Bank in the World

By William Hemingway

THE Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, for generations queen of the financial world, has been compelled to abdicate. The Old Lady, as everybody knows, has long been the familiar name of the Bank of England, eminent bulwark of British power, and it is with something of a shock that one learns of her loss of preeminence. Her successor is the National City Bank of New York. This institution is the richest and strongest and busiest bank in existence.



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The strong door of the safe with its twenty-four bolts

Nothing could be easier than to fill a book with interesting details showing how the army of four hundred banking experts in this vast financial hive daily transact business to the extent of eighty millions of dollars; but the space available here will afford opportunity for recording only the most striking incidents seen by one who spent a day in the bank. The effect of all these activities upon a visitor who observes them for the first time is overwhelming. The volume and importance of the business carried in this flood of dollars pours upon the senses with the weight and insistence of a great cataract, and the scrupulous nicety of the management of detail is as exact as the working of a fine watch. Think of it a moment: eighty millions of dollars—a dollar apiece for every man, woman, and child in America!—rush through this millrace every day, and not one penny is misplaced. The gigantic trip-hammer which crushes tons of steel or barely cracks an egg shell, responsive to the will of the operator, is but a plaything in comparison with this huge yet delicate financial machine. Let us watch it at work.

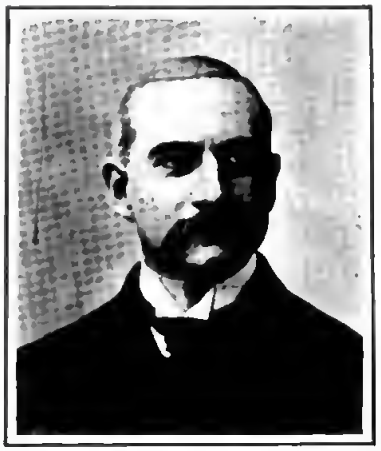
First a glance at its home in the midst of Wall Street. A certain Mr. Moseman built a rural residence and surrounded it with pleasant gardens two hundred and fifty years ago on the site of the National City Bank. In the brisk growth of New York City after the War of the Revolution the rural residence and its gardens were swept away to give place to a row of handsome dwellings. These were in a few years taken over by offices by lawyers, merchants and brokers. And these in turn gave way to the Merchants' Exchange building, which was burned in the great fire of 1835. The dark, gaunt granite structure raised on the site—the block bounded by Wall, William, and Hanover streets and Exchange Place—was taken over by the United States government in 1863 and used as the New York Custom House, until sold at auction to the National City Bank in 1899. How the grim old fortress was transformed into a modern business palace closely patterned after the Erechtheum at Athens, still preserving the sixteen huge Ionic columns along the Wall Street façade, and increasing the height of the building from five stories to eight, has been often told in print. The most striking detail in the new building is the banking room on the ground floor, 108 feet long, 124 feet wide, and 72 feet high to the centre of the dome. Back of the lofty pillars and panels that bound this vast office are the scores of rooms in which most of the details of the day's work are carried out.

When does the day's work begin? With the day itself. Punctually at midnight eight men march out of the New York Post-Office carrying four leather trunks almost twice as big as steamer trunks, each packed full of letters containing checks—not currency, for that is handled in another way. These letters come from banks in every part of the United States. The trunks are opened in three large rooms on the second floor of the Hanover Street side of the building; the letters are assorted and distributed according to the district from which they came. There are fifty-four of these districts, most of them being given over to one bank alone, others to the banks of a single city, others to larger groups of banks, and others to miscellaneous offerings. There are two main divisions—city and country.

All through the night the messengers plod to and fro between the Post-office and the bank, but the mail is very light now, and a force of eight clerks is able to handle it and get everything ready for the Clearing-House as fast as it comes in. At eight o'clock in the morning the day force reports for duty. The day messengers make frequent trips with their big leather trunks, and letters rain upon the tables and desks at which one hundred and fifty clerks are at work. To watch this army of keen-eyed, swift-fingered, ceaseless youths in action is to receive a new lesson in the marvellous adaptability and energy of the human mind. There is not a gray lock among these magicians. Their bodies are as nimble as their thoughts. I have called them ceaseless, because as matter of fact they finish the complicated and bewildering task without error. Now and then at rare intervals, at some stage of the morning's task, some one may put down the wrong figure, but every step is so carefully checked and revised that a mistake is caught within a few seconds after it has been made, and corrected at once; so that the great river of figures flows on perfectly clear and without flaw.

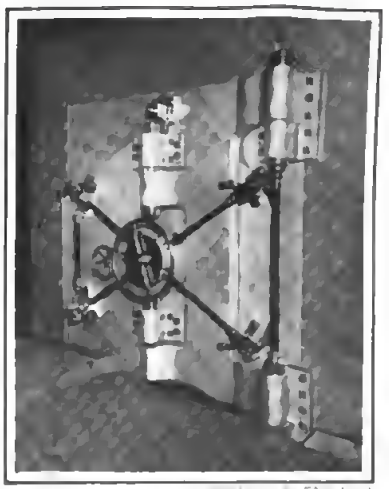
The speed is remarkably high, yet it is attained smoothly, and no one seems in a hurry. Hardly a word is spoken. Forty or fifty clerks silently pounce upon the stacks of letters dumped on the receiving tables and rapidly bear them away in bundles to the clerks to whom each district is assigned. Each of these men, in turn, deftly opens envelope after envelope, takes out the check enclosed, puts the accompanying letter on file, carefully slits the envelope along three sides and spreads it out flat, so that nothing can remain hidden in it, and then files the envelope, too, for reference. They used to have a machine for cutting open all three sides of the envelopes in one movement, thereby saving one-half a second of valuable time on each letter, but the envelopes vary so in size that it was difficult to make them fit. Wherefore the machine often bit the ends off the checks enclosed, and it had to be given up.

Before placing each check face down in its pile the clerk taps off on the keys of his electric adding-machine (which looks like a cake box with a typewriter keyboard on top of it) the figures showing the amount for which the check is drawn. One after another, with a rapidity that dazzles the eye of the stranger, the checks are thus recorded and stacked. When the stack is high enough for convenient handling, the clerk throws a little lever forward and pulls a big lever backward, and behold! there comes out of the adding-machine a long, narrow slip of paper on



Mr. James Stillman, under whose presidency the bank's gigantic influence was built up

Mr. F. A. Vanderlip, who has succeeded Mr. Stillman as president of the National City Bank



The most powerful steel-vault door in the world

which there is printed the amount of each check and the total sum of all the checks recorded.

Admirable adder! It "does the work of ten men adding by hand." But, oh! how joyfully the pious elders of Salem, a few generations ago, would have hanged the inventor and the operator of the machine for witchcraft! Surely nothing but an alliance with the devil could enable one man to do the work of ten sober and godly citizens. There are seventy clerks at work on these adding-machines in the check-distributing rooms, and their output is equivalent to the work of seven hundred men. Adding to this force the hundreds of other clerks, messengers, etc., plus the multiplication of their services by labor-saving and time-saving devices on every hand, we have easily a force equal to more than one thousand men handling these checks alone. I know these figures are correct, yet the pen hesitates to put them down. Somehow it seems too prodigious to be true that a whole regiment of experts is required daily to deal with one feature of this bank's routine; but the fact is there and cannot be denied. Thirty-five tabulators with machines could do the work singly, but that would leave a margin for error. Therefore, in order to eliminate the faulty human equation, every check is recorded by two clerks, each on his own machine, and the totals of their slips must be alike if the individual items are correctly put down.

Should a discrepancy be found in the footings an overseer detects the cause of it immediately. One marvels at the quickness with which this is traced, even in amounts running up into hundreds of thousands of dollars. It is accomplished not by mathematical skill alone. The overseer is qualified by long experience, besides a gift for trapping error that amounts almost to intuition. There are many short cuts in getting at results. If, for example, the difference between two footings is divisible by nine, then the overseer knows that the error lies in the transposition of two figures in which a one occurs. Suppose there is a difference of thirty-six between the footings of two adders of the same bundle of checks. Almost instantaneously the overseer plunges to that spot in the long list wherein one clerk has ticked off a fifty-one and the other a fifteen. The original check is examined, the correct figure recorded, the footings are now alike, and the work goes on as before. This instance is cited only for illustration, for there are many others. Numbers have as many tricks and characteristics as chickens, or pigs, or human beings.

The bundles of checks are wrapped in the long tabulating slips after they have been indorsed by the cashier of the bank. As there are fifty thousand checks in the average morning's mail, it would be, of course, impossible for that official in person to indorse them, even if he used a rubber stamp. There are machines. Each one of the three clerks detailed to that work takes a bundle of checks to the end of a long, flat trough, and there balances them on edge. He turns a crank, an endless belt picks up check after check, whips it away from the bundle, and whirls it along past a rattling stamp which prints the indorsement on it and leaves it neatly in place just beyond. The operation looks not unlike the process of running a hay-chopper. The checks fly through each machine so fast that the printing on them is an undecipherable blur. No matter. The deciphering and cyphering have been attended to long before.

From the indorsing-machine to the assembly-racks, with small pigeonholes for small bundles and big pigeonholes for big bundles, the checks are swiftly carried. Now the totals of the bundles are added in a general footing for each rack, so that the exact amount of money represented in each rack is always known. At nine o'clock there is a general emptying out of the racks devoted to local banks, and the checks are sent to the Clearing-House, so as to accommodate these banks by exchanging checks early. From this time on the work of sorting and opening letters and

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examining checks in the National City Bank goes on. A possible more rapidly than before. At a quarter to ten o'clock the last bundles are taken from the racks, the footings added, and the whole morning's flood recounted accurately to the last cent. Then the messengers lock the trunks and carry the checks in them to the Clearing-House, where at the stroke of ten they are exchanged with those of corresponding banks.

When the last pair of messengers had marched away I drew as deep a breath as if I had just witnessed the most thrilling scene in a melodrama. I had watched the handling of some eighty millions of dollars which had been tossed about with all the haste used in pitchforking new-mown hay, yet with scrupulous nicety. The vast bulk of wealth had danced past as if in a fantastic dream, yet not one atom of it had been misplaced. If a certain ancient commentator had been present he would have added one thing more to the four that were too wonderful for him.

In the midst of the strenuous activities of check-handling we went down to see the safe opened. Viewed from above the safe looks like a battleship compressed to a cube of twenty-five feet, weighing five hundred tons and covered with gray war paint. It is the most conspicuous thing back of the bank screen on the main floor. When one comes alongside, the huge bulk looms larger than ever. Within it there lies a fine fortune of ninety-nine millions of dollars in gold and paper money and half a billion dollars in first-class securities. The most honest and simple-minded man in the world, looking at this enormous nugget of steel cannot keep from wishing that he had the talons and wings of the fabled roc long enough to pick up the nugget and fly far away with it.

An eminent humorist told me before I visited the bank that they opened the safe with prayer. In this he was wrong. They open it with a time-lock and several combinations. I saw the whole performance. The time lock, as every schoolboy knows, is a sort of glorified alarm clock which is set on the previous afternoon to stay locked for so many hours and minutes. Then it lets go with a slight click that will wake up all the dollars committed to its care. When we went down to the main floor at a quarter to nine o'clock that morning and halted at respectful attention before this safe with its precious contents, the day watchman in his blue uniform was standing about five feet from the northwest corner, keenly watching the rush door on the north side and the securities door on the west side. He does that all day long. It is not enough that a man has the entree, the combination, and the key to the day gate of the safe. He must be one of the elect few who are officially empowered to enter the safe, or the day watchman will leap forward and stop him. This man never ceases to scrutinize the safe and its visitors until the great chest is locked and the night watchman has come to relieve him.

A very tall and very powerful bulky-chested man was hovering about the safe with all the affectionate solicitude of a bird caring for its young. He carried a big square of chamois skin with which he polished off imaginary cloudings from the gleaming wheel of steel which presently was to throw back the bolts when the combination was set for their release. Having polished his fill, he went off somewhere and returned with a heavy lever which hitherto had been hidden. Carefully up-ending a small brass plate in the floor, he revealed a slot, into which he thrust the lever. With a stalwart heave he swung the lever over—and down sank a broad segment of the floor along the north side of the safe. This segment, if it had remained flush with the floor, would have prevented the door from swinging open. The big man did a similar work before the west door. Then he gently applied the chamois skin once more to the shining wheel, all the time listening intently. At ten minutes to nine there sounded from within a click, faint yet clear, which showed that the time-lock had released its grip and waked up all the myriads of dollars in their steel nest.

"She's off, all right," said the big man, proudly. Really he seemed to take special satisfaction in the accurate performance of his pet mechanism.

"If she didn't let go the doors couldn't be opened," remarked a young man at my elbow, "and within half an hour that fact would create a rumpus that would be felt in Chicago, San Francisco, Yokohama, Shanghai, Melbourne, Paris, Berlin, London—all the financial centres of the world."

"But couldn't you crack the doors open with dynamite?" I inquired.

"Yes, it could be done," he answered. "This is, the thing is physically possible; but the explosion of enough dynamite to open the safe would wreck the building like an earthquake."

This catastrophe having been averted by the promptness of the time-lock, the guardians of the treasure invited the visitor to look down the side of the safe to its foundation on the floor below. The door is cut away all around so as to afford a clear view, also to give room for the working of a fine and novel method of protection. A steam-pipe, pierced by many jets, encircles the middle of the safe like a girdle. In case of riot, if one can imagine a mob having broken in to loot the bank, the treasure in the safe would still be out of reach. Men could not stand close enough to apply the dynamite. For by the turning of two little wheels, concealed in a part of the building known only to a few trustworthy men, a flood of steam could be driven into the pipe and through the jets at tremendous pressure. The steam would form a blinding, scalding envelope all around the safe, and no one could breathe or stand within five feet of it.

The big man stepped back six paces, and the rest of us followed. Mr. G. F. Gregory, one of the assistant cashiers, stepped up to the combination disk and gave it so many twirls to the right and a certain number to the left. As he stood aside, the big man spread the chamois skin over the shining wheel to protect its polish from the possibility of a blur, and turned the wheel hard a-port. One felt rather than heard the clang of the twenty-four three-inch bolts of steel that withdrew in unison from their sockets all around the edge of the circular door. They had clung like teeth in the steel fabric upon which the triple rim of the door lay outspread, but now they were retracted like the claws of a purring tabby-cat, and the door was free.

We all gazed reverently at the door. It weighs sixteen tons, and it hangs upon a strap hinge shaped like a figure 3, which weighs two tons. The big man marched up full of confidence and threw his massive weight in a long, strong pull on the wooden handle. Slowly and majestically the door swung out and around through a quarter-circle, disclosing within an imposing array of gigantic steel clockwork, its mechanism of glittering accuracy and its handsome strength glowering from every stout, shining steel bar. When the combination lock of the other outer door had been set free by another officer, the guardians gave me leave to swing the thing open—sixteen tons on a two-ton hinge! I clung to the floor with feet flattened and planted well apart, clenched my teeth, tautened the broad back muscles, and, not to be outdone by any mere big man, pulled at that handle with every atom of energy in me. Held by its inertia, the door lingered a moment, then flew toward me, swift as a swallow. The big man thrust out his hands and caught it.

"Phew! Be careful!" he cried. "If you whirl it around like that, it 'll wrench itself off its hinges. The weight, you see."

After all, only the outer shell of the treasury had been thrown open. Now two other officials set the combinations that unlocked the two inner doors. The big man came forward and swung them out in turn. Then he used the lever again and raised the sunken segments of the floor. Next he lowered from the interior across either doorway a steel drawbridge that lifted without a flaw. After that he pulled out and set in position the day gates—great grills of armor steel that are kept locked except when a bank official is busy within under the keen gaze of the blue-coated watchman.

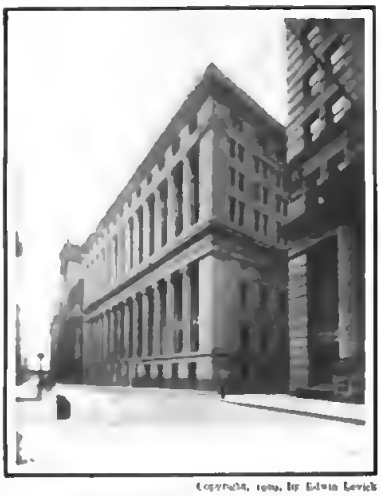
The safe was open for the day's business.

It was fascinating to watch the securities coming out for their share in the operations—millions of dollars' worth, all sorted and wrapped and tabulated, carefully tucked away in the drawers of small steel cabinets mounted on casters that squeaked mildly and rumbled with a soft, purring sound as they were trundled gently across the springy cork-tiled flooring.

It seemed as if the main banking floor had become populous in the twinkling of an eye. The visitor had not observed anybody coming in, and yet when he came up-stairs again after a visit to the floor below, where he had walked in and out among the tiers of steel and white tank upon which the safe rests, all of the offices behind the bronze bank screen were occupied by busy men. There was no hurry or bustle, but the merest glance discovered that the tide of business was at its flood, bearing on its surface the hundreds of millions as lightly as so many chips. The handling of these great sums is swift and accurate because of the remarkable system in use. All the work done is divided among the officials, their assistants and clerks and secretaries, somewhat as we have seen the process of handling the fifty thousand checks in the early morning hours. The president, for example, has the aid and counsel of four vice-presidents. The cashier has six assistant cashiers. The receiving teller, the paying teller, and all the other officers are similarly aided. Above all else the bank must have speed and unerring accuracy in its large and complicated dealings. The foreign department has as many men in it as the ordinary bank employs.

Nothing is left to chance. Vast as the building is, every cubic inch of its space is economically used by the administration. The subdivisions on the main banking floor are grouped so that those departments which have the most business with each other are placed side by side. To effect this it was necessary to change the plans again and again. To carry bonds and other securities from floor to floor there are dumb-waiters built in the walls which plod up and down far faster than the nimblest messenger can run. If, for instance, a clerk in the northeast corner of the fourth floor desires to send a paper for comparison to some one in the southwest corner of the main floor, he puts the paper in a cylindrical leather cartridge and adjusts the brass collar of the cartridge so that it displays a certain number. Then he pops the leather cylinder into a vacuum pneumatic tube which shoots it down to a central office on the main floor. Here a clerk scrutinizes the number and thrusts the parcel into the tube which will shoot it to its destination in any one of thirty-two departments. The longest journey is thus reduced to a matter of a few seconds.

Besides these devices there is a telephone service with seventy-two stations in the building, and other electrical and mechanical time and labor saving devices.



Copyright, 1909, by Edwin Levick

The National City Bank as it is to-day

Copyright, 1909, by Edwin Levick

The seats of the presiding officers during business hours

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View from the lofty gallery showing the turret-like vault in the centre

The New Planet

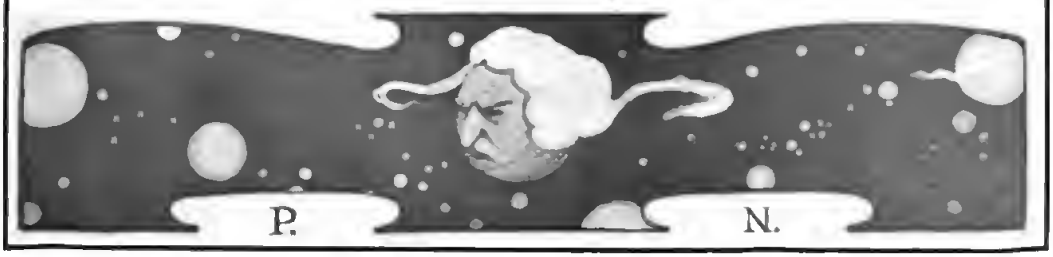
By MARK TWAIN

[The astronomers at Harvard have observed "perturbations in the orbital movement of Neptune," such as might be caused by the presence of a new planet in the vicinity]

I BELIEVE in the new planet. I was eleven years old in 1846, when Leverrier and Adams and Mary Somerville discovered Neptune through the disturbance and discomfort it was causing Uranus. "Perturbations," they call that kind of disturbance. I had been having those perturbations myself, for more than two months; in fact all through watermelon time, for they used to keep dogs in some of the patches in those days. You notice that these recent perturbations are considered remarkable because they perturbate through three seconds of arc, but really that is nothing: often I used to perturbate through as much as half an hour if it was a dog that was attending to the perturbating. There isn't any Neptune that can outperturbate a dog; and I know, because I am not speaking from hearsay. Why, if there was a planet two hundred and fifty thousand "light-years" the other side of Neptune's orbit, Professor Pickering would discover it in a minute if it could perturbate equal to a dog. Give me a dog every time, when it comes to perturbating. You let a dog jump out at you all of a sudden in the dark of the moon, and you will see what a small thing three seconds of arc is: the shudder that goes through you then would open the seams of Noah's ark itself, from figurehead to rudder-post, and you would drop that melon the same as if you had never had any but just a casual interest in it. I know about these things, because this is not tradition I am writing, but history.

Now then, notice this. About the end of August, 1846, a change came over me and I resolved to lead a better life, as I reformed; but it was just as well anyways, because they had got to having guns and dogs both. Although I was reformed, the perturbations did not stop! Does that strike you? They did not stop, they went right on and on and on, for three weeks, clear up to the 23d of September; then Neptune was discovered, and the whole mystery stood explained. It shows that I am so sensitively constructed that I perturbate when any other planet is disturbed. This has been going on all my life. It only happens in the watermelon season, but that has nothing to do with it, and has no significance: geologists and anthropologists and horticulturists all tell me it is only ancestral and hereditary, and that is what I think myself. Now then, I got to perturbating again, this summer—all summer through; all through watermelon time *and where*, do you think? Up here on my farm in Connecticut. Is that significant? I guess so—and I guess it is for you couldn't raise a watermelon on this farm with a derrick.

That perturbating was caused by the new planet. That Washington Observatory may throw as much doubt on it as it wants to, it cannot affect me, because I know there is a new planet. I know it because I don't perturbate for nothing. There has got to be a dog or a planet, one or the other; and there isn't any dog around here, so there's *got* to be a planet. I hope it is going to be named after me, I should just love it if I can't have a constellation.



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1

AN ASCENDING STAR

Miss Hattie Williams, who is now playing in New York in "Fluffy Ruffles," will be graduated next season from musical plays and will be starred in "straight" comedy. Miss Williams began her career not many years ago in the Rogers Brothers burlesques

The Deadly Fourth Mile

By William Inglis

THE untimely death of young Griswold, Yale's stroke oar, who collapsed in the second mile of the race with Harvard last year, has reawakened popular interest in the proposal to reduce the distance of college boat-races from four miles to three. Many conservative rowing-men of long experience and familiarity with the principles of physiology contend that the long and punishing strain of a four-mile race is too severe an ordeal for boys under twenty years of age. Other veteran sportsmen—and among these the amateurs who never rowed a race are the most vehement—decry the suggestion of reducing the distance to three miles. They point out that Griswold collapsed not after a four-mile race, but at less than half that distance, and allege that his case has nothing to do with the issue. They forget that he was the victim of an evil system. On both sides there is profusion of argument and illustration, and in the mean time the most cheering news at hand is that the officials of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association are seriously entertaining the proposition of shortening the contest at Poughkeepsie to three miles.

I believe that to fix the distance at three miles will prolong the lives of hundreds of young men among the crews, and enable the survivors to live out the full span nature has allotted to them instead of dying in youth or early middle age as the inevitable consequence of abnormal strain upon constitutions not quite perfect. I am convinced that any man of open mind will agree in this opinion if he will consider the facts in the case.

Rowing is an artificial form of locomotion. Climbing, walking, running, hurdling, riding a horse—all these have been practised by mankind since time immemorial, and every boy inherits an equipment of nerves and muscles adapted to these forms of progress. But the special equipment needed for rowing is built up by practice in youths selected for the racing-boat because of their unusual strength, endurance, and vitality. To do the best work in a boat a man should be long-bodied rather than long-legged, with powerful back, shoulders, and loins, and with unusual strength of legs. His lungs and heart must be faultless, capable of supplying abundant energy under conditions of severe and long-continued strain. All of his organs must be in perfect condition to maintain in him a high state of vitality.

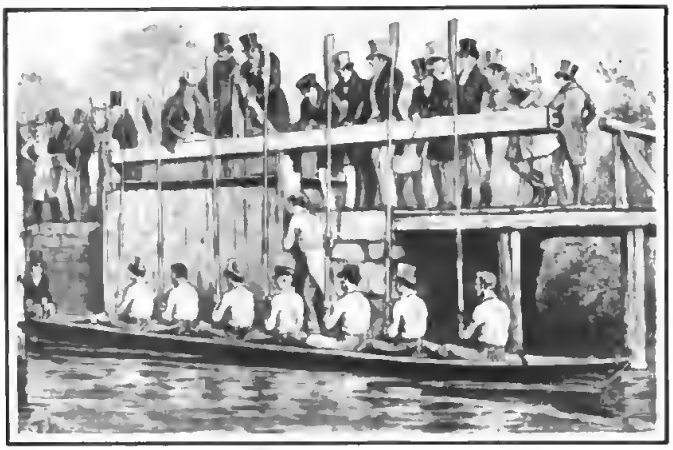
The exertions required in rowing a racing-shell equipped with sliding seats call for a peculiar muscular development not to be found in the ordinary athlete. It is a highly artificial exercise, making abnormal demands. The work requires wrists and forearms of unusual strength to hold the oar steady at the angles which give the most efficiency. The shoulders and upper back must possess power to smash hard as soon as the blade grips the water. Then the legs must drive down upon the stretcher (*i.e.*, footboard) with tremendous energy. The muscles of the loins and abdomen must enable the body to swing far back and forth smoothly while exerting its utmost strength. The muscles along the shins must be able to draw the whole weight of the outreaching body forward again as it rests on the sliding seat on the recover after each stroke. These things must all be done during every stroke, repeated with unflagging power and precision throughout the race.

It is easy to see that the special physical outfit used in boat-racing ought to be built up by long practice, for nothing but long practice can develop the exceptional powers called for by this abnormal exercise. Nothing else in all the domain of athletics calls for such an artificial form of effort. The rowing-man must double himself up like a bent spring at the beginning of each stroke, and, having planted his oar-blade firmly, explode tremendous energy in each heave of the oar. Thumbs to the sliding seat, he gathers himself in a knot so that body, thighs, and legs are doubled upon one another like the parts of a letter N. As he heaves with his back and smashes with his leg-drive he feels as if all the power he ever possessed has gone into that one stroke. Yet this is the thing he has to keep on repeating with exquisite rhythm and unflagging strength until the race is over. It is a man's work—and something more.

How is the American college boy prepared for this ordeal? He comes at the age of eighteen or so from some far inland town in which he has had an opportunity to handle an oar. Or if his home is in Chicago, New York, Boston, or Philadelphia he is no better off, for the American boy who rows is the exception. Tall, wiry, rugged, well-muscled though he may be, he still lacks the special outfit that makes the rowing-man. Suppose he makes the freshman crew. Six months at most are devoted to equipping him with that special outfit. Then he is thrown into a race which fortunately lasts for only two miles and requires only ten minutes of strain. But if he has been driven at highest speed during those ten minutes he may fall exhausted at the finish. The photograph accompanying this article shows a beaten freshman crew in distress at the end of such a race. The incident happened at New London last June on the day Griswold collapsed.

And here let us remember that the severest strain on the rowing-man is not muscular, but mental. Each one feels that the honor of the crew, of the college itself, is peculiarly in his keeping. Should he fail in any respect to justify the confidence placed in him, should his crew for any cause be beaten, he feels that he, his crew, and his college will be disgraced forever. It is that dread responsibility which burns the heart out of every loyal rowing-man. It was that feeling that oppressed poor, devoted Griswold and so weakened him that he fell an easy prey to typhoid a few months after his breakdown in the boat, a breakdown for which he was absolutely blameless. It was his great heart, his loyalty, his unflinching courage, that killed him.

But what is the next step in the development of the American college boy after the freshman race? I know it is fashionable to speak of him as a rowing-man; but the fact remains that he is not a man; he is only a boy, a mere weaky youth, far short of full development, of the stamina needful in such a gruelling struggle as a close four-mile race. Many a youth already trained down "fine"—that is, stripped of all poor tissue—loses between four and eight pounds of



Robust Oxford crew of 1825 starting in a race. These grown men, wearing top hats and whiskers, established the racing distance which our immature boys still follow with blind obedience

his weight in one of these races. Consider for a moment the expenditure of energy that loss of weight indicates. Yet into a contest of this kind we precipitate boys of nineteen years who are really only half fit to race and whose after lives are bound to be shortened by the long, heart-breaking struggle. It is only the exceptionally gifted boy, the youth who has prematurely acquired the stamina of a grown man, who comes scathless through a hard-fought four-mile race. It is but fair to say that most of the college boys in a 'varsity crew suffer no permanent ill effect from the four-mile race; yet it is equally true that a very large minority of the boys are permanently injured in the protracted contest.

I feel confident that every physiologist familiar with our college rowing will agree with the opinion expressed here. Then why is it that our races are still rowed at four miles? The answer is plain—we copy the English. The Oxford and Cambridge crews have, ever since 1845, raced on the Thames between Putney and Mortlake, a distance of four miles and three furlongs. In the early days of American intercollegiate boat-racing three miles was the distance. When Yale and Harvard withdrew from the association and began their long series of dual races at New London they chose four miles as the distance. There is not enough room on the American Thames for a fair course three furlongs longer. Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania presently came to the Thames to race each other, but they stuck to three miles as a long enough race to prove which was the better crew. Harvard was kind enough to give Columbia a race occasionally at three miles, and Yale conferred the same favor on Pennsylvania. After long inactivity Cornell came back into the game and joined Columbia and Pennsylvania in racing three miles on the Thames.

I have watched nearly all the college boat races during the last twenty years, with all the zeal and accuracy possible in a reporter who has trained and raced in eight-oared shells during three years, and I have never seen a three-mile race which did not establish conclusively that the winning crew was the best. Nor have I ever seen a four-mile race afford any test of superiority which could not have been proven in three miles. It is a fact beyond dispute that any crew which can beat another at three miles could win at four, or five, or seven miles.

The test of a three-mile race being sufficient, why did the Intercollegiate Rowing Association, formed when Cornell, Columbia, and Pennsylvania left the Thames for the Hudson, change to the four-mile distance? The veteran oars of those universities knew that three miles made a course long enough; for I have talked with those men and heard them express the opinion that the fourth mile was unnecessary punishment for the crews and practically never changed the result. They adopted the four-mile course in the hope of persuading Harvard and Yale to come over and join in the fun. They came—once—but neither in the third nor the fourth nor any other mile were they anywhere near the front. Ever since they have raced with each other at New London at their favorite four-mile distance and with the certainty of finishing either first or second. But meantime the damage had been done to the Intercollegiate course, and the distance has remained at four miles

Collapse of a beaten freshman crew at New London last June. Here is a striking example of the ill effect of overdriving mere youngsters in a sport requiring the stamina of maturity

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ever since. There seems to be no longer any hope of coaxing Yale and Harvard to compete with the four crews on the Thames, and, therefore, no reason why the sale and same three-mile course should not be restored.

To those who cite the example of the Oxford and Cambridge race as sole authority for sending American crews over a four-mile course I beg to recall two facts—(1) the English university oarsman is much older, more mature, and better able to endure the strain of a long race than our youngsters; (2) the English rowing man has been at the game for years before he goes into the race from Putney to Mortlake, and during those years he has built up the special equipment of muscles, organs, and nerves that are absolutely necessary for a long race. Our present-day practice of racing green college boys over the long course is just as dangerous to the boys as our system of racing two-year-old colts through long, hard campaigns is destructive to the colts.

It has been denied by some partisans of the four-mile race that English schoolboys row in greater numbers or at an earlier age than our own. Against that contention let us remember that England is, above all other lands in this world, a rowing country. For the scores of English men who row in university races there are tens of thousands who spend their holidays on the river. Striplings and gray-beards and all the ages between, are poling punts, or paddling canoes, or sculling gigs, or rowing pairs, fours, or eights. The Thames on any holiday is a highway of pleasure. It is as natural for an Englishman to go out for a day's sport in a boat as it is for an American to go out on a bicycle or in a motor-car. Moreover, the art of rowing has been developed to the utmost and widely dispensed in that country for at least eighty years. Every English rowing boy is taught the correct principles of the art from childhood. He is an accomplished waterman long before he thinks of trying for a 'varsity oar. A boy may come up to college from a school not noted for aquatic fame and still be an excellent waterman, strengthened, toughened, and with a fund of knowledge acquired by years of rowing.

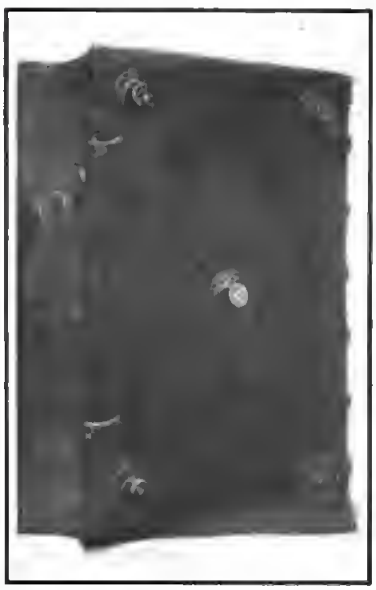
Eton and Winchester are the greatest rowing schools, though there are others not so prominent. As a picture of the conditions under which the English university rowing man is caught very young and bred to the game, let me quote from W. B. Woodgate's excellent book on *Boating* in the Badminton series. He gives this description of how it is done at Eton:

"Boating begins on March 1st 'after twelve,' unless the weather is excessively bad or the river unusually high, when it has to be stopped for a few days. It ends practically at the summer holidays. The half from after the summer holidays till Christmas is devoted to football and fives. Before the Easter holidays the long boats only are allowed, but toward the end of that half some fours are allowed by special permission of the river master. We remember a fame going out in this half without permission and an attempt being made to row up to Maidenhead when lock-up was at 6.30, but it was swamped in Boat Lock and the crew had to walk or run home; on their way they met the river master, and he gave them all two hundred lines to write out, though, the day being very cold, he might have thought them sufficiently punished by the ducking they had got.

"The first day opens with a procession of all the boats to Surly Hall; each crew dressed in flannel shirt and straw hats of different colors, and the name of the boat on the hat-band. The last boat starts first, then the others in inverse order to their places, and after rowing a short way they 'cess all' and await the tender, which pursues an uninterrupted course to Boveney Lock, followed by the others in their proper order. All go into the lock together, and then on to Surly Hall, where they land, play games, and perhaps drink a glass of beer. 'Pars' are called by the captain after about twenty minutes or half an hour, and all go back in the same processional order. Before locks were built there was always a sort of race from Hushes to Surly, each boat trying to catch and bump the one before it, and the fun was to try and get the cuddern off and have a regular pootle. After twelve there is not time to get farther than Surly, but on a half-holiday, after four, several of the boats get to Monkey Island, and occasionally, when lock-up was at 6.30, there was time for an eight to row to Maidenhead. The distance from Windsor Bridge to Hushes is one mile, six furlongs; to Boveney Lock, two miles, one and three-fourths furlongs; to Surly, (about) three miles; to Monkey, four miles, three furlongs; to Bray Lock, five miles; to Maidenhead, six miles.

"The usual practice is for the eights to get out occasionally with the captain steering and coaching them, and for long rows to Surly or Monkey. In the summer half there is so much practising for races that the upper boats seldom get a row with their proper crews. The boys who 'wet bob' and are not in the boats row in skiffs, gigs, or outriggers to the bathing places and to Surly, or paddle about from Brocas to Lower Hope. Canoes, punting, and sailing are not allowed. On June 4th (and formerly on Election Saturday) there is a procession in the evening, and the crews wear striped cotton shirts, straw hats lettered, and sailors' jackets. The steerers are dressed as admirals, captains, or midshipmen of the Royal Navy, and have a large bouquet of flowers; we need not further describe the well-known scene. On the three o'clock nights of old days the upper boats went to Surly in the evening to partake of ducks and green peas, and were joined by the lower boats as they came home all dressed in June 4th costume."

There are a few schools in the United States in which rowing is taught, but in spite of that the art is still a rare exotic here, whereas it flourishes in England as a hardy, indigenous perennial. There is no more reason why we should imitate the length of the Oxford-Cambridge race than that we should wear their university colors. On the contrary, there is abundant reason why we should eliminate that useless fourth mile and prolong the existence of our splendid youngsters who would cheerfully lay down their lives for the honor of their crew. If our authorities shall establish the race on the same basis of three miles, then the death of young Griswold will not have been in vain.



Vol. I. of the first Bible printed—the Mazarin

"Apocalypsis S. Joannis," printed from wood blocks, sold for $10,000

An ancient Greek manuscript on vellum, containing Byzantine miniatures

"Graduale Romanum," used in the services in a German monastery in 1251

SOME RARE BOOKS FROM LORD AMHERST'S LIBRARY, SOLD IN LONDON RECENTLY

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Are Americans "Provincial"?

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR 'HARPER'S WEEKLY'

OU" are a provincial people, you Americans. I do not say so on my own authority, though naturally, as an Englishman, I claim a divine right to know when is provincial and when is not. I merely summarize the conclusions of an article contributed to the January number of that most vigorous and readable periodical, the *National Review*, by Mr. H. W. Horwill. Mr Horwill affects in the title to his article a diffidence he is really far from feeling. He heads it, "Are Americans Provincial?" but in the first two pages he makes it abundantly clear that you are. And Mr. Horwill is an Englishman. Therefore, he is right. Still, before slinking all into silence and obscurity under the stigma of this damning verdict, it may interest you to know how you have earned it. Mr. Horwill piles up the evidence with a loving and generous hand. He begins with the *Congressional Record*, in itself a perfect gold-mine of provincialism. He has heard the American Congress described in one short speech, delivered in the House of Representatives, as "the highest parliamentary assemblage in the world," "the freest and most popular legislative assembly of all time," and "the supreme council of the greatest nation of recorded time." He disinters a marvellous effort by Senator Bailey from which it appears that "the history of the world does not furnish a sublimer courage, a more unselfish patriotism, than that which illumines almost every page in the early history of Texas," and that "the victory of the Texans at San Jacinto is destined to exert a wider influence upon the happiness of the human race than all the conflicts which established and subverted the petty kingdoms of the ancient world." That, one would think, would prove pretty hard to beat, but Mr. Horwill justly awards the palm for ingeniousness to Senator Thurston, who announced that "the country knows, and the world knows, and imperial history will declare, that the war administration of Russell A. Alger stands first in all the annals of recorded time."

From the *Congressional Record* Mr. Horwill turns for his proofs of provincialism to the lighter field of literature. He convicts Dr. George Cary Eggleston of saying of Washington that "not any of the adoration that is given to his character is in the least degree extravagant or excessive. Of him—absolutely alone among mankind—may we prudently speak in unrestrained superlatives. . . . Beyond all question, the greatest man that God ever gave to a deserving or undeserving world. . . . As soldier, statesman, patriot, and man, he was by innate character the most perfect type of what God may be supposed to have intended that a man should be that has ever yet been born upon the earth." Following Dr. Eggleston, Mr. Horwill marshals for our edification the Rev. R. S. McArthur, of New York, who on the first anniversary of McKinley's death, prophesied that "one hundred years from to-day Lincoln will be hailed as the greatest man in the human race, and beside him, if not above him, will stand McKinley." Then Miss Helen Winslow, with her book on *Literary Routes of Feeling*, steps into the box. Her testimony is to the effect that the great Beatonian period was "a literary epoch, the like of which has scarcely been known since the Elizabethan age." She further avers that the Papyrus Club, also of Boston, "is known to men of letters and attainments everywhere." Of a Boston journalist she observes that "besides being recognized as the leading critic, Mr. Clapp is regarded as the finest commentator on Shakespeare of modern times." After noting that Scott, Balzac, and Thackeray received a legal training, she adds that Robert Grant also is a lawyer; and she introduces another writer with the rapt comment that "young people everywhere adore the name of Sophie Swett." But why, asks Mr. Horwill, particularize respecting the various places of America's greatness? The whole matter was summed up by Senator Cummins, of Iowa, once and for all: "Our men are unique in the society of the earth. . . . In the depth and breadth of character, in the volume of hope and ambition, in the universality of knowledge, in reverence for law and order, in the beauty and sweetness of our homes, in respect for the rights of others, in recognition of the duties of citizenship, and in the ease and honor with which we tread the myriad paths leading from rank to rank in life our people surpass all their fellow men."

Searching for the explanation of what he most rudely calls "all this self-complacent provincialism," Mr. Horwill finds that it arises from "a colossal ignorance of what has been done, and is being done outside the United States." This ignorance, in its turn, comes, he thinks, partly from the size of the American continent and the monotony and uniformity of American life, and partly from the "political isolation of the United States," which has spared her, among other things, "the educating influence of direct contact with foreign problems," and has "tended to circumscribe the ideas" of the American people. The Americans remind Mr. Horwill of those persons spoken of by St Paul who, "measuring themselves by themselves and comparing themselves with themselves, are without understanding." The "man in the car" is so impressed by the physical size of the United States that he is "tempted to the belief that what happens in smaller countries cannot deserve much attention." The experience of other nations is therefore "usually dismissed as an unprofitable subject of study." The American trusts to the "uniqueness" of "something which he calls the "American spirit," which, he is persuaded, "can make its own way and win its own conquests without troubling to gain instruction or wearing from the successes and failures of other nations." Mr. Horwill argues that it is just because America is so little willing to learn from the rest of the world that foreign observers, in spite of their eagerness to benefit by her example, find in her methods so much less enlightenment than might have been anticipated. This in her municipal government and her rulership of the Philippines. America has groped afraid for satisfactory solutions of the most elementary problems of administration—problems which have been finally solved, after great waste of time and energy, along lines already laid down by other nations. The American government in the Philippines is without any standard of comparison for its own work. "For example, Mr. Allcane Ireland was shown in the Philippines some of the most wretched roads he had seen in fifteen years of colonial travel, and was asked with pride whether the English had ever done anything like that for the benefit of their colonial subjects. When he replied that you could travel a thousand miles in an automobile in the Federated Malay States on roads as good as the Massachusetts State roads his statement was met, if not with absolute incredulity, at least with the last degree of surprise. It was the same thing, he says, in a hundred matters."

Even among novelists Mr. Horwill finds evidence of "the ambition to lift one's self up by pulling at one's own boot straps." Thus the late Frank Norris urged American writers to cultivate their own vine instead of gathering "the golden less of an ancient crushing"; and another popular Californian author and editor, Mr. Herbert Bashford, has exhorted his fellow laborers on the Pacific coast to "throw off the musty grip of the past" and "get clean away from ancient restrictions and stereotyped forms." In the belief, again, that there is some magical transmuting power in the atmosphere of America, the problems of labor owe Mr. Horwill, have been so neglected that they have become a menace no less threatening than in older countries. "In other words, the contempt of available experience is taking its revenge upon those who are confident that they could lure prosperously without paying heed to the lessons of the past. Sometimes one may compare the results to what happens in the religious world when the study of Church history is neglected. The imagination of the unwary is captured by novel doctrines which presently turn out to be old heresies satisfactorily disposed of centuries ago." The American, as soon as he has got his idea, is satisfied to go ahead without stopping to ascertain whether the same happy thought has visited any one else before him. "It is this characteristic that has led many observers to a conclusion exactly opposite to the truth—the conclusion, namely, that America is an imitative nation. They find American writers on politics, sociology, or education recommending schemes which are already a commonplace in other countries, and they accordingly infer that these suggestions are a tribute consciously paid to foreign example. In many instances, however, the real explanation is that the mind of an American thinker has been independently at work on the problem entirely unaided by the history of previous successes and failures. In his effort to be dazzlingly novel, the American too often overlooks Lowell's caution that "originality consists quite as much in the power of being to purpose what it finds ready to hand as in that of producing what is absolutely new." He thus becomes, to borrow a distinction made by Mr. W. D. Howells in another connection, "as original as to be almost aboriginal. He forgets that the real advantage of being untrammelled by the past is largely forfeited when one is content to remain untaught by it also."

But I am happy to note that Mr. Horwill is not allowed to have matters all his own way. The new year, indeed, has opened with a most promising cannonade of Anglo-American criticisms. If Mr. Horwill belabors Americans in the *National Review*, there is an anonymous American giving us in *Scribner's Magazine* some retaliatory impressions of "England and the English"—and very acute, judicious, and entertaining impressions they are, with a flavor that I for one find greatly to my liking. I do not agree at all points with this unknown commentator, and here and there I seem to detect a certain insistence in his views, as of opinions fixed fifteen or twenty years ago and not sufficiently brought up to date. But that may be simply because, like every one else, my own country is the last thing I dare speak on with assurance, and in any case the writer is so shrewd and fair and illuminating that his English as well as his American readers will profit by his companionship. He clearly knows England and the English well, has pondered them deeply, and has preserved at the same time the invaluable outside and comparative point of view. His "impressions" began when he left New York on an English steamer. "The chattering, waving, gesticulating, high-voiced travellers and good livers are apparently of no interest to the stolid stewards, who move about at slower speed, speak in lower tones, do what they have to do with as little unnecessary expenditure of nerve, muscle, and speech power as possible. Even before the ship moves, you have moved from the exhilarating, bracing bright air of inland and upland plains to the heavier and more moist climate of an island. Movement, speech, feature and bulk are different. They are all—movement, speech, feature and bulk—different in a way that is easily and definitely expressed by one word—heavy. Later, one finds that this word is used accurately. The English men, women, horses, vehicles, machinery, houses, furniture, food, are heavier in proportion than ours."

That is a capital exordium, and it is followed by an equally capital analysis of the English servants as a class or caste, with their own defined values, attitudes, and prescriptive rights and dignities. "They have their pride, their rules of precedence, their code; they are fixed, immovable, unconcerned about other careers, undisturbed by hazy ambitions, and insistent upon their privileges, as are all other Englishmen. They will not overstep the boundary lines of your personal position, and they jealously guard the boundaries of their own. . . . They hold themselves at a high value, assert that value, and wherever and whenever possible take all they can get. It is done quietly, as a matter of right, and with a subdued air of sanctity. This is the British way, an impressive and an eminently successful way." England, says the writer, is a land of men, ruled by men, obedient to the ways and comforts and prejudices of men, not women; and he goes on to comment on the grotesqueness of the Englishwoman's costume. "What hats, what clothes, what shoes, what colors, what amorphous figures! One hears of English economies; evidently they begin with the dressmaker's bill." The men he sees, dress. The women are merely clothed; and he ascribes the insignificance of their display to masculine niggardliness. "The Englishwoman is not given her appropriate share of the income for purposes of personal adornment. . . . In England such matters are on a scale that can only be called mean." I am bound to say my own observation and experience does not bear this out. I think it one of the instances where the writer's criticisms refer rather to the past than to the present; and in opposition to it I will put in, since the merely masculine judgment on such a point is not worth much, the opinion of an American lady who knows London and Paris as well as she knows New York, and who remarked to me not long ago that the London society woman of to-day dressed just as well as and rather more extravagantly than her sisters in New York or Paris, that in the last decade and a half there had been a revolution—due, she thought, very largely to American influence and example—in the Englishwoman's standards of taste and expenditure in such matters, and that you would see at Ranelagh, Hurlingham, Goodwood, and Ascot, and even at supper time at the Savoy, as fine an exhibition of dress and good looks as either Paris or New York could produce. She was particularly emphatic on the excellence of the London shops that devote themselves to feminine fripperies, and I confess that her verdict on the general question rather confirms my own impressions. As for England being a man's country in comparison with America, compared with Germany she decidedly is not. Between the unfettered supremacy of the man in Germany and the equally unfettered exaltation of the woman in America she stands just about midway.

In the matter of food, I sympathize absolutely with our American critic when he lands out at "the eternal round of eggs, bacon, sole, beef, mutton, ham, tongue, and chicken, with potatoes and cabbage and cheese." But he is, I think, particularly happy in characterizing the domineering manner of Englishmen. It expresses itself, in observers, in the best Englishmen by an easy and natural attitude of confidence and repose; but in the second and third rate Englishman, by an attitude of provincial pomposeness and impudence unequalled in the world. He finds two reasons for the "Balkike social attitude of the Englishman." In the first place "his nerves are not on the surface as with us, and as is the case with all the Latin races. He is not intentionally, but constitutionally, stolid. His food and his climate have much to do with this. He is not effusive, not sympathetic, because he is not made that way. Here the mind frets and the body. He is not easily disturbed or moved. This is not a pose: it is a fact. He does not shrink from display or warmth of manner, so much as that they are lacking in his composition." I think there is some exaggeration in all this. Any one who has travelled with a company of Englishmen from England to—say, America or Canada must have observed that though they began by being English, they ended by being human. Outside of England I have always found my own countrymen exceedingly normal and un-English, and am inclined to put down the shell they cultivate in England as the effect, more than anything else, of environment. The second reason that our critic discovers for the Englishman's "seeming lack of spontaneity in manner" is their grounded horror of interfering in other people's business. . . . The result is a delightful freedom from prying or questioning, but at the same time there is, in consequence, an entire lack of ease and vivacity." The lack of vivacity I admit at once, but a lack of ease is about the last defect I should have thought of imputing to the scheme of English life. And there are some other dicta in the article that I should feel inclined to dispute; as when, for instance, the writer says that the enthusiastic and indiscriminate hospitality of Americans to Englishmen and Englishwomen is "simply looked upon by them as an acknowledgment of their superiority"; or, again, when he declares that the "average Englishman" regards the American colony in London "first as people who have recognized his superiority and therefore prefer his society; but secondly, and always, as foreigners, as people who have shirked their duty as Americans." It would be far nearer the truth, in my opinion, to say that the "average Englishman" never troubles himself in the least, one way or the other, about the American colony, and that if he were to think the matter out he would probably conclude that, so far as he was concerned, Americans were free to settle in England or to stay away from it, just as they pleased. The idea of passing judgment on their conduct, either in coming or in abstaining from coming, would hardly, I think, occur to him. If it did he would soon decide that it was none of his business.

WHEN CONGR

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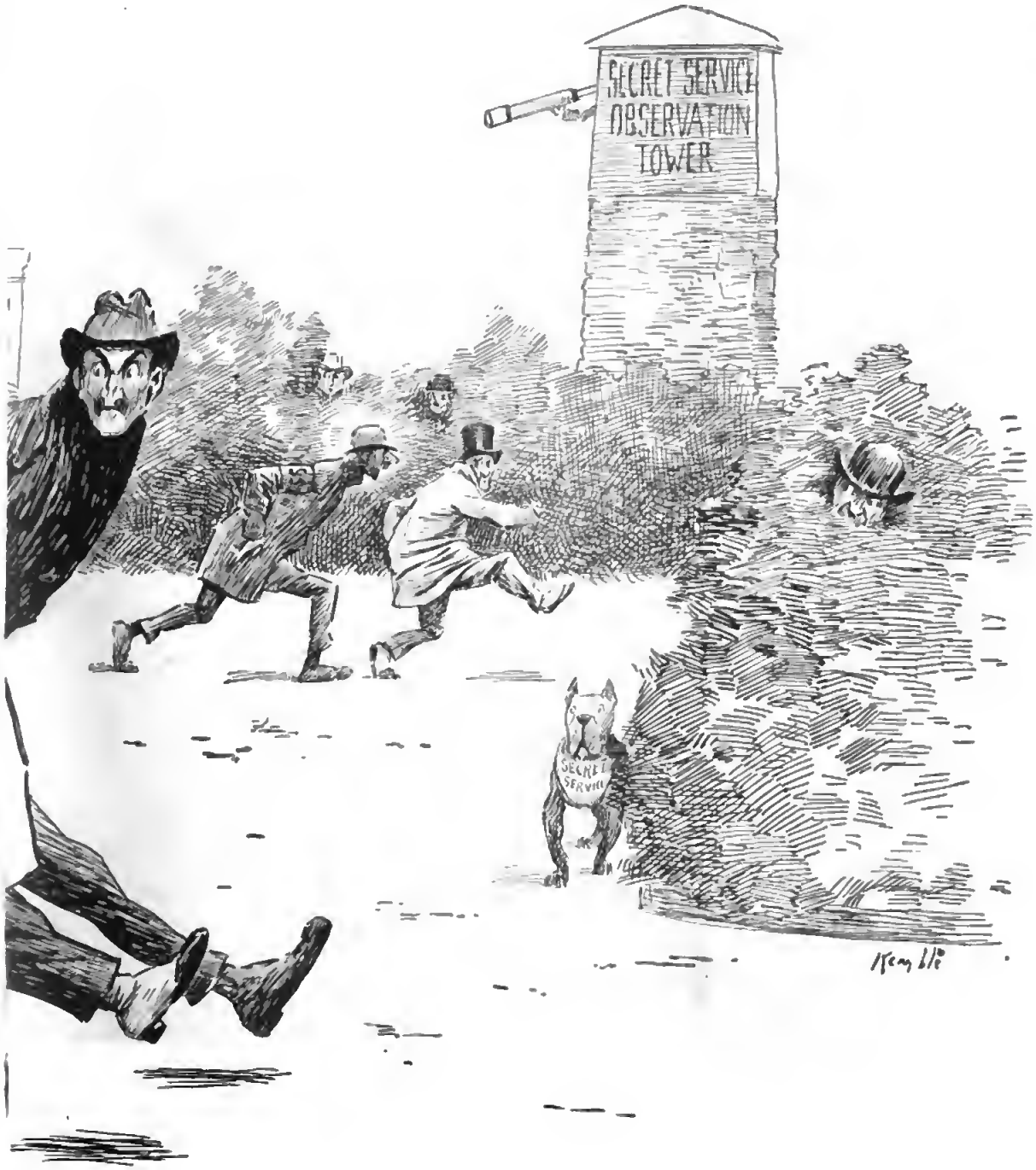

ESS ADJOURNS

W. KEMBLE

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ONE WAY OF ANNOUNCING YOUR ENGAGEMENT

BY ROYAL COMMAND

DURING the life of the late Duke of Devonshire King Edward VII paid occasional visits to Chatsworth, the Derbyshire country seat of the Duke. On one of these visits the King suffered from a slight cold, and the local physician, a man of excellent reputation and considerable skill, was called in. It was the pleasure of the King that the doctor should dine with him every evening during his visit. Sometimes full dress trousers were worn by the King's party and sometimes knee breeches, as each afternoon, before dressing, the doctor telephoned to Chatsworth to inquire the proper dress for the coming evening—trousers or knee-breeches. One afternoon the reply from Chatsworth was to the effect that the form of dress for that evening was uncertain, but that immediate inquiry would be made and the doctor promptly advised. Time went on and no telephone message. The doctor grew somewhat uneasy, but prepared himself as far as he could until his toilet was complete with the exception of his trousers. At this critical juncture the telephone rang, and the maid was requested to answer the call. A moment later there was a tap at his door.

"If you please, sir, you 'ad better go to the telephone."

"Why, what is it, Mary?"

"If you please sir, I—I—I'd rather not tell you, sir."

"Come, come, Mary, don't be stupid; I'm in a hurry; you must tell me at once."

"Well, sir, if you must know, the party at the 'other 'end said, '*No trousers this occasion!*'"

WHAT SHE WANTED

THE blizzard was doing its very worst. All the street cars were stalled up, and Attlebury was unable to get to town being completely blockaded in his suburban home by the raging storm. Neither the milkman nor the butcher had been able to get near the house, and altogether the family was about as badly off as they would have been had Lonelihurst been in a state of siege. Nevertheless, Attlebury put a cheerful face on the matter and tried to make himself agreeable around the house, and would have succeeded rather well if it had not been for a great cloud of gloom that seemed to have settled on Mrs. Attlebury. That good lady could do nothing but stand gazing forlornly out of the window at the sleeting storm and the piling drifts of snow. Now and then she would give forth a heart-rending sigh, or matter an ill-suppressed ejaculation of impatience.

"I hope we, dear," said Attlebury. "I don't mind taking an enforced holiday."

"It's awful," said the good lady.

"There won't be any bargains to-day," smiled Attlebury, "so you needn't bother about that, and as far as breakfast was concerned, I ran get along well without milk and cream and an egg for one morning anyhow."

"It isn't that," sighed Mrs. Attlebury. "I don't care any more about the milkman, or the butcher than you do, but I do miss the morning paper."

"You are not expecting any particular news that you can't wait for, are you?" said Attlebury.

"No," said Mrs. Attlebury, "but I don't feel satisfied nowadays until I've read the weather reports. I want to know what kind of a day we are going to have."

WHICH?

IF THE GATE BE TOO NARROW
AND THE HAT BE TOO WIDE,

WHAT SHE GIVE UP HER HEAD-GEAR
OR FINGER OUTSIDE?

A. B. W.

HER IDEALS

HOWELL. "It is hard for a woman to understand statistics."

POWELL. "I guess that is so. I told my wife that for every passenger the railroads of this country transported two tons of freight, and she wanted to know why the passengers were allowed to carry so much baggage."

BEHIND THE SCREEN

A COLORED preacher in a Georgia town was edified on one occasion by the recital of a dream had by a member of his church.

"I was a-dreamin' all dis time," said the narrator, "dat I was in de Satan's dominions. I tell you, parson, dat was shore a bad dream!"

"Was dere any white men dere?" asked the dusky divine.

"Shore dere was—plenty of 'em," the other hastened to assure his minister.

"What was dey a-doin'?"

"Every one of 'em," was the answer, "was a-holdin' a nigger between him an' de fire!"

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION

"How did that football player get his appointment to the head of the street-cleaning department?"

"I suppose he got it on the recommendation of those who saw the way in which he mopped up the ground with opposing teams last season."

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

Oh, why did heartless Emilye
Go yachting with her lover,
And, when a thousand miles at sea,
Why did she throw him over?

HAMILTON PYNE GALT.

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CAUSE OBVIOUS

A MEMBER of Congress from a New England State says that in his district there lives an old fellow who has attained the ripe age of ninety-two, and this in spite of the fact that he is utterly disregardful of all the accepted rules of health, and consumes spirits and tobacco in enormous quantities. One day the Representative fell into conversation with this ancient citizen, and presently inquired:

"By the way, Mr. Brown, to what do you attribute your long life?"

The other turned scornful eyes upon his questioner.

"And ye be in Congress, young man?" he demanded.

The member bashfully admitted the fact.

"In Congress, and ain't never heard of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest?" the old fellow remarked in an astonished smile.

A CASE WORTH TRYING

MR. F. PHILANDER TOWERSBY, a most excellent citizen, though not noted for lavish prodigality, received recently a consignment of very rare Tokayer Auslerueh. He sent one bottle of the delicious wine to Justice Fordyce of the Supreme Court, who happens to be one of the most eminent connoisseurs in America, and with the bottle sent a note asking his Honor's opinion of the vintage.

Mr. Towersby received next day this reply:

"My dear Sir,—I beg to thank you for the confidence you repose in my judgment as shown by asking for my opinion.

"But inasmuch as I am a lawyer, many years of training and experience make it impossible for me to give an opinion on anything but a case."

THE CRAFTY BARMECIDE

OLD man Wowton, the meanest citizen in all the Blue Grass country, drove up to the market place in Lexington, where an army of negroes stood about or lay basking in the early morning sun waiting for some man to hire them. The old man was so stingy that he usually had great difficulty in engaging negroes to do extra work on his farm, but this time he struck a bargain immediately with big Bill Saunders and the half-dozen powerful but lazy blacks who followed at his heels. All the others were greatly surprised to see this gang ambling out on the big road toward Mr. Wowton's place. Next morning they were mystified to see big Bill and his crowies again in the market place.

"Whadju doin' hyuh, Bill?" asked Hannibal Harrison Tyler.

"Lookin' fo' wuk," Bill replied, sadly.

"Thought you all was wukkin' for' Mistuh Wowton?"

"Yaas; we out'ate was wuk'n' fo' Mistuh Wowton. He come to me yistiddy mawnin' an' say: 'Come on out an' make hay fo' me. I am' gointer pay you all enny mo' dan one dollah a day, but I jes' tell you dis—ev'y mont you all sets down ter yo' gointer have fo' kin's o' meat an' fo' kin's o' bread.' So we all tuk our load in our han' an' went out ter make his hay crap."

"Well, den, hareome you all is come back?" Hannibal inquired.

"I gwine tell yuh," William replied with an injured air. "Yistiddy mawnin' we all walkked in de fel', cut tin' hay an' rakin' hay an' spreadin' hay, outwell de dianuh ho'n done blow at twelve o'clock. Den we goes inter de kitchen, an' all we sees on de big table is a hot o' mizz'bl' pok an' greens an' bread. So I goes up t' de big house an' ax Mistuh Wowton ter come down, please, suh, an' look at dat dianuh. I say, 'Mistuh Wowton, whar dem fo' kin's o' meat you done promised, please, suh?'

"Mistuh Wowton he say: 'W'y, dainh dey is—fat meat, lean meat, skin an' bone. Dainh yuh fo' kin's o' meat.'

"Den I seg ter him, 'Mistuh Wowton, whar dem fo' kin's o' bread you done promised me?' En he say: 'W'y, William, dainh dey is—white bread, co'n bread, crus' an' crumb. Dainh yuh fo' kin's o' bread.' An' dat's why we-all come back hyuh."

SOLVING THE PERPLEXING PUZZLE

ARTIST *(to would-be model)*. "YOU POSE, I PRESUME, FOR THE FIGURE ONLY?"

SECOND THOUGHT

A WELL-KNOWN Brooklyn physician was examining a class of nurses who had served their appointed time in the hospital. The candidates filed past him, and to each he addressed a question calculated to show the nurse's efficiency. In one of the questions he described the condition of a patient and asked the nurse how much morphine, in her opinion, should be administered to the sufferer.

"Eight grains," promptly replied the nurse.

The doctor made no comment, and she passed on. When her turn came again she appeared greatly confused, and said to the examiner: "Doctor, I wish to correct the answer I made last time. I meant to say that one-*eighth* of a grain should be given to the patient."

"Too late," remarked Dr. Matheson, without looking up from his question paper. "The man's dead."

THE TEACHERS

Give me a tree that I may watch it rise
Up, ever upward to the eternal skies,
And learn from it the lesson it doth teach
In patience a'er for higher things to reach.

Give me a tiny rill, a rivulet
That speeds along unmindful of regret;
That dashes onward to the mighty sea
Athirst of that great whole a part to be!

Give me a sturdy peak that proudly rears
Its head aloft whatever storm appears,
To fill my soul with that great strengthfulness
That holds it steadfast in the hour of stress.

Give me a star to look at far above,
A star that sheds its radiant rays of love,
And sparkles fairest in the blackest night,
And sends down through the dark its song of light!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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Overheard on a "Seeing London" Motor

A MONOLOGUE

By May Isabel Fisk

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ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON ROSS

When the waiter came with the tray I would tell him to put it on the floor outside

She climbs up nimbly, but her opposite hat, outspreading and up shooting, awaits with several minutes before she finally wedges herself in on the rear seat. She speaks to her left hand neighbour.

Would you mind squeezing over a little nearer the edge? Thank you ever so much. And if you'll squinch down a little way in your seat, my hat brim will go right over the top of yours. And then when you want to come up I will lean the other way—see? You'll find it much more comfortable, I think. Mamma and I always arrange this way when we go out in cabs together. It's horrid sitting 'way here in the back, but I suppose these other hateful people arranged for their seats in advance.

Goodness! the time it takes for this thing to get started! If this had been America we would have been halfway round and on our way back by this time. Now how in the world am I going to see anything over that enormous hat this woman has on in front? And the way her head sticks out, too. I am going to ask her to take it off!

She wouldn't—spiteful thing! Said she would take cold—she'd just gotten over one.

Well, I guess summer and I have got the system down to the limit about beating the tip habit they have over here. In our hotel in Paris there was a whole lot of elevators, so we never went down in the same one twice running. We marked down on a card, a, b, and c, and then we would put a cross on the one we went in last. In that way I don't think they remembered us—much—so when we went away we didn't give any of them a thing. Then we managed splendidly about the waiters. We had tea and toast in our room in the morning, and when the waiter came with the tray I would tell him to put it on the floor outside, and then when we had finished I would slide it out again, so we really hardly ever saw any one. The service was awfully bad, though. It was all right at first, but after a few days we had to ring and ring and ring before any one would answer. It was awful. And the chambermaid was always waiting outside and saying something about the tray—pointing to it and talking so fast. She spoke such funny French, though, I never could understand her.

. . . Oh—h—you're not American? Somehow I didn't think you looked quite natural—you know what I mean—not—and like us. . . . And you've never been in America? Well, if that isn't the funniest thing I ever heard of—never been in America! Well, I can't get over that! How strange you must feel! I should think America would be the first place any one would think of going to. Just imagine any one never having seen our Flatiron Building and the Subway, and the Elevated Road, and the Museum of Art and Natural History, and all those sort of—well, sort of "wonders."

Oh yes, I've been to the British Museum—I think I'm likely to remember it. That beast of a cabby ran up the steps after us and made such a fuss we had to give him an extra sixpence. We called a policeman, but he said it was all right. I really think they stand in with the cabmen, for we had several experiences like that, and every time the policeman was against us. That wouldn't happen in New York, I'll tell you. And one of the monuments there looked exactly like a man I met on the ship, and I nearly died laughing over it. I'm always seeing resemblances.

What place did the man say this was? . . . Oh, St. Paul's. We have a city in America by the same name—I wonder if the church is named after it? . . . Well, perhaps — but really, now, wouldn't it stand to reason that it's much more natural to name a church after a city than a city after a church? You can't deny *that*. . . . Oh yes, I know, but really when things are so terribly old I had a few centuries more or less doesn't matter at all—at least not to me. Isn't it awfully dirty looking! I expected it would be much bigger. I don't believe it's nearly so high as our new Singer Building, nor as big as our Cathedral we're putting up. . . . Well, maybe, but how can you tell when your Cathedral isn't done yet?

I think it would improve it a lot if it had a gold top on it like Napoleon's Invalids in Paris. You ought to see our stock yards out in Chicago—from pig to bacon in about three whisks of a lamb's tail! . . . No, I wouldn't go inside if you paid me. These churches are all alike—nothing but benches and windows and statuary and people saying their prayers. I can't tell one from another. And they all smell stuffy and unaired. After you reminded me I remembered, though I could always tell this one, because when I go to take the train for Aunt Adelaide's at Christmas I always take a Christopher Street car to the ferry. And the other name is about a bird. . . . Oh yes, that's it—I always can tell it when I hear it, but I do sometimes hesitate between Robin and Wren.

Heavens! how slow we go! If this was New York we would be through this round in a jiffy. . . . Perhaps, but what would the hospitals do if there weren't accidents occasionally? And I know all about hospitals—I took up charity after our bridge club was over, and I used to read for them once a week. I got awfully tired of it, though—particularly after a terribly good-looking doctor left. It was horribly depressing seeing all those sick people looking so forlorn and gloomy. And you would think they would be as happy and cheerful as possible when everything was done to help them. I made up my mind, though, that the more trouble you took for them the less they appreciated it. So I gave it up.

Goodness! I wish that man wouldn't shriek so loud through that megaphone—I can hardly hear myself talk. What time do the stores close here? I've got a lot of things to get before we go back. . . . What did he say that was? Oh, the Law Courts. They don't look a bit interesting. I went to a murder trial in New York once—I didn't tell mommer about it, though. It was perfectly lovely. He was so frightfully handsome, and used to get so pale and sit and twist his hands. And he had the most gorgeous eyes I ever saw. I don't believe he was guilty a bit, though they did convict him—such a shame. I sent him some flowers once, but he never answered them.

Where's a good place to get cheap handkerchiefs to take back? That's the worst bother about coming over here—everybody expects you to bring them something. I hate people ill, but then when the rest of them come over they won't bring you anything if you don't do the same. So I have to.

Yes, I'm crazy to get back—I love the trip. . . . Oh no, I wasn't thinking about the rest or air. No, indeed! I can get along all right without *them*. I had such a perfect time coming over. The first officer was simply dear to me—it was moonlight all the way—and we used to go 'way up toward the bow and look for phosphorous in the water. I never saw any. And then he used to lend me one of his coats with brass buttons on it when it was cold—perfectly fascinating. When no one was around of course. I'm crazy to go back on the same boat.

Oh, goodness! more churches! Well, I don't care what they are, I absolutely can't stand the sight of another one. I've seen about a million over here, I think. It got so when we arrived in a town the first thing I would ask if there was a cathedral, and where it was, and then when it was pointed out I would walk the other way!

There's another post-card place. I suppose they won't stop a few moments while I jump off and get some? . . . No, I supposed they wouldn't.

I got one of those lovely skin tight, Directoire dresses in Paris—I don't know what popper will say when he sees me in it. It's so slinky and lovely, and I've learned to walk just like a snake in it. I believe I could play any kind of a tragic part in that dress—Camille or Elsa or the Merry Widow or—anything. . . . Oh, this is Strand Street, is it? It can't touch Broadway.

Well, I was just going to tell you—I thought of going on the stage. My manicure always said she was sure I would make a great actress. Of course I wouldn't play funny parts or anything where I couldn't look nice or wear lovely clothes. Only where I could have long trains—yards and yards dragging on the ground—and be misunderstood. Don't you know? Where the husband would think I was in love with the best friend and would treat me horribly, and then, in the last act, it would all be explained and show I was a martyr and only doing it to help—don't you see? And then when he was dying I would pretend I didn't care, and then when he was almost at death's door I would send for a specialist to try and pull him through. But he wouldn't be able to—and I would wear pink and a diamond aigrette in my hair for that—and then I would forgive him while they played something soft. I can see it all just as plainly.

I've thought sometimes I would write plays—I

That beast of a cabby ran up the steps after us and made such a fuss we had to give him an extra sixpence

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One of the mummies looked exactly like a man I met on the ship

have so many ideas. But in America the best people wouldn't write or anything like that.

This is Trafalgar Square? I do think it would look ever so much more homelike and attractive if they would have some trees and grass in it—all our parks are like that. . . . This is where the suffragettes make speeches to the unemployed, isn't it? . . . Yes, I know about Nelson, too, but wasn't there a lot of talk about him? You know in my country people can't be heroes and things unless they are perfectly proper.

Yes, I know that's the National Gallery. I was in there one day when it was too wet to go shopping—I've made it a sort of point to go to a picture-gallery over here when I can't go shopping—I mean when you really don't intend to, but just go to look. There was one picture there that was the most marvellous thing I ever saw—you wouldn't believe me. A woman holding a cat—and do you know, that cat was the absolute living image of one that lives next door to us in New York and spits at my dog every time I take him out! I never saw such a likeness in my life. I wondered if it was a portrait. . . . Why, of course, I did—every one! But when you have seen as many pictures as I have you finally find out that there isn't so much difference in pictures after all—one gets to look just like another, and when you come to think of it they are only canvas and paint, anyway—all made out of the same stuff. I took painting lessons for two winters, and so I really do know a little something about art, if I do say it myself. One of the teachers at the school said he never saw anything like some of the things I had painted all by myself at home.

Have I been to Westminster Abbey? Well, I should think I had. I did it in fifteen minutes the other day—that's a record, I guess. I found the cheapest little dressmaker in one of those funny little streets off from a big one, and I had just a quarter of an hour between fittings to devote to seeing something, and I went there. You see pepper made me promise, before I left home, I would see one sight every day. This trip is to finish me off.

If you had seen the way I raced through that place—just the way I make a bee-line for a bargain counter in New York—but I saw everything. Of course I didn't read all those epitaphs on the graves and things, but I bought a guide-book coming out, so pepper won't know the difference. Some of those old images were in awful bad shape, though. Now a little as every time a nose or a hand went off we would put a new one on. I mean if we had it in America. I'm not crazy about old things, anyway—all musty and full of microbes.

Now, isn't that hateful? Here we've been poking along all the way, and now he rushed us right past that window with all those lovely things. Shopper is out prospecting for shirtwaists for me this afternoon while I'm "improving"—I just despise it.

Oh—h, did you see those lovely hats? I can't stand this any longer—I'm going to make him let me off. All this sight-seeing has given me a headache.

Good-by. Perhaps we'll meet again sometime. You must look me up if you ever come to America!

Have I been to Westminster Abbey? I did it in fifteen minutes the other day

A Desperate Affair

By Charles G. Ayres

Lieutenant-Colonel, U.S.A., Retired

For some years after the Civil War there was great feeling in the South against United States troops, naturally, and in Texas this feeling was very bitter. After the government had raised the regular colored regiments in 1866, most of them were stationed at posts in Texas. Against these colored troops there was, and is to-day, the greatest prejudice. The officers of those regiments were white men; all the enlisted men were colored. They were the finest specimens physically in the army. There were four of these regiments—the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry. These men were selected with great care by the recruiting officers, and after being thoroughly "set up," as we called it in those days, they were a dashing lot of troops and did very hard and desperate service. I served twenty-seven years in the Tenth Cavalry. Our men were young, and the officers were a gallant lot. All of the officers were above thirty years of age and many of the men had been through the Civil War and were tried veterans.

Some idea may be had of the officers and the services of the Tenth Cavalry when I call the reader's attention to the fact that since I joined the Tenth United States Cavalry, in 1874, sixteen of the forty-two who were in it then have been promoted generals in the regular army. Of course such men as these officers possessed dashing troops out of the material described above. Well and affectionately do I remember them all. The most dashing-looking soldiers I ever saw; their yellow-trimmed uniforms contrasting brilliantly with their dark faces, and their clothing cut to fit by the troop tailors. Elegant-looking fellows. Some of the sergeants and corporals were superb. Of course such men handled by such a lot of officers, men of high soldierly attainments and spirit, made fine troops. They would follow their officers anywhere they had the nerve to lead them, and that was far. All who know the American negro, especially of those days, know of his supreme contempt for "poor white trash." Be it remembered that these men were mostly from the South, and preferred "fine haired gentlemen," as they termed those they thought to be gentlemen. From what is written it may be easily seen that when the soldiers came in contact with some of the low whites who used to be around our frontier posts, and when the latter tried to assert their superiority on the ground that they were white men, and in so doing used the most insulting language to assert their superiority, there was bound to be a row, generally a killing.

In 1874 the headquarters of the Tenth Cavalry were at Fort Concho on the Concho River, and about two hundred and fifty miles from the railroad. About half a mile west of the post, across the river, was and is to-day a small town. At that time it was a place built of adobe bricks, with a few stores, several saloons and gambling-houses. This town was supported entirely by the money paid the troops. Every pay-day there was a "circus" over there. The men after getting their pay would go to the town, San Angelo by name, to have a little fun. The only fun was gambling and drinking with a few girls at the dance hall. The gamblers followed the paymasters, and as long as the soldiers had money they were welcome, but when that was gone the haughty spirit of some "proud Castilian" who had a few drinks ahead, these drinks paid for by a colored trooper, would resent some fancied or real familiarity on the part of said trooper, now "broke," and then the ball would open. The ingredients in such a case, bad whiskey, a Colt's .45, "ladies" perhaps looking on, all contributed to "an fine a fight as you ever seen," in the vernacular of the country. When I first saw San Angelo the graveyard had eighty-two graves. All these were "occupied by" men who had been killed in the manner I am about to describe. Quite a good-sized graveyard for so small a town.

I will endeavor to describe a most desperate encounter between some soldiers of my old regiment and a lot of desperadoes, which occurred in a barroom in San Angelo about twenty-eight years ago. The incidents are correct absolutely, in the main, although the author is depending on his memory. But such affairs are never forgotten. One morning a deputy sheriff, so called, rode from San Angelo over to Fort Concho, and, going to the old Settler's Store, found a soldier, trumpeter, holding an officer's horse in front of the officers' club-room. He said to the trumpeter, using an opprobrious epithet, "Where is Lieutenant ——?" The trumpeter, nettled at the sheriff's speech and manner, said, "I am not Lieutenant ——'s keeper. Look for yourself." At this the sheriff drew a Colt's .45 and fired. The ball struck the trumpeter, crushing the latter's hip-joint. The sheriff then wheeled his horse and galloped on to the town of San Angelo. This was on Wednesday, about 10 A.M. The trumpeter was taken to the post hospital and died that night. A coroner's jury found this a case of "justifiable homicide." Nothing was done by the troops until the Saturday following. Saturday night, about eleven o'clock, long after "taps," the first sergeant of the troop to which the trumpeter belonged, with twenty-two men of the same troop, armed each with .45 Colt's revolvers, crossed the river, entered the town, and, going to the saloon where they knew the sheriff and his friends were to be found, entered, ostensibly to get a drink. The room was about forty feet long with a bar at one end. The rest of the room was used for gambling or dancing. The sheriff and about twenty-five or thirty of his kind were sitting at the different tables playing cards or drinking. The soldiers, with their weapons under their blouses, filed up to the bar, and the first sergeant said, "Boys, what will you drink?" The drinks being set before them, the soldiers gave the customary frontier toast of "Here" and drained their glasses. The first sergeant and backed the door after the soldiers had all entered. After the glasses had been emptied, and at a sign of the sergeant, the men made an "about face" which brought them facing the sheriff and his friends. At the command "Commence firing." the soldiers drew their weapons and advanced in line down the room upon the other party, firing as they went, dust fancy, if you can, the picture. Twenty-five or thirty outlaws on one side, and twenty-three negro soldiers on the other, all veterans, within a few feet of each other. There was no way of escape. The low room, dimly lighted filled with smoke and the flashes of the revolvers, the white men yelling, screaming, crying for mercy, which they knew would not be granted. This frightful scene lasted but a few moments. Such things never can last but a few moments. At first a terrible din, growing fainter and fainter as the killing goes on, until at length a few dropping shots, and then a terrible silence which tells to those familiar with such scenes that the tragedy is ended.

The sounds were heard at the post and a guard went to see what had occurred. When they arrived they found the first sergeant and eight of his men alive; the outlaws were practically annihilated. The sheriff dropped to the floor, fearing death. The first sergeant went to where he was lying and noticed his eyelids flutter, and called out, "This —— is not dead." Putting his revolver between the man's eyes as he lay there, he shot him through the brain. The soldiers then returned to the post. In those days we used to have a Sunday morning inspection. The men who were left after this fight paraded as usual, mounted, with full field pack. After this inspection the first sergeant and his eight surviving comrades rode out of Fort Concho, and have never been seen since. The whites of San Angelo swore vengeance against them; swore they would follow them to the bitter end. The sergeant left word in the town that he and his men would wait at Mountain Pass, about eighty miles distant, for those who wished revenge. They stayed there several days. No one wanted any more of them. There was no body of men in that part of the country who *did* want to see those soldiers again. The officers of the post well knew that colored soldiers could not obtain a fair hearing in those days. Of course things are different now. Texas is now an orderly State.

For desperate building courage that affair has no equal in the world. I visited the barroom where it took place a few days after. It looked as if shrapnel shells had been exploded there. Pieces of the door, shelves torn, and general destruction appeared every where. It must have been a terrific scene.

Drawn by M. J. Burns

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

Gaming in France—"Closed" and Open Clubs

PARIS gambles everywhere. At the periodical street fairs the workmen stake their double sous on the Little Horses; in the closed clubs fortunes are lost and won; in the places watched by the police, and in the clubs open to the wide world, the theaters play on everything in sight. Past the age of forty years, no one is admitted as a member of a closed club, "because," to quote the words of a clubman, "by the time a man is forty years old he has made so many enemies that some are certain to blackball him, no matter which club he tries to enter." However, any one is welcome at the open clubs.

The clubs of "Big Life," as the Parisian terms High Life, include the Jockey, Epatant, the Union, and others. Cards are played for money at the Jockey Club, but the object of its foundation was the improvement of the horse. It was organized by fourteen young men of the world, and the number of members is not limited by the statutes, but candidates must be irreproachable, so far as their social standing and fortunes are concerned. An ordinary individual must be proposed by three members, but those of the diplomatic corps and foreign ministers are admitted without taking a vote. Members of the English Jockey Club are admitted to the tribune on field days without invitations, and to the clubhouse by invitation of the president of the French club. Foreigners of standing, who are in Paris for a time, may become temporary members on payment of two hundred francs.

The rules of all the closed clubs are about the same. To gain admission a man must be over twenty-five years of age, proposed by three members, and voted upon by ballot. Patrons are responsible for the people they introduce into the club-rooms until such time as their protégés are formally made members. The law permitting clubs to open on a simple declaration gives the dishonestly inclined such latitude that the police are kept busy watching for evidence of crookedness.

Baccara, as played at the open clubs, is the banker's easy method of riddling his guests. He deals the cards two at a time, one to the right and the other to the left. The highest number is nine, and the person whose card is nearest that number wins the game. The gamblers bet on the hands held by the "partners." Women are admitted to the open clubs and they play with the same enthusiasm as they shop on bargain-day. When their money is gone they strip the jewels from their persons and sell them to "the jeweller," who, being an attaché of the club, is always at hand. That individual is as necessary to the convenience of a club frequented by women as the croupier is to the green table. Between the hours of 2 P.M. and 2 A.M. the gambling-room is the scene of deplorable dramas. There they sit—men and women—haggard, dishevelled, glassy-eyed, staring at the stakes, talking to themselves, and oblivious to everything except the play. Some of them even take their lunch to the table to avert the necessity of leaving the game. They gnaw their sandwiches convulsively, snapping their tense jaws and gazing in unseeing agony at the garçon as he glides around the table distributing orangeades at so much a glass, and clear or sugared water gratis.

Presumably the man most responsible for the first steps in this peculiar form of devil's work is the outside tempter, the runner for the house, the whipper-in. Most likely he is a ruined spendthrift returned to his old stamping ground after making a failure at all else. Elegant idler, tarnished, accomplished man-of-the-world and adventurer, who has personal magnetism enough to enable him to get his game to cover without trouble. He dines and wines the stranger at the open club, and, after dinner, leads him, dim-eyed, to a quiet corner and draws him out. Unless the greenhorn is unlike most of his kind, he displays his money, tells of his plans, and finally follows his host to a place at the tables.

The whipper-in, like all gamblers, is superstitious. He rules his play by combinations dreamed by himself after a night of frenzy, or suggested to him by snatches of talk or words heard in the street. He and his fellows believe in signs and hunt for the lucky. They get tips as the men who play the races get tips on horses. For example, he who dreams of smoke bets his money on "Firebrand." The longer a man gambles the more certain he feels that his combination will eventually bring him a fortune. It is a fact that the men who know the inside of the game, the so-called "wise ones," gamble by the strong impulses of their natures and that they die "broke"; but it is not as well known that the croupiers of gambling houses, who watch "the green" until three or four o'clock in the morning, go from their own tables not to bed, but to the tables of others to stake their pile away from home. Their theory is that "a change of place is a change of luck," but generally they lose.

In the Quartier Montmartre there is a café that never closes. There, four hours out of every twenty-four, the croupiers of the gambling clubs of Paris play manille until they have nothing more to stake. So far as is known, only one croupier now on earth has escaped the gambler's fever. He works in Baden, and his employers and the gamblers prize him above gold as a mascot because he has never staked a sou nor touched a card. His wages are immediately doubled whenever he hints at a longing to spread his wings, and these are again doubled when it is rumored that, in his remorse of conscience, he is meditating suicide.

"Turn back!" he cries to newcomers, "this place is hell! Run!—before it is too late!" The managers smile, because dread of vice, innocence, and clean hands all bring luck. The virtuous croupier of Baden is no Pharisee; he means all he says. Why does he stay there? Who knows?

The president of an open club draws an annual salary of from 20,000 to 30,000 francs, and his floating profits amount to from three hundred to eight hundred francs. The "wise one," to who spends his days at the club to save outside expenses, fights shy of the green table. However, he presents a fine appearance, and his perfect manners are awe-inspiring to the guests of the runner, so that the managers are willing to have him live on the house. They care for nothing except their profits, and the home-office is Liberty Hall. The employees are allowed free hand, and each in his own sphere rules by his personal judgment and makes what profit he is able. One of them, a man having a cigar stand at the club, charged such exorbitant prices that he retired to the country after ten years built an elegant house, and lived on the interest of his money.

The life of the employee of a club is as easy as he makes it, but the laborer earning sixty sous per day does not envy him. The moral atmosphere of the life is harrowing, and tragedies become closed incidents as they pass. Now and then a woman falls in a fit or a man goes mad.

"I have seen," said a Parisian clubman, "a strong man thirty-five years old lose his last sou, rise from the table, stand an instant with eyes bulging, wipe his face with his soft hat, crush the hat into his pocket, and rush bareheaded into the street to disappear from earth. What became of him? No one knows!"

One night when the incomparable dancer, "the beautiful G——," had just lost 80,000 francs the club was raided by the police. When the commissary entered with his aids the assembly stared. Then all together, men and women, rushed at him howling, and he did his work amidst the outcries of the mob. In another place, where the triple-locked door opened only to the counter-signal of an electric bell, the police entered five minutes after touching the button, only to find themselves in a room full of men and women dancing on a waxed floor to music played by a long-haired artist seated at a piano. It had taken the agile and energetic employees just those five minutes to clear away tables, carpets, machines, and stakes, thereby changing a gambling hell into a ballroom.

As a general rule the house gets the stakes, but whoever wins gets his money, for the by-laws of the club make it impossible that the successful gambler should fail to receive his winnings. If the loser should have no means of paying his debt the club pays it for him. Because of the many possibilities opened by this obligation, in some of the houses the would-be gambler is required to show his money before taking his place at the table. If the cashier is certain of his man the depleted one is allowed to open an account at the local bank. The administration has but one way to close such an account; credit can be discontinued only by the clearly expressed desire of the debtor. A letter must be written by him, personally, at his residence after the excitement of the gambling room has passed. The missive must show that the writer was in a calm state of mind when he wrote it, and that his desire to close his credit was sincere. An account thus closed may only be reopened upon the receipt of a formal written application.

Gamblers are of all classes and temperaments. Some men in possession of fortunes of forty million francs annually increase this by three millions at the green table. Some, who have nothing to run on but their grit, live moderately well by play. Others, far from resembling the heroes of the melodramas, are matter-of-fact, every-day, philosophical gamblers who play low, win small sums occasionally, and live happily in easy poverty.

HOW THE PARIS POLICE HANDLE A CROWD

Charging the mob which had blocked the streets during a recent demonstration by the students of Paris

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THE SENATORIAL HALL OF FAME

NEW YORK—DEPEW AND PLATT

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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Making Policemen of Horses

By Edwin Emerson

TO watch for five minutes at some one of the congested points of New York's thoroughfares, where several streets intersect and mounted policemen, posted amid whirlpools of traffic, unravel the tangled snarl of crowding teams, automobiles, pedestrians, all at cross purposes, brings home to the spectator with incredible effect the realization that it is the horse which is in the main responsible for the safeguarding of the city streets, and that a stupid or ill-trained animal would bring about disaster.

In fact, fully the greater part of the work falls on the horse, the man upon its back only thinks and points and talks, while the horse carries him to the strategic point, or, swinging about, or sidling, or backing, thrusts its body into the breach without ever a quaver at the ever-imminent danger to itself.

Watch a police force handling a crowd, and you cannot but admire the intelligent discrimination with which the horse, while apparently threatening to trample everybody underfoot, never really hurts any one.

On New-Year's Eve in New York, according to newspaper estimates, nearly a million people thronged up and down Broadway and Wall Street to hear the midnight chimes ring out from Trinity steeple—or, rather, to drown the music of those chimes with the blatant blare of innumerable tin horns.

Six weeks before that, on Election Night, when Mr. Taft came into his own, it was reported that over a million people crowded about the bulletin-boards and canvas sheets exhibited along Newspaper Row and up and down Broadway.

During both of these outpourings of the giant city's multitude there were no casualties or accidents of moment. The credit for this, very properly, was claimed by the police of New York, and particularly by the thousand-odd men of the Metropolitan Traffic Squad. No one had a good word to say for the horses; on the contrary, many of those who had to give way before their hoofs cursed them roundly; yet, if credit were given where it rightly belonged for the work of those two nights, the horses should at least receive an honorable mention.

Teaching a horse to catch Miss Duffy, the trained gray runaway mare at the Jamaica farm

He it is who, with the aid of a Deputy Commissioner and a veterinary surgeon, purchases every horse that goes into the Mounted Police Force of Greater New York, and who is responsible for its proper training and general welfare both before and after its final entry into the police service. In addition to this it devolves upon Mr. Shanton to purchase all horse supplies, such as fodder, blankets, saddles, bridles, halters, shoes, spurs, soap, currycombs, and brushes, as well as horse medicine. Besides this he must maintain general supervision over all police stables, and over the Police Riding-school and Horse-training Farm at Jamaica, on Long Island.

As might be inferred, Mr. Shanton is a very busy man, and his inspection automobile is kept so constantly in service that it is a hard thing ever to catch him at leisure.

To see Mr. Shenton at his best one should watch him either while he is selecting a horse for purchase or when he takes a hand in training some specially difficult steed out at the horse-farm.

In the purchase of police horses certain rules prevail. These rules are mostly of Mr. Shanton's own making. For instance, no mares or stallions are ever chosen. All must be geldings and all must be of uniform height, weight, and color. That is, no horse under fifteen and a half hands and under nine hundred pounds is eligible for police service. The ideal police horse should stand sixteen hands high, and weigh a thousand pounds. In color it should be bay or chestnut, preferably with a black mane and tail and without marks. Docked tails or brandings are considered undesirable mutilations. Of course every horse selected for purchase must be sound in wind and limb, and preferably young—that is, not older than six years. The average price paid for such horses is $310 apiece.

The price is fixed by the Police Commissioners in the form of open bids. Generally the animals are supplied by some large horse-mart. They are selected by a purchasing board of three and are taken on thirty days' probation.

The probation period of thirty days covers the training period, after which time the newly chosen horses must be either returned to the horse-mart as unacceptable or turned into the Traffic Squad or Mounted Park Police as horses fit and ready for police duty.

"Fit for police duty" means that the horse must be broken to the saddle, and to go in single and double harness in case of emergency service. All that is required of a first-class saddle horse is required of a police horse. This means that a horse must be well bitted, must be bridle wise and leg wise. In other words, it must respond at once to any tug on the bit, to pressure from the reins or from the rider's legs. It must be ready at call to walk, stop, sidle, back, trot, canter, gallop, or run, and must know how to traverse, or change its lead while galloping. Then it must know how to stand alone without its rider, and how to "handle" crowds by pushing as backing into them without herming them. Furthermore, it must know how to catch up with runaway horses.

All these things can be taught only through incessant practice and by the exercise of constant patience and perseverance. On the police horse-training farm these are the only methods in vogue.

There, under the supervision of Mr. Shenton, are five horse-trainers who, together with as many hostlers, attend to nothing else but the education of new police horses. Like their chief, these trainers are picked horsemen who have earned their reputation as first-class riders by long experience in the saddle as cavalrymen, mounted policemen, or jockeys. When they have trained a horse and pronounced him fit to be ridden that horse may be depended on as a perfect saddle horse.

Most of their lessons are taught by kindness and unremitting patience, coupled with firmness, followed by extra rewards such as sugar, petting, or luscious carrots. Great pains are taken by them in the matter of properly bitting a horse, for on that depend such necessary acts as stopping and backing. A horse that has not been properly trained to the bit when the reins are drawn taut, instead of reshing its neck or backing, as it should, will rear and sometimes topple over. This is not so much because its mouth is tender as because the muscles of its neck have not been rendered

Shanton giving a "green" horse his first lesson at the school

There is in New York a horse belonging to a mounted policeman stationed on Wall Street, whose business it is to keep the narrow roadway of that crowded street as clear as possible from pedestrians. At the lunch hour many of the messenger boys employed by the brokers of the so-called "curb market," who transact their business in the open, make it their habit to squat down on the curb as they eat their luncheon. Ordinarily this is a practice not to be tolerated by any intelligent police horse. But during the noon hour this horse is willing to make exception. Therefore, when by chance its rider drives it along the curb at that hour, the horse, with a knowing wink to the boys, carefully steps over every one of their outstretched legs. The boys know just what to expect and never stir. Incidentally, this forbearance on the part of the horse is apt to result in banana peels or apple cores handed up from the sidewalk.

This is an unusual trick, of course; yet any one of the eight hundred horses now doing duty in the Mounted Police Squad of New York could be taught to do the same thing.

The reason for this is that all the horses in the Traffic Squad have been selected with a special eye to intelligence and good horse sense, and, furthermore, they have all been put through a special course of horsemanship.

The man who is responsible for all this is Mr. T. H. Shanton, who bears the official title of "Foreman of Horse and Horse Equipments" in the New York Police Department, but is best known among horsemen as Buffalo Bill's "Laramie Kid."

Catching a "kicker" who has resented the attentions of his schoolmaster

sufficiently supple by constant practice to enable it to arch its neck.

To make things easier for both rider and mount the New York policemen, unlike the cavalry, use double bits—a linked snaffle bit for light reining, and a curb bit with chin chain for sudden stops or backing.

Once a horse has been taught to bear a saddle and afterward a rider, and to respond to the bit, he is made broadside wise and leg wise by riding him around and around over a course laid out in a figure eight, so as to get him used to sudden swerving from right to left, and vice versa. Jumping over ditches and hurdles, first riderless, and then with different riders, comes after this.

The final lessons, toward the close of the month, consist in chasing runaway horses. For this purpose the Police Training Farm keeps a special track horse—a little gray mare named Miss Duffy—who knows just how to run away with an empty cart clattering behind her, and also knows how to let herself be overtaken and brought to a halt.

After a green horse has gone through this performance about a dozen times, he knows just what is expected of him, and ever after will prick up his ears at the sound of galloping hoofs, ready at his rider's call to start instantly in full pursuit.

By the time a horse has learned all these things his trainers have also had abundant opportunity to learn whether he is a good horse or not, and whether he will do for the job. If not, back he goes to the horse-market. The dealer does not get his money, but instead of that he gets a very well-trained saddle horse in place of a raw, unbroken colt.

In fact, it is safe to say that the horse bought for three hundred and ten dollars by Mr. Shanton, by the time he turns in for service in the Mounted Squad is worth just about twice as much. Thus, stated in terms of profit and loss, we get a much better idea just what Mr. Shanton's work is worth to the city of New York in money. But it is worth much more than that, for Mr. Shanton has provided the city of New York with the best-mounted police force in the world.

T. H. Shanton riding the range in Wyoming, where he was known as the "Laramie Kid"

Taking a new horse over an obstacle in a practice run at the farm

Shanton sits as straight as his friend Buffalo Bill

Two Letters

By John Esterby

Paulding, *November 18, 1908*

My dear Son,—I was delighted, as I always am, to receive your weekly letter, and to know that you continue well and happy. I confess to some anxiety lest you should take cold during this variable November weather; and if you have not put on your winter flannels, you should do so at once, as a sudden chill is no *joke* to be dreaded. Do you always remember to wear your overshoes whenever it is wet? Fresh snow just when it begins to melt is particularly dangerous.

How is your strained elbow? You have not mentioned it for several weeks. I do trust it will soon be well. I am really almost sorry now that we were prevailed upon to give our consent to your playing football in this, your first year at school. Of course, knowing nothing at all about the game, and never having seen it played, I am not a good judge, but from what I read in the newspapers I am sure it must be a very rough and tumble sport.

You say that you weigh one hundred and thirty and a half pounds. How is that? When you left home in September, you weighed one hundred and thirty four, and you were still wearing your summer clothing. Are you *quite sure* you are *perfectly* well? If your reports showed that you were in a higher group I should feel convinced that the loss of weight was due to overstudy; but as it is, I fear there must be some other obscure cause. If you continue to lose I shall write to the school physician about it.

Have you plenty of clothes to last until the holidays, and do you like the new overcoat and is it large enough?

Your monthly accounts have come at last, and I notice an item among them. "Trunk" (or trunks, I think it is), "seventy five cents." I presume this must mean repairs. I should be sorry, indeed, if those careless baggage people have broken your nice new trunk, which was supposed to be especially strong and well made.

Now, my dear boy, I must post this, so good-by for to-day.

Be sure to answer all my questions in your next letter, particularly about the flannels and your injured elbow and the new overcoat, and *don't neglect* to keep me informed from *week to week* about your weight.

By the way, are you permitted to have Thanksgiving boxes?

With much love, as always,

Your Devoted Mother.

The Rail School, Peterboro, *November 22, 1908*

My dear Mother,—Well, the last game of the season has been played and won—28–0! That seems to resemble a walk away, but really it was a great game. I'll try to give you the principal details.

About ten o'clock Saturday a lot automobiles began to come pouring into town loaded down with girls, mothers, fathers, big brothers, and kids!

The Sixth Form Hat was simply crowded to overflowing with girls who had come to see the game. All morning and afternoon the autos kept coming, until at 2:15 the school bunched up by Forms in the West Quadrangle. Being in the Fourth Form, I was right behind the Band—a great big horn, and a dinky little horn, and some intermediate horns, and a fife, and a little drum, and a big drum, and a Dutchman with a pair of cymbals. After some delay the school got started out to the field, shouting the marching song. I tell you, mother, when 280-odd fellows get together, with a brass band in front, they make considerable noise!

We marched around the field and then "beat it" to the Grand stand.

At 2:45 the game began with a record-breaking kick on the part of the Holderford team. Their kicker-off booted the ball from the centre of the field square and fair between the goal posts about five feet above the cross bar—you never saw such a kick! It didn't help much, though, for we made four touchdowns in the first half and one in the second. Paulding kicked three goals. About the middle of the second half one of those plays happened that you read about! The team were lined up on Holderford's forty-yard line. Our fellows made a line back, and then Flatgelter wormed through the pile up and started down the field with only the Holderford quarter back between him and the goal line. Flatgelter went right for him, and dodged just as he tried to tackle. The quarter back missed, and Flatgelter went on across like line—and maybe there wasn't some noise made then, Mother!

After cheering everybody on the team, the Holderford captain, the umpire, the referee, and the school trainer—he's a peach of a fellow, that trainer, by the way—the vanquished team departed, and the school retired to gloat over the game. I may remark in passing that most of the girls stayed over for the dance in the Gym.

In answer to your questions—yes, we can have Thanksgiving boxes. Most of the fellows are expecting grub from home. The school also allows baskets of fruit at any time. By the way, I wish you would enclose a dollar or so in the box—it you send me one. Some necessaries, such as pencils and paper, have left me "broke," and as a result there are some photographs at the developers which I am unable to collect, and my camera wants a new film roll. My next letter will contain a full account of the Thanksgiving sports. You can't say, after this, that my letters are too short and do not tell you anything. Lots of love to all.

Your son,

Tom.

P. S.—The weight, one hundred and thirty and a half pounds, was *stripped*. I am gaining right along. The trunks were swimming.

T.

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The Original of Salome's Love-story

THE current interest in the *Salome* of Richard Strauss and Oscar Wilde serves as an excuse for a word on the doubtful honor of the authorship of that aspect of the play which concerns the love of Salome for the Prophet John. In the Biblical original of all the Salome legends, of course, there is no such element.

It seems rather odd that after so long a time ignorance in this matter should be so common in such high places. Even the editor of the London *Spectator* seems to be at sea. The *Spectator* says (October 21th):

"The supposed love of Salome for John the Baptist cannot even be dignified as a myth. Unless we are greatly mistaken, the notion had its origin in the depraved imagination of one whose literary gift was in essence flashy and mechanical, and who cannot be rightly called a poet and man of letters unless the notoriety of impudence, scandal, and shemation is held to confer that title."

The reference is evidently to Wilde; it does not fit the real author. Nowhere in the various newspaper comments that I have read is there any hint of Heine, the real author, who "faked"—I borrow the word from Professor Saintsbury—the story outright. It is true that Heine expressly declares:

"'Tis not in the Bible written,
But there still exists the legend
Of Herodias' bloody love."

"Herodias," observe—not Salome, but this is best explained by the Scotch method, "Allilne he was a bear." At all events, an exhaustive search in all the literature, likely and unlikely, in which Heine could conceivably have found his "legend" has failed to give a single shred of evidence for its existence. It was made out of the whole cloth, like the pretended discoveries of Chatterton and other famous literary fakirs who have taken an elfish delight in mystifying the learned.

The credit for proving all this, so far as a general denial admits of proof, belongs to an American scholar, Mr. Jacob Beam, who published the result of his researches in *Modern Language Notes* for January, 1907. The story is there shown to have originated in a wild, fantastic narrative poem of Heine's entitled "Atta Troll" which the author himself characterizes as a

"Dream of summer night! Fantastic,
Aimless is my song"

The hero follows an escaped dancing bear into the mountains, where he has experiences somewhat like those of Rip Van Winkle's night in the Catskills, only tenfold more weird. He sees "the goblin hunt," a ghastly pageant of historic characters, led by Diana, such as Semiramis of Assyria, Charles X., the goddess Astarte, and lastly Herodias. This is Egan's translation of Heine's description:

"Yes, she was indeed a princess,
Was the sovereign of Judea,
Was the beauteous wife of Herod,
Who the Baptist's head demanded.

"For this deed of blood was she too
Execrated, and as spectre
Must until the Day of Judgment
Ride among the goblin hunt.

"In her hand she carries ever
That sad charger, with the head of
John the Baptist, which she kisses:—
Yes, the head with fervor kisses.

"For, time was, she loved the Baptist:
'Tis not in the Bible written,
But there yet exists the legend
Of Herodias' bloody love.

"Was perhaps a little peevish
With her swain—had him beheaded;
But when she upon the charger
Saw the head so well beloved,

"Straight she wept and mad became,
And she died of love's distraction—
Love's distraction? Pleonasmus!
Why, love is itself distraction!

"Rising up at night she carries
In her hand, as now related,
When she hunts, the bleeding head,
Yet with woman's maniac frenzy

"Sometimes she, with childish laughter,
While it in the air above her
Then again will nimbly catch it
Like a plaything, as it falls."

The only difficulty in the way of accepting this crazy phantasmagoria as the origin of the love element in Wilde's and Sudermann's dramas is that, as I have noted, the characters Herodias and Salome are confused. Mr. Beam has a satisfying solution:

"According to Heine, the woman enamored of John is not Salome, but Herodias. The perverted and disgusting Liebesvision of this Herodias is by Oscar Wilde reproduced in its exact details and ascribed to the daughter, but it finds no place in Sudermann's *Johannes*. We have been accustomed to look upon these two women as equally guilty of the death of the prophet, and it is no more strange that the deeds of the one should, by capricious poetic license (in Sudermann's *Johannes* both women try to seduce John), be ascribed to the other than that their names and subsequent history should be confused by Josephus (Lib. Hb. 18. cap. 7), Nicephorus (*Hist. eccles.*, Hb. 1. cap. 20), and Metaphrastes (*Vitæ Sanctorum*)."

That this was also the view of Professor Kuno Francke is seen in his review of Sudermann's play when it first appeared ten years ago (*Modern German Culture*, p. 152):

"There can be no doubt that the figure of Salome, this self-conscious, calculating Berlin coquette, falls far behind that ravishing creation (!) of Heine's fancy after which she has been modelled:

"'In den Händen trägt sie immer
Jene Schüssel mit dem Haupt
Des Johannes, und sie küsst es.
Ja, sie küsst das Haupt mit Inbrunst.'"

[In her hands she ever carries the platter with the head of Johannes, and she kisses it—yes, she kisses the head with ardor.]

HERMAN SPENCER.

An Annual Rat Bill of $160,000,000

THE vast amount of damage caused annually by the rats in the United States has recently been estimated by the Department of Agriculture at an annual loss of $160,000,000 due to these rodents seems almost incredible, but such is the statement made by the authorities. However, relief is in sight, for a New York chemical company believes it has discovered a certain method whereby the rat evil may be eradicated to a great extent. Professor Danysz, of Paris, has prepared a virus with which the rats are to be inoculated, and which is most effective in destroying them. Extensive experiments with this new poison have been conducted in Europe, and almost without exception these have been complete successes.

It is this virus, discovered by the Parisian professor, which is to be tried upon our American rats. On the afternoon of January 18th, Benjamin Russell, United States Superintendent of Warehouses at the port of New York, began the initial test of the new extirminator in that city. Preparations for the test were very simple. The virus was thoroughly mixed with oatmeal, which was then scattered about the dark corners of certain warehouses where the rats would be certain to find it. In about seven days, after the animals have eaten the prepared oatmeal, they will be attacked by a kind of fever which impels them to seek air and water. The fever rapidly becomes more violent, and within two weeks' time not a rat is expected to remain in a building which has been thus baited. As rats are ever ready to make a meal of helpless brethren, this tendency will doubtless spread the infection broadcast and clear a large locality of the pests.

The Leper in the Community

ABOUT forty members of the New York Academy of Medicine recently held a meeting at which leprosy was discussed, and during which three sufferers from the disease were exhibited. One of the speakers traced the early history of the malady in Norway, and said that reference to it under the head "leap-frog" was found in books dating back as far as the eleventh century. He is further quoted as having remarked that such excellent work has been done to stamp out the disease that to-day there are not more than four hundred or five hundred cases in that whole country.

While not denying the communicable character of the disease, there are some who believe that this quality is highly exaggerated in the popular mind, and that in many cases leprosy may be entirely cured. Twenty years ago this was the belief expressed by one of the most eminent specialists in New York, who numbered leprous sufferers among his patients. This medical authority was of opinion that leprosy is not nearly so easily communicated nor so dangerous to the community at large as some other diseases which are much more common. And he mentioned the case of one normal healthy woman whose husband had been afflicted with leprosy for a long term of years.

It is not impossible that medical supervision, coupled with proper and effective segregation, may succeed in wholly stamping out leprosy in a given territory.

Cuba's New President

JOSE MIGUEL GOMEZ was elected President, and Alfredo Zayas Vice President of Cuba at a joint session of the Cuban Senate and House of Representatives at Havana on January 29th. Morua Delgado, the negro President of the Senate, presided over the Congress, and the entire body went to Gomez's residence to tell him of his election, but learned there that

Jose Miguel Gomez

he was doing with General Castillo, the governor of the penitentiary; and it was in the latter's home that the President-elect received congratulations.

Gomez announced that it should ever be his intention to promote good government by maintaining peace and order, and that he should devote his best services to increasing the welfare of the state.

Freeing London from Fog

SIR OLIVER LODGE, the celebrated English physicist, believes he has discovered a method for dispelling the heavy fogs of London by the use of electricity. The air is to be charged with electrical currents which will dissolve the black fog and precipitate it to the ground in a form similar to black snow, if one can imagine such a phenomenon.

For a number of years it has been maintained that the disagreeable black fogs have been the result of the imperfect combustion of fuel, which is not burned, but merely is distilled up the chimneys and permeates the atmosphere in murky vapor. There have been no dense fogs recently, and this is attributed to the installation of improved fireplaces, ranges, and furnaces and to better stoking, all of which combine to reduce the smoke nuisance. The only absolute remedy which had been proposed was to prohibit the use of coal in the large cities, and instead of it to pipe non illuminating gas manufactured at the mines; but this change was too radical to be feasible.

Extensive experiments are to be made in London to give a practical test of Sir Oliver's electrical system, and satisfactory results are confidently expected. However, if there is to be a shower of soot whenever the electrical waves do their work, it promises to be every bit as disagreeable as the black fog itself.

A Disappearing Indian Race

THE Yukon Indians are rapidly disappearing from the Alaskan country because disease is making great inroads upon their numbers, and it should not be many years before this peculiar tribe of North American Indians will only be remembered in historical records. These Indians of the far Northwest are smaller in stature than the ordinary red man, and are built on slender lines, with their color and hair very similar to those of the Japanese. They are decidedly inferior in intelligence, and extremely lazy and indolent.

A century ago, when the Hudson Bay Company flourished, their white employees spread the scrofula among the Indian trappers, and to-day the scars of this disease are carried by many of the adult Yukon Indians. Tuberculosis and pneumonia have also made their attack. One band living on the Pelly River, in 1899, contained twenty children, twenty women, and fourteen men, but in the following winter no less than ten of the braves died of pneumonia.

A rough estimate places the number of individuals in this tribe at less than one thousand, and these are scattered over wide expanses of country in settlements of fifteen or twenty families. They are of a roving disposition, but during the summer generally locate near a stream or lake, and when winter sets in they travel in search of game and furs. The entire families with dog-sleds make these trips, which usually describe great circles of several hundred miles in extent.

Although the soil at their summer camps is fertile, and a variety of vegetables might easily be raised for the market as well as for their own use, nothing of the sort is ever attempted. Only when eating with white men does the Yukon Indian taste vegetables, and in this steady meat diet is probably due most of his disease.

An Impenetrable Hedge

THE hedges which we ordinarily see bordering country estates are planted for their ornamental and beautifying effect and not as a substitute for fencing material, but in the extreme southwestern part of the United States there are many hedges which serve primarily this latter purpose. Various species of cacti, such as the prickly pear, are used by ranchmen to enclose cattle ranges in those arid regions, and these hedges are practically impenetrable. Wild animals are thus effectually prevented from attacking the herds and flocks, and a supply of fodder may always be obtained by burning off the spines from the tender young shoots of the cactus.

Remains of hedges fifteen feet in height are to be seen near the locations of the old missions in southern California, where they once served as fortifications to protect the little settlements. Instead of fences the Mexicans use what is known as the organ cactus. When stakes of this plant are set in the earth they readily take root and soon present a formidable barrier of thorns.

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RAILROAD DEALS TO COME

By Franklin Escher

TWENTY-FIVE years ago there were several hundred independent railroads in the United States. To-day, with a mileage many times as great, there are only fifty-five which can in any sense be called independent—five or six groups of roads, in fact, comprise ninety per cent. of the country's railroad mileage. This is the history of railroad consolidation. Collis P. Huntington's predictions of twenty five years ago about concentration of control have been abundantly fulfilled.

Just now the air is full of railroad "deals" and of rumors of "deals" to come. The Hill purchase of Colorado & Southern and the apparently well grounded reports of Canadian Pacific's purchase of Wisconsin Central have set the Wall Street rumor-mills going to the limit of their capacity. Of the reports thus put out many are too nonsensical to challenge serious attention, but some of them bear the stamp not only of plausibility, but of extreme probability. The tendency distinctly is toward railroad consolidation, toward the bringing under the control of the stronger systems the weaker ones which still remain independent. In railroad quarters the opinion is being continually expressed that by the end of the next five years practically every remaining independent road in the country will have been absorbed into one of the larger systems. And what time, ask the holders of this opinion, could be as favorable as the present for the carrying out of these plans? Money is still extremely easy—investors only too anxious to lend to the big systems the funds with which to buy control of the independent roads which still remain.

In winnowing out of the great mass of false reports which have been set loose those combinations which are really likely to take place, it is well to bear in mind that in view of the present administration's attitude toward the corporations, nothing is likely to be done which can be attacked on the ground that it is in restraint of trade. Where the deal involves the combination of lines parallel and competing, it is not likely to be undertaken until the Sherman law is repealed or its interpretations made clearer than at present. Such combinations, for instance, as Chesapeake & Ohio with Norfolk & Western, however plausible they may seem, are extremely unlikely to take place for some time to come. What is far more probable is that the three or four "nowhere to nowhere" roads in the Middle West still remaining independent will be absorbed by the larger systems which need them as feeders, or more particularly that the coming north and south independents will be bought up by roads needing an outlet to the Gulf of Mexico.

Recent purchase of Colorado & Southern by Mr. Hill's Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy affords a concrete example of the possibilities of combination between east and west and north and south systems. The Burlington system, roughly speaking, runs out westward from Chicago to Denver, and thence northwest into Montana, where it connects with Northern Pacific. The Colorado & Southern system, which it has just acquired, extends from Wyoming down across Colorado and Texas, reaching the Gulf of Mexico at Galveston.

By the acquisition of this road to the Gulf the whole Hill system is rounded out, and an outlet provided for the constantly growing traffic of Northern Pacific, Great Northern, and Chicago, Burlington, & Quincy. As the Northwest has developed, the southward movement of freight has become more and more of a problem—the increase in the north and south traffic, in fact, has for the past ten years been perhaps greater than in any other part of the country. Combined with the increasing traffic coming down from the north, the wonderful development of Indian Territory and eastern Texas has effected a practical rejuvenation of such north-and-south roads as Colorado & Southern and Missouri, Kansas, & Texas. So that when Burlington made its recent purchase of the former it was providing itself not only with an outlet to the Gulf of Mexico, but was adding to itself a line which drains a country of almost unlimited possibilities.

For great as the development of the eastern part of Texas has been during the past twenty years, it can be truly said that the surface has only been scratched as yet. With all the progress that has been made there are still fifty-five counties in which there is not a single mile of railroad. But one after another the railroads are pushing spurs out into this undeveloped territory. That the Colorado & Southern system will be extended southward and westward is a foregone conclusion. The Hill policy has ever been one of the development of territory through railroad construction, and now that Colorado & Southern is a Hill line it will not be long before it will be getting its full share of the new business.

A further important point to be considered in connection with this absorption of north-and-south lines is the fact that however long it takes, the Panama Canal is sure to be built and an immense amount of traffic attracted into the Gulf of Mexico. It will be a good many years before merchandise will be moving through the isthmus, but when the canal is completed it will be more important than ever for these east and west systems to have direct communication with the Gulf. Events of this kind are anticipated far in advance. There are just two independent north-and-south roads left in the Middle West at the present time—Kansas City Southern & Missouri, Kansas & Texas—and the big systems of the south which fully realize their necessity for a Gulf outlet realize also the the control of either or both of these roads is apt to pass at any time.

There is, at the time of writing, a well-founded report that Union Pacific has made a traffic arrangement with Kansas City Southern. If that is the case it is not hard to see where control of the road is likely eventually to be fudged or where the Harriman Pacifica will get their second Gulf outlet. For such a purpose a more favorable line could hardly have been built. Kansas City Southern dropping like a plummet south from Kansas City to Port Arthur, on the Gulf. Ten years ago the road was very generally referred to as a "streak of rust"—to-day it is earning a fair amount on the common stock.

As to the future of the other independent, Missouri, Kansas, & Texas, rumor is rife, and has it that control is being sought by nearly every one of the Northern systems. Nor would it be surprising if at any time the announcement should be made that one of them, St. Paul, for instance, had bought control of "Katy." Aside from the fact that it would furnish the necessary Gulf of Mexico outlet, the road has made wonderful progress during the past five years, and with a continuance of the development of the Southwest should become a very valuable property—aside from its strategic position. What applies to Burlington's purchase of Colorado & Southern with regard to the development of new territory applies quite as well in this case. "Katy" runs south from Kansas City through the part of Texas where the greatest progress is being made, and is placed so that it can extend westward and tap the millions of acres of fertile land which have never been touched simply because there has been no means of transportation, no way to get produce out. Hostile legislation in Texas, too, has had a good deal to do with restricting railroad building, but that is a temporary influence which owes its existence to the lawless conduct of certain corporations, and in the long run is sure to be subordinated to the commercial good of the state.

Turning from this question of the probable absorption of these north and south lines, it appears that up in the northern part of the Middle West there are several roads which it is reasonable to think are slated for consolidation. Iowa Central and Minneapolis & St. Louis are two roads, typical of a group of several others, which are more than likely to be taken in by the larger systems. The time has passed when short railroads handling mostly local business and connecting comparatively unimportant centres can be operated independently at a good profit. Minneapolis & St. Louis, for instance, extending east westward through the grain country, comes to an end in the middle of South Dakota and, with the exception of Des Moines, does not reach one large city. Iowa Central, which runs diagonally across the eastern part of Iowa, is a road of the same kind. Both of them tap a most fertile agricultural section and under the old order of things would probably be doing remarkably well, but this is the age of concentration and consolidation in business enterprise, of community of interest and the diversion of through traffic over one road by another.

To make them really pay, these local roads need the control of a big through system; and, on the other hand, it is the small feeders which have built up the big systems into what they are. Each needs the other. It is simply the working out of a great economic law manifesting itself in this line of business as it has manifested itself in the public utilities and in countless other forms of business.

How does the investor come out on this consolidation movement? Very much better now than at its beginning. There are many who can easily recall the times of Jay Gould, when to acquire a railroad was to wreck it first and buy in its securities for next to nothing. But that has all changed now. The purchase of control of one road by another is no more accompanied by a brass hand now than it was then, and in buying securities the lowest price possible is still paid, but government supervision is too strict to allow much in the way of unfair means being used. In fact, so much money has been made by holders of stocks of smaller roads which have been taken into combinations that the investing public is constantly on the alert for a chance to buy the securities of roads which seem to be in line. A well defined rumor of a deal has been enough during the past few weeks to cause advances of three or four points in a day in stocks which do not ordinarily move that much in a week—a fact which accounts satisfactorily for the consummate skill and care with which many of these rumors are "planted."

As to the effect on the bonds of smaller roads consolidated into the larger systems it is only necessary to look at the extensive advances which have taken place in such issues as the Colorado & Southern 4½s and the Wisconsin Central 4's. That this should be so is perfectly natural. A bond of the old Colorado & Southern system is one thing, a bond of the aristocratic Burlington another. To-day the refunding 4½ per cent. bond has back of it the credit of only a middle-class road—to-morrow there is back of it all the financial strength and prestige of one of the strongest groups of roads in the country.

Shortly after the Burlington-Colorado & Southern deal was announced, a well-known banking firm advertised that the bonds were on a new footing and should sell on a new level. That statement has been fully justified, and is just as true of the bonds of other minor roads which are to be taken into bigger systems. Safety of principal first, income next—that is a principle which holds true now more than ever. But at a time like the present the prospective investor who is wise will give careful attention to a third consideration—the possibility of buying the bonds of a company whose credit may be vastly improved through purchase by some larger system.

N. H.—I have $3,000 in each of three savings-banks on which I am getting four per cent. Would I be wise in drawing it out and buying bonds yielding a better return? I am a single man, and not dependent on this income.

If you want to increase your income you can safely buy railroad bonds netting you from four and one-half to five per cent.; any banker will gladly send you a list. For a man in your position public-service bonds and even good industrial bonds are a reasonable investment. First-rate gas, water-power, and electric securities can be had to yield from five to six per cent., while industrial bonds can be bought to yield even more. Before buying an industrial bond, however, you should make a most careful study not only of the property, but of the people in it.

J. W. C.—I bought ten bonds recently, through a Stock Exchange house, at 101, and had to pay for them not only $10,100, but accrued interest for ten months and three days. What is the sense of this new "and interest" business?

There is nothing new about the "and interest" basis in bond dealing, though only adopted by the Stock Exchange at the beginning of this year. A bond which sells "flat" automatically adds to its price the accruing interest—the day before a $20 coupon is due, for instance, it sells two points higher than the day after. This needless fluctuation in the value of the principal is done away with where the "and interest" basis is used. The price does not have to discount the approach of the coupon.

R. W.—Please give me your opinion as to whether the daily volume of transactions in bonds on the Stock Exchange is as great as in the "outside" market.

There is no possible way in which the extent of the "outside" market can be gauged. As you ask an opinion, however, we should say that the daily trading among the bond houses, and between them and their customers, was very much larger than on the Exchange.

M. K. E.—Have the Interborough Metropolitan 4½'s ever sold below 50?

They sold at 47½ during the panic, and again went below 50 in February, 1908.

W. F. F.—What do you think of the first mortgage six-per-cent. industrial bonds which sell between par and 100—International Silver 6's, for instance?

We do not fancy the bond in question particularly, but consider such bonds as the Sloss Iron and Steel 6's and Atlas Portland Cement 6's attractive for people who are willing to take the slight risk which, in the investor's mind at least, attaches to industrial bonds.

R. W. B.—Do you consider the preferred stocks of such roads as Union Pacific and Atchison safe investments for a man making a good income out of his business?

We do. The earning power of both roads in question is so great that the dividend on the preferred stocks is practically assured. We consider that there may be more attractive investments, but there can be little question about this one being safe.

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The Gentler View

The Inadequate Eye

By Florida Pier

The wholly undeserved responsibilities which attack the simple-minded human are enough to make him a much more serious soul than he is. He bears up wonderfully, and takes a desperate header through them as they loom near. For instance, there is seeing things and all the attendant difficulties. A person unprejudiced by foreign travel might suppose that if one stood with one's eyes fixed on an object and one's mind concentrated on it, there might be some hope of one's seeing it. But no such easy state of affairs exists. Seeing things is an art which most of us cannot ever aspire to. We think we can, and we intend to try, but it is a dour outlook, and the man who is starting off for Italy on one of the comprehensive winter cruises takes with him a heavy heart, though it may not be visible to those on the dock. If it is his first trip he is grovelling with incompetency, he knows he will not see properly, and he has it on the best authority that if he does not see in the one and only way there is no use in his seeing at all. He would cut a much more respectable figure if he were blind. He hears from his friends' own lips that they went abroad four or five times before they saw with the true eye, and he marvels at himself for having the courage to make the first start. Yet one must work off those preliminary trips of not seeing sometime. One must brace oneself to stare and gape at the wrong things in the hope that some day years hence the veils will fall away and one will know by instinct what to scorn.

It is a sad sight to see a man feeling friendly toward an entire piazza. He beams around, showing no partiality and murmuring indiscriminately, "Beautiful, beautiful." Then directly behind him a voice says, "Of course this is the only thing built of mortar; the rest were either built in the last decadent days, or else are bald imitations of a bad period." The poor man in front experiences a collapse of his enthusiasm, an uncomfortable chill creeping over his pleasure, and his relations with the piazza are strained. He fixes his eye on a street gamin or any other unimportant object that he thinks his eye may be capable of, and when the knowing people behind him have moved on he gazes meaningly at the surrounding buildings, as much as to say: "Why didn't you help me out? Couldn't you see that I meant well? I felt kindly toward you—wasn't there any sign you could make, any tip you could give me?" and the buildings stare back at him with a horrid blankness and fail to disclose, even after his appeal for help, which of them was considered worth while by those people who knew.

It is not as though the blind travellers were content with their view of things, and had the courage to say, "Bah!" stoutly and with conviction when told that they were admiring the wrong thing. Their humility is touching. Their willingness to improve, unlimited. They trust as implicitly the folk who really see. They stand before a tower, their fists clenched, determination straining their sinews. A pair of eyes that cannot be deceived says, "This tower has a noble lightness, it shows the naïve strength of the builder," and the unseeing soul's first instinct is to mumble, "Yes, no." The instructor goes on, "You feel at once the piety of the times." The willing listener waits, does not feel it, but, undiscouraged, pipes: "It 'll come, it 'll come. Talk some more. Don't give me up yet." And with expectancy centred at about the waist line he still hopes to be rewarded at any moment with an upward rush of appreciation.

It has, no doubt, been noticed by every one that people in picture-galleries or at museums talk with a nervous softness of tone and stand in little separate groups, edging away from each other if carelessness brings them too near together. This has for a long time been thought to be a desire to enjoy things undisturbed by the chatter of others, but it is really nothing of the kind. It is, and it will take a bold man to deny it, a frightened, humble huddling together, so that near by ears will not overhear and so discover exactly what stage of development the speaker's eyes have reached. This concealment is not to be spoken of disparagingly. It is an honest realization of one's worstfine qualities and a painful, inconvenient longing to be capable of better, more difficult things. If you have passed through this stage, be kind to those who are still in it. Do not scowl at them when you see them standing first on one foot, then on the other, fortning themselves with a work of art. Earnest endeavor is always to be respected; theirs is more than earnest, it is Scotch. Two women stand in front of a case of jade, and though they may appear calm, no matter what to the uninitiated observer they may seem to do or say, these are the thoughts which are really behind their eyes:

"It's beautiful, Agnes."

"Yes, it is beautiful—I see that; but there's something more, something we haven't got to yet. Any one could see it was beautiful, Hannah."

"Ah, it's the knowing why. You haven't discovered that yet, have you, Agnes?"

"No. As far as I can see, there's no reason, and yet I know I'm wrong."

"Would it be because it isn't useful?"

"No, no, Hannah. Any one could see that; it's something deeper. It may be because they had such a time making it."

"It's a pity they troubled themselves."

"Hannah?"

"I'm sorry, Agnes, I was only joking. I can see perfectly that there's some dark reason we're ignorant of. Would it be because the people who made it were not civilized? There's nothing like a product of the dark ages for striking awe in the heart of we civilized folk."

"No, Hannah, you haven't hit it yet. We'll just have to come again."

"Then perhaps we'd better be going on to the next case, Agnes."

"Perhaps, Hannah," and off they go, carrying gloom in their hearts. The sad sense of it. Such good intentions, so worthy an object, and no after-effect except self-abasement and perhaps a head ache. Picture a fragment of a torso, world-famed, and you before it. You open your eyes slowly, still it remains just—a fragment. Very well, then, you open your eyes suddenly. Nothing has happened yet, but there are still other ways open. You close your eyes, think tensely of all you have read on the subject, then open pop your left eye, not a particularly startling result, but there is still a chance. With your right eye closed and the left gazing viciously, you recall all the other statues which you can at the moment remember; open flies your right eye, and your voice says, though you will maintain to the end of your days that you had nothing to do with it, "I wonder how the poor thing got broken." You turn disconsolately away, and this is the time to remember that you may live for years and the fragment will be waiting for you every time you come. Though it is hard to be cheered by such a thought when there is no denying that you are enjoying yourself. Ah, that's the shame of it. You are having a royal time, and without the slightest idea as to why. "Unintelligent, brute satisfaction," you hiss to yourself, "is there no way of saving you from disgracing us both? It would be better for you to be unhappy than to be grinning in that approving manner at a doorway that may be downright good for nothing. In heaven's name stop encouraging it and manage to conceal your ignorance." You feel yourself to be on a par with the woman who said she wanted to pat Perugia (it is said she was overheard by a number of people—they naturally felt sincerely for her family), and you would not be in the least surprised if the very next beautiful thing you approached jumped out at you, and, stamping its foot, shouted: "Now move right along. I've no time for any such trash as you. I don't like the feel of your inadequate eyes on my canvas. Go along, now; move right out of here." And though you would obey it and scuttle ignominiously away, you would smile at it if you ever happened to meet it again, and there you would be in the undignified position of nodding chummily to a person who had always taken pains to cut you publicly.

Determining the "Rules of the Air"

Fifty delegates, representing nine countries, attended a recent meeting in London of the International Association of Aeronauts, for the purpose of agreeing upon definite rules of the air to be observed by those operating flying machines of all kinds. Ten years ago such a convention would have been looked upon as a gathering of harmless lunatics.

What should properly come within the scope of rules of the air is an interesting subject of conjecture. Should air-ships pass each other on the right or the left? Would it be courteous for a party of men in one air-ship—a stag party, so to speak—would it be more polite for them to dive under or to soar above another machine containing a party of débutantes, properly chaperoned, of course? And how about the man who forgets to pay his bills—would it be legal for creditors to pursue him and present claims? What about speed limits and jurisdiction of officers of the law? In other words, how far up in the air does the authority of policeman, sheriff, coroner, extend? It may be taken for granted that the International Association of Aeronauts would discourage human flyers from dropping overboard empty beer-bottles and the residue of hearty meals which might include such weighty objects as partly consumed joints, ham bones, and the like. Also, it might be advisable to provide reasonable etiquette of dress and evolutions for those who attend club runs, or meets, in the upper atmosphere.

The public is not informed as yet just what rules are being drawn up by the International Association, but it awaits their disclosure with keen interest, which is added to by the cabled announcement that the University of Göttingen has founded the first aeronautic professorship in the world, to which has been assigned Dr. Ludwig Prandl, a distinguished member of the Mathematical and Physical Faculty. A generation ago serious men would have thought it utterly impossible for human beings to communicate over long distances by wireless telephony or telegraphy; and that any one could ever see directly through solid objects by the aid of a then unknown light-ray would have been classed with the miraculous. The only thing that can be said is that revelation of the universe seems to be progressing more rapidly than ever before, and that there is no apparent limit to man's power over its constituent parts.

The Value of Military Bands

Salutary attention was paid a few days ago to the request of General James Allen, chief signal officer, when he appeared before the House Committee on Military Affairs and explained certain estimates for his branch of the service, which included an appropriation for a band in the Signal Corps of the United States Army. At first thought some people would fail to understand why a band could be of practical value in helping the "wig-wag" man to transmit and receive messages, but the same argument might be applied in the case of the artillery—how could a band help gunners to sight and fire their great engines of destruction more accurately and effectively? Yet General Allen pointed out that the artillery has a band for every regiment or every colonel in command. The fact of the matter seems to be that one of the principal functions of a military band, if indeed not its most important function, lies in the unquestioned power of good music acting through or upon the mind of man, or upon his soul, or psychological, or subconscious self—whatever one may be pleased to call that mysterious being other than the physical, which dwells in and with the human creature. Every alienist, almost every physician, recognizes the influence of soothing, calming music. And those who attend operas, grand or light, and concerts and vaudeville performances, are conscious of the effect of music, be it rollicking, stirring, gay, solemn, depressing. When startling news was flashed throughout the world, two decades ago, telling of a tidal wave in the South Pacific, a few lines of newspaper type briefly stated that the bandmaster of the Prussia stood beating time, and his musicians at their stations played "The Star-spangled Banner" without a tremor, while the ship went down, down beneath the waves, carrying with her all who were on board. The picture it presented sprang into reality before the eyes of every one, and the strains of that band, a veritable defiance of death itself, were heard around the globe. As an example of heroic discipline, unyielding courage, those brief moments of music are worth more to the American nation than the cost of all the bands since the Army and the Navy were established. It is to be hoped that the Signal Corps will get a band, and a good one.

Noble Tapestry-Weavers

Tapestry making has reached a high development in Norway, and the Billevaer tapestry is famous the world over, though specimens are obtained with great difficulty. The reason for this scarcity lies in the passage of a law by the government of Norway, which forbids this particular type of weaving by any one except ladies of the nobility; but numbers of them, who have been in straitened circumstances hitherto, are now deriving a comfortable income from this work.

In the spring of 1905 there were exhibited at the National Arts Club in New York City several Billevaer hangings, which admirably illustrated the exquisite workmanship required in making these tapestries. They are woven alike on both sides, and for that reason are especially well adapted for curtains or portières; but their beautiful designs make them suitable as artistic drapery of any style. Only hand-carded and hand-spun wool is woven into these tapestries, and each strand is dyed so as to exactly match the painted design which is to be copied. The delicate shading necessary to render the tapestry patterns most effective, is obtained by dyeing individual pieces of wool to correspond to every shade that the completed design requires.

For 1909

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Correspondence

KIND WORDS

Superior, Wis.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I wish to express my appreciation of the editorials in the WEEKLY during the recent campaign. They have helped me, and I know they have helped others.

I am, sir,

THOMAS B. MILLS.

Kent, Wash., *November 19, 1908*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—"Time to go to work" on front cover is quite appropriate. Still, it is not quite a square deal for the donkey—that is, I don't think "Teddy" would so consider it. You have got the little donkey and the big G. O. P. harnessed to the plough, with the donkey on the short end of the doubletree. You should give us an even chance at least. Possibly you are not "up" on farm work. A good farmer always gives the smaller member of his team the long end. However, them seems to be no immediate need to worry, as the donkey seems to keep up his end and is losing no flesh. Here's hoping it will come out O. K. in the end.

I am, sir,

W. GREENLEAF.

"THE BETTERMENTS."

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I must thank you deeply for your editorial headed, "Alcohol, Flesh, and the Spirit," wherein you say, among many sensible sentences, that life would be even less than it is without emotion, and I infer that you mean the emotions from which proceeds great art in anything to which that word can be applied, as demanding a mental process more than mechanical, and beyond the power to teach (the taught).

Also the one on Mr. Taft's heavy humor. In fact, since the days of the Danbury *News* and Burlington *Hawkeye* (and perhaps Mark Twain) nothing has appeared to my reading eyes which has such "delicious" pleasantries as your analytical comments on everyday affairs—caustic as well.

And the same number of the WEEKLY contains more meat of good fibre than most of the monthlies, not excepting Harper's.

I am, sir,

EDWIN AUGUSTUS MOORE

New York

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Here's just a word of appreciation of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

To my mind, it is so superior to any of the other publications of similar character that I thought, employing the Christmas spirit, I would tell you what I thought.

In type, paper, illustration, and literary quality it strikes me as distinctly "class", and this especially so in the last issue—a thoroughly good one from start at the first tee to the holing out on the nineteenth green.

Evidently aiming at bogey, you have made par.

I am, sir,

CHARLES R. HEACH.

Canon City, Colo.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Allow me to express my appreciation of your editorials. I feel, when I read your articles, I have met a kindred thought, though as a kindred executioner I could never expect to consummate your sentences and despatch. Your criticisms recall, if I may use a Taftism, the old phrase, "Bees *against* snakes."

I am, sir,

ALBERT G. CLARK

Brentwood, Pa.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Will you permit me to thank you for your last WEEKLY? By George! it was fine! Please pardon this fit of praise at an enthusiastic moment which causes me to attempt an invasion of your sanctum, but Bangs' Thanksgiving poem, so lacking in the smug purity of sham prevarications, and Brooks on Burns, and the talk on Rarey D'Annevilly and everything else seemed so good you ought to know of it. I never managed as yet, but on the instalment plan, to subscribe, but what hits me in HARPER'S WEEKLY in contrast with some other splurging "million copy" weeklies is: it has an aim to hit one kind of man, and that a broad, big man with ideas of his own; and, therefore, has not recourse to a "corner" for the young and a "page" for the women and a "story" for the blasé youth, but gives all a good, healthy, up-to-date cultured sheet.

Please forgive me for writing, as you hope to be forgiven for some of your editorials, for I am one of your unknown but sincere friends.

I am, sir,

WALTER LEOPOLD BENNETT.

THUMPS OF FIDELITY

Cortland, N. Y.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I note with pleasure on your issue of January 2, 1909, the complimentary words you bestow upon Henry Cagle, of Oakdale, New York, for having been a subscriber to HARPER'S WEEKLY for forty-six years. I am sure the compliment is well deserved, but Mr. Cagle as a subscriber will have to take a back seat, for I have been a continuous subscriber to the WEEKLY since 1850, and have every volume complete, commencing with 1850, and all uniformly bound.

During that long period the WEEKLY has had various experiences and several changes in its management and editors. Consequent upon such changes, it has at times gained materially in favor and influence as a "journal of civilization." Its present able and fearless editorial tone had to conduct it as an independent publication—and no such it did good work during the last campaign. But Colonel Harvey's dislike of "future-brother Roosevelt" and his administration is so pronounced and deep-seated that it is oftentimes difficult for hoi to bridle his temper and maintain his political equilibrium. However, with all its good and bad qualities, I have stuck to the WEEKLY with fitness like tenacity until I have become one of the pioneer subscribers, and shall probably continue to bestow my favors as long as life shall last.

I am, sir,

GEORGE J. MAGER.

Peoria, Ill., *January 4, 1909.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In the last number of the WEEKLY I notice the item of Henry Cagle being a subscriber for forty-six years, etc. As a reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY I can go three better, as I have taken the paper since 1860 from our newsdealer here till I subscribed direct to the other.

Sometimes I get provoked at some of its editorial criticisms and say I won't subscribe again. But when the time comes I can't give it up, for it seems like an old friend for these many years, and I love to read it.

I am, sir,

B MEALS.

Newton, O., *January 4, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In a recent number of the WEEKLY mention is made of a continuous subscription that will not compare with my record—1857. I have been a subscriber to the WEEKLY, through dealers, clubs, or direct, since the *first number* in 1857.

From 1851 I have the way numbers bound, and also bound volumes of other important historical years. In the same connection as above, I have been a subscriber to the MONTHLY since *June*, 1850, and have every number in my library up to the present time.

I am, sir,

W. M. CUNNINGHAM.

MAY HE LIVE FOREVER

Cleveland, O.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Referring to the editorial in the last HARPER'S WEEKLY, relative to a gentleman who has been taking this paper for a period of forty-six years, I wish to call your personal attention to the fact that Mr. James Parker, 3d, eighty-one, retired merchant, living at 1031 Clifton Boulevard N. W., this city, has taken HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE since the first issue, in June, 1850. This either by subscription direct or purchase from dealers, and he has a large number of the copies yet, including the earlier numbers.

I am, sir,

F. V. WHITING.

A FREE PULPIT

First Methodist Episcopal Church.
Pineville, Ky., *December 9, 1908*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have just read with keenest interest and genuine pleasure Mr. Inglis's write-up of the work at the Free Synagogue New York, under the leadership of Dr. Stephen S. Wise.

I think it very creditable to your paper that you give such a recognition to a work of this character; and that it is reassuring when one thinks that so large a constituency as yours demands the consideration of such matters, or at least is well pleased to have them written up for them. I think, further, that Dr. Wise is a man of high ideals and that he is doing a noble work for which we all, whatever our creed or sign, ought to be grateful.

But let me put in my protest as to one underlying assumption in the work as it is set forth in your excellent journal. I refer to the idea involved in the name Free Synagogue, in the wording beneath your full-page portrait of the doctor, "a pulpit from which freedom of speech is expected," and in the constitutional clause back of the whole movement—"a free pulpit."

The fact is that Dr. Wise is a man of certain high ideals. He is being aided by certain other men in sympathy with his position. Of course these men do not mean to try to dictate to him as to his individual utterance of those ideals; and equally of course, these same men would not have been drawn to him, nor would they give voluntarily for his support and the furtherance of his works, had he been a man of different ideals and ideas. If he should suddenly undergo a complete transformation of character and become, say, a roaring blood and fire evangelist of ultra literalist tendency, or if he should become an aggressive anarchist or a militant atheist, these men would ask him to withdraw from them, or what is precisely the same thing in significance for thought they would withdraw from him. Even his constitution says that he stands for the ideal of Israel, a very noble ideal.

Now, I think most pulpits are precisely as free as this free pulpit. Here is a Christian pulpit. Certain men rally about it and contribute voluntarily and intelligently to its maintenance. They listen to the man on it, if they listen to him at all, not because he is on it, if they listen to him at all, not because he is Wise's men listen to him—because he is a man of high ideals and strong convictions. They do not dictate to him. They look to him for leadership along the lines indicated, and if he veers completely about they ask him to leave them or they leave him.

I am persuaded that the great differences between this pulpit and that is not that the one is muzzled and the other one loose about the mouth; but that one and the one is perhaps many, is lacking in virility, in thinking power, in moral conviction, while the other is a place where high ideals are dominant, where many find light and leading, hope, courage, and comfort.

I am, sir,

JAMES ALLEN GEISSINGER.

A SUGGESTION

Chicago, Ill., *December 21, 1908*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The Washington despatches of December 19th say that the Senate has been having bad with the President, delaying his secretary, who had some messages to present, until the reading of the Journal had been finished. By that time the session of the House was over, and the secretary had to carry the messages back to the White House, having delivered them to the Senate only. Moreover, they did it on purpose, the papers say, and laughed and snickered while they were at it like a lot of schoolboys when they've got the teacher in a hole.

Now, if the Senate is going to act like that, something will have to be done to bring them around and restore order. It won't do to have the President's messages treated that way. Why not go back to the original practice, and have the President deliver his messages in person by word of mouth? Washington did, and Adams, and the only reason why the custom was abandoned was that Jefferson was a poor speaker, just as in England the sovereign is no longer a member of the Cabinet because George I. could not speak English.

There is an law against it. The only possible objection is that it would be against precedent, and what is precedent among friends? And even if we give that objection all due weight, it is overwhelmingly overbalanced by the incalculable gain in ginger that would accrue.

I am, sir,

H. S

THE FRENCH

New York, *October 29, 1908*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I was very much surprised that you should publish such an article as the one entitled "Paris vs. Parisians," which appears in the current number of the WEEKLY. And as an old subscriber I am taking the liberty of telling you so, and of asking you to publish what follows.

That W. D. Gorski, who wrote "Paris *vs* Parisians," is very much prejudiced, or very ignorant of conditions as they exist in France, must be evident to every impartial American who has visited that country. It is recognized by all civilized nations that France is a country of high culture. Therefore, that Frenchmen should resent as impertinences the obtrusive hustle and bustle of a certain class of our own people is not to be marvelled at. And that French policemen should object to being accosted impolitely by uncouth, often ill-mannered, foreigners, speaking what to them is an unknown tongue, certainly cannot be criticised by fair-minded New-Yorkers, especially if the attitude of our own "finest" to foreigners be taken into consideration.

Before we begin to throw stones let us move out of our own glass houses by mending our own manners. What can Frenchmen, or other foreigners who come over to visit and study us, think of the appearance and behavior of certain of our self-satisfied youth of both sexes? What must be their opinion of the unnecessary noises that assail their ears, principal and most terrible among which is the strident, inane whistling that has become so prevalent?

An abundance of bath-tubs in comparatively new houses, which tubs are not always, nor as often as they might be, put to the use for which they were destined, is no sign of superiority over an older civilization that lives in houses built before the time when modern bath tubs came into general use.

I am not a Frenchman, but have visited France, including Paris, several times, and must say that, although I do not consider conditions there ideal, still I cannot agree with Mr. Gorski.

I am, sir,

CHARLES DREYFUSS.

THAT OPERA PRIZE

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—May I "second" your remarks in HARPER'S WEEKLY of December 26, 1908, on "A Prize for an Opera"? It certainly would be more stimulating to American composers if the New York Opera Company or publishers in general would announce themselves as always interested in the highest class of work each writer can put forth, offer conditions which are given writers in literary fields, and then see what American can produce? It is impossible to put forth one's best "to order."

I am, sir,

ELEANOR EVERETT FISHER.

NO ROOM FOR DEBATE

Clarksfield, Minn.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The Minnesota High School Debating League has for its question this year, Resolved that Cuba should be annexed to the United States. Do you believe the pledges of the administration as regards the independence of Cuba vital to the above proposition?

Thanking you in advance for the above favor,

I am, sir,

M. H. AYGARN.

If we consult the question aright as being whether Cuba "should be annexed" without regard to Cuba's wishes, the proponent of the query ought to be hanged for treason.—EDITOR.

The True Story of a Story

By Victor Kaufmann

This is the true story of a story that will not down. It had its beginning more than seventeen years ago, and to all intents and purposes it is as fresh to-day as it ever was.

In 1891 I was a reporter on a Washington evening paper. On a day in October of that year, during an unusually heavy wind and rain storm that swept over the city, really a hurricane, a large building on F Street, that was being erected for a music hall was blown down and several persons were either killed or injured. In a very few minutes I was on the spot watching the police and firemen in the work of removing the débris and rescuing the victims. I must have sat down upon a green wall, for on my way home from the office that afternoon a friend called my attention to the fact that the rear of my trousers was badly marked with plaster.

Now I was particularly pleased with that pair of trousers, for they had but recently been made for me by a New York tailor, and were the most "costly raiment" that I had ever indulged in. So that evening I left word that when John Quander, a colored handy-man, came in the morning to black the boots and incidentally to rouse me for my day's toil, he was to give that garment a very thorough cleaning.

The next morning, when John had rapped on my door the customary length of time, the following conversation ensued:

"Deed, sir, I can't get them pants cleaned nohow. I done brush 'em, 'n' use a wet rag, 'n' soap 'n' water, but I can't get 'em clean nohow."

"John, have you tried ammonia?"

"No, sir, I haven't; but I know they'll fit me first rate."

Now I thought then and still think that that was the best pun in the English language, especially as the perpetrator was so thoroughly innocent. I sent the story with a suggestion for an illustration to a leading New York weekly. I received no reply, but a few weeks later the story, with an illustration such [illegible] did appear in another

the chief speakers of the evening incorporated it in his address as a personal experience.

I have never seen the story in *London Punch*, but I am sure that by the time it has reached its majority, four years hence, the editors will have appreciated its merits, and that I shall have the pleasure of seeing it in American papers reproduced, with due credit, from that tasteless English weekly. Only I am afraid they will substitute methylated spirits for ammonia.

Now, what I want to know is this: Will any one man believe that this is really my story, and that it actually happened to me about 7:45 o'clock on the morning of November 24, 1891?

In conclusion, let me say that I have ceased telling the story.

An Apostle of Esperanto

EVERY afternoon about five o'clock a very curious individual appears in the vicinity of the Paris Opera House and is at once surrounded by a crowd, some of whom jeer while others seem to listen with respect or even with admiration. The man who attracts the crowd is a giant in size; broad-shouldered, deep-chested, rugged of feature. Not the least trace of business or greed can be read on his face; on the contrary, his thick lips and his big eyes combine in a charming smile which attracts every one who looks at him, while his gentle voice and witty replies hold the attention of all.

He is grotesquely dressed. He wears a long black coat, resembling a meal bag more than anything else, and this coat, as well as his hat, bears a great number of inscriptions which the crowd are invited to read. On his hat is the following: "Lingua internacio Esperanto. Labor per obste. Una voia lingua por la tut mundo."

A gentleman in Paris is writing of this curious character says: "I do not know what you think of the Esperantists. I despise them and hate them. The other day when I saw that curious fellow haranguing the crowd near the Opera I ought to have crossed the street and avoided hearing anything so distasteful

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[illegible] is really a difficult [illegible] Where shall they put them a good account? put it to be absolutely

think that your wife may [illegible], five, or ten thousand [illegible]rance money handed to you suppose she will put best income? Where to security?

[illegible]surance Company has [illegible]ue new policy which [illegible]nsurance into monthly [illegible] the Company, and [illegible]ly a total of, say, [illegible]ers, at the same present [illegible] than $9,000 insurance [illegible]a liberal winning policy [illegible]rose, come what may, [illegible]ranteed to come every [illegible] as clockwork, for

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THE OLD "MAINE" AND THE NEW IN HAVANA HARBOR

ELEVEN YEARS, TO THE DAY AND HOUR, AFTER THE U.S. BATTLESHIP

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

I believe that the essential quality of free government is to be found in the observance by all public officers of the limitations set by law upon their powers, since admit the right of public officers to disregard limitations upon their powers and you are launched on the course by which good men come to be benevolent despots, with the inevitable corollary that bad men have the opportunity to become tyrannical dictators.—Senator ROOT

The New Senator from New York

"I am a convinced, an uncompromising nationalist of the school of ALEXANDER HAMILTON," said Senator ROOT last week in his Albany speech to the Legislature of New York, but he said it in parenthesis, in a speech the whole weight of which was directed to excite the States to a fuller and more faithful exercise of the powers of self-government which they retained under the Constitution. The welding together of the people of the country, by railroads, telegraphs, the extension of business, and the substitution of great natural centres of business for the old State centres of business, had forced upon the National government, Mr. ROOT said, the performance of a great variety of duties which formerly were performed by the States within the limits of their comparatively isolated communities. Especially by the exercise of the powers found in the interstate-commerce clause of the Constitution, and of the taxing power, he found the powers of the general government to be continually widening, step by step, covering ground formerly occupied by State action. Great advantages of that process he found in a control of business activity which would not be possible by State action, and in the building up of a strong, virile, competent, and effective National government, respected abroad and able to protect the country. But coming along with this development he found two dangers: one, that the National government will break down in its machinery through the burden which threatens to be cast upon it; the other, that local self-government will break down in the States. As to these dangers he said:

Evidently, if the powers of the States are to be preserved and their authority is to be continued, the States must exercise their power. The only way to maintain the powers of government is to govern.

Let me say that the men who make the most noise about State rights are very apt to be the men who are the most willing and the most desirous to have the National government step in and usurp the functions of a State when there is an appropriation carried with the usurpation.

The men who are found opposing the maintenance of the authority of the treaty provisions of the United States made under the express grant of power in the Constitution are apt to be the very men who are anxious to have the government come into their States and spend no end of money in doing the things that the States ought to do themselves in the exercise of their powers.

But the invitation of the National government to assume this and that duty within the limits of a State is an invitation to set up National power to the ultimate exclusion of State power. Because I believe in maintaining the two grants of power of the Constitution, maintaining the National power to its full limit and still preserving the State power, I am opposed to everything that tends to belittle, to discredit, or to weaken the authority of the Legislatures of the States.

You cannot take power away from public bodies without having the character of those bodies deteriorate. For this reason I am opposed to the direct election of Senators, as I am opposed to the initiative and referendum, because these things are based upon the idea that the people cannot elect Legislatures whom they trust.

They proceed upon the idea of abandoning the attempt to elect trustworthy and competent State legislatures. But if you abandon that attempt, if you begin to legislate on to amend constitutions upon that theory, what becomes of all the other vast powers of the State Legislatures, in maintaining the system of local self-government under the Constitution?

If the people of any State are not satisfied to trust their Legislature to discharge the constitutional duty of electing Senators let them cure their own faults and elect a Legislature that they can trust. Ultimately in the last analysis, we must come down for successful government to the due performance of the citizens' duty at the polls, and there is no reason to believe that the citizens would perform their duty in the direct election of Senators or in voting upon the initiative or the referendum any better than they perform it in the election of members of the Senates and the Assemblies of the States. I am opposed to all steps that proceed upon the theory that the people of our States are to abandon the duty of making their State Legislatures able and honored bodies competent to perform the great duties of legislation for these great commonwealths.

So Mr. ROOT's argument is that if the States are to preserve the ir powers they must use them, and must preserve in effective and trustworthy condition the legislative machinery on which their use of their powers depends. He went on to say that the States ought not to run to the National government with every problem, such as the pollution of the harbor of New York, which affects the interests of adjoining States, but that the States concerned should settle such matters themselves by conference and agreement, subject to the approval of Congress.

A Great Gain to Both Parties

Grimly Mr. ROOT wound up his address with these words:

We have much to learn. We have much to do. The growing complications of life, the new problems continually presenting themselves and taxing the best thought of the most experienced public servants; the problems of the future, the solution of which is still unsolved; the other problems certain to arise that we have not yet discerned—all these are making it more and more vital to the interests of every home in every State that the public servants of the State and the nation shall co-operate in the performance of the functions of government with a spirit of good citizenship, of patriotism and of loyalty to the Constitution under which we live.

To that co-operation jointly with you I pledge myself for the next six years, if I live so long.

Mr. ROOT is a man well constituted and equipped to make a country great that he serves, or a city or a State. He has done a great deal for the country, and now that he comes in the maturity of his experience to the service of the State and the city that he belongs to, he comes where he is needed. State government hereabout needs bracing up, and there is every sign that Mr. ROOT's influence will be bracing. He is the accepted leader of his party in this State, and his words do not sound like the words of a man who has come to leadership in order to play small politics. Nothing could be better for his party than such leadership as we hope to see him give it, nor can anything be better for the Democratic party in New York than such a leader of Republicans. The Democrats, to use the homely vernacular of a national pastime, will have to see the Republican raise or get out of the game. They cannot live in an atmosphere of statesmanlike politics with such leaders as they have now.

A Little Hole Dug for a Big Man

The Washington correspondent of a Southern newspaper describes (we do not know how accurately) a little plot to put Mr. TAFT in a hole. Signs of uneasiness over Mr. TAFT's evident popularity in the South have been multiplying among those extremely "regular" Southern Democrats in Congress and the Senate who, more than any other group of men in the country, are responsible for BRYAN's third nomination. Had these men had the courage to say in time, both to Mr. BRYAN himself and to their own constituents, what most sensible people were saying all over the country last spring—viz., that for the Democratic party to nominate BRYAN was to throw away the chance of victory—that folly might have been prevented. Incidentally, the opportunity to break the solid South would not have been created. It is but poetic justice that several of these gentlemen should already have been unseated, and that a good many others should now find their seats a trifle anxious, and begin to get themselves interviewed about the preposterous invasion of the South by the Republicans. They are naturally outraged, and declare that Mr. TAFT's proposal to buy the Southern people with the offices is insulting and despicable. So it would be if he had in fact ever made any such proposal; but he hasn't. Their scheme to repel the invasion is of a nature to indicate why, if BRYAN keeps control of the Democratic party, and that party continues in the South to entrust its affairs to Bryanites, the invasion may prove successful. Interpreting Mr. TAFT's Atlanta speech, in which he promised to consider carefully, in his Southern appointments, the sentiment of the communities immediately affected, as a promise to appoint no negroes (which, of course, it wasn't), the Southern Democrats in the Senate will hold up one of President ROOSEVELT's appointments of a negro postmaster until Mr. TAFT comes into office, and then ask him what he proposes to do about it. What Mr. TAFT will do about it we shall not predict. But we suspect the more thoughtful and independent men of the South, the business men, particularly, will have something to say about this little plan to make trouble between the South and a President whom the South is beginning to like and who evidently has only the best and kindliest intentions toward that great and growing section. We have a notion that the South, like the rest of the country, is discovering that it costs something to indulge peanut politicians, and that the hole dug for Mr. TAFT may not prove big enough, although it may harbor nicely those who are digging it. Meanwhile, those Southern Senators who did have the courage, although too late, to come out against BRYAN last spring—particularly Senators JOHNSTON of Alabama and SIMMONS of North Carolina, enjoy our sympathy and respect.

Mr. Taft in Charleston Society

Mr. TAFT must have been as smiling as a basket of chips when he sailed away from Charleston. Both the ladies and gentlemen of that hospitable city strove earnestly to make his stay pleasant. Deacon HEMPHILL not only went to meet him and turned his favorite portrait of W. J. B. to the wall for the nonce, but opened the staid columns of the *News and Courier* to poetic effusions. Mr. TAFT may not have appreciated the depth of the courtesy involved in this simple act, so we hasten to inform him by wireless that it was self-abnegatory to a degree. It has been the Deacon's practice for twenty-five years to write his own poetry, and his spirit must have suffered a serious wrench when he felt constrained by courtesy to grant the request even by a lady to publish an Ode to TAFT, which she had enthusiastically composed. But Deacon HEMPHILL, we are proud to say, is one of those rare individuals who can perceive duty when duty comes around, and the poem at this moment stares us in the face. It was published just before the Judge arrived, and began trippingly thus:

Judge WILLIAM H. TAFT, our chieftain to be,
On the 23d will visit our City by the Sea
Then let us extend a welcome so warm
That our statesman will feel completely at home.
Let bygone days be cast aside,
And welcome our hero with hearts open wide.

"Warm" is made to rhyme with "home," we suspect, to show that Charleston, although comparatively dry in other respects, has no prejudice against license of the poetical variety. But—

He'll hold in his power our nation to rule,
And grant that our country will never be fooled,

we cannot understand. This is rank heresy—undemocratic, unconstitutional, to point of fact, Rooseveltian. We have no reason to expect the Almighty to "grant that our country will never be fooled" if we once admit the right of a President to exercise despotic authority. The people shall rule. Mr. BRYAN said so, and Deacon HEMPHILL cried amen so loudly that the squawking of the famous hongkong gander could not be heard. How he can now reconcile his "so pray we" to such a sentiment with his settled convictions passes comprehension. But ruling was on the poet's mind, as witness:

Let the white man rule in his elegant grace
And the colored man conform to his secondary pla.

This so pleased the Deacon that he quoted the Apostle PAUL in support of the theory. Now apparently was Mr. TAFT seriously shocked, if we may credit the following assertion in a leading editorial in the *News and Courier* on the morning after he sailed away:

Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

Mr. TAFT has not forgotten his SHAKESPEARE. This is what he said last night to one of the finest women in Charleston as the delightful company with which he had spent the day in profitable association bade him good by and bon voyage on his expedition to Panama.

The finest lady was, of course, the cultured poetess. But where, oh, where, was Collector Lea?

Dr. Doing Well

Last bulletin from Cuba received just before going to press announced that Lieut.-Col. EDGAR A. MEARNS, U.S.A., retired, is resting comfortably, and hope is entertained that an operation will be found unnecessary.

Cuba Takes a New Start

American control in Cuba, which began in the fall of 1906, ended on January 28th with the inauguration of President JOSE MIGUEL GOMEZ. The same day Provisional-Governor CHARLES E. MAGOON went aboard the new *Maine* and sailed for the nearest railroad station in Florida. Governor MAGOON is an accomplished trained nurse of indisposed Spanish-American republics, and ought to be held subject to sudden engagement by telephone in cases of political crisis. His late patient is thought to have made a good recovery—though whether she is permanently cured, or merely convalescent with the chances favorable to relapse, is a matter on which cautious observers reserve their opinions. The nurse came away with the gratitude and best wishes of the late patient. The desire that Cuba may succeed in a self-government that shall be good government is very general and sincere nowadays in this country. We are cured of island bunco, for the time being. It is too expensive an appetite to feed, and the fool is not filling at the price. The retail trade in Cuba is reported to be almost entirely in the hands of Spaniards, who go there in crowds, live wisely, and do well.

The Presidents Gomez

A GOMEZ is now President of Cuba; another is the successor of CASTRO as President of Venezuela. We must not mix them up. We are interested in both, and are warned by pessimistic newspaper correspondents that both need watching. But what watching is done from this country will be done in a most amicable and hopeful spirit.

Millionaires and Universities

It is a good while since our country has had so interesting and so informing a visitor from Europe as Signor FERRERO. He came with a mind well stocked with the means of making comparisons, and was constantly finding edifying differences between this country and Europe. He deprecated the notion that he understood America, but he said he understood it better than when he came. Some differences between this land and Europe stand out particularly strong in the things that Signor FERRERO gave evidence of not understanding. "Aboard ship before he sailed he talked with a *World* reporter about our millionaires and their propensity to found universities, as to which he said:

> You allow them to decide their millions to founding and supporting vast establishments in which the youth of the nation is to acquire its ideals. If the millionaires themselves cannot touch the rising generation the ideals they would have them to acquire, they can at least select the men who are to teach them. May there not be some method in this kind of giving? Is Europe the state would not allow it! If a millionaire started to do anything of that sort the state would instantly step in and say to him: "No, my dear sir; do what you like with your money, but leave the training of our youth to me. I, the state, have charge of that. It is for me alone to say how the young men and women are to be brought up; I will place before them the ideals that I think they should have. I will allow of no interference on your part." Such an institution as Chicago University is unimaginable in any country of Europe. It would not be tolerated for one moment. It is a beautiful place. I was glad to lecture there, but I could not help thinking what a peril to America it might become, what sinister possibilities are latent within it. Mr. ROCKEFELLER, I understand, does not interfere at all in the management of that university; he does not dictate the professors who shall lecture there nor the curriculum that shall be followed; and from what I have been able to learn of him I don't think he ever will. But some successor to his millions might choose to wield the power which Mr. ROCKEFELLER has thus far let alone. Think of the power such a man would have if he wanted to exercise it! Think of the ideals that might be set before the youth of America by an unscrupulous millionaire controlling a university through his donations! It is too great a power to be permitted to any man and I am amazed that in America, where the millionaires are checked by public opinion, no question seems ever to be raised as to the possible danger of the university that is millionaire-made.

His failure to understand why it is safe here to let millionaires found universities is all the more an interesting exposition of the difference between America and Europe because it is involuntary. He does not take in the impossibility of controlling a university once it is founded. A founder if he chose could influence a university somewhat during his lifetime, but that is all. When he died it would be free, and unless it was free it could not flourish. Signor FERRERO fails to understand, further, that most of our millionaires who found universities do not belong to a separate class, but have made their own money, and have the same general interests and aspirations as the rest of the people. They have not been dehumanized by money. They do not wish to strengthen a plutocracy, but to safeguard a republic by the diffusion of sound knowledge and high civilization. A rich man can no more found a university to stifle thought or cramp opinion than he can found a newspaper to do it. The newspaper has influence only so long as it has readers, and a university has it only so long as it has students. But a muzzled university or a muzzled newspaper could not long compete successfully with free ones. It may indeed seem a wonderful thing that millionaires, knowing that knowledge is power, should spend their money to spread it; but that is what they do, and they do wisely, for knowledge is safety as well as power.

European Hatreds

Another thing Signor FERRERO said just before he sailed is this:

> There is one thing about I envy you and this is the absence of rancor and hatred in your political, social, business, and religious disputes. In Europe when we are opponents we hate each other; in America political or religious enemies can be personal friends. Our rivalries are as cold as deep seated, often the results of bloodshed, our vendettas are fierce, implacable. So far as I have been able to judge, you Americans of today know nothing of such bitter strife. And therein you are happier than we.

He had spoken before of the comparative absence of hatred in this country. Any reader who wants to know on what sort of conditions are based the hatreds which lie deepest in Europe is invited to turn over the page and read a letter from Italy about the Austrian domination of Bosnia and Herzegovina. A day or two ago it was in the papers that Finland was "to be partitioned again in some new deal." How Finland has felt toward Russia will be recalled. Russia is full of hates. All southeastern Europe seethes with hatreds, the hatreds of peoples compelled to submit to government which they detest, or restrained from inflicting that kind of government on some one else. Even England, where ideas of freedom are advanced, has incurred hatred from the Irish on grounds which impartial observers are constrained to respect. Only a few of us habitual Americans realize wherein we are better off than most folks, and it is useful to us to have an observer like Signor FERRERO come and tell us. Presumably we are a great people undoubtedly we are greatly blessed, and should realize it, the better to safeguard our blessings.

General Bingham and the Jews

Is Commissioner BINGHAM of New York a Jew-hater? Our neighbors, the Hearst papers, insist that he is, and try hard to make everybody think so. "BINGHAM bitter in an attack on Jewish emigrants" is a recent head-line in the *American*. The gist of the "attack" is in these words used by the Commissioner in a recent address:

> The Yiddish-speaking people who are swarming down on us have for the most part lived so long under tyranny that here a great number of them mistake liberty for license. They have been so downtrodden by Old World governments that they have become almost childish and ruined understand social and political conditions to the land of their adoption. Among these Yiddish-speaking immigrants there are mixed many Italians. It is our task to absorb this horde. I expect that it will let up within the next few years. But as long as these Europeans come swarming in upon us we must keep increasing our police force. After we have absorbed these aliens, after the spirit of Christianity and the knowledge of American institutions have permeated their minds, then we need not keep increasing the police force. Indeed, it may be that we will be able to cut it down.

We don't see evidences of hate in these remarks. They indicate that the Commissioner believes that the large, new-come foreign-born population of New York, Jews and Italians, need at present closer police supervision than the average of the rest of the population of New York. Without special knowledge of the subject, we should think that was very likely to be true. Russian Jews coming here out of extreme poverty and oppression would in the nature of things be likely to have a different standard of conduct from that of folks who have been used to living under our laws. If not, liberty under the law in the measure that we enjoy it must be a less valuable heritage and less useful in shaping character than it has been believed to be. Italian of the class that comes here now in greatest number certainly have a code of conduct and methods of settling differences that are different from our code and our methods, and in conflict with our laws. It is a question of fact whether General BINGHAM says what is not true as to these matters, and the truth, whatever it is, ought to be ascertained by unprejudiced inquirers. Meanwhile we do not see the signs of a hateful spirit in General BINGHAM. He is not the rare falsest or most malicious speaker that ever was, but he gives token of trying to tell the truth in his own way, and our Hearst neighbors seem inclined to pick partisan fights with him.

Gorky *versus* Gorki

On October 24, 1908, appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY, under the title of "Paris *vs.* Parisians," some innocent though diverting observations on the ways of the capital of France. The article was composed and signed by Mr. W. O. GORKI. Much to our surprise, we learn that this article has brought sorrow to the heart and indignation to the lips of that distinguished Slavic author who is sometimes called "the Bismarck of Russia," Mr. MAXIME GORKY. The melancholy aspect of the case is that, if Mr. GORKY had perused carefully his copy of HARPER'S WEEKLY for the issue of October 24, 1908, he would have been spared both his sorrow and his indignation. This is how it all happened: The journalistic mind operates on the Continent, apparently, with much of the haste and recklessness which are traditionally imputed to American newspapers; for various French and German editors, coming upon Mr. GORKI'S article in HARPER'S WEEKLY, promptly and with a blithe indifference to mere fact read the signature as "GORKY" instead of "GORKI," and proceeded to reprint "Paris *vs.* Parisians" and to credit it to the author of *Foma Gordeeff*. Thus was disquiet brought into the soul of Mr. GORKY (not GORKI), causing him to indite and send to the Paris *Journal des Débats* a letter of which the following is a translation:

> *To the Editor:*
>
> Several German newspapers have recently republished extracts from an article in HARPER'S WEEKLY of New York, criticising French customs, and pretending to be signed with my name. I declare that I have never published anything in HARPER'S WEEKLY neither this article nor any other. I have never written upon French customs, and I should not be able to do so for the simple reason that I have never been to France. Now, no one can accuse me of having treated or spoken of things with which I am not familiar. If, truly, this miserable article has appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY and under my signature, I believe I should qualify this as a revolting literary fraud, and that I am right in calling the attention of the press to phenomena of this character.
>
> Have the goodness to receive, sir, the expression of my high consideration.
>
> (Signed) MAXIME GORKY.

We are sorry that Mr. GORKY has been distressed. But we really think that his true grievance is against the French and German publications which made so reckless a use of his name, rather than against the journal on this side of the Atlantic for whose reputation he evokes the aid of the impressionable editors of Europe.

Direct Election of Senators

Mr. ROOT said in his Albany speech:

> There is no reason to believe that the citizens would perform their duty in the direct election of Senators or in voting upon the initiative or the referendum any better than they perform it in the election of members of the Senates and the Assemblies of the States.

They don't seem to have done any better in Wisconsin. The LA FOLLETTE Republicans got a direct-election law through the Legislature there, under which Isaac STEPHENSON, lately a LA FOLLETTE Republican, was selected by the voters to be elected Senator. But the latest news from Madison is that the State Senate refuses to join the State Assembly in electing Mr. STEPHENSON, on the ground that he made too free use of money in influencing the primaries. Moreover, the men who got the direct-election law on the statute-book are the men who are obstructing its operation the first time it threatens to work contrary to their wishes.

Does Learning Pay?

Does learning pay? Fourteen holders of honorary degrees from Oxford—among them President ELIOT, CHARLES EDMUND NORTON, WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, Bishop DOANE, MARK TWAIN, and Professors HYMANS, GOSWIN, and GUGLIELMO—wishing to make a gift to the English universities, could only scrape up a thousand dollars.—*New York Evening Post*

The question, as our neighbor puts it, answers itself. Fourteen men who could only scrape up a thousand dollars between them were the Americans chosen by Oxford from the richest country in the world to receive her honorary degrees. Yes, at that rate learning seems to pay.

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The Poets and the Suffrage

The English laureate, as distinguished for his popular methods of thought and expression, and for writing on a level upon which the most thoughtless could stand beside him were he so minded, has come out in the London Times with the true poets plea against the suffrage. That plea is summed up in the single idea that women were meant to write poetry about, or, in default of poets, to feel sentimentally over. It reminds one, this plea of that distracted English politician who, in a vehement endeavor to express his objection to the whole scheme of the suffrage, announced that he never could have loved Juliet if she had had a vote. Now it would have been difficult at any time to imagine the rational and faltering orator playing the part of Romeo; but, allowing her that, could it not be brought home to these ardent supporters of Juliets that the Juliet function is short-lived? We feel quite certain that Juliet herself, with all her Southern temperament, could not have survived at the same pitch of emotional fervor for longer than a year or two. If she had escaped her tragic doom some sort of calm would have been bound to ensue after a time. At best, she would have lived to become:

> "Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
> Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
> No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
> In angel instincts, breathing Paradise."

Although it is more likely that at thirty-five she would have been a haggard and worn-out old woman, whose poetic mastery of language would have been turned to vehement scourgings of inadequate servants, and whose early indiscretions would have made her the more wary and ambitious for her daughters and enslaving to her sons. The vitality of a Cleopatra is as rare as genius or saintliness. The point, therefore, is that the suffrage cannot fail by the mere fact that the gentlemen who are to extend the vote to women would fear the consequences to their Juliets. Juliets do not flourish in the temperate zones, anyway; and they are short lived everywhere. Emotion has ceased to be a woman's whole existence.

The English laureate is sure that to men belong "calm, clear judgment and common sense," and to women "enthusiasm, sentiment, devotion." We are quite sure that the laureate is committing the feminine fallacy here of jumping at a general conclusion from an individual case. No one who reads the poet and realizes that he was made laureate can question his calm, cool judgment, and that he is endowed with the commonest of sense; and it is to be hoped that some one supplies his life with devotion and sentiment. And we wish they might also add a little imagination and enthusiasm; this, almost judging from the work we see, is somehow lacking.

Minor poets must, by the nature of things, take the sentimental view of any practical question. Their gift consists in seeing life in pretty pictures. We remember well, when a half-century ago, the great question of woman's education was agitated, the reply given by the laureate of that day:

> "Now folds the lily all her sweetness up
> And slips into the bosom of the lake:
> So fold thy self, my dearest, thou, and slip
> Into my bosom and be lost in me."

Women, pursued the poet, need no learning other than gracious household ways; if her lord and master died, "Sweet, my child I live in thee," was still a chance for the feminine creature to lose herself and fulfil her destiny.

The laureate, perhaps, guessed little how in that line he touched the string to which every feminine heart vibrates, and which indeed should become the real battle-cry of the suffragists. Women might quite comfortably go on another century without the right of suffrage, did not these rights mean also the power to protect children. Any one who knows anything about the suffrage knows that wherever it has obtained, the legislation for the protection of the young is the first point of attack and the first need remedied. If one study into the natural function of woman, the sentimental idea that she is here to please men, and that only by pleasing men can she gain what she wants, pales before the idea that she is here for the care, for the bearing and rearing and care of children, and perhaps the fact that the race is no farther advanced than it is may be laid to the denial of any training for the last two of these functions. For, except in special cases, women has been systematically refused education until within the last century; and, indeed, the benefits of the higher and better training are still extended to but a comparatively limited number of women.

It is, however, a great cause of congratulation that the agitation for higher education should have preceded the agitation for adult franchise, as it will greatly mitigate such evils as were brought in with a flood upon a whole section of our country when the vote was freely extended to millions of entirely uneducated and irresponsible people living there. At least we think our legislators might be able to trust the feminine half of humanity as much as they trusted the freed slaves.

Another point of great hopefulness in the whole matter is that it is the working women and the educated women who want the vote, while the idler and more pampered classes as well as the less educated furnish the opposition. In the colleges it is quite noticeable that the Freshmen invariably start an anti-suffrage league, and that its members all become stanch suffragists in the Sophomore and Junior classes.

There seems to be no doubt but that woman's cause will win. The great question is how far behind the other nations is our own country to be in granting women the right to help in the building up of their country's civilization.

Correspondence

THE DISTRESSFUL CASE OF BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA

FLORENCE, ITALY, *January, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The following letter by the distinguished correspondent Frank von Jetten is dated Serajevo, November, 1908.

"Baron Ben von Kallay, a former Minister of Finance for Austria Hungary, has left a detested name in Bosnia and Herzegovina, where, with a merciless cynicism, he employed unusual talents and every means at his disposal to crush and extinguish national sentiment.

"The gifted statesman had in his youth written a history of Servia (*Geschichte der Serben von den ältesten Zeiten bis 1815*, which is still a standard work. After the Treaty of Berlin, June 13, 1878, had entrusted the Hapsburg monarchy with the task of 'occupying' and 'pacifying' the two Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, Baron Kallay was appointed Governor to see this programme carried out, and he then forbade the sale of his own book in these Servian provinces. No one could deny his competency. His history is a thorough and impartial work which tells the truth in clear and forcible language. Serajevo in Bosnia is given as the natural capital of the Servian people, who, whether they belong to the so-called Orthodox, Roman Catholic, or Mohammedan religion, are declared to form one distinct race. Such views could not be allowed entrance into a country which was to be and still is shut in by a high and brazing wall, incredible as it may seem. It is an undeniable fact that all intellectual intercourse between the Servian population of Bosnia and Herzegovina on the one side, and the Serbs living in Croatia, Dalmatia, Montenegro and Servia on the other, is absolutely and under all circumstances forbidden. No Servian newspapers nor even books can gain admittance to the provinces occupied or annexed by Austria. All printed matter addressed to Bosnia or Herzegovina must be opened at the post office, held by soldiers, and if found suspicious, is to be confiscated. All papers and books published in these provinces are subject to a censure compared to which the former exercised by the Russians was child's play. On the other hand, German culture in every form is scattered broadcast over Bosnia and Herzegovina. The germanizing of these thoroughly Slav provinces, which were under Roman rule until thirty years ago, has not yet had time to reach any depth, but it floats like oil over the whole surface. Travellers whose relations are confined to the higher and lower agents of the Austrian administration and they fill every part from the hotels to the post offices and railways—may easily receive the impression that everything is ordered for the best in the best and newest of all German worlds. In hundreds of skilful ways a stream of Germans is continually pouring in over Bosnia and Herzegovina—German colonies, Karlsruhe, Rudolphsthal, etc., may be counted by the score, scattered stars in the Milky Way which is to unite German Austria with Salonica.

"The first impressions a traveller receives of Austrian rule in these provinces are certainly favorable, and the Austrians have known how to make capital of these superficial impressions. Representatives of the European press have repeatedly been invited to come and see for themselves the blessings of Austrian occupation. They have been received by the alert and obliging officials, lodged in the best hotels, taken on excursions over fine new roads by carriage or railway through the most picturesque regions of coualties remarkable for their wild and beautiful scenery. Under the guidance of these well-informed officials, foreign journalists could convince themselves of the peace and tranquillity now prevailing in provinces that only thirty years ago were the theatre of guerrilla warfare, incited by race antagonism, and that mosques, Orthodox basilicas, and Roman Catholic churches now conduct their worship in peaceful proximity. Outside of the new city quarters, the people may be met in the picturesque costumes of former days—Mussalmans in caftan and turban, peasants in white woollen homespun and fez, the women veiled, monks in brown cloaks, and Austrian officers in gold-embroidered uniforms. One could hardly find another place in the East where the picturesque outdoor life could be observed more easily or agreeably than in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

"But whoever goes beyond official circles and seeks information, not of the rulers, but from their subjects, will soon discover that the smooth charming exterior hides a monster imposition, a political crime unparalleled in its irony.

"Demoralization, spies, the house of correction, and an irresponsible police force have been the means by which Austria has robbed the Bosnians and Herzegovinians of their independence. The police are only accountable to Austrian rulers, and there is no occasion, public or private, of the most sacred nature where they have not a right to introduce themselves. Under a smooth surface there is a real Reign of Terror.

"The people who had long been under an economical pressure have been sinking deeper and deeper in pauperism and dependence while Austrians and other foreigners have grown rich. All the foreign yoke weighs heaviest of all on those clubs to nationality. The feel shut up in a prison where every step is watched, every word note'd, and capricious regulations cover all their actions. They live in dread of secret and unknown dangers which may overpower them at any moment.

"Here in Serajevo we are a whole circle of foreign journalists who have for some time been in relations with some of the best representative Serbs, Orthodox, and Mohammedan. They have given us enough matter for an epic on the struggles and sufferings of the Slavs on the boundary between Europe and Asia.

"At Serajevo an independent Servian newspaper is published in English, *The Serbian Word*. Herzegovina's capital, Mostar, has also its national journal. Four of the responsible editors of *The Serbian Word*, as well as several contributors, are now in prison for political articles. As an instance, the Vienna paper *Neue Freie Presse*, which is at times a government organ, confiscated an article suggesting the possibility of conceding autonomy to Bosnia and Herzegovina, giving them the position of a 'Reichsland' in the monarchy, as is the case with Alsace-Lorraine. *The Serbian Word* translated this article word for word without adding a single independent remark. The paper was confiscated and its responsible editor sent to prison. Instances such as these might be multiplied *ad infinitum*. The police is the only judge of what may be published in these countries. Lately *The Serbian Word* had copied an article which had passed without censure in Mostar, only to have it confiscated in Serajevo. How severe a sentence may be passed on a journalist censured by the police may be gathered from the case of a Bosnian contributor who was last year condemned to forty years of imprisonment.

"The office of *The Serbian Word* is allowed to take only two foreign newspapers, the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna and the *Pester Lloyd* of Budapest. Private subscribers who take *Le Temps* or *The Times* find any articles they may contain on Bosnia or Herzegovina blackened out. Both Serajevo and Mostar have their *cabinet noir*, which controls everything that passes through the post office. The following incident well illustrates the results of venturing on any criticism of the ruling body. *The Serbian Word* had recently given a dispassionate account of an occurrence sworn to by forty peasants. A forest guard had discovered a poor peasant stealing small fagots in one of the government forests. He bound his hands behind his back, beat him till the blood ran, and forced him to make the circuit of the village twice on *his knees*. To this *The Serbian Word* merely added that it would be well for the government to keep an eye on officials of this kind. The consequences were a heavy fine for the responsible editor, the peasant sent to prison, and the guard advanced to a better place.

"Schools, of which there is only one to every fifteen Communes, are of course in the hands of the government, which provides text books suited to its purposes. The budget for the police here exceeds that for schools.

"The Austrian government has found the Roman Catholic clergy, mostly Jesuits, on the whole willing to aid in the process of denationalization. The peculiar organization of the Mohammedan faith, which has no priests in the Christian acceptation of the word, renders it inaccessible to outside influences. With the metropolitans, the work has been easier. Those settled in the cities have been so completely the tools of Austria as to arouse the hostility of the people—hence divisions in the church to the joy and advantage of the rulers. The metropolitans of the rural districts, who have mostly remained national, have sought to give free instruction to the antipathetic population. Every difficulty has been put in their way. Even those who had taken degrees at Austrian universities and applied for permission to teach reading, writing, and arithmetic to the poorest class, were turned away 'for lack of pedagogic qualifications' or for no reason at all. No Bosnian or Herzegovinian, no matter what his claims or capacity, can obtain any appointment in his own country. They are reserved for foreigners or renegades who have been willing to kiss the rod, and these have made up the deputations that have gone to Vienna to thank the Emperor for annexation.

"When Count Andrassy had before the Congress of Berlin in 1878 the disturbed condition of these countries and the blessings of civilization which Austria was to introduce, he laid special stress on the inability of Turkey to settle the agrarian question. As a matter of fact, Austrian rule has done nothing to lighten the oppressive taxes which are ruining the farmers, who form eighty-eight per cent. of the whole population. Their burdens have been increased and to-day, of 1,385,201 peasants, only 9,000 are free and independent owners of the land they cultivate!

"Poverty weighs heavily on all classes. Even the railways which run through a beautiful and interesting country have been built in the interests of military strategy. The natives have frequently made a good offer for land, which has been refused them and then sold much cheaper to Austrians. As to the forests, they have been ruthlessly destroyed.

"There is now a large emigration of young people from Herzegovina. Their places are instantly filled up by German colonists. In these provinces 80,000 troops are stationed. The town of Trebinje, with a population of 2,000, has a garrison of 2,000 soldiers, and every day since the annexation their number has been increased.

"The purchase, sale, or possession of all weapons is forbidden. Transgressors of this ordinance are tried in a military court and sentenced to at least three months' imprisonment. All public meetings are prohibited, as well as the expression of opinions criticising any action of the government. In sober fact, the people of Bosnia and Herzegovina are muzzled and bound hand and foot.

"Italy knows well the 'iron heel of Austria,' and it has been hard to restrain her ardent spirits at the last usurpation, but the union of her states is too recent, and the drain on her resources for armaments and internal improvements of all kinds has been too great, without counting the outlay now necessitated by the ruin of Sicily and Calabria, for her to engage in war. Their young Queen has shown heroic qualities in the personal care she has given to mutilated sufferers, and the physical and moral force with which she restrained them during a recent earthquake shock. Elena of Montenegro belongs to the oppressed Servian race."

The Latest Drama of the Sea

By A. Henry Savage Landor

MR. LANDOR WAS A PASSENGER ON THE "BALTIC" WHEN SHE WENT TO THE RESCUE OF THE SINKING "REPUBLIC"

To grope for hours on a tossing sea, peering through thick fog in search of a throng of men and women on a sinking ship, to find them at last and bring them safe to shore, though not without grave perils—such an experience as this must always remain vivid in the memory of a spectator. I need not dwell upon the history of the collision between the *Republic* and the *Florida*, nor the number of the killed, nor the wonderful part played by the wireless telegraph in the rescue, for these incidents already have been told at great length in the newspapers. Nor need I go into further detail regarding the tragic deaths of passengers and sailors, and the number of wounded. Perhaps a few scattered notes on the last stages of that tragedy witnessed by the writer when the survivors, after some sixteen to twenty hours of intense strain, were transshipped in small boats from the crippled *Florida* to the steady and safe giant R.M.S. *Baltic* might appeal to those who, like myself, like to observe human nature.

We had an anxious time on the *Baltic* while searching for the *Republic*. The marconigram, giving the news of the accident, was received early in the morning when the fog was dense. Notwithstanding the monotonous sounding of our whistle, the constant firing of guns, we could obtain no reply. Had it not been for the wireless messages which were despatched and received rapidly and accurately, it is to be doubted whether we should have ever found the *Republic* at all. In fact, we might have never even known of her perilous position soon enough to go to her assistance.

Of course we had "heroes" of words among the passengers of the *Baltic*, who, when the news came of the disaster, caused merriment enough by the brave deeds they intended to perform when we should find the ill-fated ship. Manning the life-boats, rescuing women and children, plunges into the sea . . . all this appeared in their programme. Spy glasses were worn slung across the shoulders, and no occasion was lost to remove them from their neat leather cases in order to scan the horizon whenever there was a sufficient attendance looking on. These enthusiasts could perceive in the dense fog—when better trained nautical eyes saw nothing—the sinking ship, and sinking fast, some eight hours before we actually discovered her, and not less than thirty hours before she actually sank! It is wonderful what eyesight some people possess! Curiously enough, passengers with less flow of language experienced in their turn great difficulty in locating the whereabouts of these vanishing "heroes" when the time really came to display some slight Christian compassion to the survivors of the *Republic* arriving one and all in a derelict condition.

The coolness and bravery of the Italian and British crews, who transferred the sixteen hundred passengers from ship to ship, was most commendable, and it would be indeed difficult to obtain, under similar circumstances, an equal display of amazing discipline. A special word of praise should be given to the officers, crews, stewards, and stewardesses of the White Star Line for the tender care and considération which they showed toward the needy regardless of social class, condition, or expectation of reward. They behaved splendidly right through to rich and poor alike. Gentlesse was also fully deserved by the few lady passengers of the *Baltic*, who tenderly nursed the steerage and saloon passengers as they came in, and principally Miss Blood, Miss Converse, Miss Evans, Miss Day, Mrs. Ingersoll, Mrs. Lumbie, Miss Beddome, and Miss Potter, who devoted the entire night in strenuous and successful efforts to be of assistance. Not only did they sacrifice themselves, but they gave very freely from their wardrobes.

Perhaps the most heroic and noblest spirit of the noble band of rescued lady passengers was Countess Pacolini, an American lady married to an Italian nobleman. Wet and cold, she was one of the first to arrive on board the *Baltic*. She was suffering from the long exposure during the day. Instead of looking after her personal comfort, she soon forgot her own miseries and proceeded without delay to lessen those of others. She was seen the entire night caring for the steerage passengers, especially the Italians, whose language she spoke to perfection.

With few exceptions all American women showed marvellous fortitude and nerve. Only one or two displayed signs of collapse after the many excitements they had gone through during the day. Although most were a pitiable sight to gaze upon—their incomplete attire wet and dirty—their hair hanging dishevelled all over the face and back—not one complained or protested, and all were cheery—astonishingly cheery. Strong will predominated. While several men collapsed pitiably when brought on board, one could but admire the intense determination and pluck of the "gentler" but decidedly not "weaker" sex. Indeed, if my sense of observation is not altogether wrong, it strikes me that nothing could be more inaccurate than the common saying, "*Be a man*," when courage and coolness are required of an individual. It should be, "*Be a woman*," at least if the numerous examples of sterling fortitude and bearing discomfort without murmur are to be taken into consideration.

This must, however, not be taken that men behaved badly in this particular disaster, for indeed most behaved well. Only not in such a magnificent way as the women. Even the colonel lady of some age—and no swimmer—who took an involuntary plunge in mid-Atlantic, while being transferred from the *Florida* to the *Baltic*, gave a splendid exhibition of pluck. She

"Why, I didn't do anything"

"JACK" BINNS, THE WIRELESS OPERATOR ON THE "REPUBLIC," WHO SENT OUT THE CALL "C. Q. D." WHICH BROUGHT HELP TO THE STRICKEN SHIP, AND WHOSE PLUCK AND ENDURANCE DID MUCH TO SAVE THE 700 PASSENGERS ON BOARD. THE "REPUBLIC," NEW YORK ACCLAIMED HIM ONE OF THE HEROES OF THE DISASTER

THE WIRELESS-TELEGRAPH ROOM ON THE "REPUBLIC," IN WHICH BINNS SAT AT THE KEY FOR MANY HOURS WITHOUT RESPITE, TILL HELP ARRIVED

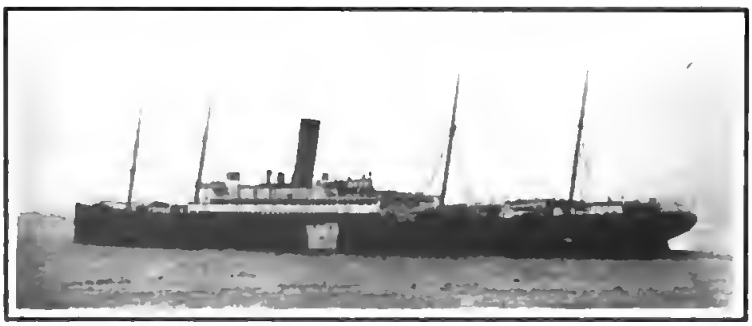
THE MAN ON THE LEFT IS CAPTAIN WILLIAM I. SEALBY, OF THE "REPUBLIC," WHOSE GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE SINKING OF HIS SHIP UNDER HIM IS GIVEN ON A SUCCEEDING PAGE. BESIDE HIM IS CAPTAIN J. B. RANSOM, OF THE "BALTIC," WHICH BROUGHT THE "REPUBLIC'S" PASSENGERS IN SAFETY TO NEW YORK

CAPTAIN MORINO, OF THE ITALIAN STEAMSHIP "FLORIDA," WHICH RAMMED THE "REPUBLIC" BUT MANAGED TO REACH PORT UNDER HER OWN STEAM

was more or less gracefully pulled out of the water by the hair of the head, as well as by means of a hook at the end of a rope which not only penetrated her dress, but also the lady's back. Far from moaning at her fate, she appeared to have almost enjoyed her experience as she emerged, soaked to the skin, on deck carried by two stewards. She smiled and waved her hand, saluting the crowd of cheering admirers. She was certainly plucky.

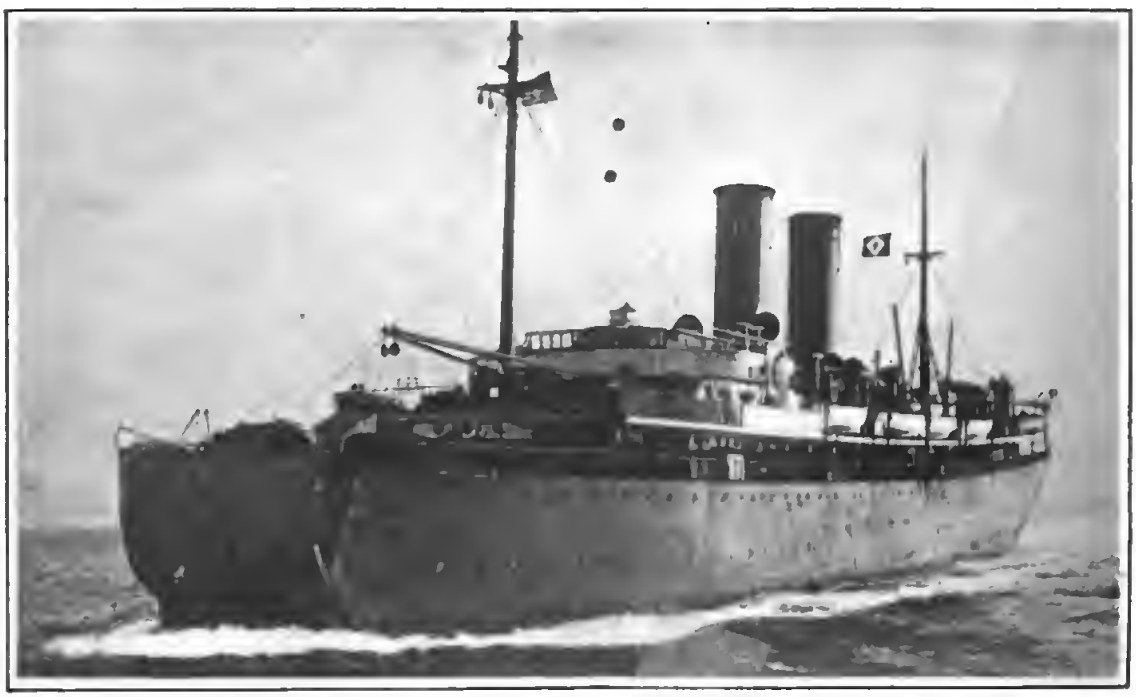
Although our passage from Liverpool had been a lengthy one, owing to the heavy head seas we had encountered, not a word of complaint was heard from a single passenger when, having already lazed for eleven days on board the *Baltic*—and we were at last nearing Sandy Hook—we turned back and had to face an extension of at least two more days to our Atlantic trip. Superstitious people on board said that the number thirteen, which figured so prominently and repeatedly on our journey, was responsible for our troubles. We had started on January 13th, I am told, from Euston station, platform thirteen, in London; our crossing lasted thirteen days, and we arrived in New York at Pier 58, which two figures added make thirteen. So bad luck we must expect.

Many lessons should be learned by this unfortunate affair. First of all, the utility of wireless telegraphy, which alone guided the *Baltic* and other vessels to the rescue when it would otherwise have been almost an impossibility to locate the *Republic*. Were all vessels fitted with a wireless apparatus, navigation would be considerably safer than at present. Then, second, that it is worth while being wrecked on a ship with an Anglo-Saxon crew, if one wishes to experience what



THE "REPUBLIC" AFTER THE COLLISION, THE GREAT HOLE IN HER PORT SIDE COVERED WITH CANVAS IN AN EFFORT TO CHECK THE INROAD OF WATER. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN FROM THE "BALTIC," A FEW HOURS AFTER THE COLLISION, BY MR. A. H. SAVAGE LANDOR, WHO WAS A PASSENGER ABOARD HER

marvellous order can prevail on board under such trying circumstances. Not that this is a reflection on the behavior of the *Florida's* crew and passengers; for, indeed, I heard nothing but words of the highest praise from everybody for the unselfishness of the Italian sailors, and the tender care and untiring efforts which they made to render assistance in every possible way, refusing all offers of payment from the more generous-spirited men and women whom they had saved. Some of those Italians worked steadily for



THE "FLORIDA," WHICH STRUCK THE "REPUBLIC" IN THE FOG, ON HER SLOW JOURNEY TO NEW YORK. HER BOWS, WHICH WERE SHATTERED FOR A DISTANCE OF THIRTY FEET, ARE SEEN COVERED WITH CANVAS TO AID HER BULKHEADS IN KEEPING OUT THE SEA. SHE SUCCEEDED IN REACHING NEW YORK UNAIDED

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WHEN THE FOG LIFTED AFTER THE COLLISION. IN THE CENTRE IS THE STRICKEN "REPUBLIC," HER ENTIRE ROOM FLOODED AND THE SHIP HELPLESS. THE LINER "NEW YORK" LIES ASTERN OF HER, READY TO HELP, WHILE OFF HER BOW IS THE "FLORIDA," WHICH, ALTHOUGH BADLY DAMAGED, TOOK OFF THE "REPUBLIC'S" PASSENGERS. THEY WERE AFTERWARD TRANSFERRED TO THE "BALTIC," A SISTER SHIP OF THE "REPUBLIC," AND BROUGHT IN SAFETY TO NEW YORK

A BOATLOAD OF THE "REPUBLIC'S" CREW RETURNING TO THEIR SINKING VESSEL FROM THE "BALTIC" THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN BY MR. LANDOR

twenty-four hours without interruption. The boats transferring the passengers between the *Florida* and the *Baltic* right through the night were nearly in all cases manned entirely by Italians. Here again I noticed the intense gratitude and justice of the women toward those who had assisted them, and the unjust remarks made by some of the male survivors when they set foot upon the *Baltic* and safety was assured. One even heard of attacks with knives, and so on, but perhaps imagination plays a great part in the minds of people who are really frightened. I actually heard the same passenger, who complained of the infamy of the Italians, state that the rowboat in which he had come over from the *Florida* had travelled up and down waves not less than forty feet high, whereas the sea just at that moment was nearly as smooth as glass. So accuracy of statements was evidently not his forte. Even down to the Italian emigrants, I was indeed surprised to see how wonderfully well they behaved. With the exception of a few who were stricken with panic and fright—surely to escape from the Messina earthquake to go and tumble into a collision in mid-ocean must be rather trying to the nerves of poor, ignorant folks—one could not help being impressed, if one understood their ways and their language, by the modest, retiring manner of these unfortunates. The men one and all removed their caps in a respectful manner before reluctantly entering the saloon—a mark of education which could not be generally applied to many of the first class male passengers. Then while boisterous Anglo-Saxons staggered in excitedly calling out for whiskey, the Italians on being asked whether they required anything to eat or drink, humbly replied: "*Non mi bisogna niente. Grazie, signore*"; and it took some persuasion to make them accept even a cup of soup or some tea or coffee. Maternal and marital affection came out strong among these poor women, and some seemed hysterical, almost bordering on insanity, when they became temporarily separated from their husbands or children. One woman was in despair all night, fearing something had happened to her better half, who was only able to join her on the *Baltic* early in the morning. The scene was most touching when he did arrive.

Here was another great national contrast. One heard a good deal about the probable total loss of passengers' baggage. Americans seemed to grudge mostly the loss of jewelry, of money, valuables, or of lately purchased articles of attire, whereas Italians—no matter how poor—mourned chiefly, and in a sentimental way, over some family souvenir which "babbo" or "mamma" had given, the association for them being more important than the monetary value of anything they possessed. One young Italian told me he had lost everything except one hundred dollars which he had in his pocket, and which he would gladly give if he could only recover from the wreck an old photograph of his dead father. "*Quello era l'unico*," he moaned, pathetically, "*non si può risupplizzare*" ("That was the only one I possessed and cannot be replaced").

The least concerned in what took place were the children. Even boys and girls of eight or ten years of age, if anything, seemed to have enjoyed the experience of rowing in open boats and climbing the wet, slippery gangway. On reaching the *Baltic*, they immediately made themselves comfortable, and devoured with avidity whatever food was placed before them. But though everything went well, the scene was a sad one—one which one is not likely to forget in a lifetime.

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THE CAPTAIN AND MATES OF THE "REPUBLIC" STANDING BY HER TO THE END. THEY MAY BE SEEN ON THE ROOF OF THE DECKHOUSE AT THE STERN. THE WIRELESS APPARATUS BY WHICH THE OPERATOR MINNS SENT OUT HIS INVALUABLE "C. Q. D." MESSAGES OF DISTRESS MAY BE SEEN SUSPENDED FROM THE MASTS

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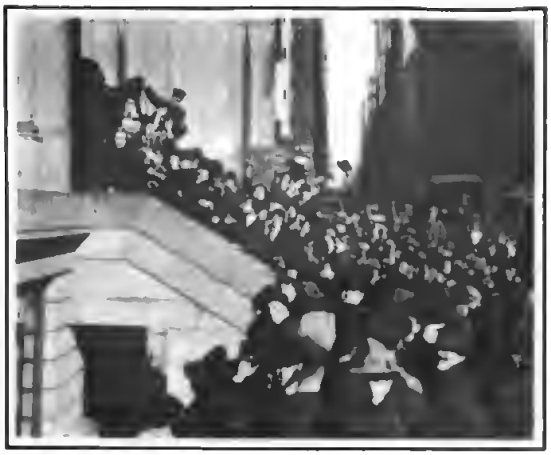

The ovation which New York gave to Captain Sealby and "Jack" Binns

THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW (THE ONE TO THE LEFT) CAPTAIN SEALBY AND "JACK" BINNS (THE ONE TO THE RIGHT) GOING UP THE STEPS OF THE WHITE STAR LINE OFFICES IN BROADWAY, CHEERED BY THE CROWDS WHICH FOLLOWED THEM FROM THE MOMENT THEY REACHED NEW YORK AFTER THE DISASTER

How Captain Sealby Stood by His Ship

CAPTAIN SEALBY, upon his arrival in New York, gave to an interviewer an account of the sinking of the *Republic* which presents an uncommonly vivid picture of his last moments on the sinking ship.

"Before six o'clock on Sunday night," said the Captain, "we knew that the *Republic* would never live to reach Marthas Vineyard. By seven o'clock she was 'way down in the stern and wallowing with long, painful rolls that meant there was very little more life left in her. Williams (R. J. Williams, the second officer) and I stood on the bridge and kept our eyes ahead on the lights of the *Gresham* and *Seneca*, which were towing. The ship was so low in the stern that the waves were breaking over her at that point, and the water was washing clear up to the ladder of the saloon deck aft.

"I think it must have been just about eight o'clock when we both saw that she was going to drop under us within a very few minutes. First thing we did was to prepare a Holmes distress light, which burns when it touches water. This we left on the bridge with us, so that when we went down the men on the revenue cutters could be directed to the spot where the *Republic* went down. While we were working over the light Williams, who has a bit of sporting blood in him, joked about our situation.

"'What do you make of it, Williams?' I had asked him.

"'I don't think it will be a long race to the bottom,' he laughed. 'When you are ready let her go and we'll make a sprint of it.'

"Before we had finished with the Holmes light we began to hear a roaring and crashing of the deck seams back of us. It was the air driving out ahead of the advancing water. That is the last call of a sinking ship. I directed Williams to burn two blue lights, the signal to the revenue cutters that we were going down and for them to cast off. Then I let loose five shots with my revolver.

"We were going down steadily then, and pretty fast. I yelled at Williams to make for the fore rigging. We both dropped down the ladder to the saloon deck, each carrying a blue light in one hand. By the time our feet touched the saloon deck it was at an angle of nearly thirty degrees, wet and slippery. We could not keep our feet, so we grabbed the rail and crawled. The water was rushing up on us from behind, and the explosions and rending of the timbers from 'midships told us that already the stern was under water.

"We had reached the forecastle head when Williams slipped to the deck and grabbed a post of the rail with his elbow. That was the last I saw of him until after it was over. I managed to get forward to the foremast and to climb the rigging as far as the forward running light, about a hundred feet up. Below me about half of the ship was visible and she was tipped up like a rocking-chair about to go over backward.

"My blue light would not burn because it had become wet. I fired one more shot from my revolver, the last. Then everything dropped and I was in the water with the foremast slipping down beside me like an elevator plunger.

"There was a boiling, yeasty mass of water about me and a great roaring. I went under, but came up again, for the air had gathered under my greatcoat and buoyed me up. I guess I went around spinning for a time; then I hit a spar. From the spar I managed to get to a hatch cover. Things were flying around in the water, and I came near being badly banged up before I managed to pull my body up on the hatch cover and lie there all spread out with nothing but my head and shoulders above the waves.

"It was very cold. I saw the search-lights on the *Gresham* and *Seneca* trying to pick me up, but they went around and around and missed me. I managed to load my revolver again and it went off, although it had had a ducking. Soon after that a boat manned by four of the *Republic*'s crew and four sailors from the *Gresham*, commanded by Gunner's Mate Johnson, slid up near me. I waved a towel I had picked up out of the water. They saw me and came and picked me up. I was weak and cold—quite finished. Williams was in the boat when it picked me up. I was glad to see. He one quite long up, too. We were quite back on our feet again after the men on the *Gresham* had ministered to us. I cannot speak too highly of the work of the revenue cutters that were trying to tow us; it was magnificent."

A night scene in the wireless drama of the "Republic"

TRANSFERRING THE PASSENGERS OF THE "REPUBLIC" FROM THE "FLORIDA" TO THE "BALTIC" IN THE GLARE OF THE LATTER'S SEARCH-LIGHT. THE DRAWING WAS MADE BY MR. A. H. SAVAGE LANDOR, A PASSENGER ON THE "BALTIC" FROM SKETCHES WHICH HE TOOK AT THE TIME FROM THE STEAMSHIP'S DECK

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Secrets of a Forbidden Palace

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED CHAPTER OF THE CHINESE COURT, SHOWING HOW A COOK'S IGNORANCE SHUT THE DOOR OF THE AMERICAN EMBASSY IN THE FACE OF THE DEPOSED EMPEROR, AND TREATING OF THAT DEPOSED RULER'S POSTHUMOUS VENGEANCE UPON A TREACHEROUS VICEROY

By Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore

ON the twenty second day of the Tenth Moon (November fifteenth), so they say, the Empress Dowager of China thanked the world and passed away, and the greatest figure in Chinese history joined its ancestors.

She had ruled China absolutely for forty years, and beside her all other usurpers and female sovereigns are insignificant, even that Dowager Empress of the Tang dynasty, who conquered Tibet, wore imperial dragon robes, herself offered the sacrifices to Heaven, erected a temple to her own ancestors, and even made vain efforts to reform the spelling, or rather the mode of writing, the Chinese characters.

Tsze Hsi-An the Great came into the palace merely as one of the eighty young Manchu beauties chosen for the harem of the Emperor Hienfung, a girl without any particular education or accomplishments, the daughter of a Manchu general living over by the east gate of the Tartar city. She died the despotic ruler of one-third of the human race, a usurper who had hesitated

The late Empress Dowager of China, Tsze Hsi-An, seated in state upon her throne

at nothing to retain the supreme power, who lost by piecemeal more territory than Kanghsi conquered, and whose whole reign was an unbroken series of wars and rebellions—who had to flee twice from Peking before foreign armies, and in whose time every sacred place was desecrated, the altars dedled, and the very ancestral tablets looted by the invaders and hawked as curios in barbarian cities across the waters. In all time there has never been anything so spectacular and astounding as the career of the imperial concubine whose disastrous rule as nearly wrecked that Empire in which women have always been despised and subordinated since Confucian slurs upon the sex were accepted as gospel, religious creed, and principle.

Tsze Hsi-An, the Huang Tai Hou (Empress Dowager), suffered a first stroke of paralysis about four years ago, a second one last winter, and for the last six months had been rapidly failing, to the great consternation of the court. As her ailments increased, her temper grew daily more terrific, her whims and caprices passed all belief, and her chronic irritability and frequent bursts of rage kept the whole palace atremble, and upper Manchu personages as far and as much away from her presence as possible. The attendants were beaten, the doctors were beaten, the eunuchs were beaten—even that eunuch who saved her great pearl nape and her favorite jewels by putting them down a well when the court fled to Shansi after the Boxer collapse in 1900.

The Dowager was dying, and she knew it—knew it with that fatalism of old Chinese women who, often without visible ailment or physical warning, announce that the time has come and that they are going to die. And they do. The first shock of paralysis gave a droop to the left side of her face and the first real sign of age to her smooth, inscrutable countenance of such amiable and misleading cast. The next reminder weakened her back, so that while she could stand erect, she sat a sunken, shrunken heap in her great chair of state—"a wicked-looking old hag, with her head thrust out like a turtle's from its shell, and her evil black eyes watching, watching to cast and weal every one around her," and one who stood in her presence in those last months when all the palace air was electric, and every one in the dragon's suite was living on the edge of his nerves.

Conscious of the approach of death, she hurried on the preparation of her mausoleum in the Eastern Hills. Although the Emperor, too, was ailing, his mausoleum was not to be undertaken for another year. She saw ghosts and drifties beckoning her toward the Eastern Hills, and she had an excess of religious fervor, dusting out the temples, making offerings to the image of Buddha, and rubbing her pearl rosaries ruinously. She urged the coming of the Dalai Lama to Peking, and was more than piqued by the scant courtesy with which Huarh Fo, the Living Buddha and Chief Pontiff, treated her when he arrived there. On the first of November she had a terrific burst of rage over some of the preparations for her birthday, which she was thereby unable to celebrate with her usual zest. Then the doctors were bamboozled daily, the eunuchs were chastised. On the twelfth of November she suffered another stroke on hearing that the Emperor was dying. All the Eastern world believes that she as well as the Emperor died on Friday, the thirteenth, but the official announcements leave decorous pauses between the grave events, allow for the summoning of the Grand Council, and the inditing of valedictory addresses, the building of coffins and biers, and the assembling of funeral garments. It is a terrific picture that is drawn in the accounts of that last midnight Council, when the tyrant lay dying in her robes of state, only able to nod assent to the choice of the heir she had designated—lying on her great yellow pillows, dying in the presence of all the court, as Queen Elizabeth died in the pictures. Then lamentations and panic followed; an imperial relict, who was not chosen Dowager Empress and guardian of the heir, committed suicide; eunuchs and servants fled with all they could lay hands upon, and consternation seized the Dowager's immediate creatures, who had not believed that old Prince Ching and his henchman, Yuan Shih Kai, would have to bow to young Prince Chun and Tieh Liang, with their heritage, that last legacy and request for revenge upon his betrayers given them by the dying Emperor Kwangsu.

Here was a brilliant and picturesque court, with an extravagance in luxurious living and dress not even the splendid Kienfung could approach, for besides all that he built and accumulated and erected and left behind she drew upon Europe for steam heat, electric light, steam-launches, automobiles, rubber-tired broughams, Vienna rocking-chairs, and Paris jewels and toys and furniture whose upholstered seats concealed music-boxes and singing birds. When she recovered the throne after the too suspicious death of her own son Tungchih, she built herself a new palace on the south shore of the lotus lake in the great palace garden—the Sea Palace, as it is called—"The Yamen of the Admiralty," as it was inscribed over one gateway, because the funds for its building were the three millions of taels appropriated for warships.

The Dowager was whimsical, capricious, and inordinately vain. She was always ready to be photographed, and storm clouds could best be driven from the dragon countenance by some swift one running for Yu Keng's son and his big camera. She posed in every "imperial seat," the big armchair on a dais in the main room of each separate pavilion of the palaces, and she changed her dress and her jewels until the little waiting women often fainted from fatigue. Robes of embroidered gauze and satin were presented to her by tens, and came up from the imperial looms at Soochow by hundreds. She had no rainy-day clothes, no tailor-made gowns for travelling or rough weather, but was always in her waking hours attired like the Queen of Sheba. At any hour of the day or night, in rain, shine, dust storm or snow storm, when the Dowager took it into her head to walk or to boat on the palace lake, the attendants were summoned and followed her in showy procession. In her satin gowns and pearl-fringed shoes she strolled on the covered gallery that nearly surrounds the lake at the Summer Palace, or struck across wet grass, or dusty, nettle-covered hillsides or ploughed fields, and the court trailed after, to the ruin of their good clothes and the amusement of the Dowager at their plight. Her state councils were held between midnight and daylight, and the princesses and ladies in waiting were

The approach to the Empress Dowager's apartments in the sea palace beside the lotus lake

expected to be at the palace from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M., waiting her summons to present their homage in the morning, and to accompany her on some excursion in the afternoon.

Contrition moved her, when she returned from her ignominious flight of 1900, to show great consideration to the ladies of the diplomatic corps, and for Mrs. Conger she developed a friendship and a regard never equalled. Mrs. Conger's sincerity, her gentleness and kindness, won upon the Dowager, and no one else ever had such hold upon and influence over her. She had a bad conscience at having brought so much hardship and danger to Mrs. Conger during the siege, and frequently lamented the fact—scornful and insensible as she might be to what other foreign women endured in 1900. Mrs. Conger was a friend of her own age, the only companion who met her on terms of apparent equality, whom she could not tyrannize over, contradict, bully, or bamboo, and she respected and loved the simple, sincere Iowa woman. Mrs. Conger's and Lady Susan Townley's were always names to conjure with, to appeal to and cajole with, when the Dowager's humors were driving her attendants to distraction, and none have ever had the same place in her regard as the aged American and the talented English beauty—her first and only foreign loves. The Dowager loved gossip, and knew too much of what the diplo-

An imperial luncheon party. The third figure from the right in the rear row is Princess Chun, the mother of the present infant Emperor; the figure to the extreme right, the niece of the Empress Dowager, is known as the "new woman" of the imperial circle

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The Empress Dowager is the seated figure. On her left is Li Lien-Ying, the treacherous eunuch who betrayed his master, the Emperor

matte ladies said and did on the days of her audiences. She had her likes and dislikes for those who courtesied in her presence, and after the departure of Mrs. Conger took less and less interest in audiences, save for the one when she received Miss Roosevelt, after the young American and her party had passed the night as her guests in old Prince Chun's villa near the entrance to the Summer Palace. After one such social hour the court told and were cross-examined for two days as to who and what the foreigners were, their conditions and careers, what they did, said, and wore on the audience day. And more especially she always asked if they looked at, spoke to, or signalled to the Emperor suffering passive torment at her despotic apron strings.

In their long Manchu robes of brilliantly colored satins lavishly embroidered, their still gayer jackets, their topknots and blue-black hair banded with pearls and jewels, and the ends of the great broad *guan cou*, or official hairpin, adorned with huge bouquets of flowers, the heavily ranged Manchu ladies of the imperial court were the most splendid and dazzling objects of beauty any one ever saw. Now, in their white and hempen garments, without jewels, flowers, tall head-dresses or rouge, they must be as hopeless a lot of brown frights as so many Indian squaws. And this sad estate must be maintained for twenty-seven months, during which time no Manchu marriages can be contracted, no musical instrument sounded, and no beautiful Manchu eyes brightened by the audacious smear of the brilliant cerise rouge covering the cheek-bones clear up, over the eyelids, to the thin lines of black eyebrows. Every trace of the omnipresent red, the "joy color," has been covered or torn down; blue and black or white papers cover the gay vermillion and gold fronts of shops that in their long miles made Peking streets the most fantastic, picturesque, and fascinating in all the world; and mourning promises a dreary three years to come.

The young Empress Yehonala, widow of Kwangsu and now Empress Dowager, whom the Regent is enjoined to consult in all affairs of state, is the daughter of the late Empress Dowager's brother, Lieutenant-General Kuei Hsiang. As Kwangsu was the son of the late Empress Dowager's sister, they were first cousins, and Yehonala some years the senior. Against his own expressed choice for another, Yehonala was forced upon him as Empress, and he never did more than tolerate her. His favorite and her sister, Chun Fei and Ching Fei, were made concubines of the third rank, and by decree of the Empress Dowager in 1895 were degraded two steps as a punishment to them and warning to the harem for their "interference in state affairs by asking favors for relatives." This relative was their father, Tze Jai, who, having criticised Li Hung Chang's mismanagement of the Japanese war, and being a progressive Manchu, was believed to have leanings toward Western learning, and was sent as Governor to a remote province on the edge of Siberia. Chun Fei again incurred the Dowager's wrath at the time of the *coup d'état* of '98, and for that was closely imprisoned in the Forbidden City until that hot August morning when the panic-stricken Dowager heard foreign cannon at her palace gates and prepared to escape in disguise and fight her way through rebellious Chinese troops to the city gates and safety in far Shansi. At this last moment pale, faded Chun Fei was brought to daylight, and, still unrepentant, was flung alive into a palace well, the Dowager standing by and ordering the eunuchs to throw large stones down upon her. Her sister was spared, but led a life of closest surveillance, enjoying the kindly consideration and friendship of the young Empress Yehonala, who at one audience smilingly went the rounds introducing the fat-faced, sharp-eyed, rary wholesome looking Ching Fei to the foreign ladies under the frank designation of "the Emperor's first concubine."

The Empress Yehonala has a long, narrow, aristocratic face, with a thin, finely cut nose and sad eyes; a very sweet and gentle, kindly and considerate woman, say the court ladies, many of whom are devotedly attached to her. For twenty years she has been Empress only in name, ignored and overlooked more completely than the Emperor Kwangsu himself, hardly more than one of the many ladies in waiting, very often outranked and displaced by the venerable Princess Imperial, widowed daughter of old Prince Kung. The Empress Yehonala appeared at audiences not on the dais with the Empress Dowager and overlorded Emperor, but down on the level with the group of princesses and duchesses. Now, at forty-one years of age, this childless widow suddenly comes into a power undreamed of, and conjecture must raise whether she has any force of character left or any ability at all; whether she is one to be reckoned with or considered in the least; whether she is a nonentity, a mere woman of vanities and whims and spites, or whether she has iron in her soul, will assert herself in resentment of those long years of humiliation and injustice, and prove that she is a worthy niece of her aunt, that unscrupulous old termagant, Tzue Hsi-An. Tuan-Yu-Kang, Chao-Yu-Chung-Cheng, Shou-Kung Ching-Hsien, Ching hsi, Hsang Tai-Hou, as run the seven names and fourteen written characters which her ministers heed to use when mentioning her.

Prince Chun all know as the most "possible," popular, and presentable of all the imperial princes, and for that reason was chosen to go to Berlin in 1902, with apologies for the murder of Baron von Kettler. He met the Kaiser and came off one better, as he left diplomatically ill at the German frontier on learning that the Kaiser demanded that he should kotow to him. He remained indisposed until the Kaiser abated his pretensions, and he conducted himself with great dignity and good taste in Berlin. Half of his time there, which should have been given to sight-seeing, investigations, and enjoyment of Berlin, was consumed by endless conferences as to the cash payment to be made for the splendid old bronze astronomical instruments looted from the observatory on the city wall months after the siege, and brought to adorn the park at Potsdam. His visits to Paris and London and brief tour of America, under the guidance of Sir Chentung Liang-Cheng, were more profitable. Prince Chun, as regent, has not waited for Kwangsu's plan to retire the Empress Dowager, and who strengthened the Dowager's hands for her *coup d'état* in 1898. The Princess Chun is young and amiable, and was a favorite with the late Dowager; and it is well known that the widow of Jung Lu, who is one of those terrible Manchu tyrants, rules the palace of the Seventh Prince with an iron hand. Prince Chun may hold the great seal and depose the favorites and autocrats of the old régime at will, but he has his mother-in-law to reckon with at home.

Prophesying went much out of fashion during this last year in Peking. The glib ones who used to foretell and forecast sat dumb. The talk of new dynasties and new divisions of empire was done. After the Empress Dowager only the deluge, pandemonium, revolution, and chaos seemed certain—and them, as usual in China, the prophets were confounded, and all went smoothly after all.

"Give us ten years of the Empress Dowager, with peace and everything as it is," said the wisest of the missionaries in 1901. "We are educating and training the men who will reform and regenerate China, but we must have time to grow them." That excellent wish has been realized almost to the letter, and there is a vast body now of progressive, intelligent, young men, well-grounded in foreign sciences and furnished with that wholly new sentiment, patriotism, standing ready to set the old Empire on its feet.

One prophecy of many years did come true, in that the Emperor died before the Empress Dowager, or at least was said to have preceded her. There is no doubt whatever but that he did die first. He had to do so. It would not do to let it happen otherwise, and fate has always been under the Dowager's control. Her faction at court, led by old Prince Ching and his military minion, Yuan Shih-Kai, and the evil band of eunuchs, could look for a short shrift if the power ever came to the Emperor's hand again and he was able to revenge his betrayal of 1898, his long captivity, and all the insults and humiliations he had endured at reactionaries' hands.

The Emperor Kwangsu was not an imbecile nor a nonentity. He played a part, as he had to do in order to be let live. He bided his time, with that patience which is the genius of his race, with that philosophy he could command. The delicate invalid withstood heroically the tyranny which had always surrounded him, that hypnotic power which the Dowager exercised over every one who came into her presence. Chinese inborn and ingrained superstition, the shackles of that terrible imperial etiquette, and the powerful fetich of filial piety completed his subjection. It was useless to conspire against her, and he was deprived of all his old friends and attendants, and his immediate servitors were changed every six days, reporting to the Dowager minutely his every act and word each day. He occupied himself with his translations of Western authors, his foreign books and foreign music, and amused himself with foreign models and toys of mechanical construction. He spoke and read French; he read, but would not speak, English; he could play the piano, and he could take watches, clocks, locks, steam-launch and automobile engines, apart and reconstruct them. Electricity in its many new forms bewitched him, and he kept fully informed upon the progress of Western invention. He knew European history well. Napoleon's career and the many changes of government in France interested him, but he read the history of Poland most closely of all, and found in its partition by greedy Powers a warning as to what was meant by spheres of influence in common talk. Poland's past was the song that goaded him to the frenzy of reform. He realized, as the young sovereign of Japan had realized thirty years before, that only by acquiring Western learning and meeting foreigners on their own ground could China hold her own against Western aggression and progress. Without such experienced and wise advisers, he attempted to do in a single summer what the Japanese Emperor had taken a generation to work out, by providing first a general scheme of education for twenty-three years.

In that happy summer of 1898, Kwangsu, with the great Confucian scholar, Kang Yu Wei, an impractical reformer who had never been outside of China at that time, planned the reformation of every branch of the

(Continued on page 22.)

A group on the imperial barge upon the lotus lake. Yehonala, the childless widow of the late Emperor, stands upon the left of the Dowager Empress, who is seated in the centre

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ACTRESS, MANAGER, AND THEATRE OWNER

MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT IS NOW APPEARING IN A NEW PLAY, "THE CHAPERON," AT THE MAXINE ELLIOTT THEATRE, WHICH SHE OWNS AND MANAGES

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Maine's Mockery of Prohibition

DURING THE PERIOD OF THE STRICTEST ENFORCEMENT WHICH THE STATE HAS EVER KNOWN, THE ANNUAL ARRESTS FOR DRUNKENNESS IN A SINGLE CITY INCREASED FROM 600 TO MORE THAN 1,000

By Holman Day

PART I

WITH the beginning of the present year Maine entered upon the most curious phase of its history in regard to the sale of intoxicants. After fifty seven years the question of prohibition might naturally be thought to be dead in Maine which was the first of the States to put a prohibitory article into its constitution. But just at this time the question is more alive than ever before. In view of the fact that so many other States in the Union are attempting reform along the lines of the prohibitory principles first essayed by Maine, the situation in the pioneer State bears its provincial aspect and becomes of national interest. The reason why Maine is in an uproar from end to end is curious enough. Its retiring Governor was sufficiently courageous in his political unwisdom to make the politicians redeem their own pledges to the people and to oblige the people to obey their own prohibitory law, generally nullified in the past. He was the first Governor to demand that the Legislature should give him power to enforce that prohibitory law—and for the past four years the law has been enforced so thoroughly that *enforced* prohibition has for the first time actually been on trial in Maine. The people like their own medicine so little that the enforcement law may possibly be repealed.

"Nullification" of the prohibition law in a Maine town, in a county where the high sheriff handled the rum traffic in accordance with what the people really wanted

Four years ago, as stated, for the first time in the history of the State, Maine elected a Governor who had the moral courage and political unwisdom to put its professions to the test. During those past four years enforced prohibition has been on trial in Maine. The result has been such wreck in the Republican party, obliged to stand sponsor for that enforcement, which was in accordance with its platform—such imminence of overthrow if the trial is persisted in, that the incoming Legislature, controlled by the Republicans, is to repeal the law, and the old system of toleration will be resumed.

In the light of recent events it really seems as though Maine had been passing all its anti liquor laws as sops to conscience. Every convention of the Republican party for half a century, State, district, or county, adopted resolutions declaring unswervingly for prohibition, and legislatures passed fresh enactments to twist the necks of rumsellers. But real enforcement has pricked the bubble of political protestations!

Many able leaders have now come to a realizing sense of the State's dishonesty in not putting its protestations into practice. A few men have been brave enough to come out and argue for regulation of a traffic that gave plain evidence that it could not be killed by prohibition—until human nature shall change its spots. These men have been damned politically, having ticketed as "rummies" by the radicals and heylng the nomenclature endorsed by the hypocrites. A few other men have been bold enough to use their delegated power and insist on enforcement. These have been doomed politically—and of this class Maine's retiring Governor is the best and latest example. The great majority of men who have been looking for political preferment and have secured it—and of course these are the political leaders—have trimmed discreetly.

Maine has got law enough, and for fifty years has had law enough to smash rumselling and rumsellers flat. The penalty for a first offence used to be either fine or imprisonment; for a second offence, fine, "and in addition thereto" imprisonment. The same penalties were attached to the offense of keeping a drinking house, while a fine might be imposed for the illegal transportation of intoxicants.

The radicals asked for more teeth in the law. The Legislature of 1887 and the Legislature of 1891 thereupon passed acts making imprisonment the specific penalty for all offences under the prohibitory law. The court had no discretion. But the succeeding Legislature promptly annulled the effect of these drastic changes, not directly by repeal, but indirectly by an amendment that was not debated at all, so far as legislative records show. The law still stands with penalties expressly worded—but for fifteen years it has been in the discretion of the court to impose fines or imprisonment for all offences.

The liquor-sellers themselves admit that they will not continue to sell when conviction means imprisonment. When it is known that a rumrod judge is coming into a county, drumshops are closed and rumsellers flee. Maine watches occasional examples of this sort and the radicals rejoice. But the great mass of the people do not seem to care much about it, anyway. No judge is criticised when he uses his discretion and imposes fines in place of imprisonment. When liquor-sellers understand that conviction means a fine merely, they understand that the practical result is the system of county license which—until the enforcement commission got busy under Governor Cobb—was in vogue in the majority of Maine counties. The amount of the "low license" fee was determined by the number of cases secured each year against individuals—this matter being in the hands of the county prosecuting officer, who evidently taxed according to the business a rumseller was doing.

It was very clear that public opinion in the "loose" counties backed up the tolerant officers. It got to the point where juries would not convict when it was understood that jail sentences were to be imposed. Any lawyer or judge in Maine will aver that this latter fact bred disrespect for all criminal law in Maine. In some respects at least, there was less scandal attached to the nullification of the law by the "loose" counties. The fines passed into the county treasury through the courts. Counties were flush and thrifty—built new court-houses from these "easy-money" receipts, and relieved the taxpayers of direct taxation for county charges. The officers did not seek grog shops to secure conviction. An agent for the county, just before court-time, went to the office of the collector of internal revenue for the United States at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and drew off a list of those who were paying a liquor-retailer's tax in the county in question. This, by agreement between officers and rumsellers, was accepted as *prima facie* evidence, and the party was fined one hundred dollars and costs. In most counties the rumseller was asked up to the cop's office twice a year—a very comfortable low license.

By bringing down the club just as hard as the law allows, an offender could be grabbed red-handed any day and put into jail for years, and fined several thousand dollars—it being necessary merely to multiply counts! But no! The rumseller went into partnership with his county officers and the court, and the taxpayers were silent partners. But any county or municipality that wanted to be "dry" kept dry without fuss or trouble. The officers simply gauged the sentiment of the people.

But such a perversion of constitutional law could not continue without grave abuses springing up. The very conditions fathered fraud. The hotels that sold liquor in the State of Maine endeavored to make their barrooms decent—if there is any such thing as a decent barroom possible. But for the most part the traffic was not under legal, moral, or financial restraint, as it is in sections that control by high license.

Police and constables did not bother the rumsellers. By tacit agreement the sheriff of a county had the whole handling of the matter. It came about, therefore, that the State of Maine witnessed a most curious hodge-podge of spasmodic and sporadic enforcement, some men selling openly and without molestation, others being persecuted continually. Goods addressed to some parties were seized by the wholesale at railroad stations; casks, jugs, and bottles came regularly and safely into the hands of other dispensers. It became evident that in some counties the sheriffs were taking advantage of the laxity of public opinion regarding enforcement to peddle indulgences. In some sections that system was carried to such an extreme that certain rumsellers organized into a sort of "trust"; only so many were allowed to sell, and these were men who could be trusted to pay their fines to the court, their tribute to the party purse for election purposes, and other sums that made a sheriff's job worth at least ten times the salary of the Governor of Maine, who receives $2,500 a year, providing the sheriff employed his advantages—and if he didn't he was called a fool.

But when some sheriffs seemed to be making too much money the proletariat got mad.

Curiously enough, "tight times" in the rum traffic followed not as a result of a great moral awakening on the part of the people in certain counties, but from a desire to break up "rings." It requires the shibboleth of politics to stir people in Maine to really do things—and that's so much the worse for the prohibitory question as a moral issue!

In Cumberland County, after years of wide-openness, Republicans and Democrats flocked together and elected for high sheriff a clergyman, the head of a temperance mission, nominated by that political joke in Maine, the Prohibition party. The Rev. Henry Pearson was a sincere sort of a man, but too guileless for his job. He lectured frequently in various parts of the State, describing his efforts to enforce the law, and told of the immense sums that had been offered to him by out-of-the-State liquor wholesalers as bribes. He refused these bribes. He was not so fortunate in some of his special liquor deputies, selected from among his religious friends. There was a public scandal in his office, and the reverend high sheriff retired to a health resort and died before he had completed his term of office. The popular verdict in Maine was that he died of a broken heart. Then Cumberland County elected a Democrat who shrewdly felt the pulse of the populace, and established a system of regulation by which a certain number of hotels and saloons were allowed to sell, closing at certain hours and obeying the sheriff's orders implicitly. All the sheriff's deputies had to do was to watch the permitted places, and raid those that were outside the pale. The popularity of this plan, administered without implication of private graft, was shown when this sheriff was re-elected in most triumphant fashion. He is now just retiring from office.

Androscoggin County, containing Lewiston, the second largest city in the State—Cumberland has Portland, the largest—elected a minister of the gospel, too. After about a week's deadlock in the county convention the radicals had tired out the liberals and forced the minister upon the Republican party. He was sheriff two years, was renominated by his party—which promptly went back on him, and helped the Democrats elect their man—the first Democratic sheriff in Androscoggin for twenty years or so. Seeing that the minister had really tried to enforce the Republican prohibitory law, his *defeat* is not a handy argument for Maine's sincerity, for never did the Republican platform declare more strenuously for prohi-

bition and its enforcement than it did that year the minister was defeated. That was four years ago. It was plain that after these instances just cited, Maine proposed generally to go back to nullification.

It was then that Governor Cobb took Maine by the collar and held her up so that she could look at herself in the glass of candor, and then led her up to the dough-dish of beauty.

In other words he, for the first time in the State's history, put enforced prohibition on trial in the State—and—well, alas!

His party, the Republicans, put him on a platform the I declared, as usual—only in a little stronger terms—for prohibition and its faithful enforcement. District and county conventions passed strong resolutions so declaring. When the candidate went about the State speechmaking, local leaders all urged him to "put it to 'em strong on the temperance and prohibitory questions." Therefore he promised to do all in his power to enforce the law.

As the law stood then, the Governor of the State had no power to secure the enforcement of the liquor statutes. In his inaugural address he sharply criticised the State's anomalous position on the enforcement of this important law, stated that as a business man he took his party's protestations seriously and believed that the credit of the State demanded that local nullification and sheriff-made law be put down. I was present at the reading of that address and well remember the tumultuous applause that greeted the Governor's earnest utterance on that subject. Maine's politicians have got into the habit of beating their palms furiously whenever an orator makes reference to "the grand old State of Maine" and its stand on the question of "rum." It was supposed that Governor Cobb was like his predecessors in office. All had heard that talk many times before. But an enforcement law was put before that Legislature. It was called the "Sturgis bill," from the name of its sponsor in the Senate. It practically made the Governor the grand high sheriff of Maine. It put all the resources of the State treasury at his command for the purpose of hiring enforcement deputies. The Governor insisted grimly that this law, or one similarly efficacious, be put into his hands—and the Legislature passed the law. The Governor appointed three enforcement commissioners, men of high standing and probity, and these men, consulting with the executive in every move, put deputies at work in all counties where, it was believed, the sheriff was not doing his best to enforce the liquor laws. Thus Maine had three sets of officers—policemen, sheriffs, and "Sturgis deputies"—to enforce one law.

During the first two years the State paid a little less than $30,000 to the new commission and the deputies—and the political uproar caused by this enforcement was something dreadful.

The next Legislature passed an act repealing the "Sturgis bill." But the uncompromising Governor would not heed the appeals of the politicians. He vetoed the act of repeal. The Senate stuck to its guns and passed the act over the veto. But the House failed to secure the necessary two-thirds, and the Sturgis law remained on the books.

During four years, therefore, we have been witnessing Maine's only real and State-wide attempt to enforce the constitutional law. As to how well Governor Cobb's party supported him on that platform they had placed under him, witness, he was elected—this was before the enforcement commission was heard of—by a rising 27,000. He was re-elected by 7,000, and only after a tremendous fight.

The politicians say now that continuing the policy of enforcement means the wreck of the Republican party so far as its domination of State matters is concerned. The new Governor, whom the Republicans have elected to succeed Cobb after a struggle fully as bitter as that of two years ago, and by a margin as narrow, tells me that he will not compromise on the matter of enforcement, but adds that he does not believe that the Governor should be called upon to be general high sheriff of the State. It is believed that the next Legislature will repeal the enforcement law. This means that Maine wants to go back to county option—and human nature is just the same in Maine as it was a few years ago? Local nullification, depending on the sentiment of communities, is bound to result. Maine has had enforced prohibition, and has not stood the test politically.

During these protracted and frequent occasions when Maine has been "wide open" under the prohibitory law, nullified by tacit agreement between politicians, people, and rumsellers, the liquor traffic in the State has not presented many peculiarities. A stranger travelling through might think that he was in a high-license State.

He would find at his hotel a regulation bar, within easy reach of the hotel office. There has been no especial attempt at concealment. In the Hotel Thacher at Biddeford, where the approach was a little blind on account of the corridors, there were signs in succession—"It's This Way." "You're Right. Keep On." "Only a Little Ways Farther." "This Is It." In hotel bars stocks of liquors were displayed and decorated in the usual manner. In the permitted saloons in cities the same rule prevailed. Many such saloons opened off the streets without concealment. Others piled empty cigar-boxes in the windows. In those days of nullification the system was practically low license by the county, rumsellers were indicted, and came up and paid a hundred-dollar fine two or three times a year.

The radical prohibitionist is fond of stating that the prohibitory law makes a rumseller a social pariah. This has not been true in Maine during the times of toleration. Men who run the best places and made the most money were given political and other preferment, and their communities did not fail in respect shown toward them.

In the free-and-easy days in Maine, when the prohibitory law was regularly nullified, men paid their liquor fines regularly, "fixed" the officers of the law, and subscribed to the party fund. The system tickled outsiders immeasurably, and they went away and made fun of the prohibitory law of Maine, and wrote funny pieces for the papers about its hypocrisy and the "howling farce"—that was their favorite expression—of the thing. We, in Maine, did not see any humor in such writing. The radical prohibitionists were insulted and would never admit that there were any open bars in Maine. The liberals, who knew of the bars, allowed that we were running the thing in the best manner that human nature would let us run it.

But at irregular intervals there have come "tight times" in the Maine liquor traffic. Then it is that thirsty Maine becomes really picturesque. We are just at the end of four years of tight times in our State, following nearly a decade of open and brazen nullification, during which many counties paid off their debts and built new court-houses out of fines, and some sheriffs got rich. These tight times were brought on us by a Governor who took his platform and his party protestations seriously, and insisted on our trying enforced prohibition in place of merely declared prohibition. Never in her history has Maine seen prohibition so thoroughly enforced as it has been during these past four years—and now the politicians are going to repeal that obnoxious enforcement law, discharge the enforcement commission, and, by "booming up," try to save the party whose Governor took his platform too seriously. It is as well for the moral-

"Enforcement" under the late Governor, showing a supposed grogshop in Lewiston after a visit from the Sturgis Law State deputies, who wrecked the place in searching for liquor

lists to be indulgent. It is no time in which to froth at the mouth over "betrayal of great moral principles" Maine simply has been stretching her human nature too far. She really isn't any better than the average of poor humanity and might as well acknowledge it.

The first effect of the work of the new enforcement commission was to close practically all the hotel bars—for reputable hotel men could not afford to buck against the Governor's authority exerted through his enforcement deputies. Many hotels continued to sell secretly out of closets in some guest's room.

Practically all the saloons on the prominent streets of cities and large towns closed. Defying such a law as the new enforcement statute, administered from the State House, meant that jail sentences would follow conviction. It is for this reason that the present situation in Maine is too significant to need much comment. If Maine had really made up its mind that prohibition prohibited and ought to prohibit, the Legislature would not be repealing the enforcement act. But when pluralities drop out from under enforcement, governors and juries fail to stand behind judges who are administering jail sentences, it is time to consider policy a bit.

With this general closing of the better grade places, the average Maine man who felt the need of a nip sent in his order for liquor to be expressed to him from outside the State. It is not often that "private packages" are disturbed by the officers.

But there seems to be abuse connected by fatality with any phase of the liquor question, whether high license, low license, nullification, or prohibition. As soon as the tight times began, hundreds of "phony express companies" came into being. At first they were simply "errand boys" to buy liquor in Boston and deliver it from door to door in Maine cities and towns.

But an improvement on a twenty-four hours' wait promptly suggested itself. The express company carried on "an hand" stock in its Maine offices, and filled orders immediately. The law has dealt some pretty severe blows to the more daring of these fake companies. The regular companies are, of course, bringing liquor into Maine daily in immense quantities, but they act simply as carriers, and are not disguised rumshops.

However, notwithstanding the advantages of the express companies, and though the mails are loaded daily with "liquor circulars" offering great bargains, this way of getting liquor is too tame for the average Maine tippler. Men whose appetite for the stuff itself is not especially acute will hunt for liquor when they strike town as men hunt for game. And another better fact is this: when the liquor has been found, sometimes after difficulties, the seeker usually "stays by it" until he is thoroughly intoxicated. Like the camel at an oasis, he loads his stomach, anticipating another stretch of parched desert.

A strong point urged by prohibitionists is that by driving the liquor traffic out of the highways into the byways the temptation to drink is removed from many. This is true, but, on the other hand, the men in Maine who desire to obtain liquor are obliged to go without it, and the stuff that they do secure on the down is almost always such horrible poison that its victims are reduced to a pitiable condition.

A rural club "staying by" the contents of the express package which they have just received from Boston

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The commissariat

To Eliminate the Tramp

By Frank Marshall White

IT was at a farmhouse somewhere near the middle of the State of New York that a tramp in rags and of battered aspect, but whose countenance was of jocose cast withal, called about sundown to prefer a request for something to eat. As impecunious pedestrians received discourteously in the rural districts have been known—in order to overcome any consequent tendency to injured introspection—to set fire to barns and haystacks, or to perform other overt and vengeful acts, the owner of the farmhouse, although not hospitably inclined, caused a substantial repast to be set before the visitor, and afterward found him a place to sleep in the barn. Here a bed was made up of hay, with a pair of horse blankets for covers; and, as the traveller expressed a desire for some literature to while away the moments before sleep might overtake him, a lantern was hung above his head and an ancient newspaper given him. Bidding his guest good night, the farmer inquired if he was comfortable.

"Everyt'ing is quite right, t'anks," replied the other, kindly. "Close de door when you go out, an' don't forgit to call me in time fer de limited cattle west."

This pleasing narrative presents one aspect of the American tramp, who, however great an affliction he may be to the country at large—and a responsible official has reckoned the annual damage to the railroads of the United States alone by the fraternity at twenty-five million dollars—has been of inestimable value to the comic artists and funny man in general, who, indeed, have found it impossible to exaggerate the infinite jest of his apparel, his conduct, or his humor. Nevertheless, if the present project to eliminate these unbelieved vagabonds—who are estimated to number half a million in the land—is successful, there are few of the rest of us who will not be glad to bid the tramp of literature and art, as well as the real tramp, an affectionate farewell.

It is due to the efforts of Edmond Kelly, sometime lecturer on municipal government at Columbia University, a publicist who has closely studied social problems here and in Europe, that the New York Legislature is taking up the question of the introduction in this State of the labor-colony system which has already proved effective in Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland, and the adoption of which in Great Britain has recently been recommended by a commission appointed by the London Board of Works. With the active co-operation of Charities-Commissioner R. W. Hebberd, and the assistance of lawyers representing the railroads of the State, the principal sufferers at the hands of the tramps, Mr. Kelly has drawn up the bill to be submitted to the lawmakers at Albany, whereby our modern nomad is to become a self-supporting institution, and the bread lines and the Bowery lodging-houses consequently abolished—if the optimistic predictions of the author of the measure are verified.

The bill provides for the appointment by the Governor of five trustees to serve without compensation, whose duty it will be to select sites, appoint and direct officers, and exercise a general direction over the colonies. The superintendent of each colony is to be a practical and educated farmer, and the trustees are to be at liberty to secure also the services of a superintendent of a similar institution in Europe in order to profit by his practical experience. The object of the "farm colony," as Mr. Kelly calls it, is to detain, reform, and instruct vagrants, habitual drunkards, and those guilty of violation of Section 426 of the penal code—that is to say, of offences against the railroads, such as stealing rides on trains, obstructing tracks, etc. The inmates of the colonies are to be instructed in agriculture, horticulture, and industry, though industry is to be subsidiary to agriculture, and is to be resorted to only during the winter months, except in the case of such few inmates as may not be fitted for agricultural work. A carefull record will be kept of each individual case, of the past history of the case, and of changes in character while in the colony. The usual provisions are made for paroles and indeterminate sentence. Such inmates as deserve compensation are to receive it, part to be paid during confinement, and the rest allowed to accumulate until the inmate may be discharged. The buildings are to be constructed, for the most part, by the inmates of the colony. Escapes, attempts to escape, and persistent refusal to obey the rules of the colony are to be State-prison offences. Inmates are to be committed to the colonies for indefinite periods, the time of detention being dependent upon conduct.

"The Farm Colony Bill," in the words of Mr. Kelly, "proposes to introduce into New York institutions that have actually rid many countries in Europe of the tramp, and proceeds upon the simple and obvious plan of putting idle men on idle land. Although it is difficult to make money out of land, it is easy to get nourishment out of it. Farm colonies, therefore, in which the agricultural element predominates, as in Switzerland, are self-supporting. Magistrates are unwilling to commit tramps to the workhouse, partly because they cannot easily distinguish the tramp willing to work from the unwilling tramp, and partly because the workhouses are overcrowded. Hence the importance of instituting farm colonies, to which it will be a blessing rather than a disgrace to be committed; thus only can the burden of the tramp be lifted off the community without expense to the State beyond that of first instalment. It will be seen that the bill is drawn up for the purpose, in the first place, of taking all tramps off the streets and highways, in the second place, of accustoming them to work, and of reforming their characters by a system of rewards rather than punishment."

It is fitting that New York should be the first State to establish a farm colony, since it needs one most. New York City is the Paris of the tramp, the Bowery and Park Row to Brooklyn Bridge his Grand Boulevard. Every tramp on the continent intends to get to New York as often as possible to partake of the joys to be found for his kind only in the lodging-houses and saloons along these dingy thoroughfares. From Canal Street to Bayard Street on the west side of the Bowery every building is a cheap lodging-house, and from Chatham Square to Cooper Square almost every other building on each side of the street is a lodging-house, and there are more saloons than lodging-houses. Here, during the winter months in particular, tramps from all over the country merge in thousands with the members of the New York gangs composed of the lowest of the criminal population, ranging in age and degree of disreputability from superannuated porch-climbers, bank burglars, and highway robbers, through many grades of crapulous blackjacks, jail-birds, and juvenile malefactors to the human vermin that crawl at the doors of the dives, the "radets" of the "Red-light district"—all of whom come within the scope of the "farm-colony" measure.

The space beneath the steps of houses affords a luxurious sleeping-place

It is a matter of business, as well as pleasure, with these of the tramps whose engagements permit them to get to New York early enough in the fall, by reason of the annually recurring exigency whereby, with the year-round residents of the slums, they are essential at the primaries and elections to correct the expression of the popular will at the polls on behalf of Tammany Hall. Election Day is the day of the year with all of these wastrels, for the politicians keep them in a condition of agreeable inebriation from morn until night in order that they may not balk at the work in hand; and to the purple evening, if they have conscientiously performed their tasks, they are paid in cash the market price for each vote they may have cast. It is impossible, for obvious reasons, to make anything like a census of the vagrants who inhabit the lodging-houses from night to night or sleep in the back rooms of saloons, in hallways, in deserted lofts, and even in excavations for cellars and sewer pipes, but James Forbes, of the bureau of advice and information of the Charity Organization Society, for many years mendicancy officer, says that thirty thousand of them in New York this winter is not an extravagant estimate. A pathetic feature of the situation is that, according to Mr. Kelly and Mr. Forbes, half of the men who wander in the streets at night are of the unemployed who would work if they could find work to do. To these men the "farm colony" would be a godsend.

Tramps like to lurk in tenement-house entrances

Mr. Kelly, in his monograph on the elimination of the tramp, points out the reason why it is policy to inaugurate the farm colony in New York at once. "The first State that provides a system that makes it humane and just for the magistrate to sequester every vagrant that comes before him," he says, "will promptly rid its borders of the tramp, who will avoid this State and proceed to others where he can roam unmolested. All the States will be driven by this process, one after the other, to adopt the labor-colony plan; it is the last State to adopt it that will bear the brunt of vagabondage, not the first."

Mr. Kelly divides the tramps into four groups, each of which differs from any other, he says, "as much as a tattered rogue differs from a lawn-sleeved bishop." The first group is composed of boys under twenty-one, who tramp for amusement, and who constitute a large percentage of the whole tramp army. Another group is composed of neuropaths—men not necessarily sick in body, but sick in mind, for whom tramping is as specific a symptom of insanity as hallucination or delirium tremens, he declares. In the third group are placed the remainder of the able-bodied tramps, who in turn are divided into four classes; those anxious to work, those accustomed to casual labor, and willing, therefore, only to work on odd jobs, those not willing to work at all, and misdemeanants. The non-able-bodied comprise the fourth group, which is subdivided as follows: blameless unemployed, who are unable to work through age, illness, or accident; unemployed, whose capacity for work has been affected by drink, those whose physical incapacity is temporary and who can within a reasonable time recover capacity to work upon being removed from the temptation to drink; those whose incapacity is permanent, but who are capable of being restored to physical capacity after a sufficiently long treatment; incurables; misdemeanants. The last two groups, according to Mr Kelly, are subject again to further subdivision, according as their vagabondage is due to temporary or permanent causes, to industrial crises, or to incurable habits, and to a still further subdivision, according as they are blameless or not.

"It is important to distinguish between the able-bodied and the non-able-bodied," Mr. Kelly says, "be-

The bread line which is fed at the Bowery Mission at midnight during the winter

rause the problem as regards the first is mainly a problem of finding work, whereas the problem as regards the non-able-bodied is rather a problem of fitting them for work. It is important to distinguish between the temporary and the permanent, because the effort to secure employment for only a brief period must be of a very different character from the effort to secure employment for a long one. Last, but not least, it is important to distinguish between the blameless and the non-blameless, because the treatment which will be justifiable in the latter case will not be justifiable in the former, and we find ourselves, therefore, obliged to divide our labor colonies into two corresponding classes—the free and the forced. It would be unjust, as well as unwise, to herd with bettered tramps men who are unfitted for work through no fault of their own—that is to say, through age, illness, or accident; boys who have become tramps through a pure spirit of adventure; men who have been thrown out of work and are anxiously looking for employment; and that other large class of unemployed, who, while appearing to belong to the genuine unemployed, have really, through long-continued unemployment, so lost the habit of work as to be incapable of profiting by opportunities secured through exceptional and temporary relief works."

That volatile student of his kind, Dr. Benjamin R. Reitman (known to the tramps throughout the United States as "the Doc," having once been himself a member of the order) who spent last winter in the Bowery, has made a classification of the genus which the Charity Organization Society finds useful and which Mr. Kelly considers worthy of a place in his monograph. Says Doctor Reitman: "The words 'tramp,' 'hobo,' 'bum,' 'vagrant,' etc., are terms which are generally used synonymously, but there are three distinct types of itinerant vagrant tramping about the country. These I shall call 'tramp,' 'hobo,' and 'bum.'" He subdivides the three classes according to character, geographical distribution, and type. The tramp, he says, "dreams and wanders," his geographical distribution is throughout "tramplons—main lines of railroads"—and the type is "runaway boy," the class including the "tramp criminal," the "criminal tramp" (the "tramp criminal" being a criminal who resorts to tramping in order to escape the police, and the "criminal tramp" one who does not beg but steals), and the "neuropathic tramp." The hobo "works and wanders," his geographical distribution being through "hoboland—farms, ice-houses, section-houses, mines, etc."—and the type is "non-employed"; the class including the "tramp hobo," the "train hobo," the "bum hobo," the "criminal hobo," and the "neuropathic hobo." The bum "drinks and wanders." His geographical distribution is throughout "Bumville—barrel houses and saloons"—and the type is "drunkard," the class including the "criminal bum" and the "neuropathic bum."

Mr. Kelly believes that the "farm colony," aside from solving a pressing economical problem, will prove a philanthropic measure in the reclamation of a great majority of the tens of thousands of boys who are tramping throughout the country in the summer and homeless in the cities in the winter. "It is the railroads that make the tramps," he asserts. "More recruits are drawn to the tramp ranks from the boys who think it fun to steal rides on trains than from any other source. Now if we take hold of these tramps in the making, catch these ride-stealing boys in the beginning, put them in a colony where industry is keen on all hands, teach them a trade and how to make an honorable living—why, that is good work. We will be making citizens—saving them." A year ago "the Doc" got several hundred of these boy tramps together for coffee, sandwiches, and a talk at the Bowery Mission. Some of them were not more than twelve years old, but among them were boys who had visited every part of the United States and several who had been tried tramping in Europe.

The Farm Colony Bill is approved not only by Commissioner Hebbard, but by such other practical sociologists as Robert W. de Forest, President of the Charity Organization Society; R. Fulton Cutting, President of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor; Dr. Orlando F. Lewis, Superintendent of the Joint Application Bureau of both organizations; Samuel J. Barrows, President of the Prison Association; and Robert W. Reneve, Superintendent of the Bureau of Municipal Research. Indeed, Doctor Lewis, while not holding such sanguine views as to the actual elimination of the tramp as Mr. Kelly, considers that the psychological moment for the farm colony has arrived. "We are already quite generally convinced that our present cures don't cure," he says. "It is doubtful if vagrancy is being reduced in the United States. Bread lines, missions, short jail sentences or suspended sentences, curb-stone charity, and even woodyards and industrial homes, have proved of little general effect. The acute distress of the vagrant may be temporarily alleviated by public or private charity. Imprisonment may remove him for a short time from society, restraining him in a place where little or no work is done, and where he becomes a burden of non-effort to those under sentence for other offenses. At large, the tramp is costly and dangerous; imprisoned, he is under little or no reformative influences in county jails and workhouses, which are generally 'schools of crime.'"

The enacting clause of the Farm Colony Bill provides that it shall take effect immediately, wherefore it behooves New York tramphom to watch the Legislature and be prepared to leave for New Jersey and other contiguous states if the measure goes before the Governor for his signature.

The Municipal Lodging-house—a refuge on cold nights

The Threatened Doom of the Loan Shark

THE proposition to place salary-loan "sharks," pawnbrokers, and dealers in chattel mortgages under the control of the State Superintendent of Banks, and give that official power to fix the rates of interest charged by these sometimes rapacious little capitalists, is one that, if put into effect, would tend materially to ease distress among certain of the respectable poor, and incidentally to "mend or end" the business of the first-named class of money-lenders, the most rapacious of them all. That the project has got so far as the drafting of an act to amend the banking laws to this effect, by Dr. Samuel McCune Lindsay, Professor of Social Legislation at Columbia University, and Vice-President Frank Tucker of the Provident Loan Society, is due to an investigation by the Russell Sage Foundation of the salary-loan business in this city.

It should not be inferred, however, that the speculator who lends money on another man's salary is entirely without a function in society. On the contrary, with the pawnbroker and the lender on chattel mortgages, he often serves a useful purpose in our scheme of economics. There are hundreds of thousands of borrowers in this city alone, whose need is no less legitimate as and often more urgent than that of men who have access to the banks, who are the customers of these three classes of money-lenders. For the most numerous of these, possessing personal property of value to deposit with him, go to the pawnbroker; the next in order of indigency borrow on household fixtures, etc., which is allowed to remain in their possession, and finally comes the borrower whose only asset as security for a loan is his capacity to earn a salary. If the last mentioned were able to obtain money at a reasonable rate of interest, the salary-loan lender would not be the unmitigated evil he is at present. The success of the Provident Loan Society has established the fact that pawnbroking may be made to pay a reasonable profit while charging less than half the legal rate of interest for such transactions, and the St. Bartholomew's Loan Association has demonstrated that the chattel-mortgage business can be carried on successfully with a moderate interest charge. It has not yet been shown, however, that the salary-loan money-lender can make money except by usurious practices, though the circumstance that one of them doing business here to-day is reputed to be worth several million dollars, while not of itself proof that he would have prospered had he been handicapped by a soul, tends in that direction. The Foundation investigators estimate that at present the money-loan "sharks" make an annual profit of two hundred and fifty per centum on the money invested in the business in this city.

There can be no two opinions as to the necessity for holding in check these scoundrels who exploit the misfortunes of the poor, and who get around the present laws against usury by making contracts with their victims whereby they "buy their salaries" for certain periods. The readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY have been made acquainted with the methods of these "sharks."

It is estimated that the "loan sharks" have thirty thousand customers among the employees of the business establishments of New York City, but these borrowers are few by comparison with the patrons of pawnbrokers. An estimate of the number of persons doing business with these gentry, based on the figures of the Provident Loan Association, which conducts six shops and had out one hundred and fifty-two thousand loans at the end of the year, reckoning that each loan represents an individual and the number of pawnshops in the city to be two hundred, produces a total that exceeds the population of the five boroughs—and may be considered inaccurate. The pawnbrokers charge interest on their loans at the rate of thirty per centum per annum, as against twelve per centum charged by the Provident Loan Association, an institution that pays six per centum on its original investment and turns over a surplus each year to be invested in the business. Wherefore, it is probable that in the event of the pawnbrokers being regulated by the Superintendent of Banks, the rate of interest may be materially reduced.

There is, however, another angle from which the pawnbroker is an object of interest to New Yorkers, aside from those who do business with him, and that is by reason of his relations with the criminal element. In the nature of things the burglar, the pickpocket, thieves in general, find the pawnshop the handiest place to dispose of jewelry, watches, and other proceeds of their daily toil, and in every other big city of the world and most of the smaller ones the pawnbrokers are under police surveillance. In London for instance, the pawnbrokers are licensed by the police, and are virtually police agents in the recovery of stolen property. In Paris, and, in fact, in practically all American cities, with almost the sole exception of New York, the police have the pawnbrokers under strict control. In New York, however, the second largest city in the world, and with a proportion of criminals to the population far exceeding that of any other city, there is little restriction upon dealings between the thief and the pawnbroker, and the notorious fact that the city is overrun with burglars and pickpockets is largely due to the facility with which stolen property may be disposed of in the pawnshops.

The Lindsay-Tucker bill makes provision for police supervision of the pawnbrokers in a practicable manner.

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IN 1920—

DRAWN
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

STILL AT IT

BY E. W. KEMBLE

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A MISDEAL

THE VALUE OF DIPLOMACY

THE Southern darky is not, generally speaking, lacking in tact when it comes to dealing with his white neighbors, as the following story indicates.

A certain planter in Louisiana had caught an opossum, and, seeing three negroes whom he knew approach, and knowing the fondness of the race for the above-mentioned toothsome animal, determined to have some fun.

"Boys," he said, "I've got a fine 'possum here, and I'm going to give him to the man who will tell me to what political party he belongs and can give the best reason for his belief.

"Now, John, how do you vote, and what is your reason for doing so?"

"Well, sah," replied John, "I b'longs to de nie Republican pahty. De Republicans freed us an' I feels grateful to 'em an' I jes' nacherly votes dat ticket."

"Very good indeed, John," said the planter. "And you, Bill?" he added, turning to another of the darkies.

"I's a Populis'," answered Bill. "You see, sah, de Populin' stan' for de peoples' rights, an' I b'lieves in 'em."

"That's good, too," remarked the planter. "And how about you, Sam?" he said, addressing the last of the trio.

"Well, Boss," replied Sam, and he scratched his head and grinned knowingly as he spoke, "I b'longs to de Demecratic pahty—'cause, 'cause you know, Boss, I wants dat 'possum."

Sam got the 'possum.

SOON THEY WILL GO HOME AND COMPLAIN THAT THE JANITOR DOESN'T GIVE THEM ANY HEAT.

PERSISTENCE

Here's my heart for you, my Sweet,
See, I lay it at your feet.
Do with it whate'er you will—
Treat it well or treat it ill.
Break it, if you please, and then
I will have it fixed again,
And within a day or two
Send it back, my Love, to you!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A TALE OF TENNYSON

TENNYSON was once dilating to a friend on the charms of a pipe *before* breakfast.

"It is the most delightful smoke of the day," said he.

"Yes, yes!" replied his friend. "'The first sweet pipe of the awakened hard!'"

Thereby making a reconstruction from Tennyson's own works, needing the change of but one vowel.

A SUBTLE HINT

A REPRESENTATIVE in Congress, who is the father of several bright girls, tells a story whereof one daughter is the main figure.

"For a long time," says the Representative, "I had the bad habit of hanging about the lower floor when the girls had men callers. One evening I had settled in an easy chair in the reception-room just off the drawing-room, when one of my girls, who was talking to a bright chap from our own State, called out,

"'Dad!'

"'What is it, daughter?'

"'It's nine o'clock, dad, the hour when Tom and I usually go into committee.'"

ONE WAY

HOWELL. "Do you suppose Roosevelt will be able to kill lions in Africa?"

POWELL. "Sure; if he can't shoot 'em, he can send 'em a message."

WRONGLY BLAMED

MOTHER. "Tommy, are you teaching the parrot to swear?"

TOMMY. "No, mother; I'm just telling it what it mustn't say."

NOT WITHOUT HOPE

A RICHMOND man, whose business frequently takes him to the wilds of West Virginia, tells an incident illustrating an interesting phase of the mountaineer character in that section.

It seems that the Richmond man was desirous of employing for work, in the region referred to, a certain Hank Waters, and so had asked a number of mountaineers questions as to his character, fitness for the work, etc.

"He's pretty well and favorably known in this locality, isn't he?" asked the Richmond man of one old fellow never out of the mountains in all his life.

"Well, mebbe he ain't so well known as lots o' others," replied the old chap, in an apologetic tone. "He ain't killed nobody yit that I knows of; but," he added, gravely, "Hank Waters is mighty promisin'."

JUST LIKE AN ANGEL (?)

RETURNING WANDERER. "Did I know your son, lady? Yes, indeed. I was with him in South America when he died. And he looked just like an angel, too, when he was a-dyiog."

MRS. HOMER. "He did? So like him! Oh dear, yes, he was such a good boy."

RETURNING WANDERER. "Just like that, indeed he did, lady—swinging backward and forward in the air, you see, just like as if he had wings."

ENLIGHTENED

SONNY BILLJUMPER. "Say, ma, why do they call Mr. Shortweight a 'green-grocer'?"

MAMMA BILLJUMPER. "Why, because he trusts your father, I guess."

THE LOVE THAT WAITS

SHE snuggled her curly head up a bit closer and her warm breath bathed his cheek, as she asked, in a voice so low he only just caught the words:

"How long would you be willing to wait for me, Jack dear?" And again she breathed: "You know, Jack darling, father has lately invested in a silver-mine, and he is leaving for the West immediately; and you know, Jack, I just can't leave mother alone. So, once again, Jack dear, I ask you how long you would be willing to wait for me?"

"Wait for you, precious sweetheart!" Ay, his was the kind of love that waits! "Why, darling, I will wait for you until—until—until we learn how the silver-mine turns out."

"WILLIE, COME BACK TO BED! YOU'LL CATCH YOUR DEATH O' COLD!"

WORSE AND WORSE

"I TELL you, momma," cried Freddie, "I don't like that doctor's medicine."

"But this is Raimont, my dear," coaxed his mother.

"Well," replied Freddie, very doubtfully, "isn't that rubbing it in?"

LONGER AND UGLIER

WILLIE'S mother had decreed that the term "liar" must not be applied to an offending playmate.

"Call him a prevaricator," suggested his facetious father.

But when occasion arose Willie could not remember the word. The best he could do, under the circumstances, was to shout at the top of his voice, "You're—you're one o' them things!"

SIMPLE SUBTRACTION

DURING an arithmetic lesson in a Wilmington school the teacher was endeavoring to make one point clear when she said:

"Now, boys and girls, in order to add, subtract, or multiply, it is necessary that the things must always be of the same denomination. For example, we couldn't take three oranges from four apples, or multiply nine horses by two cows."

Whereupon Sammy Stilson evinced signs of uneasiness. "What is it, Sammy?" asked the teacher.

"Why, ma'am," asked Sammy, as he stood up, "can't you take five quarts of milk from four cows?"

THE JOLLY BUTCHER

BOLOGNA HEARTS ARE MIGHTY FINE;
EACH SLICE IT ISS A VALENTINE.

I T'INK YOU VANT A POUND, ALL RIGHT,
TO SATISFY YOUR APPETITE.

HE TOOK THE HINT

BORE. "Do you believe oysters have brains?"

BORED. "Certainly I do, sir, since they know when to shut up!"

THE PARSON AND THE DENTIST

A CLERGYMAN went to have his teeth fixed by a dentist. When the work was done the dentist declined to accept more than a nominal fee. The parson, in return for this favor, insisted later on the dentist accepting a volume of the reverend gentleman's own writing. It was a disquisition on the Psalms, and on the fly leaf he had inscribed this appropriate quotation:

"And my mouth shall show forth thy praise!"

SIBYL'S SELL

SIBYL sold me once a kiss,
I'll not tell the price I paid her,
But an offer after this
Of my hand and heart I made her.
Whispering me in honeyed tones,
"All my love is yours," she told me,
Then she went and married Jones!
Sibyl sold me!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

HIS LAST AND ONLY THOUGHT

GRANDFATHER. "H-H-HAVE YOU Y-Y-YOUR LIFE IN-IN-INSURED, ARTHUR?"
GRANDSON. "LIFE NOTHING—BUT THE MACHINE IS."

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De Profundis

By van Tassel Sutphen

DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM HURD LAWRENCE

THE incalculable benefit of wireless telegraphy as a life-saver in maritime disasters was forcibly demonstrated in the rescue by its agency of seven hundred passengers of the ocean liner "Republic," which was sunk in a collision at sea on January 23d. The following story by Mr. Sutphen, written about ten years ago for "Harper's Magazine," constitutes a remarkable prophecy of what afterward came to pass.

AT ten o'clock that particular evening Marcus Floyd entered the operating-room of the Cape Cod station of the International Wireless Company. Gray, whom he was to relieve, came forward to meet him.

"It's thickening up outside," remarked young Floyd, as he divested himself of his top-coat, upon which the condensed moisture from the sea fog lay in glistening globules. Gray, never a talkative man, grunted and went out, closing the door noisily behind him. Mark threw his cap into a corner, glanced at the Marconi communication chart hanging on the wall, and tightened up a wobbly binding-nut on the automatic receiver. Then he filled his pipe and drew a chair close to the stove. His trick would last until six o'clock in the morning, and it is not pleasant to sit around in damp boots. Yet, come to think of it, why should he be exercised over so trifling a matter as wet feet? This was Saturday, the 16th of September, and it was just four weeks ago that Lorna Gaydon had gone out of his life forever. It seemed incredible that he should be thinking now of anything less important. "I must be getting over it," he concluded, grimly.

It had been a foolish misunderstanding, so utterly trivial in its nature that for the life of him Mark could not remember its initial point of departure. Yet neither would yield, and the gap had quickly widened. Four days later Miss Gaydon had sailed for Europe, and a steamer letter brought him back the ring and a cold word of farewell. Two weeks later he noted the names of her party among the arrivals at a London hotel, and that was all.

In the briefest possible words: Marcus Floyd, bachelor, aged four-and-twenty, and a two-year-old graduate in electrical engineering. Upon the completion of his course, Mr. James Coldwell, maternal uncle and president of the International Wireless, had offered young Floyd a place in the operating department of the company.

"It's one thing to graduate at the head of a college class," remarked Mr. Coldwell, thoughtfully, "and they tell me down at Princeton that you're clever. But this is business; will you begin again at the bottom?"

"Try me," Mark had answered confidently. Now, at the end of his two years' apprenticeship he had gained sufficient practical experience to qualify as an operator, and this was his first month of really responsible duty. Uncle James, keeping a watchful eye on his nephew's progress, was well pleased, but took care not to say so openly.

"He is clever, right enough," decided this Spartan relative, "and I think that he has the stuff in him. If he has, it 'll show for itself; we'll wait and see." A very businesslike man was Marcus Floyd's Uncle James.

But there are some things not-able in business and even beyond it—for instance, Miss Lorna Gaydon. A man must have always some object to work for, and in the youthful imagination the ideal is almost invariably personified. Success is a beautiful flower, and the young man desires ardently to gather it. But not for himself; it is only the stage hero who may actually venture to wear garlands. The real man seeks his bays in order that he may lay them at the feet of some divinity whose loveliness they shall fittingly adorn. This is the normal and healthy incentive to masculine effort, and Mark Floyd had drawn his inspiration from the approved fount. It had been Lorna, always and eternally Lorna. And now the goddess had deserted her shrine, what did anything matter after that? To work along without an object, the one object—the proposition was virtually unthinkable.

The clock struck eleven, and almost simultaneously the young man's trained ear told him that the instruments were at work; some one was trying to communicate with his station. He glanced at the tape, but the signals were too faint and irregular for reproduction by the automatic apparatus. "Long distance," said Mark to himself, and picked up the telephone receiver. He listened intently to the slight clicking of the diaphragm and recognized the distress call of the universal code; several times it was repeated, and then a message began; by dint of guesswork he managed to get the gist of the communication. Written out, it read as follows:

"S.S. *Sirius*—four days out—Liverpool to New York. Port engine wrecked—explosion low pressure cylinder and ship's hull badly damaged. Water gaining—heavy sea running—small boats—impossible—May keep afloat—daybreak—" Here the message terminated abruptly.

Mark reached for the maritime register and looked up the call letters of the *Sirius*, Black Ball liner. They were C S S. He began sending with the coil, and a vicious spark leaped crackling across the gap as he pressed the key. C S S again and yet again, at last he got the response:

"This is Cape Cod," rapped out Mark. "Where are you?"

"Mid-Atlantic. Unable to get sights for two days, but probably to south of west bound line. Water close to fire-boxes. Heavy sea running and pitch dark. It has just struck three bells."

Mark wiped his damp brow and considered. "She must be close to longitude 41°," he decided, "and probably no law in latitude as 39° 50'." He picked up the entry sheet, turned over to him by Gray, and studied it attentively. Three ships had been spoken during the early part of the night—the United States cruiser *Springfield*, the Bennett liner *Varuna*, and the Anso *Harold*, Lord Esmond's yacht, cruising over for the America's cup races. Of course the *Anso Harold* was the only boat within possible striking distance of the *Sirius*.

Floyd sent out the *Anso Harold*'s code signal several times without getting any response, then he picked up the *Sirius* and told her operator what he was trying to do. "You might call *King Harold* yourself," he said. "Her signal in the International code is A E A."

There was silence for perhaps ten minutes, and then Floyd's receiver spoke again.

"Can't get *King Harold*," reported the *Sirius* man. "Captain Ward desires to send this message to his agents. Will you take it?"

A brief official statement of the accident to the *Sirius* followed, and Mark transcribed it with painstaking care. It was like taking down the last words of a dying man, and his hand trembled as it raced over the writing-pad. "Anything more?" he asked, and in reply the *Sirius* operator announced that he had a batch of private messages to forward.

"If I can only keep my nerve," went on the man; suddenly his sending had become weak and shaky as of one suddenly stricken with a great fear.

"Steady, old chap," returned Floyd. "You're still in the game, and I may pick up *King Harold* any time. She can't be more than fifty miles east or west of you—probably nearer. But just one moment—"

Mark pushed back his chair and went to the door; the atmosphere in the little room had become close and choky and he must have air. He flung the door wide open and looked out, the fog jumped at him as though it had been some gray, misshapen monster waiting for its prey; misty tentacles of vapor crept across the threshold and coiled themselves about his feet. But he breathed again, and the thumping at his temples had sensibly lessened.

For perhaps half a minute Mark Floyd stood gazing steadfastly into the night. Somewhere behind that thick curtain of darkness a dead ship lay rolling up a the lampless waste of sea, and men and women were awaiting the moment of their last agony. Out of that infinite vastness one feeble voice had called and his ear had heard. Yes, and had understood; beyond that there was nothing save the consciousness of his own helplessness; the need was bitter and he had only words, words to offer. How slender was the thread uniting those doomed men with the living world; yet a little while and it must snap, and then there would be silence again—a silence that would remain unbroken. In an hour perhaps or even sooner; the sting of the thought sent him back quickly to the operating-table. "*Sirius*," he called, and sat shaking in his chair while he awaited the reply; then it came.

"Are you ready?" asked the steamer's operator, and Floyd answered, yes.

There were perhaps a couple of dozen messages, and all were brief and characterized by a remarkable restraint of feeling; most of them had to do with purely business interests, and Mark found himself setting down the words as mnemotechnically as though they were nothing more than the commonplaces of the daily routine. A great despair mercifully numbs, and Mark felt his own spirit sinking in mysterious sympathy to that lower key. "*Mortuus te salutamus*," he murmured, under his breath. When he had finished he looked at the clock and saw that it was on the stroke of four. "Is there any change?" he asked.

"Day is breaking," came the answer, "but the sea is still high, and there is nothing in sight. The small boats have all disappeared, and the ship seems to be settling steadily. With the putting out of the fires the dynamos will stop, of course, and communication must cease. Go on talking as long as possible—if you don't mind."

"In a moment—after I have tried for *King Harold* again," returned Mark. He began sending out the latter's signal—A E A—in monotonous iteration, and as he did so he picked up his entry-pad to run over the messages that he had taken down. Incredible as it may seem, it was only then that he realized that one of them bore his own name and address; he read the half-dozen words it contained.

"I was coming back to you." The signature was "L. G."

Mark bent down and felt of the soles of his boots. They were quite dry again, and the assurance brought with it a distinct sense of relief. Long afterward when he recalled this trivial incident its apparent irrationality puzzled him mightily, until he reflected that Nature always seeks the nearest and handiest safety valve at a moment of emotional overcharge. He had been bothering about the discomfort of wet feet, and the slight reaction was suf-

With the final effort, he pulled himself into his chair

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to balance the immediate
of the greater shock; he
found up to find himself
back cool possession of every
"Sirius," he called, and,
came the answer.
want to speak to Miss Gay
of your first-cabin pas-
The message she sent
addressed to me. Mark
" He spelled the name
Yeah carefully. "Have you got
that? Please repeat."
"G-a-y-d. Right. I remem-
ber meeting you once at the In-
ternational New York office. My
name is Wood. I have sent for
Miss Gaydon to come to the
operating room."

While he was waiting Mark tried again for the *King Harold*—A E A, A E A, A E A. Presently Wood broke in.

"Miss Gaydon is here," he announced. "What am I to tell her?"

Mark stopped for an instant to consider; what one word should he choose of the myriad that crowded to his lips. "She knows who it is?" he began.

"Yes, she knows, and—" here the message broke off abruptly.

Mark sounded the *Sirius* call once, twice, thrice; then he realized that communication had ceased entirely. There was but one explanation: the water must have reached the fires, and the dynamos supplying electric power to the Marconi instruments had stopped working. But there was still the *King Harold*.

A E A, A E A—mechanically he kept pounding out the call on the sending key; an unreasoning fear that his own electrical power might fail obsessed him. The minutes dragged on, and presently he noted that it was half past four o'clock. His fingers had stiffened with the constant repetition of the dots and dashes making up the code letters of the *King Harold*, and he stopped for a few moments to restore the retarded circulation; going to the tap, he held his hand under the cold stream and rubbed it vigorously with a coarse towel. Then a sense of the immense futility of all his efforts overcame him. "What is the use?" he said, aloud. "Science cannot work miracles, and what I want is beyond the law—beyond the law."

As he turned again to his instruments his toe caught in a hole of the shabby strip of carpet covering the floor; he plunged heavily forward and his head came in contact with the corner of the operating-table. With the final effort of consciousness he pulled himself into his chair and found the key; A E A warn the fritters, and he must keep on sending them—keep on—

Miss Gaydon stood looking down at the patient

The ship's cabin, as Floyd saw it, was tolerably well filled with people. For the most part they sat about quietly, and there was but little conversation, and that only in undertone. Of confusion or distress there was not a trace. At a side table sat two men, and they were drinking champagne with a certain curiously measured deliberation. One of them happened to let his glass clink against the bottle and looked up hastily, an evident apology upon his lips. But in his relief no one had seemed to notice.

Presently a steward came to them with fresh glasses and a plate of biscuit. The dark-haired man pulled a piece of money from his pocket and held it out; by some accident the coin slipped through his fingers and rolled away across the floor.

"Thank you, sir," said the steward, softly, and went back to his dark passageway. The coin—a bright, new-minted sovereign—lay where it had finally fallen, and a little boy, of perhaps four years, escaped from his mother's lap and ran to pick it up. As he did so a roll of the ship sent him lumbling against a stanchion. Instantly his mother had him in her arms, hushing the childish sobs and bidding him to be quiet.

"And remember that mother will not let anything hurt you," she added, in a whisper. Floyd turned quickly away.

A tall, gray-haired man—he looked as though he might be some hopeless invalid going home to die—paced monotonously up and down, and Mark fancied that the roses in the carpet were worn and faded where his restless feet had passed and repassed; probably he had been walking in just that fashion for hours past. A young chap, hardly over four-and-twenty, with a fresh, bright face, sat under the main lightway poring over a pocket account-book and jotting down rows of figures with methodical precision. Presently he finished his comparisons, shut the book with a snap, and smiled complacently. He drew a cigar from his waistcoat pocket and half rose as though to go on deck, then he sank back in his chair and buried his face in his hands.

A priest began reading in a low tone from a little black book as he moved about from one group to another; a dark-haired girl sat rigid in a secluded corner, staring straight before her as though fearing to lose a single word. But although listening, she heard nothing—of that Mark felt quite sure. And then he saw that she was looking at the clock.

It was very quiet now in the cabin, and the motion of the ship had ceased almost entirely. One might have fancied her safely moored at her dock were it not for the sinister and steadily increasing slope of the floor. The port-holes to starboard were already under the water-line, and it was but a pale and greenish light that filtered through them. The door of stateroom No. 207 stood wide open, and Floyd saw that the apartment was empty. Then he remembered that his message had summoned her to the wireless operating-room. That was on the upper deck, of course; he would go up at once.

Under the gray light of a stormy morning the ship wallowed heavily in a creaming seaway. The decks were encumbered with a raffle of broken spars and tangled running-gear; at the life-boat davits the empty falls swung idly, and on the dark and broken line of the horizon to leeward the hull of a capsized cutter showed for an instant wet and glistening, like a whale's back. There was no one to be seen either on forecastle or bridge, but through the window of his cabin Mark caught a glimpse of the commander of the *Sirius*, sitting at his desk—a silent and motionless figure. A chart of the North Atlantic had been spread open before him, but it had twisted away, like some living thing, from under his hand and had fallen to the floor, where it lay with its stiff, crackling edges slowly curling together. Directly abaft the bridge the door of the wireless operating-room stood ajar; Floyd went forward quickly. As he entered he noticed that the clock-dial keeping New York time indicated twenty-five minutes to five. The electrics were burning brightly. How could this be, since the dynamos had stopped working?

There were three people in the room—a young chap who wore the uniform of a company surgeon, the unconscious man on the lounge, and the woman who stood with her back to the door, looking down at the patient. The doctor completed his examination and straightened up.

"It's only syncope," he said, abruptly. "A fainting fit, you know, induced by overexcitement and all-night work with his instruments. Pull out of it? Why, of course; he'll be as good as ever in an hour or two. Though I'm not so sure that he isn't better off as he is," he added, under his breath; his eyes travelled outward to the gray and broken sunline.

The sick man had raised himself to a sitting posture. "I saw her," he said, excitedly. "The *King Harold*—straight over the starboard bow and just below the horizon—A E A, that's her call—get me to the table—" His voice thickened and trailed away into unintelligible mutterings; he fell back on the couch.

The man and the woman looked at each other.

"If I only knew something about the business," the little doctor said, quietly. "But I don't—not the first thing." He took the hypodermic syringe from his pocket and turned to his patient.

The girl's breath came hard and quick. "If only some one knew," she whispered to herself.

To get to the operating table Mark had to pass directly in front of Miss Gaydon; he could have put out his hand and touched her, but the deeper instinct restrained him. Yet she seemed to understand what it was he wanted her to do; she sat down at the instrument without any hesitation and pressed the key; the current was still on in full force, and a detonating spark followed. A E A was the signal, and it was sent out twice in rapid succession. Then came a response.

Mark opened his eyes slowly. The surroundings were unfamiliar: the clean, white walls, the green-shaded windows, the table covered with vials at his bedside—all these things confused and puzzled him.

An attendant stepped up. "Good!" he said, heartily. "You'll be coming right along now—drink this."

Mark obeyed and slept again. When he awoke later in the day the confusion in his mind was gone. "Hospital?" he said, inquiringly, to the man in the white duck uniform.

"You had a nasty knock on the head," answered the nurse, "and just the barest touch of fever to supervene. Want to sit up? Why not—no, to-day is Wednesday, the 14th."

Outside in the street a stentorian voice was calling: "Extra! Extra!" Then came a jumble of undistinguishable words, out of which two rang significant and unmistakable—*King Harold* and *Sirius*.

Later on it was decided that he might see a copy of the *Evening Messenger*, and one was brought in. The head lines told the story—the rescue of the passengers and crew of the S.S. *Sirius* by the *King Harold*, Lord Esmond's yacht. A column of description followed, and then several interviews, notably one with the *King Harold's* sailing master.

"We carry a wireless operator," said Captain Law, "but he is not on duty at night—not considered necessary. Early in the morning of Sunday, the 11th, Mr. James, the operator, was awakened out of a sound sleep by hearing the international signal call of the yacht—A E A—twice repeated. It was then about twenty minutes to five, New York time. He answered, and received the following message: 'S.S. *Sirius* foundering—steer S W.' Of course we obeyed, and that is all I know about the affair."

"All?" repeated Mark to himself, and lay there wondering.

"Now you mustn't read any more," put in the nurse, authoritatively. "However, I don't mind telling you that a lady called to see you just now. I told her that she could come again in the morning—any time after ten o'clock. She gave me her card—what did I do with it?"

"Never mind," said Mark. "Just get some water for the violets, and put them where I can look at them."

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This Land of Opportunity

LUMBER—THE INDUSTRY OF THE NORTHWEST COAST

By John Kimberly Mumford

PART II

THE organization of the Pacific Coast lumber and logging industry covers a multitude of small sins and some that are not so small. There can be little doubt of that. Court records, cubby-holes in the desks of prosecuting attorneys, where, for divers reasons, indictments are sheeping out the period of public memory, even the rosters of State prisons, tell the story. And moreover it has been embalmed in imperishable print, and future generations living in colonial houses will have it to keep for a closet skeleton.

There are still some suits pending, notably against the railroads, for alleged violation of land-grant agreements, by which it is hoped that great tracts may be restored to government ownership, and one or two at the present time against lumber kings to recover some millions of dollars' worth of forest land which, it is maintained, were secured by oblique methods. It has been the fashion among certain of the Coast people to lay all the culpability at the door of "Eastern capitalists"—meaning by that chiefly timber and lumber men from Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, who, having seen stumpage in the now slaughtered steel to the East. Politically, perhaps, it has been more nearly what the saloon is to Manhattan. Society, law, business and politics in the Coast country were honeycombed with it; the iniquity born of a great natural and commercial industry dragged itself through government departments and even into the United States Senate, and left a trail everywhere which the people of that growing land are trying their best to forget.

Lumber—or, perhaps, timber—like politics, has made some exceedingly strange bedfellows, but it is really an open question now whether nine-tenths of the people who, one way or another, were parties to this "Winning of the West" realized that they were in any case sinners until the trumpet blew and Frank Heney and the day of judgment came. Business is business. Here timber was business.

"Don't do it, Steve; don't do it," pleaded one timber-land thief to another who was about to "square" "It will simply ruin the lumber business, and there won't be a cent in it for anybody."

When Judge Thomas O'Day summed up in defense of one of the timber-land ring, he read a chapter from the New Testament and said to the jury, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone."

The logs starting on their final journey to the mills

timber-lands of their own States rise in value until from being land-poor they became Croesuses, made boast to "parlay" their fortunes on the forests of the Northwest.

They knew, and that is always a profitable thing to do, but now they are blamed as Eve blamed the Serpent, and Adam his wife. They sprinkled the Coast country with their agents and cruisers and handy men, gathering information as to where the best stands of different woods were and how title to them in contiguous areas might be got most cheaply. They played the game all the time. They neither slumbered nor slept. Where there was a quarter-section to be had, with timber, and conveniently located, they got it. Where there was a tract of ten, twenty, or thirty thousand acres they got it just the same. Lumber had made their money; lumber would multiply for them the fortunes they had already got. And to a large, eager, and predatory element in the Northwest these men and companies were like the rich galleons of Spain to Drake and Hawkins and all their freebooting brotherhood. Everybody thought the Easterners were crazy to pay so much for "woods." Coast bankers wouldn't lend money on such security. One man needed $17,000 to enable him to hang on to a piece of timber, but the Portland banks wouldn't think of letting him have it. To-day the man who bought it is happy and rich. That tract alone has half a billion feet of the best fir in Oregon. Twenty years ago the man was a "logger"; now he has timber enough to last fifty years, allowing a cut of four or five hundred thousand feet every business day.

It looked like easy money—putting straw homesteaders on rich acres of forest land, taking transfers in exchange for a trifling *douceur*, and selling the land to the lumber kings. People thought as more of it—at least some people—than a New York district-leader does of voting some hundreds of imported Philadelphia darkies in a doubtful East Side district. The doctrine of Loyola was graven on their souls and knit into their daily life. I have said that lumber here is what And the resentful dozen forthwith cast, and convicted his client, which might have been expected from twelve upright men.

People developed what might be called a territorial conscience. They saw nothing in land thievery to prevent a man's looking into his own mirror. Now, having sold themselves at their own price, they are damning the "monopolists," who, they say, paid it and took what they had to sell.

It was a great upheaval while it lasted. Now, they say and hope, it is over. About eighty per cent. of Uncle Sam's forest area has been given away, and most of it has passed into the large holdings. The cat has swallowed the canary, all but the feathers, which are not necessary to the satisfaction of its appetite. The feathers, in considerable quantity, are for sale, in the shape of scattered claims, some of whose owners held off for a big price until the day of salvation had passed and the timber kings had corralled the waterways and generally cemented their mastery of the situation. Some few of the small holders, with inspirational good sense, pooled their holdings, and one such combination, representing thirty thousand acres in eastern Oregon, made a most satisfying bargain. Timber here, as somebody remarked of steel in Pittsburg, has "turned out millionaires like sausages."

In the State of Washington a month or two ago a Forestry Association was organized, for the sole purpose, its prospectus said, "of discouraging corporate efforts for the cornering of timber-lands." This indeed would seem to be the laborer who enters into the vineyard at the eleventh hour. Its efforts to turn back the hands of the timber clock should bring a smile to the faces of the syndicates that own or control a vast percentage of the forests from Vancouver, British Columbia, all the way to San Francisco and then some, which own practically all the pine of Idaho, and in Oregon have much more than a hundred billion board feet of standing timber, out of a total of 210,000,000,000, estimated by the government experts. If should amuse such men as C. A. Smith and T. B. Walker, A. B. Hammond, Wright & Blodgett, John A. Humbird, Thomas Shevlin, Booth & Kelly, the Whitneys and Stanchfields of Detroit—and others whose holdings run into the billions and are increasing in value by an astonishing per cent. every year.

Oh, say a kind word, somebody, for poor, old, guileless, tuppence ha'penny Wall Street, with its simple, bucolic ways. Congratulate Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Rogers, who "own their own homes," and also hard-working "Andy" Carnegie. These Midases I am talking about now are all, or nearly all, lumbermen from around the Middle West, and their names constitute only a part of the list. Such concentration may be criminal when the other chap does it, but some of the biggest and most influential sawmill and lumber companies on the Coast, who ought, if this thing were really wall "organized," to be in it, were going on until a year ago, depending on the supply of logs they could get in the open market.

"Then," said the head of one of them, "we got wise and went out and bought ten thousand acres, about three-quarters of a billion feet, which cost us seventy dollars an acre. We consider it worth a great deal more than that, but the people who sold it to us got it from the Northern Pacific Railroad Company at about five."

Says Puter, the "land-fraud king," in a penitential, but nevertheless vengeful, book, which he penned in his dungeon cell: "There is a compensating side to these land frauds. . . . It simply brings to the attention of the world, through this medium, the marvellous opportunities for the honest acquisition of wealth that abound in the West."

His inference seems faulty, but his point is well taken, nevertheless. There is opportunity in the Coast country in this year of our Lord, which "monopolistic consolidations of capital," being impatiently attentive to business, will be prompt to lay hold upon. A powerful New England promotion company, which a few years ago made some experimental investments in Oregon and Washington, has just sent a corps of men to canvass the whole Northwestern section anew, and to report on every possible opening for the establishment of anything that promises a profit as the country develops. When greater palaces are built on Beacon Street and Chestnut Hill, or possibly on Portland Heights, whose will be the crime and whose the credit? That is what I earnestly desire to know.

At any rate, the day of cheap timber land is gone by, along with the day of cheap labor—the day when two or three dollars would buy an acre of fir or larches two hundred feet high that would cut from twenty thousand feet upward. If you want it now, you pay. And unpopular as the doctrine may be, there are some very palpable advantages in what is called "monopoly" of the timber. Mr. Weyerhaeuser and others like him knew what tremendous value the timber tracts would some day attain to. They will conserve those treasures for the selfsame reason. All they would really need to do from this time on would be to cut ripe timber that needs cutting and cut it as the forest experts say it should be cut, keep it growing, protect it from fire and waste, and reap an increase beside which kingdoms and principalities are only a grub-stake. Common human cupidity is, after all, pretty good surety for the perpetuation of resources.

In the Portland Forestry Building, which is only one of Oregon's wonders, a spacious temple of native logs that would make the pillars of St. Patrick's look feeble, there is exhibited every one of the innumerable varieties of wood known to this timber State. Among them is the myrtle—a thing of wonderful grace and satinlike beauty. It is scarce in Oregon; it exists only in a few other places. Down in the Umpqua Valley, where the forests are thick, there were four thousand acres of it, which the small settlers cut down and burned for the purpose of creating a range on which to browse their cattle.

"Shall the people rule" or not?

It is only another and a disheartening illustration of the prodigality and neglect of the Coast man in the matter of this richest of Coast possessions, but if some timber company had bought this tract of myrtle, provided a way to get it to market, beautified homes with it, and in so doing made a profit, what then?

There are, indeed, almost as many variant views on the Coast timber subject as there are people to entertain them; but with all the hue and cry that has been uplifted against the gathering of timber-land into big bunches, it is not difficult to read in the present state of things certain benefits that are bound to accrue from such extensive holdings.

"In the first place," said the Wise Man of the West, "there is an unconscionable lot of poppycock about the homesteader. There have been a lot of them, as there were in all the new States in an early stage of development, who let their names be signed to land applications by sharps and speculators and took their bit for doing it, who never went near the land, but perjured themselves on a statement that they had built houses there, and cultivated gardens in order to "prove up." The same thing was done in Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas. Then there have been others who really did live up among the bears and mountain lions to make their titles secure; but as to cutting the timber, that's cabbiss. They never meant to log it, and they knew they couldn't log it.

"A lot of folks East, who never saw a Pacific Coast forest, are led astray by the sentimental side of this story. Here are millions of acres, some of them more

than inaccessible, on mountain-tops, on the edges of great canons; and the merchantable timber on them were to eight to eight feet in diameter, or even more, five feet from the ground, and from sixty to ninety feet in the first limb before you strike a limb. The lumberman has an idea that these trees can be cut down with an axe and hauled on a wagon and trundled out. I have just contracted to build a flume twenty-five miles long to carry the logs from one tract in southern Oregon to a point where they can be floated to a sawmill, and the estimated cost of it is three thousand dollars a mile. The first thing necessary to logging is a donkey-engine which costs three thousand dollars or four thousand dollars. Tell me where your quarter-section homesteader would get off with that proposition. It is nonsense. They file on the land to sell it. The whole thing is an economic problem, and can no more be handled by the poor settler with an axe and a pony than I can carry off the biggest building in Portland.

"In order to get at most of this valuable timber, it is necessary to build flumes or logging railroads which cost even more. A road that will handle a hundred thousand feet a day will cost a hundred thousand dollars, and when you talk about timber in this country, you talk about billions of feet or else it's a shoe string business. The sawmills of Portland alone have cut two million feet every working day for the last two years. Logging is an engineering proposition of a very advanced order. Already the most modern mechanisms for compressed air and electricity are beginning to be the paramount factors in the business, and to do it means money in large quantities. So far as grinding down the poor timber-owner is concerned, I have never known but one man, among all the 'timber kings,' that was downright mean.

"The Weyerhaeuser people, who are the biggest of all, are about as fair as you expect people to be in this world of sin, sorrow, and business, and their policy in the handling and development of their immense property looks to the benefit of the States and communities in which they are doing business as well as to their own immediate profit. The best illustration of that I ever had was at a meeting where different interests were being heard on the subject of an increase of taxes. Mr. Long, of Tacoma, Secretary of the Weyerhaeuser Company, who, I think, has the most to do with the formulation of its policies, was the last man to talk. When everybody else had finished he said:

"'Gentlemen, if the additional money to accrue from this taxation is to be spent in improving the roads of the State, or in building more and better school-houses and giving the children a larger measure of education or comfort, or for any other thing that is for the interests of the people at large, we shall not object to it for a minute. The Weyerhaeuser Company is wealthy and is perfectly willing to pay its full share for any public improvements, but if this money is going into the pockets of a lot of political highbinders we will fight it to the limit of our ability.'

"Now, timber to-day is taxed very heavily, and that tax is the only thing, I believe, that stands in the way of the big timber companies handling their forests in practically the same way that the government does its reserves. Conservation is simple enough. The only question is one of its economic practicability. The fir, or 'Oregon pine,' so called, will seed only an inch ground. If the slashings are burned properly after a tract is cut over, and a good supply of trees left to seed it, in fifty years, with proper protection against fire, there will be fir a hundred feet high and from fourteen to sixteen inches in diameter, which make the most perfect piling in the world, and piling is big money; but to pay taxes at the present rate on these lands during that entire period would eat up their entire value and a good deal more, to say nothing of the necessary expense of maintaining fire patrols for their protection. As a business proposition, there is no company on earth that would undertake to do it. If the tax were made nominal until the timber reached the marketable age, with a provision that any land sold in the mean time should bear its full value of back taxes, the companies would reforest fast enough. So the question of conserving a timber supply for future generations is very largely up to the State.

"At the present time there is only one company, to my knowledge, that is working its properties on the basis prescribed for the government reserves, and that is the McLeod River country in California and southern Oregon. They have had government experts there and mapped the whole thing out. But that tract is sugar pine, and it is possible to work those forests that way. With fir I do not think it could be done."

Between the Rocky Mountains and the Coast even, there are as many different ways of timbering as there are trees, but everywhere there is a marked advance in method as there is in every other modern business; but whether by water or by rail, by steam or electricity, with this or that type of mechanism, the indispensable thing to them all in the experienced woodsman. A man may be good at a lot of things and a dire failure in the forest, as the skilled timber man in this country that ships lumber to-day to all the world is sure enough of a job if he wants it—that is to say, is normal times. The lumbering industry, like many others, has been on short commons since the panic. Yards in most parts of the continent were full when the depression came, building operations ceased abruptly, the railroads stopped buying, and a multitude of the timber camps of the Northwest have perforce been silent and deserted for months. Now, business is beginning to pick up. The signs were hung out for more men at the opening of the cool season, and the fifty thousand skilled timberjacks and sawmill men who have been idle or in makeshift jobs drifted back to the woods again. The pack trains with flour, bacon, blankets, axes, and camp stoves began to travel the trails again; and far in the forests sounded the whistle of the logging locomotive, the pounding of the "bull donkey," the chant of the "tree fallers" at their toil, and the unforgettable groan of the giant fir trees as they came to earth.

There are all sorts of trades in the world, and until the forest agitation of the past few years the following of them all have had a fair share of fame, all save the timberjack. It is hardly strange that the urbane world knows so little about him. He has been doing his methodical work for ages, necessarily a good way from the haunts of men. It was a rude work and a hard work—harder before the introduction of steam machinery—and altogether there is mighty little in it of what most men count the joys of life.

A lean, muscular, clear-eyed and strong-limbed man of thirty-eight, who handled a double-bitted axe with artistic mastery, and, I believe, could easily have written his name in the wood with it, stopped from his task in a Washington forest, and, leaning against his tree, said:

"This is the truest life in the world, and the barest. When I'm away from the woods I'm miserable, and when I'm here I feel like I was in a chain-gang, but I can't leave it. The timber is a habit. I'll never get away from it, and I guess it will last my time all right. The fact is, I don't think I want to, much. Sometimes when we have been in here a good while even the tobacco tastes bad, and I wish to God I'd never seen a plug tree, but a week away and I'm hungry to get back. The liking's in the blood, I guess. My father was a lumberman in Maine, and went to Michigan when he was a young man. My mother was a lumberman's daughter from over the line. I learned to swing an axe when I was a baby, and I've just followed the timber West. This is about the jumping-off place, though. After this is gone there probably won't be any timber; and if they do keep some, I guess they'll doctor it by electricity," and he fell to chopping again with an easy, rhythmical motion, and an accuracy that is to be seen nowhere else in the world.

This man was a fair specimen of the worker of the logging-camps. They are nearly all American or Canadian bred, Scotch or Irish, and a lot of them show race. Occasionally there is a French Canadian, a Scandinavian, but the great majority are native Americans, and in these Western camps you hear little of broken English. They are clannish in their trade, and have an amiable sort of pity for a man who can't "fall" a tree, very much after the fashion of men in other trades.

When the crew goes in the first work is to make a clearing and to build log houses, and the skill and celerity with which these sturdy structures are put together is workmanlike to the last degree. Every conceivable thing that is needed to complete the place they turn out with the axe and the saw—rafters, floor timbers and boards, shingles for the roof. The flooring is of hand-hewn boards and logs; the table, made in like fashion, is supercumposed upon a framework of logs, which includes the long log benches. When the dishes and cooking utensils are unpacked and ratsblished on the shelves it is a likely-looking place. Overhead, perhaps, are sleeping quarters, and each jack carries his own blankets.

How the lumber is carried on its way to market

Here your lumberman, forty, fifty of him or more—yes, often two or three hundred—lives through long months without seeing a face save those of his fellow workmen. Eat! There is no class of working-man in the world that is fed as is this jack of the woods. All the time one man at least is out hunting for the camp larder, and a company of lumberjacks has more game to its bill of fare than any metropolitan restaurant. The lumber-camp cook in a first-class outfit is an artist in his line, and lays by twelve hundred dollars a year for his services, minus what he spends for clothing and tobacco.

The wages of the woodsmen vary. In Montana the competent tree-faller gets sixty-five dollars a month, farther West he earns from four dollars to five dollars a day; and the hook tender, who brings the log into the railway where it is loaded on the car, pulls down as high as six dollars. Even the signal boys, whose whole work is to motion to the engineman when to shut off his power, are paid two dollars a day; and until this year it was hard in this part of the world to find hids for the job, or, for that matter, men enough, anyway.

Logging is like everything else. There is a bottom, and that is where you begin, at some twenty-six dollars or twenty-eight dollars a month and found. At first you "swamp," clear away brush, cut roads, and get ready the logs to be "skidded." Work starts at seven o'clock, where, under the old régime, it used to be day break, and in midwinter the day is shortened by an hour and a half. Everybody pays five dollars a week for board, but employers say that the workman nowadays, getting twice the salary he used to, does really about half the work.

So goes the timberjack—six months at a stretch, full fed, well paid in contrast with the old wage and treatment, and helped by divers and sundry modern mechanisms. But when six months are up his limit of industry seems to have been reached, much as it was in the rude days back in the Mississippi forests. Then, snow, rain, or what not, it's his pay, his store clothes, and the trail that leads to the town; and there it's rather better to draw the veil over a lot of them, for many a man who is a model in the tall timber cannot stand the glare of the town lights, and rum from of old has been the lumberman's curse. A chap of this type saves a few clothes and a stock of tobacco out of his "pay-day" maybe; but he has nothing else when he gets back to camp save a glassy eye, a memory of brain-storm, and a gladness that the great, complacent, still woods are there to welcome him. It is small wonder, indeed, that you see these sinewy men, with the gray in their hair, working away at the same thing, on to life's end, for somebody else's benefit—following, as I have said before, the trail of the vanishing pine.

Where the timber of the Northwest is turned into marketable lumber—one of the principal lumber mills of the State of Washington

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THE SENATORIAL HALL OF FAME

RHODE ISLAND—ALDRICH AND WETMORE

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

The World of Music

STRAUSS' "SALOME" AGAIN

By Lawrence Gilman

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Dalmores as Herod

IN THE PRODUCTION OF "SALOME" AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

THE most famous (some might say "notorious") of modern music-dramas, Richard Strauss' *Salome*, was produced by Mr. Oscar Hammerstein at the Manhattan Opera House, for the first time in that theatre, on Thursday evening of last week. The performance was the second public presentation of Strauss' work in America, succeeding the first and only previous one after a lapse of two years and six days.

To recount the picturesque and not unedifying history of Strauss' opera in this country would be to revive a thrice-told, a more than familiar, tale. Let it suffice to recall here, for the benefit of the future archons delver into the musical records of this day, that Strauss' singular score was first made known to the ears of the home-staying American public on January 22, 1907, in a special performance at the Metropolitan Opera House; that Miss Olive Fremstad, Mr. Anton Van Rooy, and Mr. Carl Burrian enacted respectively the rôles of Salome, Jokanaan, and Herod; that Mr. Alfred Hertz conducted; that the performance was one of memorable excellence; that the owners of the Metropolitan Opera House forbade any subsequent representation of the work in their theatre on the ground that its retention in the repertoire would be "detrimental to the best interests" of the house; and that the opera was forthwith suppressed. So much for the facts of the work's external history, as far as they are germane to these remarks. Inasmuch as the present commentator has already discussed at length in this journal the nature and characteristics of *Salome* as music and as drama, it may be conceived that there is no paramount need for repeating or paraphrasing what has already been said. Let us consider, rather, the interesting deed of Mr. Hammerstein in accomplishing at the Manhattan a new production of the work.

When *Salome* was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House the German text was used—the translation to which Strauss set his music. For the Manhattan production Mr. Hammerstein has employed the original French text of Oscar Wilde's drama. In casting the opera Mr. Hammerstein was thus enabled to draw upon the remarkably strong Gallic wing of his company, allotting the title rôle to Miss Mary Garden, the rôle of Herod to Mr. Dalmores, and that of the Prophet to Mr. Dufrasne. Miss Doria has the comparatively small though considerably significant part of Herodias. The minor rôles are apportioned as follows: Narraboth, Mr. Vallee; the Page of Herodias, Miss Severina; the five Jews, Messrs. Sellar, Venturini, Montanari, Daddi, and Collin; the two Nazarenes, Messrs. De Segurola and Maffatti; the two soldiers, Messrs. Crabbé and De Grazia; a Cappadocian, Mr. Fossetta; a slave, Miss Taneredi. Mr. Campanini conducted. The stage-manager was the indefatigable Mr. Colmi.

It should be said at once that the performance of Strauss' preposterously difficult music-drama was above all things engrossing; and this was due primarily to Mr. Campanini's manner of conducting. He took the tempi at a faster pace than that chosen by Mr. Hertz, and the effect of this was to give an extraordinary quality of urgency to the music—a kind of frantic breathlessness, exigent and suppressed by turns, which exactly suits its character. It had, moreover, the effect of palliating to some extent the arrant sentimentality which is so curious and inexplicable a note in certain crucial passages of the score; while in such overwhelming moments as that of Salome's tortured suspense during the decapitation of John, and that incomparably dreadful one in which the head is delivered to her by the executioner, it raised the incessant and evil passion of the music to a well-nigh insupportable pitch of intensity. In other respects Mr. Campanini's reading was equally admirable—vivid in exposition, sensitive as to nuance, authoritative in style. His interpretation was in its way as notable an achievement as is his astonishingly clairvoyant reading of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*. The orchestra played with admirable zeal, though not always with perfect euphony.

Upon the stage the performance was dominated by Miss Mary Garden's impersonation of the heroine (if she is a heroine). This deponent has frequently confessed admiration for Miss Garden's uncommon gifts as a singing-actress; yet she surprised even her admirers by the revelation of her powers which she gave as Salome. She made her enactment of the part a complete and progressive disclosure of the character of Wilde's monstrous woman, throughout its entire gamut—from the hectic restlessness and febrile irritation of the opening scenes to the climax of erotic dementia at the end; and she accomplished this with an impressive exhibition of histrionic skill. There was far more of the requisite sensuality and unbridled voluptuousness in her impersonation than in that of Miss Fremstad; far more of the smouldering tutenoity, the sexual morbet, which is essential to a true denotement of the part. Yet Miss Garden does not make the appalling horror of the concluding scene any more revolting in detail than is necessitated by the plain requirements of Wilde's text. In the scene of the dance—which Miss Garden, unlike most Salomes, undertakes herself—there is nothing to give comfort to the vulgarly curious. Miss Garden conceives and executes this passage delightfully. She dances with poetic beauty, with dramatic variety, with distinction, with skill and resource, and with a measure of bodily display which can scarcely give offence even to those who are possessed of a superhuman capacity for the detection of impudicity.

The Herod of Mr. Dalmores, though it is not so subtle and powerful a performance as the marvellous impersonation of Mr. Burrian (comparisons are here inevitable), is nevertheless a highly intelligent and effective conception. On the vocal side Mr. Dalmores is greatly superior to his predecessor in the rôle—indeed, it is a question if he does not sing the music of the part entirely too well: it should be whined and chattered rather than beautifully declaimed. In Mr. Dalmores' performance the singer triumphs somewhat at the expense of the histrion.

Mr. Dufrasne—who is, it cannot too often be said, one of the greatest singing actors now on the lyric stage—sang the music of the Prophet with noble dignity and beautiful tone, and he acted with a right feeling for the essentials of the character. The Manhattan production has in him a better Jokanaan than was Mr. Van Rooy—one who suggests more forcibly the not very complex psychology of the part.

Miss Doria was a somewhat too stolid Herodias, though she did not seriously disturb the harmony of the dramatic ensemble. The subsidiary rôles were adequately handled.

Mr. Hammerstein has mounted the opera lavishly and with much splendor of effect, especially in the matter of the costuming. The setting of the one scene of the drama is handsome, elaborate, and substantial, though it is possible to wish for a more sombre scheme of color than has been chosen for it. The stage management is excellent, though in the lighting an effect suggestive more of moonlight and less of sunlight would be an improvement.

As a whole, the performance was one of striking effectiveness, one which was communicative, eloquent, vital; and in at least one particular—the superb and subtle miming of Miss Garden—it was insurpassable. Unstinted credit should go to Mr. Hammerstein for his most commendable and dignified avoidance of certain effects of sheer sensationalism for which the drama furnishes and has furnished abundant excuse. Mr. Hammerstein might easily have taken advantage of these, but he has refrained. He has ordered his version of the work in a spirit of restraint and sobriety which might well serve as a pattern for any future producers.

Of the work itself I can find nothing new to say. "There is no laughter too bitter, no irony too harsh for utterance, no passion too terrible to be set before the minds of men," wrote the most sensitive of modern philosophers: but note carefully his epithets: they are "bitter," "terrible"; not "horrible" and "revolting." And one might recall the acute and true distinction made by Mr. Swinburne, when he speaks, in praising the genius of John Webster, of his power of exerting "the force of tragic and noble horror"; "to the vulgar shock of ignoble and brutal horror he never condescends to submit his reader or subdue his inspiration." —That, probably, contains in substance the case against Oscar Wilde and Richard Strauss.

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Miss Mary Garden as "Salome"

FROM THE PAINTING BY BEN ALI HAGGIN

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Drawn by Mildred C. Green

THE OBSTRUCTIONIST

Coquelin in "Les Originaux"

Coquelin as Jean Bart

As Cyrano de Bergerac in the play of that name by M. Rostand

As Labussiere in "Thermidor"

As Don Cesar de Bazan

The Death of the World's Foremost Actor

BENOÎT CONSTANT COQUELIN, the most famous of contemporary French actors, died suddenly at Pont aux Dames, near Paris, on January 27th, within a few days of his anticipated appearance in M. Rostand's new play, *Le Chantecler*, in which it had been expected that he would duplicate the success which he achieved as Cyrano de Bergerac.

Born in 1841, the son of a well-to-do baker of Boulogne, Coquelin "the elder"—as he came to be called in contradistinction to a younger brother, also an actor—was sent, somewhat against his father's will, to study acting at the Paris Conservatoire at the age of eighteen. It is said that objections were raised against his admission on the ground that he was too homely in appearance ever to achieve success as an actor. Nevertheless, he persisted in his aspiration, and applied himself so well that he obtained the second prize for comedy at the competition of 1859. In December of the same year he made his début at the Théâtre Français as Gros René in Molière's *Dépit Amoureux*. At the age of twenty-two he was elected "sociétaire" or permanent member, of the Théâtre Français company, and during the next three-and-twenty years he remained in the service of the French national theatre, winning extensive popularity.

He then resolved to take the step that Sarah Bernhardt had done of breaking away and pursuing an independent career. In 1881, having formed a dramatic company in association with the actress Jane Hading, he came to America, making his first appearance in this country in New York, at Palmer's Theatre, on October 8th, as Mascarille in *Les Precieuses Ridicules*, and as Noel in *La Joie Fait Peur*. A tour was subsequently made through the United States, and the visit proved profitable and successful. A second visit was paid to these shores in 1894, and a third in 1900, on which occasion Coquelin was accompanied by Sarah Bernhardt. His secession from the Théâtre Français resulted in a lawsuit, and a heavy fine was imposed upon him, but this was ultimately suspended, and a compromise arrived at by which Coquelin was to be free during a certain period of the year, and to act as a member of the Théâtre Français during the remainder.

The actor's reputation soon spread beyond the borders of his own country. His strong personality and self-assertion made him a familiar figure in Europe. He was a born comedian, and soon came to be recognized as without a peer in the portrayal of certain parts, notably the lackeys of Molière. His round, smiling face, with the flat nose and small expressive eyes—those physical characteristics in fact, which had almost prevented his acceptance into the Paris Conservatoire in 1859, went to make up a personality that impressed itself forcibly upon all who beheld him. Yet in serious and even heroic parts Coquelin soon obtained a similar supremacy, and he was at his best in his classical and dramatic rôles, especially as Mathias in *The Bells*. During his eight-and-forty years upon the stage he played in more than ninety characters, forty of which he may be said to have "created." Among the principal of these may be mentioned: Figaro, in *Le Mariage de Figaro;* Jean Valjean, in *Les Miserables;* Scarpia, in *Tosca;* Diafoirus, in *Le Malade Imaginaire;* Aristide, in *Le Lion Amoureux;* Flambeau, in *L'Aiglon;* Don César, in *Don César de Bazan*. His eleu-ent elocution and remarkable sense of rhythm made his performances exceptional. His greatest success, perhaps, or at any rate the one which most recently impressed itself upon the popular imagination, was that which he achieved in his impersonation of the hero of M. Rostand's play, *Cyrano de Bergerac*. M. Rostand's forthcoming play, *Le Chantecler*, which has been eagerly looked for by the Parisian public was written for Coquelin, who was to have taken the part of the rooster among the farmyard animals that comprise the characters.

Coquelin's father lived to take pride in his son's earlier successes, but he was never able wholly to get over his disappointment in the fact that his son had taken to the stage.

"I remember," said the old man shortly before his death, when his son was becoming famous, "that Constant was a good baker. He would have gone far in the trade."

Coquelin wrote and published a number of treatises relative to the theatre in which he expounded the actor's art. Among them were *L'Art et le Comedien* and *L'Art de Dire Monologue*—the latter written in collaboration with his brother. At one time he became engaged in a controversy with Sir Henry Irving.

"When I have a rôle to create," he explained on one occasion, "I begin by reading the play through from beginning to end with the greatest attention. Having found out what my character thinks and what is his moral condition, I conclude what he must be physically—his carriage, his words, his gestures. Then I see him in my mind's eye getting off the tirades and phrases demanded of him.

"An actor does imitate, but to what degree? As much as Molière does who has not painted a miser, a misanthrope, a hypocrite, but *the* miser, *the* misanthrope, *the* hypocrite. So it is with the actor, who copies different mannerisms of gait, speech, and gesture which have become fixed in his mind. Then the public exclaims, 'That's it exactly.' And this is true, because what they see is the résumé of the different types that everybody has seen."

The French press paid a high tribute to the dead actor. "M. Coquelin will be mourned by every one," remarked the *Temps*—"by the authors, of whom he was the brilliant interpreter; by the public, of whom he was the idol; by the great and humble, and by poor actors, of whom he was the benefactor."

Ambition

No hay for me that critics may deny
In distant ages; no position high
To win me others' envy, but a place
Among the men of service to my race.

To earn the meed of praise that comes to me
Who sees at eve his daily labor done,
And done so well no hostile eye can find
A flaw in it, or fault of any kind

To spread a note of cheer where'er I stray,
To lead the joyless to a brighter day.
To fill the hearts of sufferers with song
To stand alway a sturdy foe to wrong.

To win the love of those with whom I toil.
To keep as close as may be to the soil
Whence come my strength and power, and aman,
When it must be, to die with harness on.

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"I now see that it was only from following the example of my elders that I formed and continued the miserable habit of drinking coffee. My digestion remained poor, nerves unstrung, frequent headache, and yet I did not suspect the true cause.

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Finance

THE WORLD-WIDE EASE IN MONEY

By Franklin Escher

HOWEVER little interest the average business man may view the technicalities of the Wall Street money market, there can hardly fail to appeal to him the broad fact that in the extreme cheapness of money in every part of the world there exists what is perhaps the most important of present influences operating on the investment markets.

It is not my purpose to go into the causes of these conditions of world-wide money ease, but rather, from the standpoint of the investor about to buy or sell, to take them as they are and attempt to figure as how they have already influenced prices and what future influence they are likely to exert. Money in such plenty as it is now is by no means an unmixed blessing: great quantities of capital seeking employment for a short time tend, of course, to raise the price of securities, but are also likely to create conditions of instability into which it will pay the investor to look with care.

Taking first the question of the direct influences exerted by cheap money on security prices, it appears that these are divided somewhat as follows: (1) The influence arising from purchases of income-bearing securities with money borrowed at a lower rate, for the purpose of making the difference in interest. (2) The purchase of securities by institutions who find that in this way they can get a better rate than through their regular loaning operations. (3) Pool operations on stocks and speculative bonds engineered on the possibility of getting plenty of cheap money from the banks with which to carry on the manipulation. (4) Purchases of stocks for control as a part of the putting through of deals which can only be made when money is easy.

The first of these points of contact between low money rates and the price of securities was of the greatest importance in stimulating the almost continuous rise in bonds which took place last year. After January, money became a drug on the market, and remained so until December. Banks, business men, capitalists—every one, in fact—had money to lend, but with business practically suspended could find no borrowers. That was the time when money went into bonds, when shrewd people who foresaw into what channel the first of the incoming tide of returning confidence would flow borrowed right and left the money which nobody seemed to want and bought bonds with it. For a long period prior to the middle of June there was a chance to buy excellent bonds yielding twice and even three times as much as the cost of the money used to make the purchase. And untold millions of dollars belonging to people who had not quite the requisite courage to buy the bonds themselves made fortunes for those who knew what had happened after other panics—and seized their opportunity.

Bonds are not selling now on any basis which makes it possible to repeat the profit of these transactions of last year, but the disparity between the present income from good bonds and what it costs to borrow time money is still such as to make buying for access income play a very important part in the bond-market. Take the case of a man who believes that a couple of months from now, with the opening of the spring season, bonds will have a further advance. At the time of writing, it is possible to borrow sixty-day money at two per cent. Gilt-edged savings-bank bonds can be bought to yield four per cent. Granted that the principal does not depreciate in the mean time, here is a chance to make two per cent. clear profit in income.

It is often asked wherein lies the difference between operations of this kind and regular margin operations. In the principle of the thing there is no difference. But in the way it usually works out, it must be remembered that people who have the facilities to go in for transactions of this kind are usually wealthy investors who are well able to protect what they do. Furthermore, the savings-bank bonds, which alone form a safe basis for such operations, are a pretty solid sort of security and not apt to fluctuate to any great extent.

The second way in which security prices are directly affected by a money market such as we are having now, in which it is impossible to lend money at a fair rate, is through purchases of bonds by money-lending institutions. Ordinarily a bank or insurance company puts a certain amount of its resources into bonds and stocks and keeps the rest liquid, so that it can be loaned out. But at a time like the present, when loaning is so unremunerative, there is a strong disposition, on the part of the managers of these institutions, to increase the proportion of resources invested in income-producing securities. Institution buying of this kind has been a feature of the bond market for some time past. As a matter of fact, the present week rounds out a period of a full year containing only two weeks in which call-money has averaged over two and one-quarter per cent., and during most of that time rates have been actually lower than the interest which the trust companies, at least, pay their depositors. Naturally these institutions, failing to see where they could make profits lending out at two per cent. money for which they are paying two per cent. and over, have turned to the bond-market and taken on large lines of income-producing securities.

Closely allied with these institutions' operations there are the purchases of the dealers who know that during a long period of low money the banks and trust companies are bound to come into the market after bonds, and so buy in their supplies accordingly. Guided by previous experience as to the class of bonds which will be most in requisition, these dealers buy confidently, and often to an extent which gives great underlying strength to the market. At the present time, however, this influence is confined to a more or less limited number of issues; no great has been the advance in many of the most desirable bonds that whatever the dealer may figure the further demand may be, he is apt to be afraid to take the bonds for his own account.

Another way in which stock and bond prices are affected by cheap money is through the operations of the pools, which come into existence as naturally during a period of easy money as do mushrooms in a time of plenty of rain. First the better class of stocks and the speculative bonds are taken in hand by their various sponsors, and when the advances in them have been carried far enough attention is turned to the active low-priced issues in which it is easy to get a following. With an unlimited supply of money available from the banks, some remarkable results can be obtained, and stocks made to look attractive even from an investment standpoint by the sheer force of the buying by which they are advanced. In the market recently it has been no uncommon thing, on days when the standard stocks have either stood still or receded, to have two or three low-priced "special ties" advancing vigorously by themselves. That is the work of the pools, and on a plentiful supply of cheap money the pools are entirely dependent.

The remaining way in which low money influences stock prices is through the comparative ease with which "deals" can be put through when there is plenty of money to be had. Purchase in the open market, for instance, of the control of such properties as Colorado and Southern, Wisconsin Central, and Chesapeake and Ohio, usually means the borrowing of large sums of money, such deals, in fact, being seldom undertaken unless there is a large amount of money available at low rates. On the other hand, the very fact that the cash necessary to carry out these deals is so easy to get is enough, often, to cause syndicates to undertake combinations which they would not otherwise think of going into. Many of these changes of railroad control which have taken place lately have been on the topis for a long time, but not until now have money conditions been quite right to carry them out. Indirectly, of course, the stocks of the companies which figure in these combinations have been very strongly affected. And not only has there been a sharp rise in the shares of roads in which deals have actually taken place, but advances almost equally great have taken place in the stocks of companies picked out as likely to figure in deals to come.

These are the chief ways in which conditions of wide-spread money ease operate for higher prices in stocks and bonds. But there remain one or two questions which the cautious investor will do well to consider for a whole year now the lever has been in adroit hands, and during a good part of that time has been kept powerfully at work. Stocks are very generally said to have "overdiscounted" the return of prosperity—may it not be that some of the rise has been due to the great ease of money? And if that is so, is not the basis on which a good many securities are selling rather too much dependent upon the continuance of a condition which must of necessity be temporary? Already we have had an extraordinarily long period of low money-rates, and while the end of it is not in sight, it seems as though the advent of trade conditions justifying present security prices might in itself be enough to cause a general rise in money-rates.

There is to be further considered in this connection the fact that with all the great amount of investment going on at present, and particularly with all the new securities which are being put out, floating capital is tending largely to become fixed. A large proportion of this available floating supply of capital is money which, under normal business conditions, would be passing through the channels of trade, and which will be needed as soon as business revives. But suppose in the mean time that this money has been put into railroad bonds. Suppose, for instance, that instead of building a wing on his factory the small manufacturer has put three or four thousand dollars into securities—what will happen when trade becomes more brisk and he decides to go ahead and build the extension to his plant? Sell his bonds, naturally, to raise the money. But suppose that from Maine to California the same thing has been going on—may it not mean that the hoped-for business revival will mean the marketing of a pretty large aggregate of securities?

There is seldom a time when the working of our remarkable currency system does not show forth the necessity for a change which shall put some sort of a power of regulation into the hands of a central institution. The present is no exception. Too little money is bad and too much money is bad—for communities as well as individuals. In the world's older banking communities they recognize this fact, and a central controlling power, which can take in as well as give out, sees to it that the supply of money is neither too small nor too great. Sooner or later we shall come around to this idea; but, unfortunately, little progress is likely to be made while money conditions remain as at present. This is a country in which great changes come only under the stress of circumstances.

E. W. C.—I am the owner of some bonds of a Southern steel company which I want to sell, but for which there is no bid on the "curb." Is there any other market for outside securities in New York except the "curb"?

There is an exceedingly active market in many issues of "outside securities" directly between dealers. Any first-class bond-house will either handle your order direct or will give you the name of other dealers making a specialty of the bonds you have.

K. R.—Can you give me a reason why Canadian Pacific stock sells higher than the stock of its American competitors paying the same dividend?

One reason is that the stock is very close held. Another is that the road is not subject to the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission to the same degree as are the American lines.

P. N. M.—Do you consider Missouri, Kansas, and Texas preferred a safe investment?

Missouri, Kansas, and Texas preferred is considered a fair investment for a business man. The amount outstanding is small, and the road's earning power is growing with the territory it serves. Besides, it is one of the few remaining independent lines, and stands a good chance of being taken into one of the larger systems.

C. C. L.—When gold bars are shipped abroad, who stands the expense, the exporting bank or the Treasury? Why is gold coin not preferable?

The exporting banker stands all expenses of shipment, and in addition must pay the Treasury a premium of four hundred dollars for each million taken. The bars are packed in kegs, each of which holds about six bars worth eight thousand dollars apiece. When bars are shipped, they are bought by weight and credited at the receiving bank in Europe by weight. But when coin is shipped, it has to be bought at the Treasury at *face value*. If the pieces are somewhat worn the exporting banker loses the difference, for the credit abroad is always by weight. For this reason bars are much more desirable.

A. B.—What do you think of the present condition of the copper metal market?

H. I.—Why the copper stocks, such as Amalgamated and Anaconda, should sell as high as they do puzzles me. The copper trade seems not to have recovered anything like as fast as has the steel trade and railroad traffic. Yet copper stocks are selling relatively as high on do most other securities compared with the low prices of 1907. I see that copper metal is weak at about fourteen cents—against twenty-five cents in 1907. Yet friends of mine advise me to buy the copper stocks for an advance.

That copper metal is being produced at present faster than it is being consumed will hardly be denied. At the same time, it is very much of a question how much truth there is in the stories of the supplies of metal which have been accumulated—we should not be surprised, indeed, in case a general buying movement of the metal were to set in if the stocks on hand could be easily disposed of. As to what you say about the price, copper metal is certainly relatively low, though not nearly as low as it would seem relative to the doubtful twenty-five-cent quotation of 1907. Furthermore, cost of production has decreased since then, and the margin of profit is wider. As to the level at which the copper stocks you mention are selling, it must be borne in mind that the outlook in the electrical business is bright, that the railroads are now again well supplied with money, and that when the lull in the trade recovery is over it would not be surprising to see a strong buying movement of copper spring up.

J. L. L., Jr.—Do you consider the new issue of Chesapeake and Ohio six per-cent. bonds a good investment? What security is back of the bonds?

We consider these bonds a very attractive business man's investment. Full particulars regarding them we understand, will be available about the 10th of the current month.

W. B.—In case of a reorganization of Erie, is the bondholder's claim better if he has not sold his coupons?

A reorganization of Erie is highly improbable. We do not believe that the bondholder's claim would be better for his not having sold his coupons.

O. F. B.—Which do you consider the better investment, Northern Pacific or Great Northern preferred?

It is impossible for us to go into a detailed comparison. Both are excellent properties and under the same most efficient management.

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College President and Undergraduate

By Charles F. Thwing, LL.D., President of Western Reserve University and Adelbert College, Cleveland

THE impression is common that the college president has no relation to the undergraduate. A distinguished president said to me that he had occasion to ask the father of a student in his college what the boy thought about the work of his president. The father replied that the boy had said he did not see much of the president, and that he had little or an thought about him. I heard recently of a student who waited two weeks to find a proper time for a talk with the president of his college. The impression does prevail that the college president is the president of a corporation or of the faculty, but has no concern with the students.

Whether the president should have any relation with undergraduates is an important question. There are several forms of work to any one of which the president may properly give the larger share of his time and ability. The scholastic side, the financial side, the administrative side as embodied in conference with colleagues and trustees, are certainly elements of primary importance. But it requires no argument to prove that the college exists through its endowment and administration and courses of study for the sake of the students themselves. The manhood of the student is the ultimate end. Teaching and endowment and equipment are only methods or means to promote the enlargement of his character.

In strengthening any kind of relationship between the undergraduate and the president the mere location of the president's office is important. The offices of not a few college presidents are harder to reach than the office of the President of the United States. Ushers and porters and office-boys guard them. The office of one college president known to me lies at the end of a series of other administrative rooms. The office of another was or is beyond an impowing and impressive faculty-room, and is well guarded by a faithful custodian. The office of still a third, of a technical school, lies in an inner recess which is reached through the office of at least one secretary. The office of still another is a sort of sky parlor to which a narrow staircase leads, which, despite the heartiness of the welcome that awaits you at the top, few students would attempt to reach. Such conditions, some executives believe, are necessary in order to shield them from trivial interruptions. Despite such considerations, I believe that less harm is done by the president himself having his office in the most accessible place. Students do not too easily come into a college president's office, and the approach should be made just as simple and natural as possible. His office would better be the outer office; his clerks, secretaries, and other helpers being placed upon the inside.

The nature of the relation of the college president to the undergraduate is, I think, summed up in the great word "friend." From the moment when the student enters, a timid Freshman, to the hour of his receiving his degree the president should be one of his chief friends. I shall never forget what President Eliot said to me when he gave me the paper admitting me to the Freshman class. The document was handed to him by the secretary. He opened it, and saw upon it a long list of conditions. His remark was, "You are heavily conditioned, but I think you can make them up." The frankness and the encouragement of that simple sentence will always remain with me. A distinguished professor of economics in a large State university has told me of the friendship of the same great president for himself when he, an undergraduate, was suffering from typhoid fever. The opportunity open to such a friend as a college president to be of service to the student is priceless. This service largely takes on the form of personal conferences. Perhaps the question of a choice of a career is more common than any other; but matters as personal as the making of an engagement for marriage or as taking out a life-insurance policy are frequent. It is told of Jowett, the Master of Balliol, that: "He thought of them [undergraduates] day and night. He won their confidence, and those who were in distress turned to him for help and advice." At the funeral service of Doctor McCosh, Henry van Dyke said: "We loved him because he loved us. He could not always call our names, but he always 'knew us very well indeed.' He knew that we were his boys. He sympathized with us in our disappointments. He was glad when anything good came to us. He honestly and warmly desired the temporal and eternal welfare of every one of his students. And on to-day the hearts of men all over this country—yes, and all around the world—are turning to this place with thoughts of sorrow and pride and loyal love."

A similar friendship was one of the great open secrets of Doctor Arnold of Rugby. Of him Stanley says: "To any who were in narrow circumstances, not in one case, but in several, he would at once offer assistance, sometimes making them large presents of books on their entrance at the university, sometimes tendering them large pecuniary aid, and urging to them that his power of doing so was exactly one of those advantages of his position which he was bound to use."

In a college of a thousand students it is often said that it is impossible for the president to come into close relationship with more than a small number. The remark is in part true, in part false. A college president can come into close relationship with a far larger number than is usually thought, in case he adopts ordinary means for the promotion of acquaintance.

In such friendships—wise, strong, true and always genuine—there are three fundamental conditions. One is courtesy. Of course the college president will be courteous to the undergraduate, not on the ground of superiority, but because he is a gentleman. One of the most courteous of college presidents was Robert E. Lee. His courtesy, however, sometimes carried along with itself the element of superficiality. One of his colleagues in the university at Lexington has said to me that if General Lee were walking with one of his associates and saw that they were to meet a student Lee might ask the name or inquire somewhat regarding the life of this student. "That man coming," his associate would say, "is Smith of New Orleans. His father fought in the war. Smith was a poor student in his Freshman year, but is doing very well now as a Junior." On meeting the student General Lee would salute him, calling him by name, saying: "Give my regards to your father, if you please; I am glad to hear such good tidings, too, Mr. Smith, about the improvement in your work." Beloved as was Lee by his students, as well as by his soldiers, such superficial politeness finally comes to kill itself. Such courtesy is, nevertheless, much to be preferred to the condition indicated by a remark that was once current in a certain college to the effect that "this spot is the spot where the president once bowed to a student."

A further fundamental element in the friendship of the college president for his students is simplicity and sympathy. Such elements were well embodied in Mark Hopkins. The story is told of a man going to Williamstown to enter the college who was married. Doctor Hopkins received him in a mood of genuine regard. The talk ran upon general subjects, but the student withal had the idea that there might be some doubt about the willingness of the college to receive as a student a man who was married. At last the student blurted out with the remark, "But, Doctor Hopkins, I am married." The great friend replied, "So am I, too." A similar sympathy and simplicity belonged to a fellow president of Doctor Hopkins—Noah Porter of Yale. As a philosopher, Porter was supposed to be remote from the undergraduate, but in many essential respects he had a big heart for a student. One of the graduates of Yale says: "His manner was like an elder brother's. I remember in my Junior year falling in with him while walking out Prospect Street—it was then 'Tutor's Lane.' He invited me to join him, and for two hours we walked and talked—about books, the scenery, whatever topic came uppermost, almost as freely as I would have talked with one of my college chums. I recall nothing that was said, but I know that a quiet uplift was given by that conversation."

To the elements of courtesy, simplicity, and sympathy should be added in this college friendship a third, the element of inspiration. The influence of a college president over his boys should be to quicken heart, to enlarge mind, to purify conscience, to strengthen will for doing something worth while. If the influence of a president in his friendship with men is toward the lackadaisical and the indifferent the misfortune is very serious. If his influence is to arouse every faculty in the student to give best service the result is of great worth. A Rugby man tells of the influence which Doctor Arnold had over him in saying: "I do not exaggerate my feelings when I say that I felt a love and reverence for him as men of quite awful greatness and goodness, for whom I well remember that I used to think I would gladly lay down my life. I used to believe that I too had a work to do for him in school, and I did for his sake labor to raise the tone of the set I lived in."

But if this result of personal friendship be impossible, the president can put himself into close touch with all students through their representatives. The class is one of the units of college life, and a most important one. Each class has a president. With every class president he will find it not difficult and always advantageous to be in good fellowship. The fraternity is also a unit, and more important than is sometimes thought. Through the officers of every such organization he is able to serve their members. The athletic association is also a comprehensive unit. Of such an organization he will frequently find it well to be an official or non-official member. The whole undergraduate body is often organized into a students' council or conference. Through the chairman and other officers of such an association he can easily put and keep himself in intellectual and administrative sympathy with the whole body. In all these forms of highly organized college life the president will not, of course, be obtrusive, but he will be present in them in order to serve, through them, the fundamental ends of the very being of the college.

In the promotion of his relation toward undergraduates a college president must not forget that this relationship soon passes over into one to graduates themselves. The college generation is a pretty short one. It is important, all would grant, for the president to have happy relations with the graduates of his college; but these relations take on more of meaning, intimacy, significance, helpfulness, if they were cemented while the graduates were undergraduates. Graduates are coming back to college functions more than they used to. Formerly they came to the annual Commencement. They now come back to the football games quite as much as to Commencement—in fact, I meet graduates every November at the football games whom I do not see in June.

It is to be remembered also that through the undergraduate the college president comes to have a relation to hundreds and thousands of parents. This relation is most precious. It is, on the whole, the best people of the country who send their children to college. These best people show no better side of their goodnature than when they are conferring about the education of their children. The president, too, is challenged to be at his best. The president, conferring with a father about his son, has open to himself some of the richest satisfactions of life. Such satisfactions arise ultimately from his relation to the undergraduate.

For Wireless Talks Across the Sea

THE above photograph shows the location of the wireless telegraph station on Russian Hill, overlooking the city of San Francisco. At this station signals are reported to have been received from Japan, a distance of five thousand miles.

The Trade Loss of 1907

THE great majority of business men in the United States, who have, of course, no direct commercial relations with foreign lands, were inclined to think that the trade depression of last year was largely, if not wholly, confined to this country. But a comparison of statistics recently completed in London shows that of the four chief countries of the world, in 1907, Great Britain suffered more than any other. The total loss in imports and exports was, approximately: for the United Kingdom, $500,000,000; the United States, $477,000,000, Germany, $125,000,000, France, $91,250,000.

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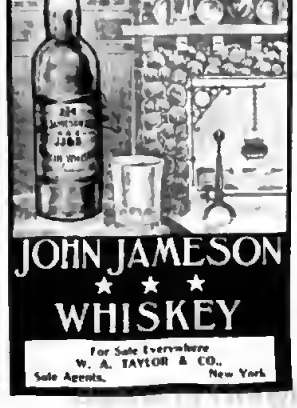
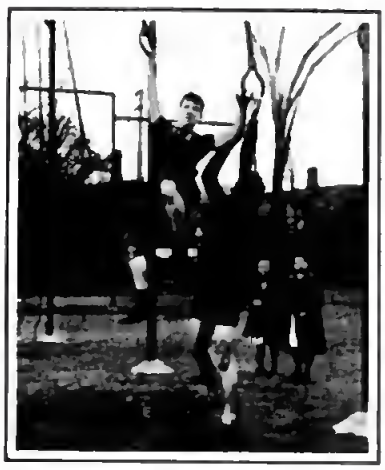


Tommy Stringer, of Boston, learning horizontal-bar exercises by feeling the movements of a schoolmate's body



His exercises on the flying ring show an universal dexterity and appreciation of time and movement

Running a mile on the cinder path beside his instructor, who guides him by a touch

A BLIND SCHOOLBOY'S REMARKABLE APTITUDE FOR ATHLETICS

SECRETS OF A FORBIDDEN PALACE

(Continued from page 16)

government at once. He issued a series of reform edicts which, dismissing some five thousand useless officials at one stroke, threatened twice as many more. The very foundations of the government were shaken by the decree ordering modern schemes to be included in the subjects at the great examinations. Even then he had to go out to the Summer Palace every fifth day to report to the Empress Dowager, who, when she had permitted him to assume the fiction of ruling, returned the great seal herself, the control of all state papers, the appointment and authority over all officials of the first and second ranks.

It was plainly necessary to obtain the great seal and relieve the Empress Dowager to some place far from the scene of their activities, if the Emperor was to accomplish the needed reforms. The order was given for Yuan Shih Kai to bring his troops up from Tientsin and help spirit the Dowager away to the quiet of the mountain palace of Jehol. Yuan Shih Kai, suspicious of what the future might have in store for himself, distrusting all the new fangled ideas that were bursting in air every day, revealed the plot to Jung Lu, generalissimo of the Manchu forces, who at once informed the Empress Dowager. The Emperor had warning in time to write to Kang Yu Wei to fly for his life that last Saturday in September in 1898. By English aid he was spirited away, taken to Tientsin and put on board an outgoing British steamer, to remain a fugitive with the price of $100,000 on his head as long as the Dowager lived. The Emperor realized that he too, must escape from the high-walled palace, and quickly. It was the end of the week, and all foreign Peking had gone to the hills over Sunday. The Emperor's emissary went first to the British Legation to sound the way and secure an asylum. The Minister and all who could comprehend and appreciate the situation were at the hills, and a new secretary just arrived from Europe—that bête noire of sinologues and "old China hands"—impatiently bade his visitor put into writing any communication he had to make to the legation, and said good day.

Sir Robert Hart had gone to the hills. Mr. Conger and his secretaries had gone to the hills; so also had the French and German envoys; and the despairing messengers went back to the palace at sunset and begged the Emperor to slip out with them and take refuge in any legation they could reach, without ceremony or delay.

Then America came into the plot, and, almost as if necessary to the deed, helped Jung Lu and Yuan Shih Kai and the vindictive Dowager strangle Kwangsu's brief dream of progress. The situation was rapidly developing, and the messengers went breathlessly to the American legation, pounded on the gate at midnight, and were taken to the room of the one secretary left in the compound—a newcomer, who could not speak one understand Chinese. It was remembered that his cook could talk a little English, and he was dragged up and brought, dazed, to the scene. He could not understand what the agitated nobles wanted; what it was they wanted to bring to the legation and store away until Mr. Conger's return; nor why; nor if it was a man and not a thing. After a tragic comedy of errors and wild misunderstandings, the sobbing men knelt.

"Oh, come back on Monday morning," said the sleepy secretary, and went back to bed, while the gatekeepers hustled the hysterical visitors out of the compound with scant ceremony and clanged the long bolts. And the fate of empire turned upon a cook's vocabulary!

The palace was filling with soldiers, and at dawn, when the Emperor started for the east gate to go on foot to the British legation, which was nearest the palace wall, the eunuchs overtook him, and threw themselves before him, wailing and screaming that they would be killed if he went away, that they would commit suicide at his feet then if he persisted in leaving. They pointed to Jung Lu's soldiers massed across the gateway, standing on the tower and the wall. It was useless to attempt escape.

Kwangsu went back to his little island palace over the bridge, to his study and his rooms filled with foreign books, where he had dreamed his dreams of a new and greater China. The planks of the bridge were drawn up, as they have been drawn up every night since during the ten years of his imprisonment and martyrdom.

Six of his reformers and confidants were beheaded, others were deported to do hard work in Turkestan, and reform was stamped out. For six years Kang Yu Wei could get no message to the Emperor, could get no word from him. The flight of the court to Shansi and its return to Peking and the entrance of so many foreigners and foreign ideas to the palace enclosure after the Boxer madness gave chances, and there was some communication between the Emperor and his faithful ones. They could do little for him, but he knew that they, too, noted how every one of his reform measures of 1898 was adopted. Twice attempts were made to rescue him from his ignominious estate, but the Emperor would not avail himself of his chances; not even when, on the occasion of one visit to worship at the Western Tombs, the men, horses, boats, and dirigibles were ready and in his sight. He would not forego the imperial dignity. He had seen the horrors of war and siege in 1900, and he could not invoke another such a reign of blood, which he knew would be inevitable.

He was too broken in health to do anything but wait on with that noble patience; the spirit being, the body dying. All last summer, the same rumors ran round Peking that some one was trying to poison the Emperor. Foreign physicians were nearly able to diagnose the case, from the abundant court gossip concerning his symptoms, as one of Bright's disease with its attendant neurasthenia, heart disease, and dysentery—sufficient, without slow poison, to hasten his end when the first feast came.

His spirit did not fail him at the very last. When the Empress Dowager sent her favorite first eunuch, Li Lien Ying, to attend him, the Emperor would not receive him, would not permit that arch-fiend and tormentor in his presence, that eunuch who had been foremost in the plots against him. The Emperor would not put on the ceremonial death robes, nor be carried to the pavilion of longevity to die. The island prison and the plain purple and blue robes were his to the end. There is no doubt but that his brother was loyal to him, and many others in the imperial clan and the court also, but they, too, had to dissemble as long as the Dowager lived and held the great seal.

They say that in his dying moments the Emperor begged his brother, Prince Chun, to avenge him on the traitor Yuan Shih Kai, whose rise and triumph and presence at court added to Kwangsu's silent pangs. They say, too, that a memorial denouncing Yuan Shih Kai, with careful detail of many villainies, was found among the private papers of the Dowager she having suppressed the censor's charges against her favorite. All for life she remained faithful and grateful to that worst enemy of China, Li Hung-Chang, who saved her the power in the sixties, as Yuan Shih Kai had saved her in '98.

Without waiting for the expiration of the first few weeks of severe mourning to expire, the regent, Prince Chun, first surrounded the palace with trusty troops, and then dismissed Yuan Shih Kai from office. Poetic justice was dealt the betrayer of the late Emperor, and retribution came. The contagious Yuan Shih Kai fled to Tientsin in panic, but was persuaded to make a bolder stand, to return to Peking and make a more dignified departure with his family to his provincial home.

During the Boxer troubles of 1900, Yuan Shih Kai rendered great service to the foreigners in Shantung province, changing the words of the imperial edict from "destroy" to "protect," and getting all the foreigners away safely to Chefoo. He has since shown great wisdom in his willingness to adopt foreign ideas and advice, but he is not China's only hope. There are now scores of more intelligent, better educated, and younger men, who have had experience of foreign travel, life, and study, which he has not enjoyed. He was quick to appreciate what a modern, well-drilled army meant to its chief and to see the value of the modern police force which the Japanese trained and left to protect Peking when the foreign troops left the capital. It was not that he loved the Japanese so much that he appealed for Japanese advice in creating a modern army—that army whose maneuvres on the Tatih plain, three years ago, dumbfounded foreign military attachés and set all the war offices of Europe in panic. It was discovered the next year that Japanese instructors, in Chinese dress, rode and walked with the officers, and Japanese drill sergeants marched with every company of the model army. Since that discovery, Europeans in China, in their chagrin, have had Japanese peril on the brain. With fear came hate, and all Europe, having most to gain by keeping the two Eastern peoples apart and preventing any cooperation in common aims, has let itself go in an anti-Japanese crusade or propaganda that might do more harm were its purpose not as plain and clear, its agents and the reasons not as well known. The Manchus feared the growing power of this Chinese commander of such a powerful army, and they promoted him up to Peking, elevated him above the command of troops. The Manchu generals took a turn at Japanese tactics, called in Japanese instructors, sent their young men to Japanese schools, and themselves attended Japanese reviews and maneuvres, and Yuan Shih Kai's son was acting before Prince Chun and Tsai Tsang trampled over old Prince Ching and Yuan Shih Kai.

Prince Ching is of the older regime and generation, the expansion of all that is mediæval and hopelessly corrupt. His influence was paramount with the Empress Dowager for a decade, and his daughters and daughters-in-law surrounded her as chief favorites in her court.

He led the trembling old woman with unbraided hair out from the palace in 1900, and he suffered the same alarms and scanty fare as the imperial fugitives as they were dragged in common carts over the first stages of the flight to Shansi. He is the same Prince Ching who, at the time of the Japanese war, quieted the court's alarms by telling how easily he could disperse any Japanese army that planned a descent upon Peking. He would simply dig pits along the sea coast, as in seasons of grasshopper plague, and sweep the Japanese into them as fast as they landed. The pits were actually dug and were long on view. It was also said to have been his idea to construct a twelve-foot wall as the defense of Chefoo against any Japanese force marching over from Weihaiwei, or landing from boats on the farther side of the ridiculous stone fence that still stands as sublime monument to Prince Ching. I met Yuan Shih Kai years ago, when he was Chinese resident at Seoul, and we travelled on the same ship from Chemulpo to Tientsin, where he was going to consult his master, Li Hung-Chang, then at the height of his power. "A military mandarin," said the China treaty port residents with a scorn I could not then understand. Yuan Shih Kai was a small, brown, greasy person, very untidy, and unpleasant to have in the first cabin with foreign passengers, conspicuously in need of the barber, the bath, and fresh clothing in that June weather. We were amazed to find his wife, children, and servants all travelling together in the steerage. A great Chinese scholar has told me that he also met Yuan Shih Kai travelling in the first cabin, and his wife in the seclusion of the steerage, while at the same time a Polish Jew took cabin passages for his Polish wife and daughter, and himself herded with the coolies and Mrs. Yuan Shih Kai in the steerage. "My standing illustration of the different regard in which women are held in the East and in the West," said the great sinologue.

Wireless as a Life-saver

The use of wireless telegraphy at sea was vividly illustrated in the rescue of the passengers aboard the *Republic* and the *Florida* after those two vessels had collided off the New England shore, by the wireless operator on board the *Republic*, who flashed his call for aid to the *Nantucket*, and within a few minutes more ships from all parts within a radius of two hundred miles were steaming to the rescue. In this case the *Florida* was enabled to receive aboard her own decks the passengers of the *Republic*, and ultimately she made New York safely, although the danger of foundering appeared so imminent that those on board were transferred to the *Baltic*. But suppose the *Florida* had gone down, as the *Republic* did, and that the latter vessel had had no wireless equipment. Sixteen hundred lives would have been lost; the fate of either ship would have been unknown forever. One can imagine the alarm when neither failed to arrive, the slowly increasing fear and apprehension on both sides of the Atlantic, the "posting" at Lloyd's, the slow dwindling of hopes, and, finally, the realization, after perhaps some weeks of waiting, that somewhere in the Atlantic both vessels, their crews and passengers, were lying under fathoms of salt water.

One of the results of this disaster is likely to be the passage of a law which shall make it compulsory for all ocean-going ships carrying passengers to be equipped with a wireless telegraphy installation. Such a bill has been introduced by Congressman Burke, upon the telegraphed suggestion of Mr. Reuben Miller, a wealthy Pittsburg man, who was a passenger on the *Republic*. The bill requires all vessels carrying fifty passengers or more, and going a distance of five hundred miles or more, to be equipped with wireless apparatus, clearance to be refused vessels whose owners fail to comply with the law. Foreign vessels not so equipped, the bill provides, shall be refused admission to American ports.

When the Men Carried Muffs

If we should see a fashionably dressed man walking on Fifth Avenue, New York City, with his hands thrust into a capacious fur muff, such a spectacle would immediately arouse our curiosity, and our imagination would invent various reasons to account for this peculiar choice of apparel. Probably we should first explain it as an advertisement, but when a closer inspection disclosed no placard suggesting the purchase of a patent medicine, that this was a unique method of paying a bet would occur to us. Whatever the true explanation might be, it is not so very long ago that muffs were customarily used by most men, and therefore a revival of this old fashion might not be impossible.

Until late in the eighteenth century, in England fully as many men as women carried muffs. The purchase of two handsome muffs and the prices paid are found in the wardrobe accounts of Prince Henry of Wales in 1608. No less a sum than seven pounds sterling was the cost of the more expensive one, which consisted of cloth ornamented with silver and gold plates, and sixty shillings was paid for the other one of black satin embroidered in silk.

During the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II. a very curious "double" muff was worn. This provided a separate covering for each hand, and was in the form of a long loose cuff attached to the coat sleeves. With the coming of William of Orange men carried small muffs attached by a cord to a button on the coat or suspended from a ribbon around the neck.

After 1710, muffs ceased to vary greatly in size and became uniformly larger, although Horace Walpole writes of presenting a gentleman with "a decent smallish muff that you may put in your pocket." However, about 1760 the fashion was such that both ladies and gentlemen frequently carried pet dogs in their capacious muffs.

After the year 1780 only men of eccentric habits used muffs, and they finally disappeared entirely. The vast majority of Englishmen's muffs were ostentatious in appearance, though a few of these were trimmed with bows of ribbon; but the Frenchmen often carried those ornamented with wonderful lace frills.

Seven and a Half Billions Needed

Mr. W. C. Brown, recently chosen president of the New York Central, says that it will be necessary to raise $7,500,000,000 to provide, increase, and improve railroad facilities of the United States during the next fifteen years, if the country (especially the West and the Southwest) is to have the industrial development of which it is capable. He endorses in general the views recently expressed in HARPER'S WEEKLY by Mr. B. F. Yoakum as to the tremendous opportunities in Texas, where "fifty-five counties have never heard the whistle of a locomotive," and adds that with adequate railroad facilities and proper cultivation that State alone could raise more cotton than is now produced in the entire country, or could double our national corn crop. This is a hint to any one having seven and a half billions lying around loose and looking for investment. While we do not expect to see the whole of that sum coming forth at once, perhaps not for twenty or thirty years, yet enough will surely be made available for railroad work that is actually needed. The country is here, with its wealth and limitless opportunities; the people are here, and more are coming, in normal years, at the rate of approximately a million immigrants each twelvemonth. Periods of great business development may be interrupted now and then by a panic, but nothing short of a cataclysm can permanently affect our destiny.

Another Weapon against Tuberculosis

Another great victory is reported to have been won in the universal war against tuberculosis by a discovery of a new method of attack whereby the tuberculosis bacillus may be destroyed when it first makes its appearance in the blood of the infected person and before it has commenced its ravages upon the tissues of the lungs. Dr. Randle C. Rosenbergh, a noted biologist who holds the chair of bacteriology at the Jefferson Medical College, has the honor of making this new discovery, but he has made no formal announcement or explanation of his theory and has merely confirmed some of its essential features when interrogated on the subject. The reason for this seeming reticence in discussing details is due to the doctor's high regard for medical conventionalities, which require that no authoritative statements or interviews be given to the press before an exhaustive treatise has been published in a medical journal, and such an article is shortly to appear.

The proposed method for treating or rendering immune persons threatened with consumption is not entirely theoretical, for one hundred and fifty cases have been experimented upon and in not a single instance has a failure been recorded. The finding of the tuberculosis bacillus by Doctor Koch has made it possible to use that knowledge in developing Doctor Rosenbergh's new treatment, for the latter has learned that the germ invariably is found in the blood long before the lungs or glands are attacked. The length of time that the bacilli circulate in the blood before settling in a particular place which can offer little resistance depends upon the susceptibility of the victim to contract the disease, and in this preliminary stage the germs are easily eradicated. Their presence may be ascertained by a simple test, still held secret at the time of writing, and they readily yield to slight medicinal and fresh-air treatment.

It is reported that experiments with an antitoxin or virus, whose injection shall render the human organism immune to tuberculosis, are nearing perfection and may eventually lead to the extermination of the great white plague. The treatment discovered by Doctor Rosenbergh is remarkable for its entire simplicity and should be available to every physician, no matter how deficient his laboratory may be.

Providing for ex-Presidents

Senator McCreary, of Kentucky, is pressing the Congress for action on his bill providing that ex-Presidents of the United States may be appointed as members of international commissions, and as representatives of the United States at conferences on matters affecting foreign affairs. Few persons will dissent from the stand that former Executives ought to possess knowledge which would be of great value to the country when questions are being adjusted with foreign Powers. Indeed, it might not be wholly unwise to go a step farther and enact that ex-Presidents might have the privilege of appearing on the floor of both Houses and Senate at any time, and addressing the Congress on any subject under discussion. Though without the right to cast a vote thereupon. Some such official recognition would lend to the utterance of a former occupant of the White House a measure of dignity and weight which he might not be able to obtain through newspaper publication of his views.

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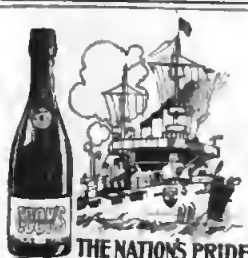

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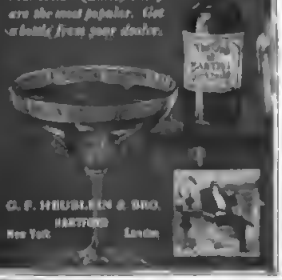

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

Stanford University
FEB 16 1909

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THIS distinguished honor follows the purchase of a Weber Pianola Piano by Emperor William two years ago. The instrument was installed in the Royal Palace in Berlin upon His Majesty's express command. A few days later word was received that he desired to retain the Pianola Piano permanently and had ordered that a bill be sent.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT

THIS PORTRAIT WAS PAINTED AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, IN THE SUMMER OF 1860, BY GEORGE FREDERICK WRIGHT, ONE OF THE FIRST ARTISTS TO PAINT LINCOLN. IT REPRESENTS MR. LINCOLN IN THE OPEN, WITH A STORM BREAKING. HE HOLDS A ROPE WITH UNTWISTING STRANDS, EMBLEMATIC OF THE DISMEMBERING UNION. THE PICTURE IS OWNED BY JOHN STANTON PALMER, OF STONINGTON, CONNECTICUT

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Vol. LIII. No. 2721

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

Lincoln

One of the delightful things about Lincoln was his freedom from cant. He never set out to "set an example." He lived his life simply and naturally, thought out and spoke the thought that was in him, did the work he found to do, and let his example shift for itself. By consequence it is one of the great examples, one of the great inspirations, of human history.

It is fit to encourage any one in his opinion of humankind that humanity loves Lincoln as it does. He was not pretty, not handsome, not graceful, not originally refined, not accomplished in the matters that belong to what is known as liberal education. There never was a homelier hero nor one less embellished with decorative endowment of any kind. But the great heart of humanity and the great heart of Lincoln are two that beat as one. Just now on the hundredth anniversary of his birth there is an exceptional volume of writing about him. There will be less about him in print for a few months to come—a little less—and then the steady current of Lincoln literature will flow on again. His story, and his stories, are always being told, and then told over again and over, with such variations or inventions as the busy minds of the writers for the public press are able to supply. Really, we Americans have to go back all the way to King David to find an historical character of equal popularity. And the basis of popularity in both men is the same—they were both so incorrigibly human! Our Abraham was a much less finally man than David, far better controlled and regulated, but they were alike in that they were both great captains with great and gentle hearts, putting their trust in the Lord, drawing all men unto them, striding unconquerable through difficulties, dangers, reverses and mistakes to victories that could not be denied them and a sure place in the love of mankind.

And they both joined the gift of articulate expression to the gift of effectual action. David played the harp, and was accounted good at it. If Lincoln had ever learned to play the fiddle, there was that in him that would doubtless have got out of a fiddle somewhat of what it held. David lifted up his voice, and the sound of it still endures among the treasures of living language. A few short deliverances of Lincoln have sufficed to enthrone him among the masters of human speech. Scholars dissect his letters and speeches to discover the secret of his style, and wonder where he learned his use of words. Who taught David? Who taught Homer? Who taught Shakespeare? Lincoln had the same master. His wireless caught voices from the same currents. The common technique of expression he had learned and in a good school. He learned to read, and read the Bible and Shakespeare; he learned to speak, and spoke so as to persuade. He learned to know words and how to use them, and when his mind thought great thoughts and his heart felt what a great heart can feel, the little, nimble, common words shaped themselves forth for him in forms of simple majesty. It was art; oh yes, a little art, but all but lost in the splendid current of inspiration. It is not Lincoln's words that make his great pieces great, but the tones that are behind them, the same tone in the Gettysburg address, in the letter to Mrs. Bixby, in portions of his great addresses. How the tone gets behind the words is a question that belongs, not to rhetoric, but to magic. Somehow, what is in the mind and in the heart can be put into words, but the doing of it greatly is so rare and so inexplicable as to be a kind of miracle that leaves the doctors of letters perplexed and dumb.

God gave him understanding. When all is said of Lincoln, it comes to that. They tell us that his four years' study of campaigning made him a great master of the art of war. He was a lawyer, a politician, a leader, a statesman; the balance of his faculties was always maintained; his sense of proportion and of values was never amiss. He knew men and understood their relations to one another, both what they were and what they should be. That is all. He understood, and used his understanding for unselfish ends.

All Doubts Dispelled

The report comes from Panama that the engineers designated by President Roosevelt to advise Mr. Taft about the canal approve the lock system which they recommended originally. Their verdict was based upon an exhaustive examination consuming, as near as we can make out, about half a day. Mr. Taft benevolently acquiesced and, in a speech to the Red Cross Society, announced that ships would pass from sea to sea before January 1, 1915. So that settles that.

The Anti-Japanese Agitation

Up to this writing conservative influences in California have availed to defeat all anti-Japanese legislation, and seem likely to succeed in that purpose to the end. Governor Gillette is opposed to all of the anti-Japanese bills, and would use his veto if any of them should come to him. The anti-alien land bill and those prohibiting aliens from being directors of corporations and restricting them in residence districts at the option of boards of supervisors have, so far, failed to pass either house of the California Legislature, though the vote on the latter bill in the Lower House was close. The separate-school bill, called by President Roosevelt "the most offensive of all," passed the Lower House on February 4th, 46 to 28. It is declared that this measure cannot pass the California Senate, and is in no danger of becoming a law. Nevertheless, since it is the expression in a new form of the same purpose that made trouble two years ago, when it was under advisement by the Board of Education of San Francisco, it is worth looking over in its present form. The bill reads:

> Section 1,662 of the political code is hereby amended so as to read as follows:
>
> W. 1,662.—Every school, unless otherwise provided by law, must be open for the admission of all children between six and twenty one years of age residing in the district, and the Board of School Trustees of City Board of Education have power to admit adults and children not residing in the district, whenever good reasons exist therefor. Trustees shall have the power to segregate children of filthy or vicious habits or children suffering from contagious or infectious diseases and also to establish separate schools for Indian children or for children of Mongolian or Japanese or Chinese descent. When such separate schools are established, Indian, Chinese, Japanese, or Mongolian children must not be admitted into any other school, provided that in cities and towns in which the kindergarten has been adopted or may hereafter be adopted as part of the public primary schools, children may be admitted to such kindergarten classes at the age of four years, and provided further, that in cities or school districts in which separate classes have been or may hereafter be established for the instruction of the deaf, children may be admitted to such classes at the age of three years.

Of the proposals contemplated in this bill, President Roosevelt said in a message, two years ago, that

> to shut them (the Japanese) out from the common schools is a wicked absurdity, when there are no first-class colleges in the land, including the University and College of California, which do not gladly welcome Japanese students, and on which Japanese students do not reflect credit.

Senator Perkins of California does not consider the proposed law wicked, but gives temperate expression to the local sentiment in California about it, as follows:

> The people of California, in their attempt to secure regulation of Japanese attendance in their schools, do not desire to do anything that will disrupt general treaty policies with Japan. The question as to whether Japanese should be admitted to the schools and universities of the State should be left, in my opinion, to the school boards and the regents of the colleges. In the case of the higher schools and universities, I do not think there has been or would be in the future any objection to having Japanese students.
>
> In the lower schools, however, the objection has been that there were often Japanese children much older than the American children, and the former often kept back the latter because they knew little English and had to be taught slowly. The people of California are right on the question. The right to furnish separate schools for Japanese, as well as for other Asiatics, should be given to the individual school authorities of the State as a police provision.

The School Question

The fact that the same legislative body that rejected the anti-alien land bill and the other anti-Japanese bill, passed the separate-school bill, indicates that the California legislators have extra forcible convictions about this last bill. If one accepts Senator Perkins' statement of the case, it is impossible not to sympathize with them. If the Japanese scholars are so old or so backward in the English language as not to make advantageous fellow pupils for the American children they ought to go to separate schools, and that could probably be managed if it did not incidentally involve the classification of the Japanese with the "Mongolians." To that classification they make strong objection, denying that they are "Mongolians," and claiming a different and much more aristocratic ethnical derivation than that of the Chinese, Koreans, and other Asiatic nations. Certainly Japanese contempt for "Mongolians" in California cannot be allowed to become the basis of a serious difference between two great and polite nations, both tolerably well furnished with wise people. We presume the school troubles and all other troubles will go over this time, and where they are practical and pressing will be adjusted or cured somehow by school boards or subordinate officials. But the disposition of the Pacific States to protect themselves from Oriental immigration and exploitation is a large subject that is likely to compel attention from wise minds for a good many years to come.

We Humbly Decline the Invitation

The following letter comes to the Weekly from Cleveland:

> Dear Sirs,—As you probably know, we intend to make the What-Would-Jesus-Do movement world-wide. This is a great undertaking, and we seek your co-operation in making it a success.
>
> An "International What-Would-Jesus-Do Committee" has been formed to spread the movement. The first and third Sundays in March, with the two weeks intervening, have been set aside for the international trial of the question "What Would Jesus Do?" At the second mass meeting in every city it will be endeavored to make the rule a *permanent, lifelong principle*. Certificates similar to the one enclosed will be given to all who take the life pledge. Hereafter the first Sunday in every year, the anniversary of the beginning of the movement in Cleveland, will be known as "In His Steps" Day, when great mass meetings of reaffirmation and reconsecration will be held throughout the English-speaking world. The movement will be permanent, life pledges being taken and new members being added continually. Over two thousand Cleveland young people have already become life members.
>
> It is an effort to bring Christians face to face with the one Perfect Example, now so obscured by the tangle of creeds, doctrines, theologies, and isms that encumber us.
>
> Will you aid us by noticing the movement editorially? If you desire, I should be glad to prepare a personal article on the movement, describing the events of its inception, some serious, some humorous, its wonderful growth in Cleveland, the criticisms that have been advanced, and especially the experiences of the young people who entered the trial.
>
> Earnestly hoping that you may be able to help us in this great work, I am
>
> Yours very truly,
>
> William D. Price.
>
> *Originator and Pres. I. W. Committee.*

If our good friend in Cleveland will excuse us, we will leave the considerable undertaking he mentions in the hands in which it now reposes. As a secular paper, not to say profane, the Weekly feels very imperfectly competent to assist in instructing multitudes of eager persons, mostly young, as to what details of conduct would conform, or not conform, with the inspiring example the influence of which it is the purpose of the movement to strengthen and expound. Christianity is a spirit, we take it, and not a code. Not only different individuals, but different communities, feel its inspirations and see its requirements differently. We guess there are a good many details in which Christian conduct in New York would diverge from Christian conduct in Cleveland, and if we undertook to spread, not only in this neighborhood, but throughout the very wide region into which the Weekly penetrates, an Ohio conception of Christian duty and conduct, we know we should get into trouble right away, and become an arena for dispute over countless matters like the details of Sunday-keeping, church-going, prayer-meetings, the use of alcohol and tobacco (especially cigarettes), the maximum of permissible profits in business, and other concerns of like

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character. The wonderful sagacity of the Founder of Christianity is in nothing more apparent than in what He did not do and did not say, and in His avoidance of specific directions for regulating in detail the conduct of life. We do not feel competent ourselves to give such directions by wholesale, and would even be loath to endorse beforehand the qualifications of our Ohio brethren for a task that calls for so delicate and profound a judgment. No doubt it is a narrow-minded bigotry that makes so many outsiders feel that they prefer the Galilee edition of Christianity to any that is likely to be published from Cleveland, Ohio, but so it is, and with this as with other human errors we must be patient, until such time as Wisdom shall have perfected her work, and all good people see all things alike.

Sanguine Expectations

Mr. TAFT even hopes that the canal will be finished before the expiration of his term of office.—*Washington Despatch.*

Make it *terms of office.* It gives hope a more substantial foundation.

Minnesota Continues Wet

County option was beaten in the Minnesota Legislature on February 4th by a vote of 44 to 73. The State has a local-option law applying to certain districts and towns, and seems disinclined to go farther. Minnesota lives pretty far north, and considerations of latitude may enter into its feelings on the liquor question. It also has a large Scandinavian population that is used to northerly habits of life. Alcohol is less harmful to human life in cold climates than in warm ones, or so the doctors say, though the W. C. T. U. would doubtless refuse to admit that it is less harmful anywhere. Moreover, the better and more responsible is the population of any State the less is its need of stringent liquor laws. If Minnesota is less excited about liquor laws than some other States in her neighborhood and elsewhere, it is fair to infer that she has reason to be.

Direct Nominations Opposed

It is not plain sailing yet for the direct-primary-nominations idea which finds so puissant a champion in Governor HUGHES. Mr. ROOT is counted against it by inference because he is opposed to the popular election of Senators, which is usually found in the same group of political wants as the direct-nomination proposal. Mr. ROOT, however, explicitly declined to express an opinion about direct nominations. President SCHURMAN of Cornell frankly opposes it. Speaking at Utica, on February 5th, on "Some Public Reforms," he said handsome things of Governor HUGHES and the reforms he has advocated, but went on to say:

> When, however, we come to the question of direct primary nominations we move in an entirely different atmosphere. It is no longer a question of reverence for the right, of regard for the Constitution, or of loyalty to great political principles. Whether the people of New York shall adopt the new system of primary nominations is a mere question of expediency. It is a question on which there may be difference of opinions, not only between parties, but within the same party. The whole issue concerns merely the working of a piece of political machinery. Only practice can reveal how the proposed system of direct nominations would work.

For himself, President SCHURMAN doubts that the change proposed is expedient. He said that in a month's journey through the West as far as San Francisco he had talked about it with representative men—Governors, legislators, judges, and the like—both in States where the direct-nominations system had been adopted, and in States where it was not in use, with the result that he was sceptical of the wisdom of adopting such a system in New York. His opinion will carry weight because it will seem to be thoughtful, intelligent, and disinterested.

Speaker WADSWORTH's views will be discounted for what bearing the requirements of practical politics may be supposed to have on them. Nevertheless, they are intelligent, and the views of the practical politician deserve attention. In a speech at the Lumber Dealers' dinner in Albany the Speaker argued that under the direct primaries large centres of population would have an advantage. In Erie County the city of Buffalo could gobble up all the offices without consideration for the rural voters.

> Under the direct-nominations plan the Tammany organization in the Borough of Manhattan could, for years and years to come, hold by the throat the Democratic party of the Greater City of New York, and could nominate and control the entire city ticket, with perhaps now and then a Brooklyn Democrat succeeding in getting his name on the election ballot. Where would the people of the Boroughs of the Bronx, of Queens, and of Richmond be under such a system? Republicans and Democrats alike, they would be absolutely and inevitably swamped.

Governor HUGHES is highly competent to discuss this bugaboo which the Speaker conjures up, and will do so, no doubt, and we shall see how much is left of it when he gets through. Less vulnerable seem these observations with which the Speaker wound up his remarks:

> Take my word for it, the greatest fallacy which advocates of direct primary nominations indulge in is that this proposed system will do away with party leaders or so-called bosses. It will not do away with them. The desire and necessity for leadership is inherent in human nature. People accept it and follow it implicitly as long as it is honest. When it ceases to be so they turn and rend it. Under the direct-nominations system the influence of the boss would continue to control while his public responsibility would cease.

We do not see that as things are now the boss's sense of public responsibility oppresses him very seriously, but it is possible that it might weigh somewhat less on him under the system proposed. To beat the devil round the stump is an imperfectly effectual way to get rid of him. To keep him running is some gain, but he is apt, like the bag of posey, to get there all the same.

Nevada's Nerves More Calm

The Senate of the powerful State of Nevada, with its population of 42,335 souls, including Chinamen, Indians, Mongolians, and Japanese, is reported at this writing to have tabled the Donat resolution of the Nevada Assembly asking for a war fleet in the Pacific, and referring to the Japanese as "a menace to America's peace." We applaud this action. Why should Nevada worry? Most of its valuable property is deep underground and can only be detached by blasting-powder. Invaders could not spare time to get it out. If they did get some of it out, Nevada would is little the worse off, since ever since the State began business, folks resident elsewhere have been getting metals out of her mountains and taking them away, and of all who have done so, only one has ever sent anything back to benefit the State. That is what a missionary from Nevada said the other day, and added that the one mine-owner who had remembered Nevada to her benefit was CHAUNCEY MACKAY. At any rate, Nevada need not worry. If the Japanese ships look scary, her population can always climb a tree.

All the World is Scared

It is a pleasure to commend the composing example of the Nevada Senate to London, which is reported to be vociferous with sudden fright over the possibility of the invasion of England by a hostile army. The cable despatches say that all the creakings of all the British Houses have suddenly taken effect under the stimulant of a new play called *An Englishman's Home*, which has awakened the people to a realization of what war might mean. It is strange. Every considerable country in Christendom, including our own, is running in debt for the means of defence. Great Britain, Germany, Russia, France, Belgium, and Holland are facing deficits for war and navy expenditures, and Spain has just ordered a forty-million-dollar navy from England. It is time that flying-machines came along and made self-defence impossible, since it is now getting so expensive as to be incompatible with life.

She Says True

"Too much is hidden," says Miss MARY GUNES. A great text, from which a thousand profitable sermons might be preached.

Our National Nerve-cure

Credit the *Evening Post* with an interesting and optimistic deduction. Contemplating the tranquil behavior of all hands on the *Republic* and the *Florida*, the sensible department of the audiences that walked safely out of three burning theatres in the country within a year, and the cold-blooded usefulness of the Russian sailors at Messina, and concluding that in spite of the croakings of pessimists, human nerves were probably never so steady as they are now, it inquires:

> Is it because the yellow journal has so habituated the race to cataclysms that men face the real event as calmly as they do the imaginary ones in the scare heads?

Maybe that is one important reason. Something like what the cold bath has done for the Englishman and the hot bath for the Japanese, it may be the function of the sensational newspaper to do for the American. To be used to shock is to disregard it.

Bad Books for Children

There passed away recently an old lady of eighty-one who doubtless had amiable and lovable qualities, but who managed to create and to perpetuate beyond the average length allowed a mortal, one of the most objectionable heroines of juvenile fiction. MARTHA FINLEY was eighty one when she died; she was forty when she gave to the world her long-lived heroine, Elsie Dinsmore, and from that year we read Elsie's various experiences of life to the extent of something more than thirty volumes. Elsie's career began at the age of seven, and her first serious and deliberate undertaking in this vale of tears was to convert her worldly father to her own views of what was right and fitting. Her father was a moral man, but he would on occasion read the newspapers or indulge in worldly conversation on the Sabbath Day. Elsie at seven had pronounced and Grandgrindian principles on all such matters, and she suffered untold miseries over her father's shortcomings, and determined at whatever cost to herself to "skeer him into de Kingdom," as an old negro preacher used to say. She often tried to turn his mind to serious matters; she set him an example of the most meritorious virtue; but all through the first volume and well into the second this prodigal parent insisted upon thinking himself as capable of judging of right and wrong as his infant daughter. There was also a young, unmarried Aunt Eunice, whose flippancy and worldliness are used as a foil to set off the righteousness of the pious infant. Elsie is requested by her father to sing a song on the Sabbath, but such is her fortitude that she sits on the piano-stool and preaches until she faints away rather than give in, and she is finally borne unconscious from the room by a Mr. Travilla (we have to trust our memory for names), who in an ensuing volume has the hardihood to become Elsie's husband. Elsie is finally reduced to fever and nervous exhaustion by her refractory parent, and is at point of death, having still exhorted him in delirium, when finally his heart is touched, he is converted, Elsie recovers and goes on her way preaching and converting to the end of her creator's life. There is no doubt that the writer of these books was quite guiltless of any evil intentions, and was herself the victim of environment and mistaken ideals. It is sad, none the less, to think that these objectionable little books should still fill the shelves of many public libraries in small towns, and, worse, should circulate from Sunday-school libraries. The unhealthy and morbid qualities in them have an unholy attraction for children who have not had fair advantages, and nothing could be more unwholesome than the irreverence, the stupidity of these volumes.

Does the World Improve?

Casting doubt on the optimistic suggestion that the world is getting better, a correspondent writes:

> Up to a century and a half ago there were no such things as slums and slum life. Insanity and suicides increase vastly—that means no more disaster, but consciousness against—thinking till the misery of it gets beyond control. There is less beauty, real beauty, leisure, fine workmanship, in the world than in the Middle Ages. Nothing so wonderful as the Cathedral of Chartres could be built to-day—there is no one to conceive it, no people patient and loving enough to carry out the conception. The bitterness of the distinctions between great wealth and great poverty has never been so fierce or so evil. The only progress I can see is a progress in physical comforts, railroad trains, electric lights, automobiles, and pavements, and those do not profoundly solace the spirit of man. We have no building like the great cathedrals or Venetian palaces, no sculpture to compare with the Greek, no pictures that touch those of the Italian Renaissance, no poets like SHAKESPEARE and DANTE. I don't believe we're progressing half as much as you think. We're just shouting around and making a lot of racket, but the results are mainly vulgarity, cheapness, noise and haste, and bad taste—bad taste everywhere!

The perfection of art is not the measure of the progress of civilization. Art does best sometimes when folks do very ill. The bitterness between wealth and poverty is nothing in this country to what it is in Europe, and it is in this country that the march of progress is best measured. Taste in some things has improved here enormously in twenty-five years. Venice was beautified by pirates with their loot. That method is frowned upon in these days.

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Personal

There are some good salaries coming to some American teachers. The income of the McKay endowment of $4,000,000 to Harvard for a technical school is to go, by the testator's directions, not much for buildings, but chiefly for men and apparatus. Technical experts are valuable men, and have a kind of knowledge that is marketable at high prices. As to that the Boston Advertiser tells this edifying story:

President Chapin was once approached by some progressive business men who informed him that they were willing to pledge something like $10,000 a year to induce some great German chemist to come to this country to teach. They wanted the best man in the profession. So the "Tech" president went to Germany and picked out the desirable man, only to find that the professor was getting, at his own university, more than double the income that the Americans considered so wondrously large for a college professor. Naturally, he declined to consider the small offer of the American. There are European professors who receive annually $25,000, even $40,000 (in a few cases), a year. The great Siemens brothers are men millionaires, although, of course, the larger part of their fortune has come through patents. But to get such men a university must pay salaries as yet unknown in this country.

Great teachers are worth their salt. It is even worth while, on broad economic grounds, to pay them enough to enable them to raise families. It is not advantageous to the country that lines of descent in which talent runs should fade out under the restrictive pressure of extreme economy. The better the market for talent is, the greater will be the supply.

President Eliot, who has lately been traveling about and saying farewell to Harvard men all over the country, dwells in every speech upon the opportunities for service that such an office as his gives its incumbent. That is the rare privilege which, according to President Eliot, every Harvard man desires or should desire, which the President of Harvard has in full measure. Another point Dr. Eliot makes is that it is a peculiarity of his office to see humanity only on its best side. Parents providing and arranging for the welfare of their children are seen at their very best, he thinks. The students themselves, so far from giving the President worry and anxiety, appear to him in a quite contrary light. "Yesterday," said Dr. Eliot in one of his addresses, "I had two problems presented to me by two Seniors. One wanted to know what I thought his best duty in the choice of a calling. He had two chances. One would lead him to return to the State from which he came; the other would take him far from home. One offered him a good position as owner and manager of a country journal; the other was a good place in a very successful factory where he might rise soon to a leading position. He presented his problem to me; and just the sight of the conscientiousness, the keenness, the eagerness with which he grappled that problem, was inspiring and enlightening to me. The other had a similar alternative. It was a question of duty. 'Which way shall I go?' One of the alternatives was the consular service; and his motive there was the hope that he might get a place in the country where his mother was born and brought up. The other would keep his mother in this country, where she felt herself an alien. This is just one illustration of the sort of intercourse which is constant between the President of the university and the students."

Correspondence

BRITISH RULE IN INDIA

January 8, 1909

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—The papers recently contributed by your English correspondent gave a pleasing account of the benevolent promise announced by Queen Victoria, and display satisfaction in its fulfilment.

The view, unhappily, is not so clear to a foreign observer.

Her Majesty declared (and none can doubt the sincerity of her words) that the government would be administered "in the spirit of generosity, benevolence, and religious feeling" . . . and that "our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity to discharge" . . . This was in 1858.

In 1870 Lord Lytton, then Viceroy of India, declared in a state paper: "I do not hesitate to say that both the government of India and of England appear to me, up to the present moment, unable to answer satisfactorily the charge of having taken every means in their power of breaking to the heart the word of promise they had uttered to the ear."

Lord Morley's proposal, to replace the mocking simulacra described by your correspondent, with a representation invested with real influence in legislation and in important executive function, seems to stamp leniently on what has been done, while it seeks to give efficacy to the royal promise of fifty years ago.

Admitting the advantages in the nature of police regulation following the Pax Britannica, the suppression of Thuggee, of self-torture, self-immolation, and so forth, the effect of foreign rule on the character, national and individual, and on the general prosperity seems quite another matter.

The observers may question, with Bishop Heber, whether any advantage compensates for the degradation of a whole people in political, social, and material being.

The number of natives in political employment, as stated in these letters, illustrates the Bishop's saying, when we learn that the average compensation of the Hindu in government employ equals £36 against £667 for the foreigner. The half-breed comes in for £81. Nor is there any lack of educated and competent natives trained for political avocations.

Meredith Townsend, in *Asia and Europe*, speaks of the gradual decay of much of which they were proud—the silken cloth, which even the Europeans perceive, of the Indian art, Indian culture, Indian military spirit. Architecture, engineering, literary skill, are all perishing out—so perishing that Anglo-Indians doubt whether Indians have the capacity to be architects, though they built Benares, or engineers, though they dug the artificial lakes of the Tanjore.

In the early part of the last century Mr. William Thackeray of the Board of Revenue in Madras, wrote in an official report: "In India that haughty spirit, independence and deep thought, which the possession of great wealth sometimes gives, ought to be suppressed. We do not want generals, statesmen, and legislators: we want industrious husbandmen."

And Mr. H. S. Boys, retired on pension in 1880, wrote, "For some reasons it is not desired for the peasant that the standard of comfort should be very materially raised."

It is not apparent that the native ought to be grateful for railways partly in aid of military strategy for his suppression, built by foreign capital, stocked at twice their cost and then taken over out of the taxes, at 125 per cent. Now, when irrigation is carried out where rivers abound and a profit on the undertaking is secure, while on the central plains where six feet of water falls in a short time and runs off, the construction of reservoirs is neglected. Sir Arthur Cotton demonstrated it is possible to save these regions from dire famine if not to make the works financially very profitable.

Nor can the native be grateful for the annual remittance of more than £30,000,000 to England for home charges; nor for £8,000,000 for the cost of exchange for this remittance.

Nor can he rejoice over a land tax of 50 per cent. of the net produce, especially when it is levied on an official estimate of what ought to be produced. Nor can he think it just to expend all of the proceeds of this tax on civil and military government. At least, so it strikes the observer. Nor does the trifling increase in population of, say, 1 per cent. per annum, seem to bespeak welfare among a prolific people.

Nor does the partition of Bengal, despite the passionate protest of its people appear to be anything but a violation of the solemn pledge of the Empress of India in the face of the orthodox. So that to the observer from these shores the national unrest seems to have solid grounds, and the proposals of Lord Morley will be welcomed as the most hopeful augury for India that this generation or its fathers have witnessed, in spite of the disapproval of many of the foreign administrators and the admirers of British policies in India.

I am, sir,

Charles H. Sotter.

AN OLD FRIEND

Greenwood, Ws. *January 30, 1909.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I noticed some time ago you reported an old subscriber for Harper's Weekly. I might say that I have been a subscriber since 1862; lived in Columbus, Wisconsin, then. I did think I would part company with the paper when you took the stand you did against Roosevelt, the President the people of Wisconsin honor. I found it hard to part with an old friend. Will forgive you, and trust you may see error of your way.

I am, sir,

Erastus Bowen.

BULLY FOR YOU, ALSO

Jacksonville Fla. *January 14, 1909.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In Weekly of January 2d, you speak of Henry Cuple as a subscriber of forty-six years. Bully for Henry.

But that is nothing. I have Harper's Monthly bound since 1856. Also Harpe's *Pictorial History of the Civil War*. Have been a regular subscriber for the Monthly since 1859, and for the Weekly and Bazar since they started. Also Harper's Young People many years, till my kids outgrew it.

I am, sir,

J. H. Norris.

ROOSEVELT AND PULITZER, 1901–1909

"*The World*," New York, *January*, 1909.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—There is a dramatic contrast between the treatment of Theodore Roosevelt by Joseph Pulitzer in 1901 and the treatment of Joseph Pulitzer by Theodore Roosevelt in 1908.

No sooner had news reached New York that President McKinley had been stricken by an assassin's bullet than Mr. Pulitzer sent word to the *World* office that the name of Czolgosz must not be printed more than once, and that when reference to him was demanded by the news he should be called merely "the assassin." His purpose, Mr. Pulitzer explained, was to prevent any attempt at mock heroics over Czolgosz, to do what he could to prevent the popularizing of the name of the assassin, to prevent the surrounding of his miserable head with any halo of false glory, in brief, there was to be no second Guiteau.

William McKinley died, and Mr. Roosevelt was summoned from a hunting trip to succeed as President the man who had lingered for eight days on a bed of pain. Mr Roosevelt had behind him two centuries and a half of American ancestry. Mr. Pulitzer was a naturalized citizen who had bought for his adopted country in what Mr. Roosevelt often has called "the big war."

Mr Pulitzer told his editors that Mr. Roosevelt was assuming the Chief Magistracy under conditions that would be trying to any man, and conditions especially trying to one of Mr. Roosevelt's impulsive temperament. He is likely to make mistakes, any man would, continued Mr Pulitzer, but do not criticise him until he has had every chance to get his bearings and settle down to the administration of his great office. Moreover, if Mr. Roosevelt should do anything worthy of praise, praise him, even going out of your way to do it.

Such was the consideration shown by the editor for the President and the Presidency in mid September, 1901. Ten days later the *World* sent its Washington correspondent, who had been obeying the orders of his chief in letter and in spirit, to the White House to ask for some information. This is the reply that was made to him: "The President knows but two kinds of correspondents—those who are friendly and those who are unfriendly, and your name is No. 1 on the unfriendly list."

The contrast between the views of the two men, as to the difficulties besetting a new President, is made the more interesting by the present course of the President toward the editor and his newspaper.

I am, sir,

S. R. Cloak.

ESAU

Watertown N. Y. *January 18, 1909.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—May a true lover of each as Esau be allowed to thank Esau's good and appreciative friend for the tribute just paid in to-day's issue of the Harper's Weekly?

Being so weak as to be utterly unable to control the tears when we happen to look at the "worn place under the apple tree," we are obliged to mentally grip the hand of Esau's friend because of a similar ache when we long for the friendly wag of a pathetically short stump of a tail, and the cheery warm greetings of the happiest, smartest, breeziest little fellow that ever answered to the name of MacGregor "Sandy," like Esau, in spite of having friends and tender care dropped and could not tell us what ailed him, but left a memory of patient forbearance with us who loved him.

Who can say, knowingly, that he had not a soul? Pardon this intrusion, but I wanted to express my appreciation of the appreciation of dear Esau.

May he and Sandy Mac meet me in the happy hunting-grounds. Cannot or will you not give us some real opinion of the immortality of our animal friends especially dogs, in this same column. I'm afraid it means more to us than the political page.

I am, sir,

Elizabeth MacG.

ONE ISSUE OF THE WEEKLY

Fort Worth, Texas, *January 31, 1909.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—From your issue of January 30th, I have sent the article "The Greatest Bank in the World" to a friend in Aurora, Illinois, who knew its present president when the latter was a boy; the articles "Two Letters" and "The Deadly Fourth Mile" to a Harvard Freshman; the "Fable" illustration to a "shut in" friend who is very fond of a joke; "An Apostle of Esperanto" to an Illinois follower of that cult; the "Seeing London" motor monologue to a confrère of one of the London motors in question; "Are Americans Provincial?" to a friend in Vicksburg, while I have pasted the poem "Brotherhood Limited" in my scrap-book on Socialism, and "The True Story of a Story" in my scrap-book called "The Genesis of Well-known Jokes."

So I think I have put to good use a large amount of good material.

I am, sir,

D. M.

The National Zoo

The Teddy Bear
Has sought his lair.
The Love Bird is still.
His tender note
No more shall float
And set our hearts a-thrill.

The Mollycod
Is 'neath the sod
His day at Ged-is thorough,
He's met his fate
Mc-Intaite,
And all his flights are flew.

The Anani
Has passed awi,
Dead as the golden goose
No more we hear
The songs of cheer
From roaming Caribous.

The Pangrolin
That made us laugh
Has taken to its hole.
The growling tooth
Of Isley Sloath
Is buried like a mole.

But in the cage
Where they did rage
With strident roar and scream,
A nibbler call
Doth tell to all
The 'possum rules supreme.

Bogate Dood Gaffit.

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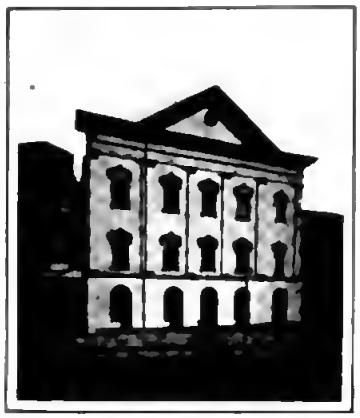
Lincoln's Last Hours

By Charles A. Leale, M.D.

THIS DETAILED NARRATIVE OF THE ASSASSINATION AND DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, WHICH IS HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME, WAS WRITTEN BY THE SURGEON WHO WAS THE FIRST TO MINISTER TO HIM AND WHO REMAINED UNINTERRUPTEDLY AT HIS SIDE TO THE END

AT the historic pageant in Washington, when the remains of President Lincoln were being taken from the White House to the Capitol, a carriage immediately preceding the catafalque was assigned to me. That side was the crowds, the martial music, but inside the carriage I was plunged in deep self-communion, until aroused by a gentle tap at the window of my carriage door. An officer of high rank put his head inside and exclaimed, "Dr. Leale, I would rather have done what you did to prolong the life of the President than to have accomplished my duties during the entire war." I shrank back at what he said, and for the first time realized the importance of it all. As soon as I returned to my private office in the hospital, I drew down the window-shade, locked the door, threw myself prostrate on the bare wood floor, and asked for advice. The answer came as distinctly as if spoken by a human being present—"Forget it all." I visited our Surgeon-General, Joseph K. Barnes, and asked his advice; he also said, "Cast it from your memory."



FORD'S THEATRE IN TENTH STREET, WASHINGTON, IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS SHOT ON GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT, APRIL 14, 1865, BY JOHN WILKES BOOTH

On April 17, 1865, a New York newspaper reporter called at my army tent. I invited him in, and expressed my desire to forget all the recent sad events, and to occupy my mind with the exacting present and plans for the future. Recently, however, several of our companions expressed the conviction that history now demands, and that it is my duty to give, the detailed facts of Lincoln's death as I know them, and in compliance with that view I have prepared this paper on the subject.

One of the most cruel wars in the history of the world had nearly closed.

The people of the United States were rejoicing at the prospect of peace and returning happiness. President Lincoln, after the surrender of General Robert E. Lee, visited Richmond, Virginia, exposing himself to great danger, and on his return delivered an address from the balcony of the White House.

I was then a commissioned officer in the Medical Department of the United States Army, having been appointed from my native State, New York, and was on duty as surgeon in charge of the wounded commissioned officers' ward at the United States Army General Hospital, Armory Square, Washington, D. C., where my professional duties were of the greatest importance and required constant and arduous attention. For a brief relief and a few moments in the fresh air, I started one evening for a short walk on Pennsylvania Avenue. There were crowds walking toward the President's residence. These I followed, and arrived just at the commencement of President Lincoln's last public address to his people. From where I stood I could distinctly hear every word he uttered, and I was profoundly impressed with his divine appearance as he stood in the rays of light which penetrated the windows of the White House.

The influence thus produced gave me an intense desire again to behold his face and study the characteristics of the "Savior of his Country." Therefore, on the evening of April 14, 1865, after the completion of my daily hospital duties, I told my ward master that I would be absent for short time. As a very large number from the Army stationed near Washington frequently visited the city, a general order was in force that none should be there without a special pass; and all wearing uniform and out at night were subject to frequent challenge. To avoid this inconvenience, officers stationed in Washington generally removed all signs of their calling when off duty. I changed to civilian's dress and hurried to Ford's Theatre, where I had been told President Lincoln, General Grant, and members of the Cabinet were to be present to see the play, *Our American Cousin*. I arrived late at the theatre, at 8.15 P.M., and requested a seat in the orchestra, whence I could view the occupants of the President's box, which, on looking into the theatre, I saw had been beautifully decorated with American flags in honor of the occasion. As the building was crowded, the last place vacant was in the dress circle. I was greatly disappointed, but accepted this seat, which was near the front on the same side and about forty feet from the President's box, and soon became interested in the pleasing play.

Suddenly there was a cheering welcome, and the acting ceased temporarily out of respect to the entering Presidential party. Many in the audience rose to their feet in enthusiasm and vociferously cheered while looking around. Turning, I saw in the aisle a few feet behind me, President Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone, and Miss Harris. Mrs. Lincoln smiled very happily in acknowledgment of the loyal greeting, gracefully curtsied several times, and seemed to be overflowing with good cheer and thankfulness. I had the best opportunity to see distinctly the full face of the President, as the light shone directly upon him. After he had walked a few feet he stopped for a moment, looked upon the people he loved, and acknowledged their salutations with a solemn bow. His face was perfectly stoical; his deep-set eyes gave him a pathetically sad appearance. The audience seemed to be enthusiastically cheerful, yet he looked peculiarly sorrowful, as he slowly walked with bowed head and dragging shoulders toward the box. I was looking at him as he took his last walk. The memory of that scene has never been effaced. The party was preceded by a special usher, who opened the door of the box, stood to one side, and, after all had entered, closed the door and took a seat outside, where he could guard the entrance to the box.

The play was resumed and my attention was concentrated on the stage, until I heard a disturbance at the door of the President's box. With many others I looked in that direction and saw a man endeavoring to persuade the reluctant usher to admit him. At last he succeeded in gaining an entrance, after which the door was closed and the usher resumed his place.

For a few moments all was quiet and the play again held my attention, until suddenly the report of a pistol was heard, and a short time after I saw a man in midair leaping from the President's box to the stage, brandishing in his hand a drawn dagger. His spur caught in the American flag festooned in front of the box, causing him to stumble when he struck the stage, and he fell on his hands and knees. He quickly regained the erect posture, however, and hopped across the stage, flourishing his dagger, clearing the stage before him and dragging the leg which was subsequently found to be broken. He disappeared behind the scene on the opposite side of the stage. Then followed cries that the President had been murdered, interspersed with cries of: "Kill the murderer!" "Shoot him!" etc., from different parts of the building. The lights had been turned down, a general gloom was over all, and the panic-stricken audience were rushing toward the doors for exit and safety.

THE HOUSE OPPOSITE FORD'S THEATRE TO WHICH LINCOLN WAS BORNE, AND IN WHICH HE DIED NINE HOURS LATER WITHOUT REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS

I instantly arose, and in response to cries for help and for a surgeon I pressed the aisle and vaulted over the seats in a direct line to the President's box, forcing my way through the excited crowd. The door of the box had been securely fastened on the inside to prevent any one following the assassin before he had accomplished his secret object and made his escape. The obstruction was with difficulty removed, and I was the first to be admitted to the box.

The usher having been told that I was an army surgeon, had lifted up his arm and had permitted me alone to enter. I passed in, not in the slightest degree knowing what I had to encounter. At this moment, while in self-communion, the military command "Halt!" came to me, and in obedience to it I stood still in the box, having a full view of the four other occupants. Then came the advice, "Be calm!" and with the calmest deliberation and force of will I brought all my senses to their greatest activity and walked forward to my duty.

Major Rathbone had bravely fought the assassin. His arm had been severely wounded and was bleeding. He came to me holding his wounded arm in the hand of the other, beseeching me to attend to his wound. I placed my hand under his chin, looking into his eyes, an almost instantaneous glance revealed the fact that he was in no immediate danger, and in response to appeals from Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Harris, who were standing by the high-backed armchair in which President Lincoln sat, I went immediately to their assistance, saying I was a United States Army surgeon. I grasped Mrs. Lincoln's outstretched hand in mine while she cried piteously to me: "Oh, Doctor, is he dead? Can he recover? Will you take charge of him? Do what you can for him. Oh, my dear husband!" etc. I soothingly answered that we would do all that possibly could be done. While approaching the President, I asked a gentleman who was at the door of the box to procure some brandy and another to get some water.

DR. LEALE, WHO PLANNED AND DIRECTED THE TREATMENT OF THE MORTALLY WOUNDED PRESIDENT. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN IN WASHINGTON IN 1865

As I looked at the President, he appeared to be dead. His eyes were closed and his head had fallen forward. He was being held upright in his chair by Mrs. Lincoln, who was weeping bitterly. From his crouched-down sitting posture it was evident that Mrs. Lincoln had instantly sprung to his aid after he had been wounded and had kept him from tumbling to the floor. By Mrs. Lincoln's courage, strength, and energy the President was maintained in this upright position during all the time that elapsed while Major Rathbone had bravely fought

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MRS. LINCOLN AS THE MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE

the assassin and removed the obstruction from the door of the box.

I placed my finger on the President's right radial pulse, but could perceive no movement of the artery. For the purpose of reviving him, if possible, we removed him from his chair to a recumbent position on the floor of the box, and as I held his head and shoulders while doing this, my hand came in contact with a clot of blood near his left shoulder. Remembering the flashing dagger in the hand of the assassin, and the severely bleeding wound of Major Rathbone, I supposed the President had been stabbed, and while kneeling on the floor over his head, with my eyes continuously watching the President's face, I asked a gentleman to cut the coat and shirt open from the neck to the elbow to enable me, if possible, to check the hemorrhage that I thought might take place from the subclavian artery or some other blood vessel. This was done with a dirk knife, but no wound was found there. I lifted his eyelids and saw evidence of a brain injury. I quickly passed the separated fingers of both hands through his blood-matted hair to examine his head, and then I discovered his mortal wound. The President had been shot in the back part of the head, behind the left ear. I easily removed the obstructing clot of blood from the wound, and this relieved the pressure on the brain.

The assassin of President Lincoln had evidently carefully planned to shoot to produce instant death, as the wound he made was situated within two inches of the physiological point of selection when instant death is desired. A Derringer pistol had been used, which had sent a large round ball on its awful mission through one of the thickest, hardest parts of the skull and into the brain. The history of surgery fails to record a recovery from such a fearful wound, and I have never seen or heard of any other person with such a wound and injury to the sinus of the brain and to the brain itself, who lived even for an hour.

As the President did not then revive, I thought of the other mode of death, apnea, and assumed my preferred position to revive by artificial respiration. I knelt on the floor over the President, with a knee on each side of his pelvis and facing him. I leaned forward, opened his mouth, and introduced two extended fingers of my right hand as far back as possible, and by pressing the base of his paralyzed tongue downward and outward, opened his larynx and made a free passage for air to enter the lungs. I placed an assistant at each of his arms to manipulate them in order to expand his thorax, then slowly to press the arms down by the side of the body, while I pressed the diaphragm upward; methods which caused air to be drawn in and forced out of his lungs. During the intermissions I also, with the strong thumb and fingers of my right hand, by intermittent sliding pressure under and beneath the ribs, stimulated the apex of the heart, and resorted to several other physiological methods. We repeated these motions a number of times before signs of recovery from the profound shock were attained, then a feeble action of the heart and irregular breathing followed.

The effects of the shock were still manifest by such great prostration that I was fearful of any extra agitation of the President's body, and became convinced that something more must be done to retain life. I leaned forcibly forward directly over his body, thorax to thorax, face to face, and several times drew in a long breath, then forcibly breathed directly into his mouth and nostrils, which expanded his lungs and improved his respirations. After waiting a moment I placed my ear over his thorax and found the action of the heart improving. I arose to the erect kneeling posture, then watched for a short time and saw that the President could continue independent breathing, and that instant death would not occur.

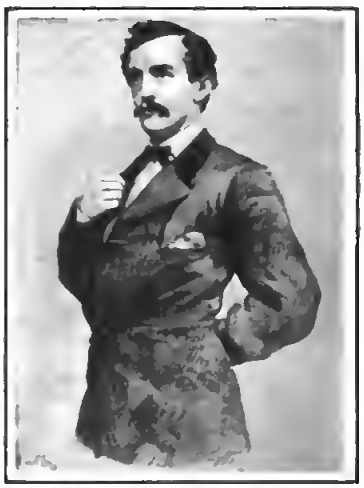
I then pronounced my diagnosis and prognosis: "His wound is mortal; it is impossible for him to recover." This message was telegraphed all over the country.

When the brandy and water arrived, I very slowly poured a small quantity into the President's mouth. This was swallowed and retained.

Many looked on during these earnest efforts to revive the President, but not once did any one suggest a word or in any way interfere with my actions. Mrs. Lincoln had thrown the burden on me and sat near by looking on.

In the dimly lighted box of the theatre, so beautifully decorated with American flags, a scene of historic importance was being enacted. On the carpeted floor lay prostrate the President of the United States. His long, outstretched, athletic body of six feet four inches appeared unusually heroic. His bleeding head rested on my white linen handkerchief. His clothing was arranged as nicely as possible. He was irregularly breathing, his heart was feebly beating, his face was pale and in solemn repose, his eyelids were closed, and his countenance made him appear to be in prayerful communion with the Universal God he always loved. I looked down upon him and waited for the next inspiration, which soon came, "Remove to safety." From the time Mrs. Lincoln had placed the President in my charge I had not permitted my attention to be diverted. Again I was asked the nature of his wound, and replied in these exact words: "His wound is mortal; it is impossible for him to recover."

While I was kneeling over the President on the floor, Dr. Charles S. Tafft and Dr. Albert F. A. King had come and offered to render any assistance. I suggested the desire to have the President taken, as soon as he had gained sufficient strength, to the nearest house on the opposite side of the street. I was asked by several if he could not be taken to the White House, but I responded that if that were attempted the President would die long before we reached there. While we were waiting for Mr. Lincoln to gain strength, Laura Keene, who had been taking part in the play,

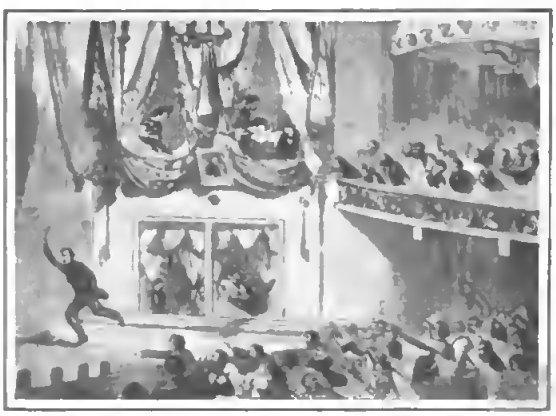


JOHN WILKES BOOTH, THE MURDERER OF LINCOLN

From a wood-cut published in "Harper's Weekly" for April 29, 1865

appealed to me to allow her to hold the President's head. I granted this request, and she sat on the floor of the box and held his head on her lap.

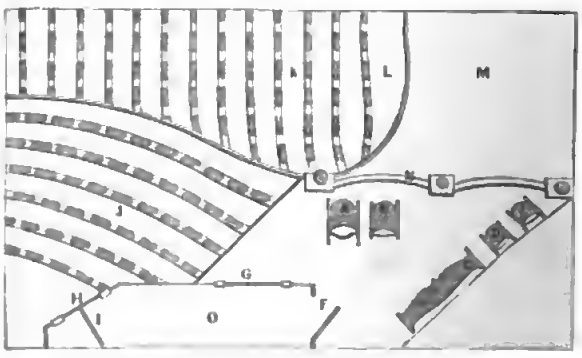
We decided that the President could now be moved from the possibility of danger in the theatre, to a house where we might place him on a bed in safety. To assist in this duty I assigned Dr. Tafft to carry his right shoulder, Dr. King to carry his left shoulder, and detailed a sufficient number of others, whose names I have never discovered, to assist in carrying the body, while I carried his head, going first. We reached the door of the box and saw the long passage leading to the exit crowded with people. I called out twice: "Guards, clear the passage! Guards, clear the passage!" A free space was quickly cleared by an officer, and protected by a line of soldiers in the position of present arms with swords, pistols, and bayonets.



Booth's escape from the box in which he shot the President

"THE MURDERER LEAPED FROM THE UPPER BOX TO THE STAGE AND DARTED BEHIND THE SCENES, ESCAPING IN THE SUDDEN PANIC BY A REAR DOOR"

From a wood-cut published in "Harper's Weekly" for April 29, 1865



[A. ... corridor leading from the dress circle to box.—B. Entrance to corridor.—I. The bar used by Booth to prevent entrance from without.—J. Dress circle.—K. The parquette.—L. The foot-lights.—M. The stage.—F. Open door to the President's box.—G. Closed door.—H. Place where Booth vaulted over to the stage below.]

Diagram of the theatre box occupied by President Lincoln

From a wood-cut published in "Harper's Weekly" for April 29, 1865

THE DEATH-BED OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN H. LITTLEFIELD, TO WHOM THE PERSONS IN THE PICTURE GAVE SPECIAL SITTINGS

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THE LOG CABIN WHERE, IN HARDIN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN ON FEBRUARY 12, 1809. THE CABIN IS STILL PRESERVED INTACT AS A MEMORIAL OF THE HUMBLE LIFE FROM WHICH THE PRESIDENT AROSE

THE HOUSE AT EIGHTH STREET AND CAPITOL AVENUE, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, FROM WHICH LINCOLN WENT TO THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1861. THE HOUSE IS NOW USED AS A LINCOLN MUSEUM AND CONTAINS MANY VALUABLE RELICS

When we reached the stairs, I turned so that those holding the President's feet would descend first. At the door of the theatre I was again asked if the President could be taken to the White House. I answered, "No, the President would die on the way."

The crowd in the street completely obstructed the doorway, and a Captain, whose services proved invaluable all through the night, came to me, saying, "Surgeon, give me your commands and I will see that they are obeyed." I asked him to clear a passage to the nearest house opposite. He had on side arms, and drew his sword. With the sword and a word of command he cleared the way. We slowly crossed the street. It was necessary to stop several times to give me the opportunity to remove the clot of blood from the opening to the wound. A barrier of men had been formed to keep back the crowds on each side of an open space leading to the house. Those who went ahead reported that the house directly opposite the theatre was closed. I saw a man standing at the door of Mr. Petersen's house, diagonally opposite, holding a lighted candle in his hand and beckoning us to enter. This we did, not having been interrupted in the slightest by the throngs in the street; but a number of the excited populace followed us into the house. The great difficulty of retaining life during this brief time occupied in moving the President from the theatre to Mr. Petersen's house conclusively proved that the President would have died in the street, if I had granted the request to take him such a long distance as to the White House.

I asked for the best room and we soon had the President placed in bed.

He was lifted to the longitudinal centre of the bed and placed on his back. While holding his face upward and keeping his head from rolling to either side, I looked at his elevated knees caused by his to leave the room. After we had given the President a short rest I decided to make a thorough physical examination, as I wished to see if he had been wounded in any other part of the body. I requested all except the surgeons to leave the room. The Captain reported that my order had been carried out, with the exception of Mrs. Lincoln, to whom, he said, he did not like to speak. I addressed Mrs. Lincoln, explaining my desire, and she immediately left the room. I examined the President's entire body from his head to his feet and found no other injury. His lower extremities were very cold and I sent the hospital steward, who had been of great assistance to us in removing the President from the theatre, to procure bottles of hot water and hot blankets, which were applied. I also sent for a large stampium, and in a short time one very nicely made was brought. This I applied over the solar plexus and to the anterior surface of his body. We arranged the bedclothes, and I assigned Doctor Tafft and Doctor King to keep his head upon the pillows in the most comfortable position, relieving each other in this duty, after which I sent an officer to notify Mrs. Lincoln that she might return to her husband. She came in and sat on a chair placed for her at the head of the bed. As the symptoms indicated renewed brain compression, I again cleared the opening of clotted blood and pushed forward the button of bone, which acted as a valve, permitted an oozing of blood, and relieved pressure on the brain. I again saw good results from this action

After doing all that was professionally necessary, I stood aside for a general view and to think what to do next. While thus watching, several army officers anxiously asked if they could in any way assist. I told them my greatest desire then was to send messengers to the White House for the President's son, Captain Robert T. Lincoln; also for the Surgeon-General, Joseph K. Barnes; Surgeon D. Willard Bliss, in charge at Armory Square General Hospital; the President's family physician, Dr. Robert K. Stone; and to each member of the President's Cabinet. All these desires of mine were fulfilled.

Having been taught in early youth to pay great respect to all religious denominations in regard to their rules concerning the sick or dying, it became my duty as surgeon in charge of the dying President to summon a clergyman to his bedside. Therefore, after inquiring and being informed that the Reverend Doctor Gurley was Mrs. Lincoln's pastor, I immediately sent for him.

Then I sent the hospital steward for a Nelaton probe. No drug or medicine in any form was administered to the President, but the artificial heat and mustard plaster that I had applied warmed his cold body and stimulated his nerves. Only a few were at any time admitted to the room by the officer whom I had stationed at the door, and at all times I had maintained perfect discipline and order.

While we were watching and letting Nature do her part, Doctor Tafft came to me with brandy and water and asked permission to give some to the President. I objected, stating as my reason that it would produce strangulation. Doctor Tafft left the room, and again came to me stating that it was the opinion of others also that it might do good. I replied, "I will grant the request, if you will please at first try by pouring only a very small quantity into the President's mouth." This Doctor Tafft very carefully did. The liquid ran into the President's larynx, producing laryngeal obstruction and unpleasant symptoms, which took me about half a minute to overcome, but no lasting harm was done. My physiological and practical experiences had led to correct conclusions.

On the arrival of Dr. Robert K. Stone, who had been the President's family physician during his residence in Washington, I was presented to him as the one who had been in charge since the President was shot. I described the wound and told him all that had been done. He said he approved of my treatment.

Surgeon-General Joseph K. Barnes' long delay in arriving was due to his going first to the White House, where he expected to find the assassinated President; then to the residence of Secretary Seward and his son, both of whom he found requiring immediate attention, as they had been severely wounded by the attempts of another assassin to kill them.

On the arrival of the Surgeon-General and Assistant Surgeon-General Charles H. Crane, I reported what we had done, and officially detailed to the Surgeon-General my diagnosis, stating that whenever the clot was allowed to form over the opening to the wound the President's breathing became greatly embarrassed. The Surgeon-General approved the treatment, and my original plan of treatment was continued in every respect until the President's death.

The hospital steward arrived with the Nelaton probe and an examination was made by the Surgeon-General and myself, who introduced the probe to a distance of about two and a half inches, where it came in contact with a foreign substance which lay across the track of the ball. This was easily passed and the probe was introduced several inches farther, where it again touched a hard substance at first supposed to be the ball; but as the white porcelain bulb of the probe, on its withdrawal, did not indicate the mark of lead, it was generally thought to be another piece of loose bone. The probe was introduced the second time and the ball was supposed to be distinctly felt. After this second exploration nothing further was done with the wound except to keep the opening free from coagula, which if allowed to form and remain for a short time produced signs of increased compression, the breathing becoming profoundly stertorous and intermittent, the pulse more feeble and irregular.

After I had resigned my charge all that was professionally done for the President was to repeat occasionally my original expedient of relieving the brain pressure by freeing the opening in the wound and to count the pulse and respirations. The President's position on the bed remained exactly as I had first placed him, with the assistance of Doctor Tafft and Doctor King.

Captain Robert T. Lincoln came and remained with his father and mother, bravely sustaining himself during the course of the night.

On that awful memorable night the great War Secretary, the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, one of the most imposing figures of the nineteenth century, promptly arrived and recognized at that critical period of our country's history the necessity of a head to our government, and, as the President was passing away, established a branch of his War Department in an adjoining room. There he sat, surrounded by his counsellors and messengers, pen in hand, writing to General Dix and others. He was soon in communication with many in authority and with the government and army officials. By Secretary Stanton's wonderful

(Continued on page 27)

LINCOLN'S FINAL RESTING-PLACE. THE MONUMENT ERECTED OVER THE TOMB OF THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR IN OAK RIDGE CEMETERY, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, AND THE SCENE OF ELABORATE CENTENARY OBSERVANCES

great height. This uncomfortable position grieved me, and I ordered the foot of the bed to be removed. Doctor Tafft and Doctor King reported that it was a fixture. Then I requested that it be broken off; as I found this could not satisfactorily be done, I had the President placed diagonally on the bed and called for extra pillows, and with them formed a gentle inclined plane on which to rest his head and shoulders. His position was then one of repose.

The room soon filled with anxious people. I called the officer and asked him to open the window, and order all except the medical gentlemen and friends

"An Idyl of the Sea"

"The Wife of the Artist"

"Boys in Swimming"

"The Children of the Artist"

A New York Exhibit of a Spanish Master's Art

By Charles De Kay

THE reproach which used to be addressed to Manhattan, that foreign art had a opportunity to exhibit itself on the Island, save through art dealers, is by way of disappearing in this year 1909. The Metropolitan Museum has offered princely hospitality to the collection of modern German paintings, sculptures, and etchings, which was organized by Mr. Hugo Reisinger. The Metropolitan has at last a series of new galleries well fitted for such a show. And now we have another museum, that of the Hispanic Society in Audubon Park, disencumbering its walls and moving the cases containing the rare and almost priceless collections of its president, Mr. Archer M. Huntington, in order to show several hundred paintings of the modern Spanish artist, Señor Sorolla y Bastida.

Señor Sorolla is not merely modern, he is very modern. He may be classed among the students of sunlight who have done great things for painting under their leader, Claude Monet, without in all cases following that leader closely in the technical processes whereby one arrives at a result. Less scientifically exact, less logical, perhaps, this painter of the open air leans toward that section which sees first of all in a group, or a landscape, or a marine, certain broad masses of color. These rather than the line and the perspective are what strike them most forcibly, as they do the eyes of children and of other persons who have not learned to analyze a view almost at the moment they look upon it. In that respect they are naïf; in that primitive. They make due allowance for the bedazzlement of human eyes when gazing fixedly at strong sunshine, and may be found at times to put their expressions down at first hand, avoiding carefully a description in paint which smacks of a longer examination, a correction by prolonged consideration of certain mistakes into which the unassisted eye may readily fall. Hence the blame that freely falls on their works when the critic is a cool and, after his fashion, a logical person, one of those who do not remember how things appeared to them in youth —realists as they love to consider themselves, but only realists in so far as form is concerned, for to the charms of color they are and perhaps always have been blind.

Señor Sorolla has passed a not very eventful life, for the most part in his native Spain; but not without some experience of Paris. In winter he lives at Madrid, for the purpose of painting portraits. In the summer his home is Valencia, on the Guadalquivir, not far from the sea, an ancient city of the Greeks and Carthaginians, of the Romans and Moors, where the dead Cid, strapped to the saddle of his horse, rode at the head of his partisans through the enveloping foe and won a victory even as a corpse. Valencia, the busy commercial city, with its many churches and convents, is near enough to the Mediterranean to have sea baths, and Señor Sorolla does not need to travel far in order to study marines and the human figure nude or scantily draped. Some of his most brilliant pictures are those of boys and girls playing in the surf or chasing one another across the sands. He expresses with a rare vivacity and gayety of heart the motion of the billows agitated by the *solano* when it blows from the Mediterranean. His drawing of figures in motion, his boys swimming or girls racing into the surf, is such that they seem to spring with the gladness of colts and kids. One big painting which has been selected for special commendation abroad is a scene of oxen in the surf as they drag the fishing-boats over the shoals out of reach of the breakers. Portraits of his wife and his three children give some idea of his capacity in such matters, wherein it may be noted that he avoids the commonplace in the posing of his sitters, yet never falls into that extravagance which gives one the feeling that the pose has been selected to impose.

"Maria"

Recent exhibitions held by Señor Sorolla in London and Paris have done much to spread his fame, for the painters of note have greeted him with the most flattering applause, finding him as strong as if not more attractive than Zuloaga. In looking about for a painter with whom he may in some sort be compared we turn to the British painter of Bruges and Venice, to Frank Brangwyn, but it would be going quite amiss to compare them except in a very general way. Sorolla is much closer to nature. Brangwyn suggests the broad color effects of old tapestries, and in the management of large spots of color there is enough resemblance to make the comparison worth while.

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How to Train Your Parents

By

Philip Dormer Chesterfield

DRAWINGS BY F. STROTHMANN

"The child is father of the man."
WORDSWORTH.

UNDER the kindly and fostering eye of our present administration, with the popular anti-race-suicide plank so adequately defined in the broad platform of paternal government, children, it may be said, have at last come into their own.

For centuries they have been hampered and harassed by the narrow-minded view of their sphere of endeavor so tenaciously clung to by their forebears. Hedged about on every side by cruel epigrams and heartlessly selfish sayings invented by their elders for their own personal comfort and convenience, and for the everlasting discomfiture of all youth, such as: "Children should be seen, not heard," or, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," after a weary week of constant admonition at home they were dragged reluctantly to church to be further cowed and disheartened by the hymns of Dr. Watt, who bade them give up everything life held for them that seemed at all worth while, and pass their existence, like little Samuel, upon their knees, in perpetual penance for having been born into this wicked world at all.

Now, however, that children have come to a fuller realization of their unquestioned economic value in the heroic march of the world's progress, they are beginning to give some considerable thought and concentrated attention to the problems of family life, particularly as to the education of parents and the personal freedom of the home; and they are coming to realize sternly that the training of parents is a preparation for the gravest and most important relation of life, and that upon the character of their parents as developed in their home life must rest the well-being of our nation and the permanence of our institutions.

Since the education of parents has come to be so largely vested in the hands of the child, a few hints for the guidance of these adolescent instructors may not be amiss.

Do not extend too much encouragement to your parents to converse at table, especially if you have school friends stopping with you, for it must always be borne in mind that their early youth was spent without the benefit of your association and example, and that many years have elapsed since their school days; consequently, if allowed to converse freely with their juniors, they are almost sure to commit some *faux pas* which would mortify you and possibly damage your standing in the eyes of your more congenial young companions.

Try to keep the motor to yourself as much as possible, so that they cannot use it. Remember that older people are particularly susceptible to colds and pneumonia, and in addition their bones are much more brittle and liable to severe fractures in case of accidents than those of the young.

Try to tolerate your parents' presence in their own house; otherwise you may drive them out-of-doors or to other people's houses, where they would most decidedly interfere with your recreation and enjoyment. Always remember that if they have any good qualities these have probably been instilled in them by you. This should teach you patience and forbearance with them, and encourage to further effort toward their ultimate improvement. Always try to bear in mind, no matter how troublesome and irritating they may be at times, that, after all, they were the responsible though possibly thoughtless, authors of your being, and therefore are entitled to a certain toleration from you if from no one else.

Remember that you are almost always *right*. Parents have generally lived so long in the world that they have lost their fresh, unbiased view point, and their opinions are colored by prejudice and the vast amount of misinformation that they have spent the greater part of a lifetime in accumulating.

Try to be as tolerant as possible of your mother. Think how many years your father has borne with her in spite of her only too visible shortcomings. And remember that in his case necessity was the invention of mother, and, had your father possessed ample means of his own, that he would probably never have married—in which case you would have had no mother whatever.

You should always be suave and condescending toward the older friends of your parents, but in no case should the line be withdrawn for an instant that would rattle them to the slightest familiarity which might be incompatible with your dignity. Remember, however, that old and consequently less brilliant persons are useful as butts, and frequently afford, in their personal appearance or peculiarities, targets for your wit and trenchant humor.

Parents are almost sure to commit some *faux pas*

It is within the province, in fact it is almost the boundden duty, of all children to see that their parents comport themselves in all ways in the most up-to-date and *fin de siecle* manner. In short, the ambition of every child should be to render its parents the *dernier cri* in all that is newest in thought, style, and manners. No old ideas or customs should be tolerated, and every painstaking child will make it a point to converse freely with its parents of football, Fletcherism, Ethel Barrymore, perplexity puzzles, Bernard Shaw, carburetors, the suffragette movement, sparking-plugs, Nietzsche, and Nazimova.

Parents should always be corrected and reproved in the presence of others, as a private reproof gently administered too often has little effect upon them, while if administered in public it may haply bring a blush of shame to their cheeks or even create a hearty laugh at their expense. Bear in mind that a parent is not without honor save in his own house, but, as Napoleon so truly said, "No hero could be a valet to his children."

Always dress your parents yourself. Do not allow them to plod along at the old family tailors' or dressmakers'. Many a sombre and shabby father only needs a few original touches, such as a green alpine hat, pearl-colored spats, and a bright scarlet tie, to change him so that his best friends will not recognize him; while dowdy mama can be made quite chic with a straight front, a Directoire gown, and a brown Pomeranian, provided you can keep her up to a strenuous course of exercise and diet to do away with her hips.

Try to inculcate in your parents some little regard for the truth. Of course you will almost surely have discovered their weakness in this respect at an early age. Deluded for a time by their agreeable fabrication of fairies, Santa Claus, the baby brother stork, and a hundred and one other fantasies of these irresponsible brains, you have come later to place little reliance on any statement of theirs whatever. Constantly remind them that "children and fools cannot lie," but that a few of the older people who have escaped the second category have several times been caught and severely castigated by the saints and truthful President of our great Republic. Always bear in mind Moore's beautiful lines:

> "Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour
> I've seen my parents' might decay,
> I never knew one little hour
> They did not shame me in some way.
> I taught my mother passing well
> To tell the truth, with steadfast eye,
> But oh! what whoppers she would tell
> To gossips when I was not by."

The utmost care should be taken to instil the principles of morality and virtue in the parental bosoms, as, left to themselves, many parents, for want of a restraining hand, have taken to a mortifying career of crime that has broken the heart of many a doting child, and too truly has it been said, "The gods visit the sins of the fathers upon the children."

Encourage your parents to seek your society as often as may be convenient for you, for such companionship cannot fail to be stimulating and beneficial to them, and the better they get to know you the greater will

Parents should always be corrected and reproved in the presence of others

be the incentive to their intellectual growth for, as Shakespeare so angrily observed, "it is a wise father that knows his own child."

Do not expect too much of your parents at first. With patience under your fostering care they will modestly unfold traits and qualities that you little dreamed they possessed. Remember, as the Bard of Avon so neatly puts it, "Men are but children of a larger growth," and as there is no royal road to learning, they must be led gently along the slopes of wisdom with the utmost patience and perseverance on your part. Often you will think them ungrateful and heedless of your repeated admonitions, for "parents will be parents," but never despair. Remember the story of King Robert Bruce, who saw a spider fall twelve times in attempting to reach the roof of a building. On the thirteenth time it was successful, and the King, starting from his couch, exclaimed: "This poor insect has taught me perseverance. I will follow his example." He therupon constructed an aeroplane built upon the plan of the spider's anatomy, and, after twelve falls at the French government's flying school at Le Mans, he finally flew over a barn and so won the famous *Prix de Paris*. Therefore, your watchword should be *nil desperandum*, and, no matter how many setbacks and disappointments you encounter, you should never give up your self-appointed educational mission, and as you progress you will find unexpected pleasure in the task and realize the beauty of Thompson's charming verse:

"Delightful task! to train the father's thought,
To teach the mother's young idea to shoot."

Always remember, however, that it is better to keep parents to their duty by a sense of honor and by kindness rather than by fear and punishment.

Never write letters! It is at best a dangerous art, and, since the invention of wireless telegraphy, the telephone, and the Wilhelmina-Randolph-Wharton, they have become almost obsolete among statesmen and the higher business circles, while on the social side even the most tender and romantic epistles have a way of subsequently looking foolish in print. Before taking your pen in hand always remember the sagacious Grex in Butler's *Hudibras*:

"Full oft have letters caused the writers
To curse the day they were inditers."

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance that should be attached to the child's personal care of the parents' health. He should accommodate his own meal hours to theirs and endeavor to partake of everything that is set before them, as a generous supply of wholesome food is indispensable to both the health and disposition of the parent. Too much rich food is apt to breed a gouty and choleric temper, and is most indefensible, while sweets should be dealt out with cautious and meagre hand, being bad for their teeth as well as for their digestion. Remember "How sharper than a serpent's thanks, it is to have a toothless father."

When recent letters from anxious inquirers may not be out of place here.

A child inquires: "My little father, aged sixty-three, does not like being kept at home. He has a weakness for the lighter forms of spectacular comic opera, and is so passionately fond of music that he always wishes to sit in the front row where he can hear it all. His eyesight is still perfect. Is there any way in which I can divert his intense devotion to music to the Symphony Concert matinées, so that he could spend his evenings more quietly at home?

ALGERNON."

Dear Algernon: From what you write we are afraid that as long as your father retains his eyesight he will prefer the less classical, though possibly for him more diverting, form or forms of the lighter opera. It would do no harm, however, to try a few classical phonographic records on him, and if he does not prove hopelessly gun-shy you might have some hope of inveigling him into a Saturday matinée at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Try a few classical phonograph records on him

"Delightful task! to train the father's thought,
To teach the mother's young idea to shoot"

"What can I do to amuse my father when traveling? He is so restless in the train that I dread the long journey we must soon take together. He is fifty-seven years old.

A TIRED CHILD."

Take one full box of cigars, one tin box of Egyptian cigarettes, two packs of playing cards, a portable card table for the lap, the latest and most fascinating romance, from which you can read to him when everything else fails. Take some mixed cocktails in a bottle and have the porter keep them in a cool place. Fathers are often restless because they are thirsty, and it is not always safe to offer them the water in the cooler one finds on the train.

"CHICAGO.

"How shall I keep my father and mother together? I have had very little experience with parents, as this is my first father.

A VERY YOUNG CHILD."

Dear Mildred: You cannot be too careful with your first father. Situated as you are midway between New York and South Dakota, you are very apt to lose him if the slightest thing goes wrong with him at home. The most sensible course is to be very strict with your mother and see that she humors him in everything and does nothing to cross him. Remember that your subsequent fathers, in case of a separation, may prove an unexpected lot, and it is always a bother to break in and train a new father just as you have got the old one used to your ways.

Limitation of space prevents further elaboration of these beneficent and instructive precepts for the child, but it is the earnest hope of the author that his forthcoming *Child's Book of Culture* will serve as a standard guide to the children whose noble and disinterested efforts are doing so much toward changing the character of the parents of to-day. If the modest hints contained in the foregoing should prove of value to some disheartened child or serve to recall some erring parent to the path of duty and obedience, the author will feel more than a thousand times repaid by the consciousness of a good deed performed:

"How far that little scandal sheds its beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

Bargaining with Criminals

By Victor Rousseau

THAT the police can make no headway against the professional criminal in New York City, that a proportion ranging from fifty to ninety-four per cent., in inverse ratio to the seriousness of the offence, escape punishment, has been demonstrated in recent issues of HARPER'S WEEKLY. In these articles stress was laid in particular on the fact that it is in most cases an impossibility to procure evidence sufficient to secure an indictment from the grand jury, that, when such indictments can be obtained, the criminal can protract the case till witnesses have disappeared, forfeit his bail, obtain acquittal, or otherwise evade the law.

This is not denied by the police authorities; but there is another phase of the affair to be taken into consideration, and that is the custom of allowing prisoners charged with felonies to plead guilty to a much lower offence than that charged in the indictment.

"People are prone to find fault with the police," remarked an official at headquarters, "and never stop to think that the police are only a small factor in the prosecution of criminals, and that their work can be practically nullified by the inactivity of other officials of the city government."

The charge is, in brief, this: that on account of the numerous bail cases constantly awaiting trial, which threaten to clog the already moving machinery of justice, the District Attorney's office bargains with criminals under indictment, permitting them to plead guilty to an offence much less serious than that with which they are charged, rather than go through the protracted formula of a trial.

For example, in the month of January the cases of six men awaiting trial upon the charge of murder in the first degree were disposed of very expeditiously in the courts of New York County. Their names are Pasquale di Momeo, Francesco Vespella, Agostu Bianchi, Frank Rice, Stephen Mackovcsk, and Enrique de Lara. Each of these men had slain a fellow man in some fashion—by shooting, stabbing, or slashing. The police had evidence which would have enforced to send some of them, at least, to the electric chair. But the calendar was crowded; the results of the trials might be uncertain; and so, by arrangement with the office of the District Attorney, they were "sent up" for periods ranging from about ten to twenty years each—and justice was satisfied.

It is claimed by the police that from twenty to thirty of such cases occur every day, and that the crowded condition of the courts makes this necessary. They have a dismal list of them to prove their contention. Here, for example, are a few instances extracted from the record of a single day; the names are fictitious, but the records exist on file at Police Headquarters.

John Black, charged with grand larceny in the second degree, maximum sentence, five years' imprisonment; pleaded guilty to petty larceny; sentence suspended.

George Washington White, charged with assault in the first degree; maximum sentence, ten years' imprisonment; pleaded guilty to assault in the third degree, sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

Giuseppi Panetella, charged with robbery in the first degree; maximum sentence, twenty years; pleaded guilty to receiving stolen goods; sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

"All the crooks know that the District Attorney will permit them to plead guilty to a lower crime than that with which they are charged," said an official at Police Headquarters. "They say that they have to, in order to keep the calendar clear.

"There is one part of General Sessions in particular where this is done—I think it changes from time to time as the judge is changed. Some judges, of course, have the reputation of being much 'easier' than others. Crooks hate to go before Judge Mulqueen or Judge Rosalsky, or Judges Dike and Aspinall in Brooklyn, who hand out stiff sentences. Judge Mulqueen will impose a sentence of twenty years without turning a hair. Some of the politicians won't speak to him now.

"Every morning, in the Criminal Court Building, one of the court officers goes along in front of the prisoners, who are lined up in front of the pens, shouting, 'Who wants to take a plea?' Then the crooks dicker with the deputy assistants.

"'What'll I get if I take this plea?' asks one.

"'Three years,' says the officer.

"'Nothing doing; I'll take a year,' says the crook. And generally he gets away with it.

"Good crooks can get bail to the amount of twenty thousand dollars or more. Men may be out on bail two or three years before their cases are called, and stealing all the while."

There are at present one hundred and twenty-seven persons on bail whose indictments were filed prior to January 1, 1908. Two of these were indicted prior to 1905. Forty-three who were indicted in 1905 have still to be tried; eighty-two have been out on bail since 1906; all other crooks who are free on bail have been under indictment for a period of a single year or less.

THE YOUNGEST AMERICAN DRAMATIC STAR

MISS FRANCES STARR, WHO IS ATTRACTING ATTENTION BY HER ACTING IN "THE EASIEST WAY" AT THE BELASCO STUYVESANT THEATRE. SHE IS SCARCELY MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS OLD, AND HAS RISEN FROM INGENUE TO STAR IN ABOUT SIX YEARS

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Binns and "the Men of the Broken Ear"

By Robert Sloss

A STOCKY lad in nothing but shirt and trousers, breathing the icy fog that filtered through an all but demolished little deck-house, both hands grasping his broken Marconi key, sitting in the dark and listening—listening— That was Binns at six o'clock Saturday morning, January 23d. That picture of him, fifteen minutes after the collision, is the least likely to be forgotten.

Twelve hours later darkness had again settled over a fog-bound sea where two big liners were still searching anxiously for the shipwrecked souls toward whom Binns had guided them all day. At first his messages were relayed. He caught faintly the replies before they were flashed again to him from the shore station at Sauconnet. Then hope rose as the vessels began to be reached within his shortened range. And now with his enfeebled apparatus he was straining every nerve to keep up the direct communication necessary to guide them safely to the rescue. At that most trying hour, amid the quick interchange of captains' messages, Bourn, the wireless operator of *La Lorraine*, slipped in one of his own, asking, "How are you, old man?" Binns flashed back: "I'm on the job. Ship sinking, but will stick to the end."

I recalled this to him shortly after he landed in New York.

"Well, that's about all there was to it," said Binns. "Mind you, I don't consider I'm the hero the papers are all trying to make me out. Any seafaring man expects to have to do as much when the pinch comes. I'm sorry I can't stop to talk now. If you'll send me some questions, I'll write you answers to them the best I can.

"You see," he continued, as we shot down in the elevator, "I must go and get fitted out with some clothes." And he pointed with a smile to the shabby suit and cap and old overcoat, all he had saved from the *Republic*.

"Why don't you go around and see some of the other operators?" he said. "They can give you information of more value than anything I can say." Then Binns disappeared in the crowd, his head lly drowned in the cub Yorkers' clamor between the sites of the Oath of Allegiance and the Farewell Address.

Several days later, following Binns' advice, I was seated in the Marconi room of the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria*, while the chief operator was explaining things. The door opened softly, and there was Binns spick and span in a new suit and derby.

"I get fixed up a bit since I saw you," he said, grinning at me, after greeting the others.

As was only natural, our talk soon turned to wireless telegraphy, and at the close of another protest by Binns that he didn't think he'd done anything at all during the *Republic* incident save his clearly understood duty, he added:

"Every one is expected to do his duty at sea in time of danger. And, by the way, it's not the danger that wears out a man's nerves; it's the strain of listening all the time. Isn't it?" he appealed to the others.

"Right you are," said the chief operator, picking up the head piece, "Just let me clamp this down on you the way we have to wear it. It must be tight enough for you not to hear me at all."

Stepping to the tuner, he adjusted it to a long distance wave length, and looked at me inquiringly. I nodded, fumbling to loosen the steel bands under which the top of my head and the base of my skull were already throbbing, while the hard rubber receivers pinched my ears.

"Did you get anything?" he asked, taking the instrument of torture.

"Something considerably fainter than the patter of a mouse over a hard floor," I said.

"Well, you can imagine how one has to listen to pick out dots and dashes from that, with the ship vibrating from her engines and the pound of the sea against her. When an operator is trying to catch an important message, he'll clamp that thing down tighter and tighter and never notice that it hurts till afterward. Every one of us gets a broken ear or two sooner or later. Feel mine."

Sure enough. The upper cartilage of both was crumpled into absolute pliability.

"Why don't they invent something to magnify the sound?" I suggested.

"Maybe they will some day," said Binns. "Here's one of the new tuners," he went on, laying his hand carelessly on the apparatus. "With that, when you get a connection, you can cut out all interruption. But only the newest boats are fitted with the latest improvements in wireless. This one has a special dynamo run by a petrol engine on the boat deck, so that in case of a break in the engine room they wouldn't be left without light and power to run the wireless to best advantage.

"The papers had me diving about in a compartment full of water, trying to find my accumulators. But you see they're right here under the shelf in the cabin all the time, and the operators keep charging them from the ship's dynamos, so that in case of emergency it's no trick to switch them on even in the dark. An operator gets to know his way about his cabin pretty well, because he doesn't have time to promenade on the deck, often enough for needed exercise. It's the lack of that, and the listening, that make most of us nervous all the time. It's either stick to the key or sleep, for all of us. The biggest boats carry two operators, on the theory that the heavy passenger list makes more work. But the work is worse when a man is all alone as I was on the *Republic*. He has to arrange his sleep according to the hours when the chart shows he must be in communication with other vessels. Using out and coming in he gets nothing but cat naps, with keeping in touch with the shore stations and all the rest. In bad weather he gets nothing at all. I had just turned in at three that morning for my first sleep since we sailed. Of course, you're not often bumped out of your berth, as I was, with no chance to think whether you'll live five minutes longer, but even in ordinary circumstances it's not long before you have to be on the job again."

"Yes," said the chief operator, "you're busy all the time. Before you get to Sandy Hook, passengers begin filing messages, and then, with the routine from the captain, start you off. If the weather is at all bad most either stave, when both two operators, you can't count on more than four hours' sleep at a stretch. Betweentimes you have to be taking the regular news service from either side for the daily paper published aboard. If you start on a trip that looks a bit easier than ordinary, the chances are some passenger will fill in your spare moments. Not long ago we had aboard the head of a big banking house in London and New York. All the way over he kept in touch with his various interests on both sides, filing messages all the time, and we had to do some relaying as to how to relay them from different vessels and shore stations to reach the points he wanted. Every morning his secretary would hand a sheaf of messages ready for him, and in a little while he'd have a fresh lot to file. It might take us till next morning to get results from all of them. He used to say he could transact his business better on sea than ashore, because he could think things out quietly without interruption. He managed to keep the wireless room on the go all the time nevertheless."

"A great deal of time is taken up reporting to passing vessels the weather you've encountered. That work will be still more exacting when the regular system of international meteorological reports is inaugurated in February on all wireless ships. But the busiest time for all of us is coming into the Channel, on account of the cross-traffic down from the Baltic and North seas. When you have to pick your way through there in heavy weather, our twelve-hour shifts vanish. Only a few trips back we had just passed the Lizard in a thick fog by keeping in touch with the shore station on to the direction of our signals, when all of a sudden we picked up a message from the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* wanting to know our whereabouts, as she was going up somewhere on our port quarter. It is impossible to keep more than two or three miles apart there, and from that time on it was nip and tuck aboard both ships to keep clear of each other. It meant that in both wireless rooms two men were busy, one sending and receiving messages every minute, and the other standing by at the telephone transmitting them to the bridge. Naturally the slightest misunderstanding would have meant an almost instant collision."

"Coming by the Lizard was where the *St. Paul* rammed H. M. S. *Gladiator* last April," said Binns. Fruttenden was the operator on the liner, and most of his aerial was knocked down, but there was a little piece left suspended from the mainmast. Ten minutes after the crash he got Niton station, Isle of Wight, on a C. Q. D., and told them the *St. Louis* was lowering boats. At three, she was still signaling by, trying to pick up survivors in a blinding snow storm. You can get all that from the Press *Verbal*. Every operator is required to keep one as a record of what he sends and receives. It's not always easy to keep one with the ship rolling and your chair slipping about under you. Gentlemen's was sent over to the other side as evidence in the investigation. Of course, I couldn't keep any record on the *Republic* in the dark, and consequently I may have to go over to testify in the damage suits.

"Either disaster might have been averted if both boats had been equipped with wireless, but in the case of the *Gladiator* it was not much use for saving life. She went down too quick. You remember that lieutenant who shoved a jackie into one of the boats, ahead of himself, although he knew it meant going down with the ship. It was a case of a couple of seconds there to decide whether you'd save your own life or the other fellow's.

"It's the officers on these boats who have the real job cut out for them when anything happens. We operators get pretty well acquainted with the men on the bridge, sailing back and forth in different vessels. My old berth used to be aboard this one and that's why I'm here to-day to see the Captain. If you're looking for heroes, you ought to go to them, and there isn't a better in the business than my old man Scalby."

It is no wonder that "the old man" becomes fond of Binns and his kind, for it is on them he has come to lean heavily in the many tight places all too prevalent in the crowded thoroughfare of the Western Ocean. When the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* lost her rudder and rudder-post last October, off the Newfoundland Banks, it was her wireless room which enabled her to keep in touch with the home office and with passing vessels, so that her captain, steering with the propellers, was able to bring her into Bremen less than a day late, for which he was decorated with the Order of the Crown. The same achievement has just been repeated by the *St. Louis*, which limped into New York at the end of January, after a like accident.

It is these "men of the broken ear" who have arisen to make inconsequent most of the ancient dangers of the deep. Going around among them and hearing them talk of their work convinces one of the incalculable service they render daily to modern navigation. And it is a service that is rendered with an admirable *esprit de corps*. On the *Minneapolis*, of the Atlantic Transport Line, I found a youngster who had not even attained to Binns' twenty-six years of discretion. He, too, was nursing a torn ear he got sitting at the key, keeping in touch with the *Republic* disaster all the way in.

"Yes, I've met Binns," he said. "We both touched at Jamaica at the time Mont Pelee blew up. We were too late to be of much use, but wireless played an important part in establishing communication and summoning aid there when the Martinique Guadeloupe cable was ruptured. It did the same thing during the recent earthquake in Italy and Sicily. Of course, we operators get to know each other, meeting in the double berths and on shore, but the man I know best is one I have never seen. They say such friendships are disappointing when the parties really meet, but I don't believe it would be so with me."

They are a varied lot, these operators. Most of them are English, and, like Binns, drifted from the Postal Service into the wireless school at Liverpool. The German maritime law requires Germans on all merchant vessels. The French and Italian lines usually carry operators of their own nationality. Our coastwise vessels are recruited with graduates from the American shore stations.

But it is their work that has knit together this new brotherhood of the sea, in large measure personally unknown to one another. Nothing better typifies the spirit of it than the answer Gilman flashed when he got Binns' message of disaster: "All right, old man, where are you?"

CUBA ONCE MORE ESSAYS SELF-GOVERNMENT

PRESIDENT GOMEZ BEING INAUGURATED PRESIDENT OF CUBA ON JANUARY 28, THE DAY THE UNITED STATES EVACUATED THE ISLAND FOR THE SECOND TIME.

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He plants his feet firmly twenty-four inches apart and takes a slow swing back

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Then he strikes the ball with all his force, and "follows through" with the right hand

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S "DRIVE" IS A BLEND OF CAUTION AND DARING

John D. Rockefeller at Play

By William Hemmingway

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER is the most conspicuous living example of the value of play, especially the play of golf. Throughout all his life until a decade ago he toiled incessantly in the accumulation of his fortune. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that even while he slept gigantic plans for developing and increasing his far-reaching interests were still seething in his mind. Night and day were devoted to work. Work made him rich. Work also made him sick. Though when he retired from active business he was not yet sixty years old, he was utterly tired out. His stamina was sadly depleted. He could hardly sleep or eat.

Play made him a robust new man—intelligent, interesting, amusing, difficult play: namely, the game of golf, which not only gives a man plenty of walking and hill-climbing and club-swinging, out-of-doors,

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Mr. Rockefeller plays every shot with exquisite care, but finds the long approaches rather difficult

on the velvety turf, beneath the blue sky, but fascinates him, entertains him, with problems that are often similar, never twice alike, always engrossing. If a competent observer were asked who is the most pronounced golfing enthusiast in America to-day he would be forced to answer, John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie is a great devotee. He has abandoned horseback exercise for golf, and uses his motor-cars chiefly for travel between home and the links. Judge Taft also is a devotee, not to say a martyr; for there is no estimating how many narrow-minded men voted against him because he played "the rich man's game"—a characterization of golf which does not happen to be accurate.

But the fondness of these eminent citizens for the game is based upon their liking for the sport itself and the pleasant companionship it fosters. To these elements Mr. Rockefeller adds profound gratitude. Golf has not only added years to his life, but has afforded an interest that makes the years worth living. It was not without difficulty that the great financier surrendered himself to the influences of the game. For threescore years a tremendous worker, he could not at first make play his daily business. When he was at the climax of ill health his doctors prescribed farm work for him. Daily he hoed corn and potatoes and chopped wood. The exercise may have been good for him, but the drudgery was most depressing. He made very little improvement, or none. Then golf was prescribed. At first the patient seemed to think that mere play was a waste of energy and time; but when the doctors pointed out its tonic, curative and prophylactic qualities it became interested. Immediately his condition began to mend. He was no longer restricted to a milk diet. His strength and appetite returned and he began to sleep soundly. All of which was due to golf—after all other tonics had failed.

Mr. Rockefeller, now in his seventieth year, is a hale and hearty athlete, bronzed by daily play in the sun, eaddy-checked and clear-eyed, as brisk and powerful and enduring as most men of fifty years. He follows golfing weather up and down the Atlantic coast and spends most of the hours of daylight on the grassy links. He owns a course on his estate at Pocantico Hills, New York, another at Lakewood, New Jersey, and just now he is playing in Georgia.

How does he play? Not brilliantly; that would be too much to expect of a man who took up the game at sixty. But he plays with an earnest striving for excellence, a persistent effort to improve his style, an enthusiasm for the royal and ancient game, that would do credit to a lad in his twenties. He has a great deal of muscular power, and he often manages to get it into his swing, so that he drives the ball well past the two-hundred-yard post. As for his joy in the game, mere words can give but a pale reflection of it. If any one could offer him the choice between the certainty of adding one more million of dollars to his accumulation and the certainty of driving two hundred and fifty yards at least once in every game, there cannot be the slightest doubt as to which he would choose.

A more striking figure than John D. Rockefeller never appeared on a golf course. Lacking an inch of six feet in height, his spare, sturdy figure is so well muscled and broad in the back that he seems six feet tall or even taller. He walks with the gait of Nemesis, a brisk, heavy, measured tread which no obstacle can check. His shoulders droop forward a little. His hands are broad, thick, and muscular, true witnesses of early days on the farm with much manual labor. His blue eyes are kindled with the genuine golfing fire as he comes to the first tee, ready to battle as relentlessly against the imaginary Colonel Bogey as he ever did against a real foe—though not invariably with the same degree of success. He is very correct in his attire: gray striped trousers creased to the minute and rolled up above soft, buff golfing-shoes, whose rubber-studded soles give him a good grip on the turf in his stance; a green or gray sweater-coat with silken sleeves, and a round, gray, peaked cap. He wears golfing gloves to give him a surer grasp on the shaft of his club, and, incidentally, he is not made fidgety by grains of sand sifting into the fingers, because he allows his caddy to tee the ball for him.

To see this king of finance, the world forgetting and careless whether he is by the world forgot, all his immense energy absorbed in conquering the difficulties of a mere game, is to receive an object lesson in the art of concentration. He uses clubs of medium length, perhaps a trifle longer than the average in the shaft. Greater leverage insures greater distance in the shot, and accuracy can be maintained by everlasting vigilance. If the ancient definition of genius is correct, he is a golfing genius; for he displays the capacity for taking infinite pains over each stroke.

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When he slices the ball into the rough he usually gets out in one stroke

Not that he is busy over trifles, or shuffles about in frequent changes of stance, or wastes his own time and his antagonist's temper by much waggling of the club or a multitude of preliminary swipes. Rather he marches up to the ball with the tread of inevitable Fate, studies the lie and the distance desired, selects the necessary club, and, without delay, sends the little white sphere whizzing on its way. He has theories about the best way to play [as who has not?] and he is not averse to telling them, after the custom of all earnest players.

"I feel the same way toward golf as I do toward any other important pursuit," he said to a friend recently. "Anything worth doing is worth doing well. Take a firm grip on the club, study the lie of the ball, and make up your mind just where it should land to help your [illegible] next shot; think out your play, keep your eye on the ball, and be sure to follow through with your [illegible]. A good drive is a great help. The [illegible] placed firmly about two feet apart, the [illegible] drawn back until its head is [illegible] your head. Then swing your club [illegible] don't forget the strong follow [illegible] with the right hand."

All of these directions Mr. Rockefeller faithfully observes in his play. [illegible] he took up the game fully three decades after his muscles ceased to be young and supple it would be the height of folly for him to attempt the long, round, St. Andrews swing. Indeed, as compared with the style of our young champions like Jerome Travers or the Egans, he can hardly be said to be able to take a three-quarter swing. By infinite research and long, patient experiment he has learned exactly the style of play that best suits his mind, his muscles, and his years. That style he resolutely follows. His incessant concentration and great muscular strength serve him well.

Horace Hutchinson tells with glee of the young mathematician who, after much experimenting and the use of tables of logarithms, worked out with meticulous accuracy the exact details of his best stance, and had a frame built to order so that he could carry it around the links and stand in it while making shots. That mathematician was no more careful than Mr. Rockefeller. There is a well-authenticated tradition that in his early days at the game he was hampered by a tendency to raise his foot when carried away by the vehemence of his swing. His coach tried to cure him of the fault, but all the admonitions were in vain. The temptation to hit a mighty swipe was too strong to be resisted, and the explosion of energy canceled the foot off the ground.

Mr. Rockefeller worked out a plan to cure the fault. He had his caddy carry a common croquet wicket of wire. Before making each shot he pushed the ends of the wire down deep into the turf on either side of his shoe, so that the wicket clamped the offending foot to the ground. It was a dangerous device, for too violent a swing might have thrown him off his balance and twisted his ankle; but the wire worked wonders. Within a short time Mr. Rockefeller was able to keep his foot firmly planted on tee or turf and to restore the wicket to the croquet green. Then he was bothered by the fatal tendency we all have to raise the head so as to see where the ball is going. As the head was raised, of course, the shoulders and arms came up with it, and the club head topped the ball and miserably dribbled it along the grass instead of propelling it in a long flight. Mr. Rockefeller cured this evil with a very simple device. He had his caddy stand by and chant in solemn tones just as he began his drive: "Don't—raise—your—head!" Fine. No more topping.

Mr. Rockefeller is not so successful with the brassey as with the shots off the tee, and yet with this difficult club his relentless will enables him to bring off some fine strokes. The writer once saw him perform a remarkable feat with this club. The ball was lying half-way down the steep bank of a brook, and the green was one hundred and eighty yards away. Without one moment's hesitation, Mr. Rockefeller took his brassey in hand, regardless of the hanging lie, made an irresistible swing and dropped the ball accurately on the edge of the putting green! It was true golf.

With approach shots of a hundred yards or so Mr. Rockefeller is not always fortunate, but in short approaches and putting he is deadly. If he happens to slice or pull the shot off into the rough, he cheerfully takes the mashie or the niblick and hews the ball out to safety, often with a good gain of distance—and never with profanity. It is impossible to imagine this imperturbable player losing control of his temper. If his adversary makes a good stroke he never fails to

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His deliberate putting is deadly, often holing out from the edge of the green

praise it, and not infrequently when he happens to send off a long, screaming drive or to hole out a long approach put, he lunches and slaps his leg as gaily as a boy. His sense of humor is usually in the nascent, with occasional excursions over the hundred mark on a new or very long and difficult course.

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The future bed of the Panama Canal, the great Culebra Cut, which extends for eight miles across the Isthmus, and presents one of the most tedious pr

A French heritage—the cave at Rio Grande built by the De Lesseps engineers for storing high explosives, and still so used

Another view of Culebra Cut, at the north end of which, and about eight miles from the to examine the work on the Panama Canal who accompanied Mr. Taft have approved tot

One of the products of American administration in the canal zone.—The type of dwelling-house constructed for workmen and their families

The south end of the Miraflores Tunnel, where many cave-ins have occurred to delay the work and harass the workmen

WHAT THE PRESIDENT-ELEC

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roblems of the undertaking. This panoramic view looks to the northward at the left, and to the southward at the right, with Gold Hill at the centre

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e Atlantic Ocean, is the site of the Gatun Dam. It is reported that the engineers selected ot only the plans for constructing this dam, but the entire present scheme for a lock canal

Boring test-pits on the site of the Miraflores Dam to determine the character of the bed upon which it must rest

The north end of the Miraflores Tunnel, on the line of the Panama Railroad, which has recently been re-located by the engineers

Overlooking Panama from Ancon Hill. In the foreground is the new Ancon reservoir, which required only two months to build

CT HAS SEEN AT PANAMA

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ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN ON CHOOSING A PROFESSION:—IN THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE MENTAL CONCENTRATION IS REQUISITE

A FOEMAN WORTHY OF THEIR STEEL

DURING a strike in the coal mines of West Virginia some years ago, apprehension on the part of the State authorities led to the putting out of the militia. There was really no trouble, but the situation was tense and bloodshed was looked for at any moment.

One day a soldier in uniform, off duty, was strolling through the main street of the town wherein the greatest violence was feared, when he was surrounded by a crowd of strikers.

"Honest, now, Bill," asked one of the men of the militiaman, "would you fire at your fellow men?"

"No, I wouldn't," promptly replied the man in uniform. "I never shot at any one in my life, an' I ain't goin' to do it now."

The crowd cheered, and some one invited the militiaman to have a drink, an invitation which he accepted with alacrity. When he had satisfied his thirst the question was put:

"If you are in sympathy with the strikers, why did you answer the call to come here?"

"I ain't said I was in sympathy with the strikers," was the unexpected rejoinder of the man in uniform.

"But you said you wouldn't shoot at a miner; that's the same thing," protested one of the men.

"Well, fellers," said the uniformed one, after a moment's hesitation, "to tell you the truth, I never carried a gun in my life. The fact is I play the cornet in the band."

PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH

WHEN the patient called on his doctor he found the good man in a state of great apprehension.

"I've got all the symptoms of the disease you have," said the doctor. "I'm sure I have caught it from you."

"What are you so scared about?" asked the patient.

"Why, man," replied the doctor, "I don't think I can cure it."

A TRUE DIPLOMAT

A PHOTOGRAPHER in Pittsburg was having his troubles with a child of eight years whom its mother had brought to the studio for a series of photos.

The picture man struggled with the youngster, who wriggled and squirmed and generally made his life miserable for upward of an hour, trying to procure the poses desired by the doting parent.

Finally a happy thought struck the photographer. "May I suggest, madam," said he, "that you leave me alone with this charming little girl for a few minutes? I think that, with a little quiet persuasion, I may be able to calm her nervousness."

The mother assented; and when she returned the photographer announced that he was sure of several fine negatives.

"Dolly," asked the mother, when they were out of the studio, "what did that nice man, the photographer, say to you when you were alone, that he was able to get the pictures?"

"He said," answered Dolly, with a quivering lip, 'If you don't sit still, you miserable little worm—you daughtered little monkey—you, you—I don't know what—I'll shake you till you're blue in the face.' So, mamma, I sat still."

MAIZY. "I JU'AT LOVE LOBSTER"
SWAZY. "AH' BUT THIS IS SO MESSY!"

NEW STENOGRAPHER. "I'M SORRY I'M LATE, BUT I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN EXPECT ME TO DANCE TILL FOUR IN THE MORNING AND BE HERE AT NINE."

WHEN DOLLY SINGS

She thrills my soul the while I sit,
She warbles like a bird.
But, gracious me, I must admit
I can't make out a word.

J. J. O'CONNELL.

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A PRACTICAL EXAMPLE

THERE is a certain naval officer of the United States who is very much opposed to the use of profanity by the officers under his command. Indeed, he has been known severely to reprimand, in private, officers on his ships heard to address their men in profane terms.

The following story is told concerning this Admiral's command of a squadron engaged in target manœuvres in Magdalena Bay, Lower California. The commanding officer observed one day that the men of his ship, the flag-ship, seemed to lag behind the crews of the other vessels of the squadron, being the last to finish the execution of a command or to carry out a manœuvre. He mentioned this fact to his captain. Just as the latter was about to reply, there came floating over the water from the vessel standing by the flag-ship a volley of oaths, the result of which was that there was some pretty hustling on the part of the men addressed.

Glancing at his superior officer with a smile, the captain replied:

"That's it, sir. You see, sir, my men don't get enough encouragement like that."

A POLITICIAN

"I'm afraid I'll never be able to teach you anything, Maggie," was the despairing utterance of a Trenton woman to a new Irish domestic. "Don't you know that you should always hand me notes and cards on a salver?"

"Sure, mum, I knew," answered Maggie, "but I didn't know you did."

ONCE WAS ENOUGH

On one occasion, when a guide in the Adirondacks was accompanying an amateur huntsman from New England, the guide was so unfortunate as to be shot in the leg by the novice.

Immediately the wounded man fell and lay flat; whereupon the huntsman ran to him in great distress, exclaiming:

"For Heaven's sake, man! Tell me you are not hurt!"

"No, I ain't hurt much," was the surly response of the guide.

"Then, why don't you rise? Can't you?"

"Oh, I can get up all right," said the guide. "Only I was afraid you'd let me have the other barrel."

LETHAL CONCERTS

A certain venerable citizen of a Pennsylvania city entertains no high esteem for his eldest daughter's musical abilities.

There being a guest one evening, the old gentleman was, to his disgust, compelled to spend an entire evening in the "parlor" whilst his daughter accomplished her whole repertoire for the edification of the stranger.

"Ah," said the latter, turning to the old man when one selection had been achieved, "there are some songs that will never die!"

"You're right," growled the old man. "My daughter puts in a good deal of her time trying to kill 'em, but unavailingly, sir, unavailingly!"

RECOVERED HIMSELF

A Southern pulpit orator was describing the experience of the prodigal son. In his endeavor to impress his hearers with the shame and remorse that this young man felt, and his desire to cast away his wicked doings, he spoke thus:

"His young man got to thinkin' about his meanness and his misery, and he tuk off his coat and frowed it away; and he took off his vest and frowed dat away; and den he took off his shirt and frowed dat away, long and den he come to himself."

POLITE IN EXTREMITY

MOTHER. "Oh, Bobby, you naughty boy, you have been smoking! Poor darling! Do you feel very bad?"

BOBBY *(when has been well brought up)*. "Thank you, I'm dying."

TO PULL HIM OUT OF TROUBLE

A short time after a certain Representative in Congress, defeated for re-election, returned to Illinois, his native State, there to resume the practice of law, there came to him an old acquaintance seeking legal advice.

The client had become involved in a series of financial troubles calculated to cause him great embarrassment, to say the least. When he laid the whole case before the lawyer he awaited, with an anxious expression, the former's opinion.

"Yours is certainly a sad story, John," said the attorney, "and I am downright sorry for you. You have, however, come to the wrong man. You don't need a lawyer. What you do need is a locomotive."

HEROIC MEASURES

MRS. KNICKER *(to policeman)*. "VERY WELL, HERE'S THE MONEY; AND REMEMBER, YOU'RE TO ARREST MY HUSBAND TO-NIGHT AND TAKE HIM TO HEADQUARTERS. I HATE TO DO IT, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN PERSUADE HIM TO BASE HIS FUTURE TAKEN."

ALL SERENE

A country correspondent for a Kentucky newspaper once found himself in the mountains of that State looking for items of interest to his journal.

"There ain't a bit of news," said one farmer. "All down this way are too busy with their crops to think of anything else."

"Fine crops this year, eh?" asked the correspondent.

"Couldn't be better," asserted the farmer. "I oughter be in my field right now, an' I would be only I come to town to see the coroner."

"The coroner?"

"Yes; he's wanted to hold an inquest on a couple of fellers in our place."

"Accident?"

"I reckon not! Ran Morgan ain't doin' nothin' like that by accident! He got Jim Jefferds an' his brother Tom with two shots! Got to have an inquest, though."

"What led to the fight?"

"There wa'n't no fight. Ran never give the other fellers any chance to make it a fight. Jes' hid behind a tree an' give it to 'em as they came along."

"Has Ran been arrested?"

"No. What's the use? Some o' the Jefferds people come along, burned down Ran's house, shot him an' his wife, an' set fire to his barn. No, Ran ain't been arrested. But I ain't got time to stand here talkin' to you. Got to git back to my harvestin'. But there ain't any news down our way. Ef anything happens I'll let you know."

DER AMBITION

"WHY, if it ain't Lucy Simmons!" exclaimed one Richmond negress not long ago on encountering a friend in the street. "Whar on earth has yo' been?"

"I's been workin' hard," was the answer.

"Now dat I thinks of it," continued the first darky, "seems to me I did hear of yo' workin' night an' day. What's de matter?"

"It's jes' dis way," explained the second negress. "I is under bonds to keep de peace fer larkin' dat good-for-nuthin' husband o' mine. De jedge he says ef I comes hein' him again or lays my hands on de old man he gwine to fine me ten dollars."

"I see. Youse workin' hard to keep outer trouble?"

"No, I ain't. I'm workin' hard to save up dat fine."

DIGGING BAIT

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Anne Rutledge

By Francis Newton Thorpe

DRAWINGS BY HENRY RALEIGH

This is a true Story of the Life Romance of Abraham Lincoln

"YES, Sam, I'm goin' to quit New Salem for a while and go back to York State for the old folks. I guess I've made enough for a starter, you won't be sorry for your bargain." He was a short, muscular man of perhaps four and twenty—John McNeil, late partner of Hill, whom he was addressing.

Hill, dreaming of a monopoly of profits, now that the business had passed into his own hands, took care rather to conceal his real opinion of McNeil's retirement.

"I reckon I shall peg along, John, somehow," he said. "You've done mighty well here in New Salem. When do you start?"

"Early in the mornin', unless the old hoss dies; but he won't die. I've had good luck so long I guess it's come to stay. This here bill you've given me is a trifle ragged." He was cunning his fingers through the roll which Hill had just handed him in final payment. "Indiana shingdalers tost be shed in Indiana, I'm a thinkin'; but I'll be there soon." He tucked the roll into his trousers pocket.

Hill had meanwhile lost himself in the ledger, whose columns of figures now registered his rant in the commercial world as sole owner of the general stock of merchandise lately the property of Hill & McNeil, New Salem, Illinois.

McNeil stood in the doorway. The rough board roof, through whose cracks the rain was beating, projected slightly over the door. For a week the rain had fallen in torrents, the shack of a store was reeking with wet, and only by dexterous skifting of the stock had the proprietors kept it from ruin. As McNeil paused on the threshold, shrinking from the deluge without, streamlets dripped upon him, and when he stepped forth the slabs in front of the door settled into the reeking soil. The roadway was a ditch of black and yellow pools dancing in the storm. He stepped short as he thought of the mud, knee-deep between him and the tavern, a little to the left and the other side of the road. As far as his eyes could follow the road he saw only the dancing pools; the black, rank earth of the prairie bottom could no longer drink up the water.

The winding roadway entered New Salem from the west, and soon after leaving the open prairies made a bend, almost at right angles, near Denton & Offutt's store; thence it ran on, the mud deepening, past Bill Clary's grocery, and suddenly emptied its viscid mass into the Springfield and Petersburg road.

It was spring, though the calendar called for early summer; the frost was still coming out of the ground, and New Salem's only highway was in its most hopeless state. Along its reeking edge stood a dozen buildings, their first stories of logs, their gables boarded with overlapping slabs to shed the storm. Salem was in its fifth year. Back from the road, southward toward the bluff, a few cabins, on higher ground, were only more conspicuous, not more comfortable. Some had one window; all had puncheon doors, but only the more pretentious had puncheon floors; the rest had floors of mother earth. McNeil glanced along the highway and up at the bluff, and then at his clean, new boots and fresh suit. He was not a dozen rods from the tavern, but to attempt to reach it promised only ruin of his plan to set out for New York next morning with clean clothes.

"Guess I'm in for it," he sighed as he surveyed the hopeless expanse, but just then he sighted a speck in the distance. "My luck again," he chuckled; "here comes a prairie-schooner my way," and drawing back just inside the doorway he waited till the driver of the ox-team might be within hailing distance. "I say, Tom"—it was old Tom Clary drifting homeward—"I say, Tom, I'm a little dry. How is't with you?"

"Drier 'n salt codfish," the old man shouted back, and whipped up the oxen.

"Well, you just heave alongside and take me in and we'll wet our whistles at Rutledge's."

And so McNeil got across to the tavern dry-shod.

He boarded at Rutledge's. It was supper-time. The dining room had an entrance from the bar, and McNeil stood a moment in the doorway before taking his accustomed seat at table. He was looking for a face; but not for long, for he crossed the room smiling.

"Howdy, Annie? Seems to me I smell supper."

She was a slender girl. "rising nineteen," as her mother described her. For a moment she forgot her work of setting the table as she smiled back to McNeil. Her face was of the type that lingers in a man's memory. Her hair was auburn, her features neatly if not delicately chiselled, and one near her could see that her eyes were soft blue and dreamy. Her dress became her figure and she carried her head well. Yet for beauty was not in her face or her hair or her figure; it lay in a certain charm which novelists have been attempting to describe in maids these two centuries and more.

"Good evening, John." A hint of color in her face told the tale better than her simple greeting. "Supper's ready."

Her swift glance assured her that the table at his place was in order, then she turned back to the kitchen and began serving.

As McNeil sat awaiting his turn his left hand began drumming on the edge of his plate, and his right slipped in search of the roll of bills Hill had paid him. He felt well pleased with himself.

"Annie," he half whispered when she placed his food before him, "I want to talk over some matters with you after supper." His voice carried an accent of acquiescence; it was his way of speaking to her. "I have sold the store."

She stood by his chair a moment; he imagined her thoughts.

"Yes, Hill has done the square thing. I want to talk it over with you, and—"

But the boarders were gathering about the table and McNeil let his meaning express itself in a motion of his hands and a confidential nod of his head.

New Salem admired Hill & McNeil's great store; it stood in the local imagination as the entablement of commerce and prosperity. Annie Rutledge shared the common thought, and anything John McNeil said to her absorbed her mind.

"After I do the dishes; in the parlor," she spoke softly, and resumed her duties.

Meanwhile, the half-dozen men who had entered the room and seated themselves at table seemed in great good humor. They were laughing loudly over some story which one of their number had been telling in the barroom. This story teller, a tall, dark, solemn-looking man of perhaps five and-twenty, was laughing too, and his amusement seemed his principal possession, so poor and wrinkled, so shabby and meagre, were his clothes. His long, ungainly arms left his coat sleeves kobobbling with his elbows, and so narrow was the back of his coat that it had been no unfriendly act to warn him not to laugh too vigorously if he had respect for stitches and seams.

"Now, Abe," protested Sam Hill, "you jes' made that thar yarn up, you know you did." Hill was dragging his chair over the uneven floor with a rasping rattle. The accused made no defence, but cast upon Hill a look of such innocence and surprise that Hill could only press his hands against his sides for relief and burst out laughing again. The table soon filled, and the story teller found a seat by McNeil, who had given him a friendly nod as soon as he had caught his eye.

"Sam tells me you're going back to the Eastern country—bought you out. Sorry you're going to leave us. Hasn't New Salem treated you well enough?"

"Oh, that's not it, Abe. I'm comin' back. New Salem is all right."

Annie set the heavy cups of black coffee before the men. Abe Lincoln bowed awkwardly to her as for an instant he caught her eye. He ate rapidly and soon called for another cup. No one else knew that it was the hand that bore the coffee and not the quality of the coffee that interested him; no one in New Salem associated Abe Lincoln with any girl. But Lincoln was running his thought to its logical end: "McNeil is a fool to go off in the Eastern country and leave Annie Rutledge." But perhaps the thought vanished in the general talk of the table on the bottomless condition of the New Salem road.

"Abe," spoke up Bowling Greene, who for some reason chose this evening to take his supper with the boys at Rutledge's, instead of with his good wife Nancy in their cabin on the bluff—"Abe, when you go to the Legislature we shall expect you to fix up that road."

"All right," promptly promised Lincoln, whose political ambition was well known to Greene and a few other intimates; "you get the polls for me and I'll get the pikes for the road; you can't make a good road without some log rolling." A hearty laugh greeted this promise, but the New Salem boys were in the habit of laughing at almost anything Abe Lincoln said; he was a droll fellow.

"A bargain, a bargain," Greene spoke up, quickly; "you shall have at least one poll."

"Six right here," added Bill, "and seven if McNeil gets back in time to vote."

McNeil looked up at sound of his name, smiled, but said nothing. He was not a talker; he was friendly with everybody, but, unlike the other inhabitants of the village he was Eastern born. New Salem was the product of Kentucky and Indiana and Virginia. James Rutledge, Annie's father and founder of New Salem, who kept the tavern, was from South Carolina; McNeil was the only Yankee in the place, and, like hundreds of his kind, had come west to make his fortune, and there was a rumor afloat in New Salem that he was worth $10,000—the biggest fortune in that part of Illinois. He was engaged to marry Annie Rutledge. It had been with him a case of love at first sight when, in the second year of New Salem, he came to board at her father's tavern. At first he had taken a room at Rutledge's till he could look about and find quarters at some private house, but one look at Annie and he decided to stay at Rutledge's. Soon he had routed all rivals, among them Samuel Hill, his partner. But Hill took defeat philosophically and never let it disturb his business [illegible] victor. The people of New [illegible] families in all—promptly [illegible] and at every fireside the fact was [illegible] lation that, as Annie was [illegible] wanted to attend school at [illegible] two, her lover was very [illegible] postponement of the wedding [illegible] folks wished it so. Surely John McNeil was a rare man thus to accede to their wishes, for in New Salem girls were won and wedded [illegible] whom and where they willed, [illegible] the old folks [illegible] make the best of whatever happened; parents then as now, had few rights which children were bound to respect.

McNeil was not through supper before the news had passed through the settlement of his sale to Hill and his speedy return to the Eastern country. Why leave New Salem? Wasn't the town good enough for him? Everybody knew that he was poor as garbroth when he came, and now was rich. Was he going to take Annie Rutledge with him?

So New Salem was thinking of McNeil much as Abe Lincoln, who was sitting beside him at supper at Rutledge's.

In the midst of one of Abe's stories McNeil finished his meal and left the table. He paused in his room and began his final preparation for an early start next morning. A burst of loud laughter wafted up from the dining room; there was the scraping of chairs and the beat of footsteps. McNeil knew that the story was done, and concluded that, measured by the applause it provoked, it must be one of Lincoln's best. But this was an unusual thought with McNeil, for his sense of humor was rudimentary, though his wit was sharp enough. He associated story-telling with just such a poverty-clad fellow as Abe Lincoln. He could feel the pressure of the roll of bills in his trousers pocket, and could see Lincoln's scant and seedy coat; evidently humor did not pay. He felt a little irritated by the echoes of laughter below and closed the door of his room, and just then, looking down the road, he saw the long, lank story-teller wading through the mud and watched him till he entered Berry & Lincoln's store. Then Sam Hill followed down the road, and McNeil watched him till he disappeared beneath the roof of the low shack which, a few hours before, had been McNeil's centre of interest, that he was not sentimental, and the dispositions of ownership easily dislocate the affections. McNeil faced facts and liked them; he hated premature explanations; he loved to get everything ready before making a new move; he was secretive and self contained.

As his eyes roamed over the dismal scene they caught sight of a man on horseback slowly wending his way up the road, his horse black with thick coats of mud. It was Dr. John Allen returning from his professional rounds; but his figure was already obscure in the fast gathering darkness. The rain gave no signs of cessation, the outlook for a morning start was gloomy. McNeil took up the flint and steel from the little desk table near the head of his bed, struck a spark, blew the tinder to a blaze, and lighted his tallow candle, then he drew the head of the bed in front of the window and, feeling secure, began counting the bills Hill had paid him. Opening a small hair trunk which he drew from beneath the bed, he took out a wallet and counted and sorted the bills it contained; he made little packages of Illinois bills, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and Pennsylvania; but his New York currency he folded away by itself as most valuable of all. He drew a leather bag from the trunk, emptied its silver and counted the amount; he made a few figures, entered some of them in an account-book, fingered through some papers, drew up a brief statement, and then carefully repacked his trunk.

"Pretty good for five years," he was thinking; "I guess that is enough to bring them and prevent all trouble in future." He saw that his treasure was secure, moved back the bed to its place, blew out the candle and started for the parlor.

To him it was the most familiar room in New Salem. The sperm-oil lamp on the centre table gave a dull, heavy headlight which glinted back from the mohair sofa firmly set between the windows, and from the six mohair chairs ranged in military order about the walls. On the table lay the big Bible, its brass corners gleaming like yellow eyes. Some one had left the window down at top and the rain was beating in against the green paper curtain, the bead and nearly half the wing of the great bird of paradise at the centre of the curtain running scarlet over the yellow poppies round which the bird stood. At the stone hearth the andirons, faintly catching the glow from the lamp, kicked at comfort. McNeil closed the window, took down the flint and steel from the mantel, and knelt to light the fire.

"Thank you, John; a fire feels comfortable this evening. You are always so thoughtful."

Annie ran her eyes over the room like the habitual hostess, the sight of the ruined curtain delaying her a moment. She was beside McNeil, watching the curling flames. The new light glinted on her hair and chased the shadows about her form. He gazed at her a moment, then, his face aglow, he drew her to his arms.

"Now, Johnny, what is it you are going to tell me?"

He hesitated; he seemed to be thinking.

"What is it?"

His manner rather than his silence startled her.

"I must tell you, Annie—I must; I have never told any one before." It could feel her shrink away from him. "You have heard me speak of my people; they live a long ways from here, away down in York State. I have brothers and sisters. My people are very poor. I left them five years ago; they do not know where I am, nor even that I am alive. I am going back after them to bring them here to my farm. I wanted to tell you all about it, first; I shall keep nothing back. We are to be married."

Her hand lay warm and still in his; he felt her quickening breath and caught the sparkle in her eyes.

"But, Annie dear, there is one thing I have de-

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layed telling you, and that is about my name; they call me McNeil, but that is not my real name."

He was trembling. Was her hand slipping away from his? "My real name is McNamar. Please don't take your hand away, I'll explain it all to you. 'Twas on my father's account. We were in business together; we failed and lost everything; I ran away, determined to make enough money to retrieve all. My father is a broken-down old man. I can help him now; I have enough and to spare."

Her hand had stolen back into his.

"Don't be afraid, Annie; I have earned the money; I am worth $12,000 in money, and my farm besides. The change wasn't much; I had to do it—McNeil to McNamar."

"Why?"

The word uttered itself in a tone that alarmed him.

"Because they would have followed me and taken away my property before I had enough."

"What of that if it belonged to them?" She was trembling.

"But it wasn't theirs; it was mine. I made it right here in New Salem he hard work. Now I have enough to pay them all. I will bring back father and mother and the children to my farm; then you and I will be married. Don't you like McNamar better than McNeil?"

He untied her hand to his lips.

"This is what I wanted to tell you. See, here is a true statement of all my property," and he drew from his pocket the sheet from his account book showing all the items. She took it in an absent sort of way, but did not read it.

"Why didn't you tell me all this long ago?" Again it was the tone rather than the words that reproached him.

Why had he not told her? All his reasons for silence seemed to vanish into thin air.

"I thought I'd tell you all at once when I had everything ready." He stammered as he spoke. "I wasn't ready to go; I hadn't made the money yet."

"But you had changed your name."

"Oh, Annie, Annie, don't say it that way! I have told you all now, everything, everything; I must start in the morning; I shall come back soon."

The shadows of the firelight played solemn gray over her face.

"I'll write often, Annie—every mail; it will not be long."

She suffered him to kiss her, but she closed her eyes; he was going away from her, and he had changed his name—some.

But he was telling her, rapidly, of his plans; of the wedding and the journey to Springfield and the new house and the new things far better than any in New Salem. She had never wearied of him, but now she listened as one having ears but not hearing. She seemed to herself sitting in darkness, and the man whom she loved with all the passion of a girl's first love was playing a part. But she would believe him. And she sat very still and sought to stifle her fears.

She did not know how long she had been sitting alone; she remembered how sadly he had spoken, how he had poured forth his love for her again; and he had kissed her before he left. But the fire was dying, and she could feel the gray shadows creeping over her. She started to her feet and, walking to the fireplace, gazed pensively into the embers. She covered the fire and left the room. Against the panes of the little window in her own room the rain beat roughly and the wind, sweeping down from the vast prairie, stirred strange noises all over the house. Toward morning she fell asleep; but her dreams were wearying dreams. When she awoke the storm was still raging. Yes, she would believe in him, she must believe in him; she loved him, she must believe in him. She heard voices in the yard. Some one was saddling a horse. Pulling back the curtain a handbreadth, she saw McNeil on horseback mounted for his long journey. At sight of her he threw a kiss, and she saw him turn the horse's head toward Springfield.

"Why, Annie, child, what's the matter?" Her mother stood by the bedside; she had heard the girl moaning. For a moment she could not answer; then, breaking with sobs, she told her mother the whole story. As the story grew the mother's suspicions were aroused. Why should John McNeil, or any other man, give her Annie pain? The maternal spirit was up. Why didn't he explain all this long ago and not keep it back till after the eleventh hour? What evidence was there of the truth of his story? He had gone, taking his wealth with him—and her Annie's heart. Was he an impostor? A fugitive from some Eastern jail? What peril had her Annie run in receiving his attentions? Her mother's heart was wrung; her pride was stung down. And she soothed the weeping girl as best she could, resolving to tell the whole story at once to Jack Rutledge. He was a man; he would know what to do, and there were plenty of men in New Salem who would help him.

"It kind o' looks to me as if he meant to jilt her," was James Rutledge's comment when he heard the tale. "Now mind you, Mary Ann, if that's his game, we are well rid o' him; but he better not cross my path. Annie broken up by it, you say? Wife, if he's wronged her, I'll follow him to the ends of the earth and shoot him on sight."

At Berry & Lincoln's grocery—it was still called by the old firm name, though everybody knew that Lincoln had disposed of his slight interest to Berry long since—a tall, ungainly man was "opening up" for the day; it was the story-teller of the night before. He slept in the loft overhead and looked as if he had slept in his clothes. He had no fixed employment, but worked at odd jobs, now helping a farmer husk his corn, now carrying chain for the surveyor, John Calhoun, or pulling in a week occasionally at one of the stores—Berry's or Denton Offutt's—at a busy time, and especially when the books must be balanced and the innumerable credit accounts with the community be straightened; for Abe was clever as well as accurate and neat at all kinds of writing, and no man in New Salem rated higher in honesty. Sometimes people came to him to have their letters written—all sorts of letters—so profound was their confidence in him. He had lived in New Salem now about three years, equivalent to long inhabitancy in an Eastern town; indeed, he had just missed being one of the founders of New Salem. Everybody liked him. He had settled his reputation in New Salem with his first visit—a somewhat compulsory one in the spring of '31, when he and his crew found themselves stranded, their flatboat caught on the edge of the New Salem dam. He was on his way with a cargo down the river; the boat had filled with water and everybody said she must be abandoned. Her nose stuck over the dam and her crew jumped ashore, but Abe bored a hole through her bottom, the water ran out, and she floated. This was Abe's way: nothing marvellous when the deed was done but just the thing to be done. He then hired out to Denton Offutt to work in his store, but the expected goods did not arrive. He found waiting a dull business. It happened to be Election Day; the assistant to the clerk of elections was sick, and Mentor Graham, the clerk, was looking for help. Espying the tall stranger hanging about the polling place, he called out to him:

"Can you write?"

"I can make a few rabbit tracks."

"Well, suppose you sit down and make 'em."

Satisfied with the specimen tracks, Graham hired Lincoln for the day. But the clerk had done more than he knew—he had introduced a new source of joy to the men of New Salem. As they came up to vote and fell to talking with the stranger after the cheery informality of the West, they were soon listening to the most mirth-provoking stories of their lives. "Indiana yarns," Lincoln called them as he recited them off. That night New Salem went to bed tired out with laughing. Lincoln had made his place in the community.

But on this morning when John McNeil or McNamar rode away from New Salem, had any one glanced through the window of Berry's store and caught sight of the story-teller's face he would not have pronounced it the face of a cheerful man, but, rather, a face strong in hopeless melancholy, gloomy with shadows that should never lift. Lincoln was busy arranging goods for display, pulling this and that in order and tidying up generally. Had he confessed to the vision, it had been to the shadow of a shapely hand before his eyes, and in his ears the melody of a soft, sweet voice. So real was that voice he stopped suddenly in his work to listen. The lines of a hymn he had heard that voice sing persisted in his memory.

"'Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear.'"

The gloom of the thought closed in upon him in melancholy comfort, in mere accord with his strange temperament. The line seemed to reveal himself. Poor, without fixed occupation, without family influence, his prospect one of toil and poverty, and his mind ever craving higher things, his condition to be hedged about by limitations and obstacles. What a contrast to John McNeil! McNeil had wealth, business

Then, tenderly, how tenderly, Lincoln renewed his suit

ability, and a splendid farm. No, Annie Rutledge could not possibly have a thought for Abe Lincoln, but he could not help thinking of her all the time. Of course the game was up; McNeil had won her; there was an end of the matter. Then the voice went on singing the line over and over again:

"'Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear.'"

He stepped to the window to take in the weather and the prospects of trade for the day. Across the road a man on horseback was just riding away from Hill Bolger's tavern—John McNeil, of course. Had Lincoln missed on the man he would have made on the horse—a coarse, raw-boned, vicious gray, a veteran of the Black Hawk War; and Lincoln had been through that war himself. "Nothing beautiful about us," the thought amused him. "War veterans grow ugly early." McNeil was making for the Springfield road. "Hill told me last night that John was going back, and there he goes." Somehow the melancholy lock in his face was lifting, his heart felt lighter as the horseman rode away. And the voice kept on singing:

"'Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear.'"

Lincoln was laughing to himself. "And that's what

THE MATTERHORN OF MANHATTAN

THE 700-FOOT TOWER OF THE METROPOLITAN LIFE BUILDING WHICH DOMINATES NEW YORK'S SKY-LINE

DRAWN BY JOHN EDWIN JACKSON

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the poetry means, is it?" he asked himself. "Why not? Why not?"

Might the line not apply to McNeil as well as to himself?

He stood still, analyzing the question.

"Abe, put me up two pounds of loaf sugar." A customer had entered. It was the Rev. John Cameron, the Presbyterian preacher—"Elder Cameron," as he was called.

"I've got to run over to Robert Johnson's—Sister Johnson has sent for me. I'll get the sugar on my way back, my wife wants it for her morning baking!"

"Now, Elder, never you mind about calling for this sugar; Mrs. Cameron will want it right away and I'll slip down to your house with it myself. I see Berry coming, and he'll 'tend store."

The preacher thanked him and went on his errand.

"I say, Abe," called out Berry as he entered, "I reckon that business will do better with us, now our biggest rival is leavin' town: McNeil has stuck the plaze, and Hill hasn't any head for business. McNeil is goin' back to Yankeedom."

"Well," drawled Lincoln, apparently intent only on putting up loaf sugar, "I can't honestly say that I wish him a bad passage." Tucking the sugar under his coat to protect it from the rain, he left the store to deliver it into Mrs. Cameron's hands. The errand took him straight past Rutledge's, and nearly a quarter of a mile beyond.

"And you just took all the trouble to fetch me that bit of sugar, Abe? Well, I reckon I'm obliged to you somuch. What is the old song!

'Sugar's sweet and so be you.'

And they do say, Abe, that John McNeil's goin' to leave town; sold out; made a heap o' money, they say, right here in New Salem. Well, if there is any money to be made in these parts I reckon a Yankee would get it; 'tis precious little I see, or you either, I reckon. I wonder how Annie Rutledge likes it, his goin'? Is she to follow, or is all that milk sour? 'Pears to me that if I was a young feller loose to these parts I'd see to it that Annie Rutledge didn't put on mournin' for John McNeil. Yes, Abe, I'm obliged to you for fetchin' the sugar; there's no knowin' when the Elder will get back." And the good woman turned to her baking.

The savory smell that poured forth from the open door remarded Lincoln that he had not been to breakfast, which with him was a somewhat movable feast; but usually, if the hour was not too late, he found something awaiting him for breakfast at Rutledge's, for Mrs. Rutledge, with whom Lincoln was a favorite, took an anxious thought for him—he seemed such a lonely soul, and she never failed to have a bite ready for him, come what time of day or night might. When now he reached the dining-room at the tavern he found the last guest served and the room empty.

"Am I too late?" he asked Mrs. Rutledge, whom he met in the hall.

"Oh no, Abe; I'll find a plate n' something for you, hot or cold, though our mornin' victles is about clean gone, and no just a bakin' more. I'm doin' an egg for Annie, and I'll get you up a dish n' bacon at the same time. I'll call you when things is ready."

Usually, when late to his meals, he waited in the barroom, that being the common resting-place for menfolks about the tavern.

"Jes' step into the parlor, Abe."

Mrs. Rutledge's pride in her parlor and her motherly feeling for him had led her to the politeness which he felt he must accept. He felt the warmth of the room as he opened the door. Going to the hearth, he raked out the coals and threw on a few sticks from the wood-box in the hall. The blaze quickly rolled up and he found the touch of comfort soothing. Annie often sat in this room, sewing by the west window. He went over to the window, thinking of her and of the vanished horseman. There was no one in sight, neither in the yard nor down the road; yet Lincoln was laughing a quiet, strange sort of a laugh to himself, as now, his hands clasped behind his back, he paced up and down in front of the fireplace. His chin was thrown forward, his eyes on the floor, and he seemed to gather cheerfulness as he moved about. A loose sheet of paper on the floor near the mohair sofa caught his eye. He picked it up; a sheet torn from somebody's account book; thirteen thousand dollars' worth of property. Turning it over, he read on the back, "John McNeil." Then it all flashed across his mind: the rockers on the hearth, the paper evidently dropped from the hand of some person sitting on the sofa. McNeil and Annie had spent the evening before together here; the paper inventoried McNeil's possessions.

"Ready, now, Abe." Mrs. Rutledge was in the doorway announcing his breakfast. "You won't mind eatin' with Annie, I reckon, Abe; she is a bit late this mornin' like yourself."

"If Annie will endure me"—he was smiling, towardly delighted at the humor Fate was showing—"I think I can endure her."

"Good morning, Annie"—he towered awkwardly as he accosted her. "Your ma says that if you'll endure me I may eat breakfast along with you. Is she right?"

"We keep open house here, Mr. Lincoln, and are always glad to have our guests with us." The even resonance of her voice gave no hint of the long, weary night she had passed.

Lighter in heart than he had been all day, he took the chair opposite her. But he soon discovered that Annie was not disposed to talk, though she was known to be the best talker of all the New Salem girls. And looking into her face, he detected dark lines beneath her eyes, and her cheeks seemed a trifle faded. Perhaps the horseman had not vanished, after all.

Finally he could keep silent no longer.

"I reckon you are not feeling right pert this morning, Miss Rutledge?"

He usually called her Annie, but there was that look in her face which forbade so intimate a word.

"Oh, it's the weather; the wind howled so last night I could not sleep." She spoke slowly and with indifference.

"'Twas a noisy night; glad I'm not on the road."

He was thinking of some of his journeys to and from Springfield in bad weather, but the look on Annie's face told him straightway that he had said the wrong thing. He saw that she was thinking of McNeil, and this new diurnal traveller brought to mind the paper he had found on the parlor floor.

"Annie"—he did not stop to weigh speech as he reached his hand across the table—"perhaps you know something about this; I found it a few minutes ago by the sofa."

She looked at the paper, but did not take it. Awkward and brusque as he was, his heart went out to her. "Annie, you are not well this morning. I didn't mean to stir you up so. I reckon I have made a mess of it. John's business won't last forever"—he was secretly wishing it might; "he will come back before long. He's the richest man in New Salem; he's honest; he'll do what he says."

He was pleading for McNeil, but his compliments somehow failed to restore her; rather they agitated her the more. Suddenly, with an effort, she arose, quickly picked up the paper, and, without saying a word, left the room.

His astonishment was complete. He had never seen her this way before; his memories of her were of laughter and song and high spirits and unmodest happiness. He saw her cross the threshold and put her hands over her face, bursting into tears. Then he knew that something was wrong.

Had McNeil deserted her?

He caught up his hat and hurried from the tavern, knowing now too well that he loved Annie Rutledge, and that he could think of nobody else in the world. He went back to the store a changed man; the world put on a new face. Nature seemed changed. Everything now seemed possible to him, and a more ambitious man was never born. For the first time in his life he seemed to get a good look at himself. Something had happened that put him into new relations with the whole world.

His love must have reflected the transformation working within him, for Berry, his old partner, catching its new expression, said to him as he entered the store: "Why, Abe, what's happened? You look as if you were just elected President. What did Sam Hill say to you?"

"I haven't seen him."

"He was just in here askin' for you; wants you to 'tend post-office. I told him I reckoned you'd take it. Better run right over and see Sam; a post-office is drolly desirable property."

"But liable to sudden change of tenants," added Lincoln; "think I'll investigate this claim"—and he turned his face toward the store, general merchandise, grocery, and post office, kept until a few days before by Hill & McNeil.

It was Elder Cameron who let out Annie's secret. The Rutledges were very friendly with the Presbyterian preacher and his wife, and a few evenings after McNeil's departure Mrs. Rutledge had them to tea. In a moment of confessional weakness the mother unveiled the state of Annie's affairs, winding up with:

"And I tell her it's a lucky escape, Elder. What do you think?"

"Providential, Sister Rutledge, providential, a clear case of desertion. Undoubtedly he has committed some misdemeanor in his younger days. Murder will out, you know. He knows that the law has got on his track and he has fled, probably to one of the Western settlements."

The Elder, like all New Salem people, always spoke of "out West" and "the West" with the easy speech of Boston or Savannah; New Salem had established its claim in classification with "the East" by existing five years.

"John McNeil go to one of the settlements?" exclaimed Mrs. Cameron, disgusted. "Now, husband, if you don't talk just like a man. Do you think that after gettin' hold of all that money he would go West? No, sirree; no West for him. I say that this Mc what do-you-call-him has a girl somewhere else, and has simply cleared out of New Salem to go to her. Mrs. Johnson thinks so too, though she don't know all what we know now since Mrs. Rutledge has told us herself, and we must keep it to ourselves. But Mary Johnson is pretty pert, and I vow I believe she's right and she don't know it. As long as this miserable critter Mc whatever his-name-is was a makin' money he stayed here, and he was sharp enough to pick out the finest girl in the place and pretend to court her. Now he's got his pile, he's sheek her; that's all, the wretch! I wish I had hold o' him with a pair n' tongs; I wouldn't dirty my fingers a touchin' him myself."

And Sister Cameron poised her head and tapped her foot on the floor and looked indignant and relieved.

The Elder's wife was harder than the Elder; the eternally feminine is sometimes that way. She was mistress of the gentle art of torture, and her opportunity had come. Even Mrs. Rutledge winced. But the Elder was quite convinced of the accuracy of his wife's stroke, and as they wended their way homeward, choosing their steps over the muddy path with practised skill, they explored still more thoroughly the mystery surrounding McNeil. While yet under the spell of the twice told tale the Elder betook himself to Bill's store for his evening quid, and there embraced the opportunity to repeat the news to Bill, on the party most closely identified with the late McNeil. Sam listened to the end, as was his wont, without comment, and the Elder took his leave. Just before closing the store for the night Bill repeated the whole story to Lincoln.

"I don't believe that John McNeil is a dishonorable man," protested Lincoln. "I have said so before and I say so now." This was his only comment.

But he was conscious of a new order of sensations. What if Elder Cameron's interpretation of the situation was the true one?

All day long the line from the old hymn had been threading in and out of his thoughts, and all day long Annie's sad face had looked out upon Lincoln from everything before his eyes.

Locking up the store, he went up to the loft where he slept. The new joy within him waxed stronger and transformed the penury about him into indescribable wealth, and the chiefest treasure of all did not seem hopelessly beyond his reach. Rivals, poverty, toil—he was not thinking of these. Everything seemed possible and easy to him; he would finish his law studies and begin life in Springfield, with her, the fountain of his hopes.

It was with infinite contentment, the contentment of youth and hope and wealth, abounding health of mind and body, that he threw himself on his bed. How long he lay there he could not tell. He seemed to be in a singular, an indescribable vessel which moved with great rapidity toward a dark and indefinite shore. The strangeness of the vessel, the mystery of the shore, possessed him. So real was the vision, he started forward to penetrate the darkness just beyond—when he awoke.

The moonlight sifting through the cracks and crannies revealed only the barren loft over Sam Hill's store. There was no mystery; he lay down again. But once more he was on that strange ship, traveling with incredible swiftness toward that dark and gloomy shore, and again he strode forward to pierce the mystery of that strange coast, again to awake suddenly.

Why had the dream come twice? His poetic nature was quivering—whether with curiosity or superstition he did not ask. Strange, strange premonition! He could not know what the years had in store for him. He could not know that this same vision, this mysterious messenger from the unknown, should come to him, years later, just before the anxious journey to his inauguration as President of the United States; again, just before Antietam and Murfreesboro; again, before Vicksburg and Gettysburg; and, last of all, on the night before that day of tragedy, the ever-to-be-remembered 14th of April.

But now, sitting on his bed, in the loft of Hill's store, the second rising of the spectacle interested him strangely. He was deeply introspective, and now he turned upon himself that serious search so frequent with him, that self examination so inseparable from his impassable melancholy. And the light of this search somehow seemed to fall on a balance sheet whose items were basic and fundamental, not of broad acres or bank bills. His thoughts were running easily from the centre of that loose sheet which he had given to Annie Rutledge that morning at the breakfast table. He remembered Annie when at Mentor Graham's school she sat near him, and he used to think that her fair face filled the whole room with beauty. And now he ran over the whole course of his existence; he was meeting this beautiful spirit in the little intercourse of daily life—at the store, by the wayside, at meeting, and at the merry gatherings with the young folks of New Salem. And he could see the shapely little hand, the lustrous, tender eyes, and could hear that voice, that indescribable voice. How could he wait till he should meet her again? Would the dawn never come? He must speak to her, for to him she meant life—life.

The dawn broke; the new day came with inconsequential affairs; the sun sank down into the prairie—and he did not see Annie. Days passed; she seemed to have vanished away.

"Where is Annie?" he at last inquired of Mrs. Rutledge.

"Annie isn't feelin' well these days; I reckon it's the dreadful spell of weather"—a reply which carefully concealed all the facts save one.

A week, two weeks, three passed; Lincoln caught glimpses of her, but she seemed inaccessible to him. But her face betrayed her sufferings. Her mother insisted that Dr. John Allen be called, but Annie delayed with vague excuses from day to day.

About the end of the third week Lincoln unexpectedly found the opportunity he had been seeking. Toward evening she came down to the post office; the mail-coach had discharged its bag and its passengers, and Annie had calculated nicely the time when the letters would be ready.

"Any letter for me?"

No one in the store save Lincoln heard the soft little voice.

"I think so."

Her face lighted with new life as he handed her several letters, but the light quickly faded; none was from him.

Lincoln saw the shadows gather and encompass her with gloom. With slow steps, her grief almost mastering her, she turned from the store. He could resist no longer. Catching up his hat, he left the office and was swiftly by her side. He said not a word, fully aware of the pit into which he had fallen; and thus in silence they walked on side by side.

Suddenly he burst forth in the most eloquent plea that ever fell from his lips. He argued that McNeil's silence confirmed the suspicions of her friends. He had deserted her; he was unworthy of her. But very lightly and slightly did Lincoln dwell on McNeil, it was the story of his own love for her he was telling. Never had she imagined that a man could talk as Abraham Lincoln now talked to her. Could the language of life yield such treasures and such a tribute? McNeil had been affectionate after a fashion, but this man's love was an ecstasy of passion, a transfiguring power. Not one word did he say of farms and shops and dollars, but life, life, companionship, devotion—endless, endless devotion to her. And then he told her his mysterious dream.

"Moving swiftly toward a strange, indefinite shore," the words took possession of her mind. "A strange, indefinite shore"; yes, on such a shore was she now wandering. Her heart sank within her.

This was the beginning of Lincoln's courtship of Anne Rutledge.

Weeks, months passed, painfully long to Lincoln and full of torturing doubt for Annie. The consuming heat of the fire through which she was passing only a woman could endure. She loved John McNeil with a love as intense, as devoted, as immeasurable as this grand passion which Lincoln poured out at her feet. Again and again he made his plea; made it and remade it, cast it and recast it in the countless forms which only the grand passion of a man's life can take. At last she could endure the importunity of

his love no longer and renounced to accept him. If, after ample time had been given McNeil to reply to her from New York, no reply should come.

Rejoicing, yet fearing, Lincoln consented, and knew that she had written not once, but many times. Patiently did he wait, his first glance through the daily mail being ever to catch sight of a letter from John McNeil. None came. Annie grew melancholy; the delicate color faded from her cheeks; the diamond lights paled in her eyes. Then, tenderly, how tenderly, Lincoln renewed his suit. June had come again and all nature seemed kind. He and Annie were standing beneath a great oak tree whose leaf was again glorious.

"Will you, Annie, will you?"

It was his last appeal. She turned her face toward his and did not say him nay; but the pallor of her cheeks made a shadow on his day, a shadow on that rich, vital June afternoon. She said no word, but he knew that he had won, and for the moment his sense of victory overpowered him. Then he was again caught up in the great current of his love for her; tears dimmed his eyes; his voice choked. Her love was too good to be true; he beat down and reverently kissed her cheek.

"Thank you, Annie."

It was all he could say.

Then they turned down the hill and walked in silence back to the village. Annie hastened to her room, and Lincoln found her mother and told what had happened.

"How glad we are, Abe!" for Rutledge had heard the news too. Mrs. Rutledge's words seemed to leap with joy. "Only bring her back to her old self, Abe, bring her back. But I almost fear it is too late."

Mrs. Rutledge wiped her eyes with her apron and resumed her work. Annie's father simply pressed Lincoln's hand warmly; he could not venture upon speech.

That evening, in the little parlor of the tavern, seated by Annie's side on the sofa near which he had found the inventory of McNeil's wealth, Lincoln told Annie what she already knew—that he was hopelessly poor.

"But give me time, Annie; give me time to earn a little money to live on till I can be admitted to practise law, then nothing on God's footstool can keep us apart."

Next morning she spoke freely of her engagement. "As soon as his law studies are over," she said to her brother, "we shall be married."

The news of Lincoln's engagement to Annie Rutledge created less comment in New Salem, because it was expected. Public opinion had long since uttered its voice in condemnation of McNeil, and now with equal conviction praised Lincoln. Everybody congratulated him, he was living in a lover's paradise. At odd hours snatched from sleep he took up his law books; the goal of life was now fairly in sight. He carefully computed when he should have saved enough by clerking to support him while completing his studies, the problem seemed easy, and time, the determining element, was on his side.

But Annie was not living in paradise. Lincoln knew she was fading, followed every change with great fear which driven out every other fear in man's heart entered his own. On that summer day she took to her bed. The doctor commanded absolute quiet, but as her weak delirium she pleaded so piteously to see Lincoln that they feared longer to deny her, and he was sent for.

He, too, had changed, for her sickness had fallen upon him like a blight. He hastened to her side; the door closed behind him and they were alone. There was the sound of muffled sobs; there was the cry of prayer. Within the sick room two souls were passing through an experience beyond agony. There in mysterious communion was uttered that which could never be spoken to other ears; which could never fall from other lips. There was confessed the love of man for woman, the grand passion of life. Was the remorseless, the hopeless, impotency of life there revealed? Or did the soul's own crystalline beauty, its native radiation and aloofness, there rise into clearer vision?

At twilight some one saw a tall, bent form hastening from the village forth into the wilderness; they said it was Lincoln and the word passed from lip to lip that Annie Rutledge was dead.

For weary weeks Lincoln trod a doubtful, narrow path—that invisible way which divides reason from the unreason which is worse than death. Alarmed, his closer friends formed a protective band that should ever be near him in his wanderings up and down the riverside; through the forest; out into the open prairie—everywhere, anywhere—only ever swiftly to move toward the strange and indefinite shore.

"Nancy," said Bowling Greene to his wife the day after the funeral, "I'm goin' to bring Abe here to our cabin and take care of him; he'll do himself harm if we don't look out. He's as near crazy as dare be."

"Poor feller! I don't wonder; and Annie was such a nice girl. It does seem powerful strange to me that the good Lord always wants her kind first and early. But I reckon they're kind o' scurce in heaven, and that's the reason."

But Bowling was no theologian and gave his wife no answer.

He found Lincoln and brought him to the little cabin that stood under the bluff about half a mile back of New Salem, and there cared for him like a child. It was a terrible battle, this fighting back madness—a wondrously delicate task to sustain reason on its throne. All the gentle and homely arts of affection, the atmosphere of that humble refuge, were exercised on Lincoln's behalf. No one had conceived the depth of his passion for the dead girl. His narrow, hard, bleak life, familiar only with toil and self-denial, had suddenly blossomed forth under the light of her soul into the flower of unutterable devotion. The people of New Salem, warm-hearted, living the robust life of pioneers, were accustomed to manly friendships and womanly strength and patience, but this love of Lincoln for Annie Rutledge surpassed the strength of their understandings and they beheld it as a sacred, a mysterious dispensation vouchsafed only in Biblical times to the sons of men.

"I tell you Bowlin'," said Nancy Greene one evening to her husband, after Lincoln had slipped out of the cabin and had turned his face toward the little graveyard at Concord, some miles away—"I tell you that this kind o' grievin' in man or woman must jes' work itself off in its own way, and the more you hinder the worse he will be off. So you let him go."

All New Salem and the people for miles around came to Annie's funeral. Elder Cameron touched with delicate friendship on the grief of the living, but human eloquence and sympathy could not heal the wounds of the man who would willingly have given his own life that she might live.

"The very thought that the rains and the snows shall fall upon her grave fills me with indescribable agony," moaned Lincoln to his friend, William Greene. There was no consolation for no broken heart.

The tender love of the Greenes, and chiefly Nancy's womanly ways, at last triumphed over the perils that threatened Lincoln, and gradually he came to himself. But the iron had entered his soul, and the tender melancholy, the inexpressible sympathy of his passion, never lifted from his life.

"Abe" said Dr. Jason Duncan, one of his dearest friends, to him one day, "I have something for you to read that you will like," and he gave him the lines beginning:

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

The mournful stanzas, made immortal by Lincoln's love for them, seemed to him a balm for his wounds. He read and re-read the verses, committed them to memory, and made them a part of his moral being. "Those lines," he said to a friend in after years in a rare moment of self-revelation, "celebrate a grief which lies with continual heaviness on my heart."

How many, many times, during the rest of his life, was he to quote these verses to his friends, even to great statesmen whom, while President, he gathered about him in council, and quoted ever with the memory of that love which was the day star of his youth.

So intense had his melancholy become, so hopeless seemed his grief, he himself became superstitious about it, and by letter he consulted the foremost physician of the West, the famous Daniel Drake, of Cincinnati. The reply was sympathetic—"I cannot prescribe in your case without a personal interview"—this much of Drake's letter Lincoln read to a friend, but there was a part which he could confide to no man; it was too sacred for revelation. The great physician had written the secret thought of the sufferer, and Lincoln seldom revealed his secret thoughts.

Two years after Annie's death, while a member of the Legislature, he said to a fellow member:

"I seem to others to enjoy life rapturously, yet when I am alone I am so overcome by mental depression I never dare carry a pocket-knife."

One day John McNeil, or McNamar, true to his promise to Annie Rutledge, drove into New Salem, bringing with him his mother, brothers, and sisters, having come all the way from New York by wagon.

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The two strong men kneeled in silence together and mingled their tears in a common sorrow

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LINCOLN'S LAST HOURS

(Continued from page 16.)

ability and power in nation he undoubtedly controlled millions of excited people. He was then the master, and in reality acting President of the United States.

During the night Mrs. Lincoln came frequently from the adjoining room, accompanied by a lady friend. At one time Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed, sobbing bitterly, "Oh! that my little Taddy might see his father before he dies!" This was decided not to be advisable. As Mrs. Lincoln sat on a chair by the side of the bed with her face to her husband's, his breathing became very stertorous and the loud and unnatural noise frightened her in her exhausted, agonized condition. She sprang up suddenly with a piercing cry and fell fainting to the floor. Secretary Stanton, hearing her cry, came in from the adjoining room and with raised arms called out loudly, "Take that woman out and do not let her in again." Mrs. Lincoln was helped up kindly and assisted in a fainting condition from the room. Secretary Stanton's order was obeyed, and Mrs. Lincoln did not see her husband again before he died.

As Captain Lincoln was consoling his mother in another room, and as I had promised Mrs. Lincoln to do all I possibly could for her husband, I took the place of kindred and continuously held the President's right hand firmly, with one exception of less than a minute, when my sympathies compelled me to seek the disconsolate wife. I found her reclining in a near by room, being comforted by her son. Without stopping in my walk, I passed the room where Secretary Stanton sat at his official table, and, returning, took the hand of the dying President in mine, the hand that had signed the Emancipation Proclamation, liberating four million slaves.

As morning dawned it became quite evident that the President was sinking, and at several times his pulse could not be counted—two or three feeble pulsations being noticed, followed by an intermission when not the slightest movement of the artery could be felt. The inspirations became very prolonged and labored, accompanied by a guttural sound. The respirations ceased for some time, and several anxiously looked at their watches until the profound silence was disturbed by a prolonged inspiration, which was followed by a sonorous expiration. During these moments the Surgeon-General mounted a chair by the head of the President's bed and occasionally held his finger over the carotid artery to note its pulsations. Dr. Stone sat on the edge of the foot of the bed, and I stood holding the President's right hand with my extended forefinger on his pulse, being the only one between the bed and the wall, the bed having been drawn out diagonally for that purpose.

While we were anxiously watching in profound solemn silence the Reverend Doctor Gurley said, "Let

THE FRONT STREET THEATRE IN BALTIMORE WHERE, ON JUNE 8, 1864, LINCOLN RECEIVED HIS SECOND NOMINATION FOR THE PRESIDENCY

us pray," and offered a most impressive prayer, after which we witnessed the last struggle between life and death.

At this time my knowledge of physiology, pathology, and psychology told me that the President was totally blind as a result of blood pressure on the brain, as indicated by the paralysis, dilated pupils, protruding and bloodshot eyes, but all the time I acted on the belief that if his sense of hearing or feeling remained he could possibly hear me when I sent for his son, the voice of his wife when she spoke to him, and that the last sound he heard may have been his pastor's prayer as he finally commended his soul to God.

Knowledge that frequently just before departure reanimation and reason return to those who have been unconscious, caused me for several hours to hold the President's right hand firmly within my grasp, in let him in his blindness know, if possible, that he was in touch with humanity and had a friend.

The protracted struggle ceased at twenty minutes past seven o'clock on the morning of April 15, 1865, and I announced that the President was dead.

Immediately after death the few remaining in the room knelt around the bed, while the Reverend Doctor Gurley delivered one of the most impressive prayers ever uttered, that our Heavenly Father look down in pity upon the bereaved family and preserve our afflicted and sorrow-stricken country.

Then I gently smoothed the President's contracted facial muscles, took two coins from my pocket, placed them over his eyelids, and drew a white sheet over the martyr's face. I had been the means in God's hand of prolonging the life of President Abraham Lincoln for nine hours. Every necessary act of love, devotion, skill, and loyalty had been rendered, during his helpless hours, to the President of the United States, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, to the beloved of millions of people throughout the world. Many reported, anxious to be of service in any way. I accepted their offers to the extent of abundantly filling every want. Of all the people I here met in different parts of the world, I have found that, as a class, good Americans are not to be excelled when occasions demand, in strength, endurance, calmness, good judgment, ardent loyal devotion, and self-sacrificing love.

By prolonging the life of President Lincoln, his son Robert, whom I sent for, was enabled to see his father alive. Physicians and surgeons, lawyer and clergyman, whom I sent for visited the President and were given time to deliberate. Members of the Cabinet, whom I sent for with soldiers and sailors and friends, had the opportunity to surround him. Millions of dangerous, excited, and disappointed people were morally disarmed from acts of discord. The nation was held in suppressed, sympathetic suspense and control when the people heard that the President was living, though severely wounded and dying. Before the people had time to realize the situation, there was another President of the United States, and the grandeur of the continuity of the Republic was confirmed.

After all was over, and as I stood by the side of the covered mortal remains, I thought, "You have fulfilled your promise to the wife, your duty now is to the many living, suffering, wounded officers committed to your care in your ward at Armory Square General Hospital"; and I left the house in deep meditation. In my lonely walk I was aroused from my reveries by the cold drizzling rain dropping on my bare head, my hat I had left at my seat in the theater; my clothing was stained with blood; I had not once been seated, since I first sprang to the President's aid. I was cold, weary, and sad. The dawn of peace was again clouded, the most cruel war in history had not completely ended. The vision of our long sorrowing country vividly came before me, as I thought how essential it was to have an organization composed of returning soldiers to guard and protect the officers of state and uphold the Constitution. This great need was simultaneously recognized by others, for on that day, April 15, 1865, there assembled at Philadelphia a few army officers for that purpose, and originated the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

Among the archives of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, of which I am a member, we have recorded:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

President of the United States, March 4, 1861, to April 15, 1865.

Born February 12, 1809, Hardin (La Rue) County, Kentucky.

Assassinated April 14, 1865; died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C.

Enrolled by Special Resolution, to date from April 15, 1865.

I herewith give, in the order in which they arrived, the names of the physicians and surgeons, and the clergyman, whom I recognized as taking a professional part in the physical, mental, or spiritual welfare of the President from the time he was shot until his death. The first person to enter the box after the President was shot, and who took charge of him at the request of Mrs. Lincoln, was myself, Charles A. Leale, M.D., Assistant Surgeon, United States Volunteers and the surgeon in charge of the ward containing the wounded commissioned officers at the United States Army General Hospital, Armory Square, Washington, D. C. The next who reported, and simultaneously offered their services to me, which were accepted, were: Charles S. Tafft, M.D., Acting Assistant Surgeon, United States Army, and Albert F. A. King, M.D., Acting Assistant Surgeon, United States Army. Then, apparently a very long time after we had rested for the President in Mr. Petersen's house, and in response to the numerous messengers whom I had sent, there arrived Robert K. Stone, M.D., Med. Surgeon General, United States Army; Charles H. Crane, M.D., Assistant Surgeon General, United States Army, and the Reverend Doctor Gurley, Mrs. Lincoln's pastor. During the night several other physicians unknown to me called, and through courtesy I permitted some of them to feel the President's pulse, but none of them touched the wound.

Later in the forenoon, as I was in the midst of important surgical duties at our hospital, I was notified by my lady nurse that a messenger had rolled inviting me to be present at the necropsy. Later a doctor called for the same purpose. I respectfully asked to be excused, as I did not dare to leave the large number of severely wounded expecting my usual personal care. I was fearful that the shock of hearing of the sudden death of the President might cause trouble in their depressed, painful conditions. One of my patients was profoundly depressed. He said to me, "Doctor, all we have fought for is gone, our country is destroyed, and I want to die." This officer the day before was safely recovering from an amputation. I called my lady nurse, "Please closely watch Lieutenant ——, cheer him as much as possible, and give him two ounces of wine every two hours," etc. This brave soldier received the greatest kindness and skillful care, but he would not rally from the shock, and died in a short time.

Among my relics I have a photograph taken a few days later in full staff uniform as I appeared at the obsequies. The crape has never been removed from my sword. I have my cuffs stained with the martyr's blood, also my card of invitation to the funeral services, held on Wednesday, April 19th, which I attended, having been assigned a place at the head of the coffin at the White House, and a carriage immediately preceding the catafalque in the grand funeral procession from the White House to the Capitol. There, during the public ceremonies, a place was assigned to me at the head of the casket as it rested beneath the rotunda.

One of the most devoted of those who remained in the room with the dying President was Senator Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts. He visited me subsequently and said, "Dr. Leale, do you remember

LAURA KEENE, THE ACTRESS, AT WHOSE BENEFIT PERFORMANCE OF "OUR AMERICAN COUSIN" LINCOLN WAS SHOT DURING THE PLAY'S LAST ACT

that I remained all the time until President Lincoln died?" Senator Sumner was profoundly affected by this great calamity to both North and South.

On my last visit to Secretary Seward, some time after the President's death, he was still suffering from his fractures and from the brutal attacks of the assassin who made such a desperate attempt to kill him on that fatal night.

When I again met Secretary Stanton we sat alone in his private office. He was doing his utmost to continue what he deemed best for our country. The long continued strain and great burden had left their deep impress upon him. At the close of my call we shook hands fraternally.

After the war ended Governor Fenton of New York State, one of the "War Governors," came to me and said, "Dr. Leale, I will give you anything possible within my power." I responded, "I sincerely thank you, Governor, but I desire nothing, as I wish to follow my mission in life."

The city of Washington was wrapped in a mantle of gloom. The President had known his people, and had a heart full of love for his soldiers and sailors. "With malice toward none," he alone seemed to have the power to restore fraternal love. He alone appeared able quickly to heal his country's wound. In May there occurred in Washington one of the most pathetic and historic events—the return of the Northern Army for the final review of more than seventy thousand veterans. A grand stand had been erected in front of the White House for the new President, his Cabinet, officers of state, Foreign Ministers, and others. I had a seat on this grand stand, from which, on May 24th, we watched one of the most imposing parades recorded in history. Among the many heroes, I recall the passing of stately Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, on his majestic horse, which had been garlanded with roses. After we had been sitting there for several hours a foreign official tapped me on the shoulder and said, "What will become of these thousands of soldiers after their discharge?" I answered, "They will return to their homes all over the country and soon be at work doing their utmost to pay off the national debt." He replied: "Is it possible? No other country could expect such a result."

All had lost comrades, many were to return to desolate and broken homes. Amidst all the grandeur of victory, there was profound sorrow. Among the thousands of passing veterans, there were many who looked for their former Commander-in-Chief, but their "Father Abraham" had answered to his last bugle call and with more than three hundred thousand comrades had been "mustered out."

Remembering Lincoln

A GLANCE BACKWARD AT THE TRAGIC LIFE OF THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT WHICH IS STIRRINGLY RECALLED BY THE CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH

Copyright, 1907, by Gutzon Borglum

Gutzon Borglum's heroic bust of Lincoln

PURCHASED BY MR. EUGENE MEYER, JR., OF NEW YORK, AND PRESENTED TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. THE BUST, WHICH IS CONSIDERED BY MR. ROBERT T. LINCOLN TO BE A REMARKABLY CLOSE LIKENESS OF HIS FATHER, IS NOW IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

HIS DROLL SIDE

By H. P. Goddard

ON the night of March 9, 1860, while still in my teens, I was sent to the old town hall at Norwich, Connecticut, to report the speech of one Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, for the local newspaper of which I was a reporter. Mr. Lincoln was on a brief political tour of the State and was to address the Republicans of Norwich and the vicinity on the issues of the hour in the spring election, now close at hand. The story of the Lincoln-Douglas debate of the preceding year was of course known to me, and I knew that a stalwart orator had dared confront the "Little Giant" of Illinois, and in a contest for the United States Senatorship, in which the latter had won the coveted prize, but the former had sprung into national prominence.

Of Mr. Lincoln's personality I had only a vague anticipation. Accustomed to the carefully dressed and, as a rule, polished speakers of the East, it was quite a surprise to find the orator of the evening a tall, lank, raw-boned son of the soil, with an ill-fitting coat, limp shirt, collar and black tie that was way out of its place when he had finished. Although at the time I pronounced him the homeliest man I had ever seen upon the rostrum, long ere he had finished his speech I was convinced that here was a man novel and interesting, a strong, powerful child of a civilization that we of New England heredity understood; a man who spoke the truth and knew that he spoke it, and was worth listening to as one who was a thoughtful and wise adviser on the great problems confronting us.

After Mr. Lincoln had finished his speech he was entertained at the local hotel by several prominent Republicans. Next day the town was full of reports of his amusing stories and the cheery Western manners that had won him many friends. Some months later I heard from the lips of the Hon. John F. Trumbull, of Stonington, Connecticut, the story of an incident that occurred at this gathering that has never before been published.

It appears that after the callers had all bidden good-by to Mr. Lincoln Mr. Trumbull recalled another story (he had told many) that he thought would amuse Mr. Lincoln, so he went back to his room, knocked, and was told to enter. He found Mr. Lincoln disrobing and was about to withdraw, but on explaining his errand he was told that he must stay and tell the story. He did so, Mr. Lincoln listening and laughing heartily. Some time next year, during Lincoln's first administration, Mr. Trumbull was aroused by the ringing of his door-bell at his home at Stonington about one o'clock in the morning. Putting his head out of the window, he asked who wanted him, and was much surprised to hear a caller reply, "Mr. Trumbull, this is Mr. Anson Burlingame"—the Massachusetts Congressman who had been an active campaign orator the previous year. Mr. Burlingame explained that he had called to ask Mr. Trumbull to tell him the last story that he had told Mr. Lincoln at Norwich in 1860. As a reason for this late call and strange request he stated that, as Mr. Trumbull knew, he had been appointed by Mr. Lincoln Minister to Austria, but that the Emperor of that country had pronounced him *persona non grata* on account of the active interest he had manifested in the House of Representatives in the success of the Kingdom of Italy in the Austro-Italian War in 1859. When Mr. Lincoln was advised of this he changed the appointment to the Chinese court, at which Mr. Burlingame did distinguished service.

Mr. Burlingame said that he had been on to Washington to thank Mr. Lincoln for his appointment and that, when he saw him, the President said: "Burlingame, my sending you to China instead of Austria reminds me of a little story. I have no time to tell it now, as I am going into a Cabinet meeting, but the story was told me last year in Connecticut by Mr. John F. Trumbull, of Stonington, and my first official order to you is to stop at Stonington on your way home to Boston and have him tell you the story." Hence Mr. Burlingame had taken the New York steamer to Stonington, and when he found that the steamboat train did not leave till an hour after the boat got in he seized the occasion to rush up to see Mr. Trumbull, who thereupon told him the story from his window. Mr. Burlingame laughed heartily, thanked Mr. Trumbull, and hurried to the train.

"What was the story, Mr. Trumbull?" exclaimed one of the auditors. Just then, "In there broke certain people of importance," as Browning puts it, who carried off Mr. Trumbull from the city. I went into the army shortly after and never saw him again. And so the tale remains untold.

The second time I saw Mr. Lincoln was when he was attending the funeral of Gen. Fred W. Lander from the Church of the Epiphany at Washington early in March, 1862, I being present as an officer of the Harris Light Cavalry. The third time was after he had visited Antietam battle-field with General McClellan on October 3, 1862. He passed so near our regiment at the time that I noted well the marvellous sadness of those eyes that seemed even then full of the foreknowledge of death.

On April 1, 1863, not long before the battle of Chancellorsville, Mr. Lincoln visited General Hooker's headquarters and reviewed the Army of the Potomac, when I again had a good view of him.

It was in connection with this last review that Gen. Dan Sickles told us an amusing story at the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg, Virginia, in 1900.

General Sickles said that during this visit he gave a reception to Mr. Lincoln at his headquarters, to which the President brought his son Tad, but not Mrs. Lincoln, who sent regrets and remained at army headquarters. Mr. Lincoln seemed at this time dispirited and depressed to such an extent that General Sickles told the ladies present (mainly the wives of staff officers) that they must do something to cheer him up. "Let's all kiss him," said the vivacious Princess Salm-Salm, wife of a dashing foreign officer serving under Sickles. The question then arose who should be first to do that, but when the fair princess consented to "bell the cat" and lead off, the others all followed suit. Mr. Lincoln brightened up after the incident and was quite jolly, but Tad sat by, watching all that was going on, but said nothing.

Next day General Sickles had occasion to go to Washington by the steamer from Aquia Creek and found on board the President, Mrs. Lincoln, and Tad. He found Mrs. Lincoln very stiff and even gruff, and nothing that either General Sickles or Mr. Lincoln could say seemed to mollify her. Finally, when the party went into the cabin to dine, Mr. Lincoln suddenly said, "General Sickles, I have made an interesting discovery on this visit to the army."

"What is that, Mr. President?"

"I have discovered that you are a very religious man."

"Indeed, Mr. Lincoln, that does surprise me. I have been called a good many things in my day, but never that. What led you to that conclusion?"

"Well, General, I have discovered that you are not only a Psalmist, but a Psalm Psalmist." At this Mrs. Lincoln burst into laughter and for the rest of the voyage was cheerful and entertaining.

Soon after taking up my residence in Baltimore in 1882, I made the acquaintance of the late Hugh L. Bond, a Federal judge who during the Civil War held intimate relations with President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton. As illustrating the relations existing between the two in war time he told me the following story:

On one occasion Judge Bond was sitting with Mr. Stanton in the latter's office in the War Department when Senator Hicks of Maryland came in with an order from the President for the release of a Confederate prisoner on Johnson's Island. The prisoner was a Marylander, and some Eastern Shore neighbors had induced the Senator to procure the order from Mr. Lincoln. This was written on one of the small cards the President was apt to use in minor matters, but the moment the Secretary of War read it he tore it in two and said, "Senator, you ought to know better than to come stumping in here seeking the release of rebel prisoners!" The Senator, who had lost a leg by accident, limped out in high dudgeon, whereupon Bond told Mr. Stanton that in view of

(Continued on page 30.)

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England's Mysterious Woman

The interest that Madame Humbert once aroused throughout France by the daring nature of her monumental swindling is now finding its parallel in the amazement with which England regards the deeds and misdeeds of a young woman known as Miss Violet Gordon Charlesworth. During the last two years this handsome young person has succeeded in swindling creditors out of immense sums. And when deception no longer availed and creditors became angrily importunate Miss Charlesworth vanished. Early in January, after sixteen days of searching throughout the British Isles, London was aroused by the news that Miss Charlesworth, the supposed heiress, renowned for her deals in the stock market, had been killed while automobiling near Penmaenmawr, on the coast of North Wales. The story ran that Miss Charlesworth had been driving the car, in which were also her sister and the chauffeur, when the steering-gear broke, the machine crashed into the sea wall, and Miss Charlesworth was thrown through the glass windshield and over the cliff into the sea. The other occupants were merely stunned, but entirely uninjured, and left for home soon after the accident. The car was practically undamaged and was removed under its own power. All that remained of Miss Charlesworth were her cap and note-book, which searchers discovered on the beach beneath the cliff.

Soon after the accident was reported, doubts were cast upon the genuineness of the tale, and a rigid investigation of the scene of the disaster was made. There was no indication, except the cap and note-book, that a body had fallen from the roadway, and it was practically an impossibility for it to have dropped clear to the beach. In addition to this circumstance the water at that spot, even at high tide, is never more than eighteen inches deep, and the accident was reported to have occurred at 9.20 on a moonlight night when the tide was ebbing.

Meanwhile, days passed and nothing further could be learned concerning Miss Charlesworth's disappearance, although her photographs were in every paper, and reporters and detectives searched for evidence of any kind that might explain the affair. Her family history did come to light, however, bit by bit. The daughter of a respectable mechanic of Stafford, with a common-school education, but of a romantic and melodramatic temperament, Miss Charlesworth changed her Christian name of "May" for that of "Violet Gordon." Several years ago, in some inexplicable manner, she secured a little money, and by spreading mysterious rumors of a fortune of $2,500,000 which she was to fall heir to on her twenty-fifth birthday, January 13th last, fine clothes, jewelry, and a motor-car were acquired. This was the first of the many handsome cars she has driven, for she had a mania for motoring.

Miss Charlesworth took a house in Wiltshire and one in Scotland, while her name appeared on the books of prominent stockbrokers. A single Stock Exchange firm in London admits that she is in debt to them for £10,000, most of which was lost in the panic in the fall of 1907. At her country home she established a fine kennel of St. Bernards, and took a number of prizes at the shows. When a young woman possessing this much and owing money on it all suddenly disappears, naturally the search for her would be exhaustive.

On January 17th Violet Gordon Charlesworth was located at a hotel in Tobermory, Scotland, and confessed her identity. Incidentally explaining the motor "accident" and her subsequent movements. She had run her car into the protecting wall above the cliff, had thrown her note-book and automobile cap over the wall, walked to the nearest railroad station and boarded a train for Scotland. Her sister and the chauffeur remained with the battered machine to spread the story of the fatal "accident," and to make Miss Charlesworth temporarily a national heroine.

Violet Gordon Charlesworth, whose swindles have amazed England

Spies of Commerce

By Sarah Fuertes Hitchcock

An organized band of brigands who are of the "plain clothes" type, but are none the less brigands, are interwoven among the throng of shoppers and sightseers who frequent our thoroughfares during business hours. They are not distinguishable from the other passers-by. A more or less sizable array of them are employed by nearly every merchant or business man whose prosperity depends upon his success in competing with his colleagues. It is customary to entrust the work of getting information to professionals who are specially trained for the purpose. In department stores they are called shoppers.

The most difficult kind of shopping is the kind that results in making no purchases but in acquiring specific information as to the resources of competitors. The reports of shoppers as to prices and values, variety and quantity, make a basis for buyers' purchasing. If a well-known merchant displays a quantity of some article, the other merchants infer that he has a reason for judging that particular article a good investment which the public will want to patronize. Immediately it becomes the duty of shoppers to report any such novelty or fad, and hastily obtained duplicates are displayed at once in all the other shops of similar character. A firm cannot afford not to have a goodly display of desirable and fashionable merchandise in its stock.

Many a "cut" in price owes its sudden appearance to the fact that some shrewd shopper has detected too mellow a "run" in some popular article; perhaps a collar, waist, hat, or bag, and reported the tendency to the private office. Immediately the price is reduced, and by offering an amazing inducement the sale is forced so that the stock is disposed of before the market "slumps." Thus money on the investment is realized before the fad and the limited hour of its popularity have perished together.

Shopping is conducted differently by different firms. One very prosperous department store gave the following working order to one of its shoppers for the work of one day:

"Go to several furniture companies and see what has been most prominently placed to fill the demand for bedroom furniture. See if we are well stocked with this particular character of stuff. Compare it with ours, and if ours is lacking state in what way.

"Attend the lace sale at X's, and see if the head saleswoman is satisfied with her position. This you may learn if you can get her away from her counter. In case she is dissatisfied, learn what salary would induce her to come to us.

"Go to several milliners—the best in New York—and in your report point out each way in which we excel, and each way in which we are behind competitors. Buy three hats. One should be the type you consider the most apt to become the fashion for receptions, one for business, and one for rainy-day wear."

At the furniture houses so much white enamel abounded that a well-directed question drew out the information that while department stores were selling at reduced prices much old shop-worn furniture freshened with white paint, the special dealers in furniture were producing a character of merchandise far superior. It was made of hard wood instead of soft, and was more durable and more beautiful.

An attempt to reach the private ear of the saleswoman at X's lace sale met with amazing results. All questions referring to merchandise were instantly handed over to one of the clerks as being beneath the head of a department. But when she was asked in a low, confidential voice, "Could you spare a moment to talk business with me?" she replied, without looking up, "Please examine that pattern of Duchesse in the centre aisle, Madame; I will speak with you at once." Soon, with her elaborate coiffure bent over a length of lace and the guilelessness of a kitten in her eyes, she rattled off the inducements that might persuade her to leave her present employer, though he always had said that she should never leave him for lack of money. "But you see how it is; any one of intelligence is utterly wasted in such a place as this."

Busy visits to one or two fashionable hat-shops on Fifth Avenue to get an idea of what "they" are wearing, and then a visit to the great shop whose name is a mark of elegance and distinction in two continents. If one happens to be ineffectively garbed, the brilliant eyes of the siren who deigns to notice one's presence sweep coldly in marcel waves of hauteur over one's insignificance—and, "We do not take our hats from the cases except for our customers." One who knows this form of feminine inquisition enters with assurance in her eye and all of her best clothing on her back! A sweeping condemnation of a few plumed creations adds to the situation a flavor of supremacy, and then scrimmages articles down upon the transaction. At last a selection is made. It must display the best features of the fashions shown in the composite experience of the hat-hunt, and it must be beyond criticism in its quality of fashion and of fabric. If this trophy costs sixty dollars, it will be possible for the wise one to get it for fifty dollars. She has learned to have Paris hats with the Paris name in them copied, and the copy is ten dollars cheaper than the model. The hat is ordered to be sent C. O. D. the next day, and a telephone or note to the private office brings the required amount with which to meet the delivery boy on the morrow. Then the hat is sent for and taken to the private office of the firm to be thoroughly inspected and talked over. Men with perfectly manly voices and the laces of financiers and diplomats discuss the pros and cons of chiffon versus lisse under the brim, the feasibility of roses on fur and fur on chiffon, and the probability of a "run" of green fashions in relation to the advisability of investing in them for merchandise. Then the cause and subject of the discussion is borne away to the work-room. There the lovely name is ripped out as ignominiously as a last summer's tuck—the price let down, tens—and the less expensive department store exhibits it [with duplicates in waiting apotheosis as "The latest thing from our Paris representative."

The profession of shopping is considered by some people as a slightly dishonest enterprise. But while dishonest ways may mark it, there is an obvious opportunity for decency of method and for generous moderation. If a man does not know what the standard for his business is he cannot hope to attain it. If he does not keep abreast of the progress made by his competitors he cannot compete with them. And while his shoppers are out collecting information which shall guide his policies and his purchases for stock, the other fellow is walking up and down to glean the selfsame information and for the same reason. He affords to his opponents the same opportunities which he applies for his own benefit. Commercial warfare is cruel and merciless. A survival of the fittest is the accepted fiat. While this is full of pathos to those who fail, it none the less exemplifies a potent truth: failure is unqualification.

A PLEASING DESSERT

always wins favor for the housekeeper. The many possibilities of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream (unsweetened) make it a boon to the woman who wishes to provide these delicacies for her family with convenience and economy. Borden Peerless Milk is of desired richness and can serve as fresh milk or cream. ad

THE BEST WORM LOZENGES for CHILDREN are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS. 25 cents a box. ad

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pears'

Don't simply "get a cake of soap." Get *good* soap. Ask for Pears' and you have pure soap. Then bathing will mean more than mere cleanliness; it will be luxury at trifling cost.

Sales increasing since 1789.

Wisdom.

As your teeth are wanted to last—for time to come—begin at once their daily antiseptic cleansing with

Calvert's

Carbolic Tooth Powder.

Financial

Letters of Credit.

Brown Brothers & Co.,

Bankers, No. 59 Wall Street

(Continued from page 28.)

Mr. Hicks' untimely, he should not have addressed him as he did, and that he was sure to go to Mr. Lincoln and make complaint. At his suggestion Rond went with Mr. Stanton direct to the White House, where they found Mr Hicks telling his story.

The President then turned to Stanton and said, "Mr. Secretary, why did you disobey my order?"

Mr Stanton at once replied: "Mr. Lincoln, I can't lose my stock in trade. These Confederate prisoners are my stock to exchange for Union soldiers in prison, and for every one you release unconditionally some poor fellow is compelled to remain at Belle Isle or Andersonville, and I won't have my stock reduced."

The President turned to Mr. Hicks and said, "Senator, what can a man do who has such a Secretary?" The question was not granted.

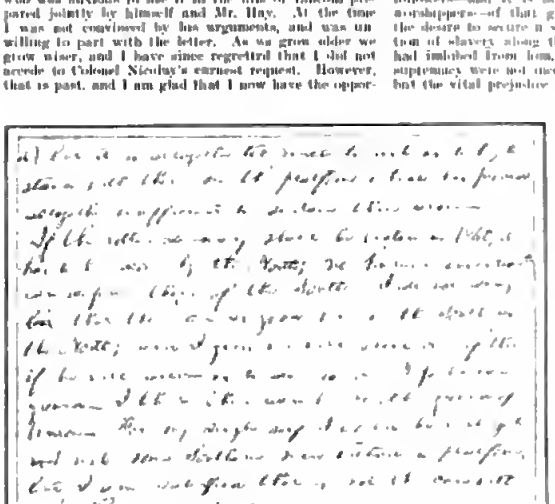
On one occasion Judge Rond was sitting with Mr. Lincoln when the latter was signing commissions, among which was one for Brigadier General Schimpelfenning. "There," said Mr. Lincoln, "if the Johnnies ever capture that fellow he will be held until the end of the war. If they keep him till they learn how to pronounce his name."

LINCOLN AS A FOE TO COMPROMISE

FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LETTER

By Henry Oldys

THE letter of which a *facsimile* is published with this article was in a bundle of old letters found among the effects of my grandfather, Hon. Nathan Sargent, on his death in 1878. The package contained communications from Henry Clay, John M. Clayton, Edward Everett, Lewis Cass, Henry A. Wise, Reverdy Johnson, and a number of other men whose activities helped to mould the destiny of the nation. It has been my intention, when pressure of regular duties would permit, to publish these letters, which cast some slight additional light on the political history of the country for more than twenty years. This Lincoln letter belongs to a later period than is covered by the bulk of the correspondence, and readily detaches itself from the rest, as was long ago pointed out to me by my friend, Col. John H. Nicolay, who was anxious to use it in the Life of Lincoln prepared jointly by himself and Mr. Hay. At the time I was not convinced by his arguments, and was unwilling to part with the letter. As we grow older we grow wiser, and I have since regretted that I did not accede to Colonel Nicolay's earnest request. However, that is past, and I am glad that I now have the opportunity to offer this additional bit to the Lincolniana out forth in the centennial anniversary of the birth of our great President.



FACSIMILE OF THE LAST PAGE OF A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LINCOLN LETTER WHICH EXEMPLIFIES HIS UNSWERVING ADHERENCE TO HIS CONVICTIONS ON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY

The letter was written in the period intervening between Lincoln's unsuccessful campaign against Stephen A. Douglas, in 1858, for the Senatorship from Illinois, and his nomination for the Presidency at the Chicago Convention of 1860. The intense agitation attending the passage of the Nebraska bill in 1854 had been augmented by the subsequent rapid succession of events. The Ostend manifesto, with its open advocacy of the conquest of Cuba, for the purpose, as the North firmly believed, of extending slave holding territory, and in the framing of which Buchanan, then Minister to England, had played a leading part; the various filibustering expeditions undertaken against Cuba, Nicaragua, and Mexico, with the same design; the bloody reign of violence and lawlessness in Kansas; the frequent scenes of strife resulting from attempts to execute the fugitive-slave law; the Dred Scott decision, with its pro-slavery obiter dictum of the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court—had swept both North and South off their feet, and had produced a confusion of political alignments that resembled chaos. The demoralization of the great Democratic party, due to the tension on the slavery question and precipitated by Lincoln in his debates with Douglas, had given to its opponents a glimpse of victory, if only the diverse constituents of the opposition could be united. Judge Sargent, an old line Whig, was one of many who attempted to solve this difficult problem of fusing the various shades of opinion into one so as to present a solid front to the common enemy. A life-long friend and ardent admirer of Henry Clay, it was but natural that his thoughts should turn to compromise. In the palmy days of the Whig party (to which he had given its name) he had been prominent on party councils, both as the editor of a leading newspaper and as a political writer (his "Oliver Oldschool" letters had been accepted as gospel by the rank and file). He felt it his duty, therefore, to contribute his share to the solution of the vexed question and devising a platform on which all the opponents of Democracy could unite. And not that only: with many other conservative men he was greatly alarmed at the rapid growth of latter sectional feeling, and hoped that if the Republican party could be committed to milder measures the impending conflict would be averted. This was a hope that glimmered in the breasts of many in those exciting days, chiefly men of the older regime, who felt that the headlong whirlwind conflict that followed so closely the death of Henry Clay, the Great Pacificator, was largely due to the removal of that steady hand from the helm. The followers—and it is not hyperbole to call them the worshippers—of that gallant leader, were filled with the desire to secure a settlement of the burning question of slavery along the lines of the principles they had imbibed from him. Party rancor and strife for supremacy were not incompatible with national safety, but the vital prejudice for or against slavery must be dealt with by compromise or the country would be plunged into a fratricidal conflict. It is possible that such men as Judge Sargent believed it would be better to lose the Presidential contest to the Democrats than to win on terms meaning certain war.

Lincoln and those who had joined with him in organizing the Republican party were of sterner stuff. To them slavery was a hideous crime, and there could be no compromise with evil. Whatever the result, there was but one course—to prevent "the spread and nationalization of slavery" and to hope for its ultimate extinction in its Southern stronghold. In a letter written to Schuyler Colfax, July 6, 1859, a few days after the Sargent letter, Lincoln says, after deprecating the tendency to "platform" for local issues without regard to their effect elsewhere:

"Kansas, in her confidence that she can be saved to freedom on 'squatter sovereignty,' ought not to forget that to prevent the spread and nationalization of slavery is a national concern, and must be attended to by the nation."

He, too, was looking beyond the Presidential contest to the establishment of principles on which the sectional conflict must be settled. But with him it was no concession, but a fight to the finish. A country could not exist half slave, half free. One side or the other must dominate. It was not a question where to draw the line, for no line could be drawn that recognized the existence of slavery as right. The question must be decided definitely and forever whether slavery was right or wrong. His complete and forcible rejection of Judge Sargent's proposed platform was to be expected, not only because of its weakness as a standard around which to rally the scattered forces of opposition, but because of its ignoring what he regarded as a national crime.

In his debates with Douglas during the preceding summer, Lincoln had clarified and sharply delineated the issue between the North and the South as no other man had yet done. He had widened and made impassable the breach between the Douglas and Buchanan Democrats: he had demolished the refuge of "squatter sovereignty" and he had raised himself personally to such an eminence that his own unflinching individuality was the rallying point for all the uncompromising foes of slavery. His unyielding attitude and his towering figure are clearly marked in his letter to Judge Sargent.

The text of the letter is as follows:

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., *June 23, 1859.*

HON. NATHAN SARGENT,

MY DEAR SIR

Your very acceptable letter of the 13th was duly received— Of course I would be pleased to see all the elements of opposition united for the approaching contest of 1860; but I confess I have not much hope of seeing it—You state a platform for such union in these words "*Opposition to the opening of the Slave trade; and eternal hostility to the extension of slavery.*" You add, by way of comment "I say, if the republicans would be content with this, there will be no obstacle to a union of the opposition" But this should be distinctly understood, before Southern men are asked to join them in a National convention" Well, I say such a platform, unanimously adopted by a National convention, with two of the best men living placed upon it as candidates, would probably carry Maryland, and would certainly not carry a single other State— It would gain nothing in the South, and lose everything in the North—Mr. Goggin has just been beaten in Virginia on just such a platform— Last year the Republicans of Illinois cast 125,000 votes; on such a platform as yours they can not cast as many by 30,000— You could not help perceiving this, if you would but reflect that the republican party is utterly powless everywhere. It is will, by any means, drive from it all those who came to it from the democracy for the sole object of preventing the spread, and nationalization of slavery— Wherever this object is warred by the organization, they will drop the organization: and the organization itself will dissolve into thin air— Your platform proposes to allow the spread, and nationalization of slavery to proceed without let or hindrance, save only that it shall not receive supplies directly from Africa— Surely you do not seriously believe the Republicans can come to any such terms—

From the passage of the Nebraska bill up to date, the Southern opposition have constantly sought to gain an advantage over the rotten democracy, by running ahead of them in extreme opposition to, and vilification and misrepresentation of, black republicanism— It will be a good deal if we fail to remember this in malice, (as I hope we shall fail to remember it,) but it is altogether too much to ask, as to try to stand with them on the platform which has proved altogether inefficient to sustain them alone— If the rotten democracy shall be beaten in 1860, it has to be done by the North, no human invention can deprive them of the South— I do not deny that there are as good men in the South as the North: and I guess we will elect one of them if he will allow us to do so on Republican ground— I think there can be no other ground of Union— For my single self I would be willing to risk some Southern men without a platform; but I am satisfied that is not the case with the Republican party generally

Yours very truly A. LINCOLN.

MIGHT LINCOLN'S LIFE HAVE BEEN SAVED?

From the Narrative of William H. Crook, Lincoln's Personal Body-guard

WHAT the assassination of Lincoln might easily have been prevented is a fact which is not generally known. How the inexcusable negligence of John Parker, Lincoln's guard on that occasion, gave Booth an opportunity to enter the President's box was related for the first time by William H. Crook, Lincoln's personal body-guard, in the issue of Harper's MAGAZINE for September, 1907. Recounting the circumstances, Mr. Crook says:

"I have often wondered why the negligence of the guard who accompanied the President to the theatre on the night of the 14th has never been divulged. So far as I know, it was never even investigated by the police department. Yet, had he done his duty, I believe President Lincoln might not have been murdered by Booth. The man was John Parker. He was a native of the District, and had volunteered, as I believe each of the other guards had done, in response to the President's first call for troops from the District. He is dead now and, so far as I have been able to discover, all of his family.

"It was the custom for the guard who accompanied the President to the theatre to remain in the little passageway through which Booth entered. Mr. Buckingham, who was the doorkeeper at Ford's Theatre, remembers that a chair was placed there for the guard on the evening of the 14th. Whether Parker occupied it at all I do not know—Mr. Buckingham is of the impression that he did. If he did, he left it almost immediately; for he confessed to me the next day that he went to a seat at the front of the first gallery so that he could see the play. The door of the President's box was shut; probably Mr. Lincoln never knew that the guard had left his post.

"Mr. Buckingham tells that Booth was in and out of the house five times before he finally shot the President. Each time he looked about the theatre in a restless, excited manner. I think there can be no doubt that he was studying the scene of his intended crime, and that he observed that Parker, whom he must have been watching, was not at his post. To me it is very probable that the fact that there was no one on guard may have determined the time of his attack. Booth had found it necessary to stimulate himself with whiskey in order to reach the proper pitch of fanaticism. Had he found a man at the door of the President's box armed with a Colt's revolver, his alcohol courage might have evaporated.

"Had Parker been at his post at the back of the box—Booth still being determined to make the attempt that night—he would have been stabbed, probably killed. The noise of the struggle—Parker could surely have managed to make some outcry—would have given the alarm. Major Rathbone was a brave man, and the President was a brave man and of enormous muscular strength. It would have been an easy thing for the two men to have disarmed Booth, who was not a man of great physical strength. It was the suddenness of his attack on the President that made it so devilishly successful. It makes me feel rather bitter when I remember that the President *had said* just a few hours before, that he knew he could trust all his guards. And then to think that in that one moment of test one of us should have utterly failed him!"

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J. C. O'Laughlin, who succeeds Robert Bacon

The New Assistant Secretary of State

THE nomination of John Callan O'Laughlin as Assistant Secretary of State, has been confirmed. He is to succeed Robert Bacon, who will be moved up to the office of Secretary of State, upon the resignation of Secretary Root to enter the United States Senate.

During the last seventeen years Mr. O'Laughlin has been a newspaper correspondent in Washington, and has made a specialty of diplomatic affairs. He is Secretary of the American Commission to the Japanese Exposition.

Intelligent Relief for New York's Distressed

NEW YORK CITY is notorious for the number of mendicants which swarm upon its thoroughfares, and frequently a stranger, unfamiliar with the metropolis, is amused that such conditions should exist, seemingly without any effort on the part of municipal authorities to relieve the situation. But this is an entirely erroneous assumption, for since 1882 there has existed and has continued to increase in membership and importance in benevolent work "The Charity Organization Society of the City of New York."

It was in 1869 that the first Charity Organization Society proper was started in London, and this has served as a model and inspiration for more than three hundred similar associations in various countries. Among these is the New York society, which celebrates its twenty-seventh anniversary this year, and yet there are thousands of persons who style themselves "New-Yorkers" and who are totally ignorant of its existence. This organization is not devoted entirely to almsgiving, but lends a helping hand to any who are dependent and are honestly desirous of securing employment. An especial feature is that of caring for the children of the needy and training them to grow into useful citizens.

In addition to the agents, assistants, and workers at the various district offices, of which there are ten, the Central Bureau maintains an efficient corps of trained visitors whose duty it is to personally investigate each case of distress that is reported. A wide correspondence is also carried on by these district offices, and thus it is by acquiring a perfect understanding of the facts in each instance that aid can be furnished most effectually. The various churches and charitable institutions are requested to co-operate with the society, that if may keep thoroughly posted on all relief work in the city and prevent the abuse of indiscriminate giving by permitting the overlapping of bequests. An open invitation is extended to all to call the attention of the society to any case of distress which may come under observation or to direct applicants to the district office or Application Bureau. Accurate records are kept of all information collected regarding indigent persons, and at the present time there are 115,000 classified and indexed accounts filed at the Registration Bureau and readily available.

Because the Charity Organization is non-sectarian and makes no distinction as to creed, many of the members of its various committees are representatives of religious philanthropic organizations. This greatly facilitates and promotes the interchange of information, and makes possible the wide distribution of assistance. The weekly publication of the Society, *Charities and the Commons*, and the *New York Charities Directory* furnish current and general information which is valuable to any one who wishes to benefit the needy.

Although in furnishing relief to applicants it may be expedient to have several different charitable agencies interested in a single case—for example, to give the immediate aid, to furnish necessary medical attention, and to find employment—yet it has been found highly inadvisable to allow the indigent party to come into direct contact with more than one organization. This is probably one of the most imperative reasons why all charitable agencies in a city should be in close communication with one another.

One of the most helpful objects of the Charity Organization is to secure employment for strong, able-bodied persons who cannot find work. For this purpose there has been established the "Industrial Building," which includes a laundry and wood yard. When the applicant has again found suitable employment, he or she is encouraged to be more thrifty and to endeavor to lay aside something for a rainy day, and at this point the society's Penny Provident Fund steps into the breach. This fund is intended to supplement the ordinary savings banks and to take deposits of one cent and upward. Each depositor has a "stamp card," and to this are attached stamps which record the receipt for every amount placed in the fund. A number of local stamp stations are open daily to receive deposits, but when the amount has grown sufficiently large the depositors are urged to open an account in a savings bank and thus benefit by the interest on their money.

Until early in 1906 the Society employed a "mendicancy police detail," whose duty it was to keep the streets free of professional beggars and to report upon the particular frauds resorted to by these impostors, but since that time the Police Department has been permitted to handle this problem in their own way. However, the society has kept closely in touch with the police, and during a part of last year two special detectives worked in the Fourth Police Inspection District and drove a majority of the swindlers from those streets. A new edition of the *Cautionary Bulletin* is soon to be issued and sent over the country, and it is intended to contain full descriptions of the "standard" types of fraudulent begging in addition to several hundred photographs of professional mendicants.

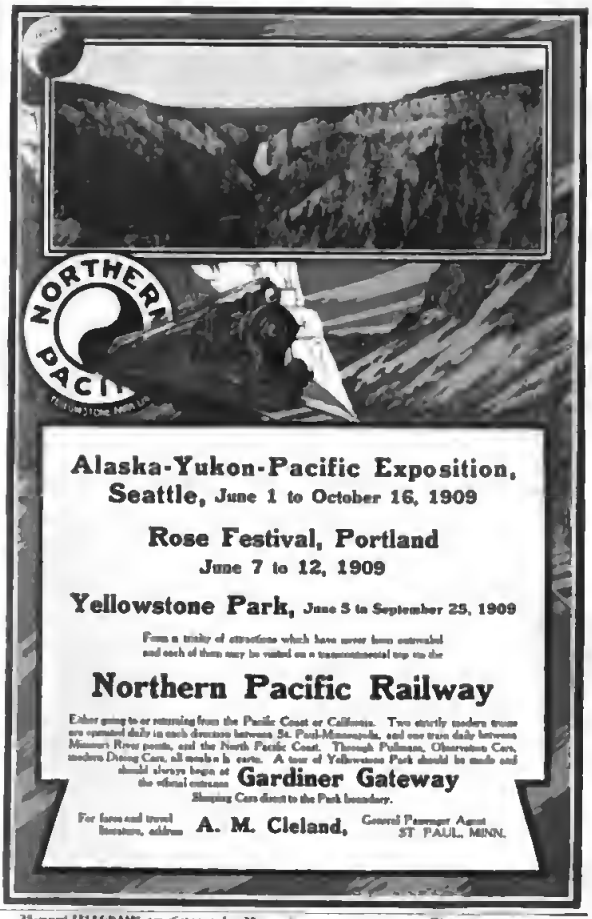
The New York Charity Organization Society is ever ready to furnish information and advice plans for the making of donations by philanthropic persons, and to give them the benefit of its practical experience along these lines. Indiscriminate giving is not encouraged, but the intelligent relief of the dependent and distressed who are worthy of assistance is fostered, and this is the only true charity.

Australia and Her Sheep

ONE of the most valuable of Australia's industries is that of sheep-raising, but it was not until one hundred and eighteen years ago that sheep were brought alive to that country, and even then experts declared that the animals could not be reared there and would die for lack of suitable pasturage.

When the first ship-loads of English emigrants sailed for Australia, in 1787, they carried a number of sheep on board; but these were eaten before the vessels touched at the Cape of Good Hope, and there some of the South African native sheep were shipped. A few of these reached Australia, but they soon died, supposedly, as Governor Phillips thought, from eating the rank grass. It was in 1791 that sixty-eight Cape sheep were successfully transported to Australia, and in 1792 twenty, and in the next year one hundred more came from Calcutta.

The first Spanish Merinos, twenty-nine in number, were landed at Sydney in 1797, having been imported out of a small flock which had been brought to the Cape of Good Hope a few years before. A Mr. Macarthur secured three rams and five ewes out of this shipment, and they throve in their new home, their fleece growing heavier and of better quality. He sent samples of wool to London in 1803, and a valuation of six shillings per pound was given upon it. Encouraged by this, Macarthur attempted to interest capitalists in a venture which should in twenty years make England independent of Spanish Merino wool, since an adequate Australian supply might then be obtained. Failing to secure the means for carrying out his cherished project, Macarthur further improved his own flock, which finally numbered four thousand and effectually disproved all the adverse criticism of the English experts. Thus it is to the perseverance of Macarthur that Australia indirectly owes a great part of her present wealth.



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A College President and the Suffrage

By Clarence Wellford

NO one is greatly effective in this world without a creed. Wherever we see a structure of lasting worth and dignity we know some one has laid the foundation in a great and abiding faith. When one first sees Bryn Mawr College looming against the horizon, its clustered gray stone towers and single spire, its battlemented walls and oriel windows, it is hard to believe one is still in America, and when one wanders through the library cloisters with the fountain playing in the central court, such is the spell of its romantic beauty that one realizes at last that our own land is no longer barren and emptied of esthetic delights.

But buildings in themselves do not create an atmosphere. And there is as perceptible, as breathable, an atmosphere about Bryn Mawr as there is in Oxford or in Cambridge. Not so extensive, not so heavy nor so fragrant, perhaps, but yet noticeable on all sides. "This," said the wife of an eminent professor of philosophy as she looked at the place—"this is the spot in all America where learning is still profoundly reverenced and believed in" and then I knew what name to give the atmosphere that broods over those turret crowned slopes of land, these avenues of trees and sleepy spreading hillocks and meadows of dreamy country.

And when one asks what faith underlay and started its growth and still keeps it alive, who brought this all into being, one is referred to the president, Miss Carey Thomas, who was made dean before the college was opened and who brought to bear upon it all the experience, the knowledge, the hard-won victories, of her own struggle for an education in the preceding generation. For Miss Thomas was a pioneer in the realm of woman's completer education, a movement that so fitly preceded the agitation for the adult franchise. In an age when it was feared education might destroy women's health and unfit them for their special duties, President Thomas, a Baltimorean by birth, ran all the risks, accepted all the discouragements then set in the way, and determined at all costs to know what she could. Her mother was the daughter of the well-known John M. Whitall, of Philadelphia, and a Quaker, and both her father and mother often spoke in meeting. Very likely the parentage answers somewhat for the independence and the staunch faith of which I spoke just now, a faith that, from the very beginning, knew how to face the odds and overcome obstacles. When Miss Thomas found that there was no school in Baltimore that could prepare her for college, she turned to private tutors for instruction until she was fitted to enter the Junior class at Cornell. Upon taking her degree there, she sought and finally after some urging obtained from the trustees of Johns Hopkins University the right to work there for a doctor's degree. She was refused class instruction and was only allowed to hear lectures from an adjoining room. In 1879 Miss Thomas and Miss Gwinn were the first two women admitted to the modern language department of the University of Leipzig. During Miss Thomas's second year at the university, the Saxon parliament received a request from the Prussian government to close its doors to women, but President Andrew D. White, then United States minister to Germany, and a number of the professors of the university, made intercession, and the two young American women were allowed to pursue their work until the spring of 1883. Both Göttingen and Leipzig at that time refused degrees to women and Miss Thomas, not to be daunted, went on to Zürich, where she was given the highest degree possible, *summa cum laude*. After taking her doctor's degree this indefatigable student went to Paris and continued her work in old French at the Sorbonne and the Collège de France, and when finally she returned to her native city it was to be elected dean by the trustees of Bryn Mawr College, and to begin at once to prepare plans for its organization.

It will be easily understood, then, when I say that this college is a concrete expression of Miss Thomas herself, of her courage, her steadfastness, her faith. And it is of an small significance that she, with her demands upon the future, her ever-alert sense of vistas widening and errors opening to women, should yet feel insistently, constantly, an unbroken allegiance to the great tradition of the past, so that these very buildings, their gray stones and mullioned casements, their quaint carvings and trim vines, bear to the eye as much as to the historic sense the closest kinship with the mother universities of England. Nor does the kinship consist in architectural beauty alone, but in the deliberate stress laid upon those studies and researches which make not so much for mere facts as for the real significance of art and history, philosophy and humane letters. In earlier days, when the college was smaller, the relation between Miss Thomas and the students was extraordinarily personal; she lectured in the college and was the working head of the English department. No personal detail of care or anxiety was too perplexing or too trivial to be laid before her. Her personality, her buoyant health, and unwavering faith penetrated and fortified, reached far and went deep, and when the students went out from her, here was the image and the superscription. Wherever one met these students one found in them in some degree her largeness and courage, her enthusiasm and loyalty. And while to-day the students hear the president hail for a scant fifteen minutes in the morning, and meet her only by appointment and at long intervals, the same influence is around and about them and the mark, it less plain, is upon them still.

When Miss Thomas, as one of the two women on the faculty at the opening of the college, was entrusted with the entire government of the student body, she again showed that faith which is the fundamental note of her character. She used her authority by handing it over at once to the students themselves. "And you have never regretted it?" I asked the president the other day. "Never for a moment." President Thomas tells us when she first gave over the government of the students into their own hands, leaving them free to go off for week-ends when they desired, or to spend the night in the city, she was given, by the President of Harvard College, just two years to keep the college open under such a regime. That was twenty-three years ago, the college has grown steadily, and no restrictions have ever been laid upon the students by the faculty. From President Thomas's attitude in this matter we may judge that her faith in the general character of women was not less than her faith in their intellectual powers.

If is an easy matter to be overwhelmed by the great outlying borders of the unknown into which our efforts to extend the little island of the known push out, but President Thomas is not only temperamentally sanguine, she has also the courage which springs from having vanquished many a dragon of despair and defeat and emerged the conqueror. In the matter of the education of women she realized early that any limitations set upon the development of women meant limitation of a whole race, and that completer education and more thorough training are due no more to

President M. Carey Thomas, of Bryn Mawr College
FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN S. SARGENT

the women who are to become teachers and professional workers than to those who are to become wives and mothers. If is long since any one would have dared claim that an ill-trained, ill-educated man made the best father because he had fewest interests to divert him from his children, and perhaps it will not be very long before the same argument applied to women as mothers may yield up its fallacy. The human tendency to live by sentimental tradition is only a little less emphasized than the Virginian tendency to hold all life and all customs crystallized at the point where our great grandfathers left them.

Four years ago, President Thomas, with her unbeffled faith in the victory of the rational and the just, began to speak to the students at Bryn Mawr on Woman's Suffrage. Two years ago a College Equal Suffrage League was formed, though it was considered a point of discretion to refuse admittance to Freshmen until they had had a year in consider their position. President Thomas has, then, put herself on record as offering to her students the opportunity to become informed upon and to consider this matter and decide whether or not they wish to enroll themselves with those who ask the same franchise which men so generously and liberally extended to the most ignorant of negroes half a century ago.

Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer has given her reasons in the *North American Review* for feeling that women were unworthy the franchise. "The need of our republic," she says, "is character—character to cure the general neglect of disagreeable public duties, character to fight for one's rights instead of making concessions, character not to yield to blackmail because it's the line of least resistance, character to refuse a double standard of honesty, political or commercial." And then she asks, "Have women character?" Mrs. Meyer sets herself on record as believing that the intellects of women may be improved, but when it comes to a matter of morals she considers them hopeless. The tasks allotted to women in the past, she tells us, have not been well performed; women have not borne or trained children to suit this severe critic of her own sex, they have never fulfilled their tasks conscientiously and uncomplainingly; they have not been content without public awards and applause; they have not brought to bear upon their work the best they had or the best they could become.

Indeed, nothing is more certain than that the main obstacle in the way of extending the franchise in the United States is not the American man, but the disinformed American woman. There has been a false but rather showy glamour thrown over the anti-suffrage attitude; quite regardless of the fact that it is always the *bourgeoisie* which is afraid of innovation and bound down by the silly shackles of convention it has been considered aristocratic to hold to the Eastern harem ideal of woman as an ornament and a toy, as a being more worthy of privileges than responsibilities, and more suited to petting and protection than to respect and reliance. History and knowledge of class tendencies will quickly destroy this fiction, for the chief marks of the aristocrat, man or woman, are fearlessness, the love of freedom, and the sense of power to shoulder responsibilities. At the Anti-Suffrage meeting held in New York a short time ago—that meeting at which Dr. Lyman Abbott converted so many women to the cause of suffrage—a very young reporter returned to his mother in much despondency, saying: "It's awful enough for a man to see women make chumps of themselves because they want something for each other, but to see them make chumps of themselves to spite each other and to play up to men, is awful." Doubtless there are some sincerely convinced anti-suffragists, women whose fathers or brothers or husbands believed in the so-called "woman's sphere", women who have been carefully sheltered and who know little of the world's miseries or needs but who, with their patience and gentleness and dutifulness which, I should deem the distinguishing characteristic of the average woman, kept themselves busy with the duties closest at hand, and were content to reflect the masculine opinion as regards all outer issues. For, once given a trust, a memory or a cult, women are so pathetically faithful. They will not even let their dead redeem their past by acting for them under new conditions, but stand stubbornly at halt where they were left fifty years ago, while all things move and only their attitudes abide.

It is to such women as these that the College Equal Suffrage League must appeal. The fact that there has recently been a great public meeting for equal suffrage held by college women as such, coming together from all the different parts of the country as representatives of a movement already organized in fifteen States and fourteen colleges, shows that the movement is destined to spread among the educated classes. President Thomas says that this movement in itself indicates to her that the colleges of the United States are no longer to be the homes of lost causes, but that educated women are now ready to bear their part in the stupendous social changes of which the demand for woman's suffrage is but the outward symbol. During the sixty years since the first woman's suffrage convention was held till now, the mighty movement for the education of woman has run its triumphant course, and to-day the last barriers are down, and the universities of Germany, the greatest centres of scientific learning, have all been opened to women on the same terms as men. It is difficult to believe that educated women will or can remain indifferent to the tremendous issues involved in the cause of woman's suffrage. It is not only that wherever women have the ballot little children and young girls are more effectively protected—it is that in the great middle classes the struggle for existence is becoming so difficult, so constantly more strained and complex, that, until women can work and are enabled to sell their labor under fair conditions, for fair wages in the world's market, they will be afraid to marry unless they marry men of inherited fortune or unusual money-making capacity.

Miss Thomas feels that every learned and thoughtful woman owes it to herself and her environment to inform herself upon this vital question and deliberately take sides. Women's work in the world can no longer be done by indirection and by influence. Secretive and underhanded ways of working, once the only method possible to women, no longer fit into their trained and independent ways of thought. Woman has been taught in the last century to stand on her own feet, to do her own part in life in an open, straightforward and aboveboard way. Powerlessness and inefficacy she can still accept with dignity, but to be a power behind the throne is an indignity the modern woman rejects.

The fact that the whole question of woman's suffrage is so closely allied to woman's education and training makes it most fitting, then, that at the recent Buffalo convention of the College Equal Suffrage League Miss Thomas was elected president, for it means that the forces which have been set on earnestly and so victoriously to the problem of woman's fuller education may be applied to this attendant question.

Because, then, she holds so high a point of vantage, because she has already created an environment saturated with her own personality, because, year by year, she sends out into the world nearly a hundred young women equipped and strengthened in mind and character by her counsels and her example, we congratulate ourselves that the President of Bryn Mawr College is likewise the President of the College Equal Suffrage League.

ANNE RUTLEDGE

(Continued from page 26.)

Drawing up in front of the tavern, he ran in, eager to meet Annie.

Amazed at his return, her thoughts conflicting, her grief stirred anew, Mrs. Rutledge told him she had been dead nearly a week. Distressed beyond power of speech, the desolate man stumbled back to the wagon and told his mother the terrible news. His dream, too, had led him to a gloomy and indefinite shore, whose darkness no mortal vision could penetrate. With an aching heart he turned back toward his farm, his tears dimming the landscape which for so long he had yearned to behold again. He thought of the sickness unto death which had delayed him in Ohio on his way to his Eastern home. There, grimly facing death, he had concealed his name, his business, even his destination from the people about him. A month passed before he was able to resume his journey. Fear had entered his heart that Annie Rutledge might have forgotten him, and in his fear he forbore writing to her. None of her letters had reached him, and patiently had he waited till in person he could prove the truth of all he had told her. Alas, had he written but a line!

Thinking on these things, he drove now in the gathering twilight to the farm which, as he had told Annie, should become a home for his mother and her children.

One gray November day, toward evening, a stranger was seen walking toward Concord. The wind was raw and cutting, and flakes of snow now and then fell on his cheek. Absorbed in reflection, he travelled through the quiet graveyard and came to a newly made grave. Approaching the sacred spot, his breast bursting with agony, he knelt above the beloved form. His glance caught the figure of a tall, dark-faced man emerging from the thicket and coming forward with long strides. The tall man stopped a moment as if hesitating.

"John."

"Abe."

Clasping hands across the grave, the two strong men knelt in silence together and mingled their tears in a common sorrow.

Many years later, in the Governor's Room at the Capitol at Springfield, a man was walking slowly to and fro, his hands clasped behind him, his face dreary with reflection. He was alone. For many months he had been the central figure in a great national contest, a campaign and an election which should determine whether this country should be half slave and half free, or all the one thing or all the other. The people had passed judgment on that question, and Abraham Lincoln was President-elect. For months he had not known privacy; the great and powerful had come and gone, the wise and the foolish had spoken; but they all had left him to bear the burden of the nation alone. To solve the problem of its destiny. He had not yet announced his readiness to depart for Washington. He felt that he could not go until once more his eyes had seen the familiar places of his youth and once more he had greeted his aged mother.

Weary with the labors of the day, he was seeking rest in a few moments' privacy and, if possible, in a few moments' sleep. He stretched himself upon the sofa. Again he was swiftly travelling an some strange unusual vessel, toward a gloomy and indefinite shore. The shadows of night overhung him, and the stillness of death compassed him about. The vividness of the dream awakened him. Again had the mysterious messenger come to him from the unknown. A flood of memories came over him, sweeping him back to the days of his youth, the days of aspiration, toil, and infinite loss. Arising, though little refreshed, he quietly now slipped away from Springfield down to Farmington, to pay perhaps his last greetings of affection to his mother. With tears streaming down her cheeks the good woman at last released him, giving him her blessing, and mingling with it her prophecy that his life would be taken by his enemies. Profoundly moved and with gloomy forebodings, at last he broke away from her. But his heart yearned for a glimpse of the scenes of his youth, and he kept on his journey, meeting many old time friends who had known and had helped him in his days of struggle. Some of these friends he had first known in New Salem.

That humble hamlet was no more. Hardly a vestige of it remained. The pioneers were scattered or dead, and the place was a place of memories.

A few days later some of these New Salem friends of old were among the throng that surged into the Capitol to grasp his hand and murmur benedictions upon him.

"Isaac," said the President to one of these, after asking about all the early families of New Salem and recalling old times—"Isaac, I loved Annie Rutledge: I loved her dearly. She was a handsome girl, and would have made a good and loving wife. I did honestly and truly love the girl, and think often of her now."

Then, pausing, a look of inexpressible grief overspreading his face, the five and-twenty years which had passed since her death seemed to roll back and the agony of that day again came over his soul. With an effort he regained his composure and said, half whispering the words,

"And I have loved the name of Rutledge to this day."

Twenty-five years after Lincoln's death, the piety of friendship removed the remains of Annie Rutledge from the neglected graveyard in which she was buried—for the graveyard had suffered the melancholy fate of New Salem. For more than half a century the grave of the woman with whom Lincoln said his heart was buried remained unmarked. But it had never been forgotten by those who loved her, and her sad story was its unperishable monument.

The traveller to-day visiting beautiful "Oakland," the "God's acre" of Petersburg, will find a grave lonely and apart. A young tree grows beside it, and at its head there rests a stone of unpolished granite bearing the simple inscription, "Anne Rutledge."

When Clocks Were Young

The art of telling time is as old as the earliest historical records, though the methods employed in dividing up the day into equal periods have varied greatly during the past eras; and only in modern times have watches and clocks, as we know them, become customary. Many of these are most elaborate, but practically all possess a circular dial or face. However, only as late as the sixteenth century many watches were oval in shape, and an oblong one with six sides kept splendid time after it had been repaired ninety years later.

Probably the earliest form of timepiece was the "gnomon," or index rod, of a sun dial. At first this was merely an upright stick placed in a sunny spot, and measuring the passage of the day by its shadow cast upon the bare earth, because the dial was a later innovation.

The sand glass, still frequently used as an indicator for the boiling of eggs, dates back two thousand years, and was always reliable in marking a fixed space of time, such as the hour. It has not been very many years since the hour-glass had its particular place on the pulpits in our churches as an ever-present reminder to the preacher not to overtax the attention of his audience. The finer glasses were filled with powdered egg shells thoroughly dried, for this material was not so susceptible to atmospheric moisture.

A still earlier instrument was the clepsydra, which measured time by the efflux of water through a tiny orifice. There were two types of these; in the first the water trickled from a small opening in one vessel and slowly filled a receptacle which was graduated to indicate periods of time, and generally a "floater" pointed out the height of the water on the side of the vessel. In the second variety of clepsydra the graduated vessel, having a small orifice in the bottom, rested upon a surface of water and gradually filled and sank at the expiration of the fixed interval.

Woman suffrage in Washington

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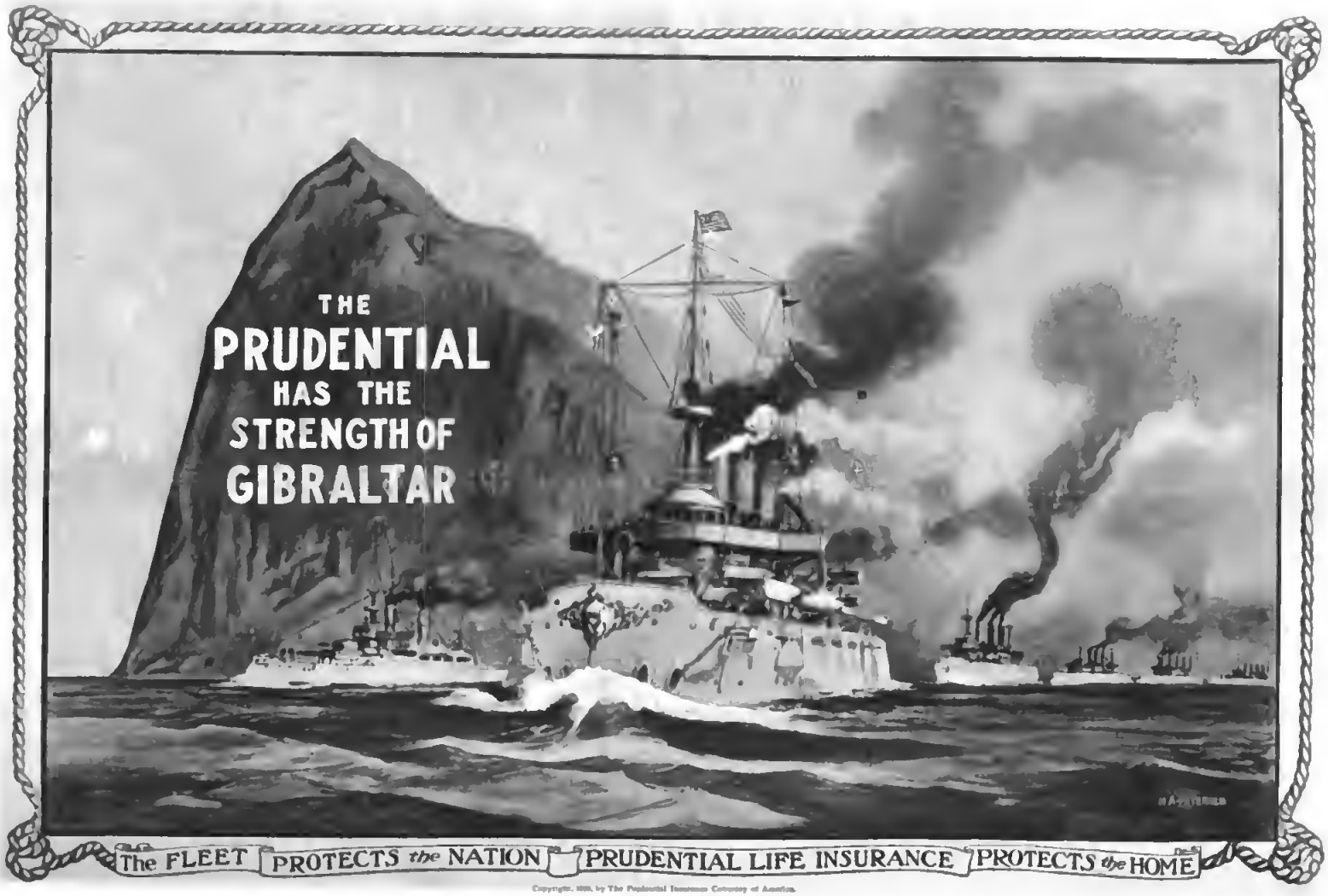

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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Comment

Our Future Brother Arrives

ONE characteristic of THEODORE ROOSEVELT we have always admired. When he makes up his mind to do a thing, he not only goes and does it, but, heeding the sage advice of Uncle David Harum, he "does it fust." Here we have been awaiting with ill-concealed impatience his exit from tiresome politics and his entrance upon the wide field of journalism on the early morn of March 5th, when, lo and behold! we pick up the *Outlook* for February and find the transformation effected without the breaking of an eye-glass or the making of a ripple on the pond of public opinion. It was a daring feat, and we do not wonder that the gentle bosoms of Brothers LYMAN ABBOTT and MAURICE swell with pride and gratification. To them and to Brothers HOWLAND and STILLMAN of the counting-room be earnest congratulations.

The new Contributing Editor has made more than good with the first shot. "National Character and the Characters of National Statesmen" is the title. What could be better? Simple, strong, striking, and dignified, it chains attention at once, and bids fair to induce thought. The reader perceives instantly that edification, not mere sensationalism, is the purpose of the writer, and is glad. True, the article contains no reference to national character, and touches upon characters of national statesmen only to the extent of oddly asserting that WASHINGTON and LINCOLN were practical men, "as far removed as possible from the sentimentalist"; but that is neither here nor there. It is a good, hearty head-line, worthy of Brother HEARST himself, and clearly indicative of the truth of Mr. GILELAN'S observation that journalists are born, not made.

We have read the editorial, and find it full of homely, ungrammatical truths, which touch the heart and stir us up to fresh endeavors in the noble cause of righteousness on the part of others. How happy are we, the readers, adroitly linked with Lord ACTON and FREEMAN HARRISON and, incidentally, the writer, to "feel healthy indignation alike for the unscrupulous plutocrat, the man of swollen wealth who exploits and ruins others to add to his own vast fortune, and for that other man, a no less sinister figure, who panders to the ignorance and envy of poor and unfortunate men, who excites class feeling and revels in mob violence, all to achieve his own wicked purpose."

A plague on both their houses! The more we think about them, the madder we get. We do indeed "abhor these men in social life and their representatives in public life," and we do now for the first time "see clearly that the unscrupulous despot and the unscrupulous mob leader are at heart one in their purposes, in their wickedness, in the far-reaching evil they bring about." At last the scales have been torn from our eyes by a righteously ruthless hand, and we know where we are at. Sinister figures, get behind us! Hereafter, as the good Mr. CROMWELL said of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S former friend and helper, Mr. HARRIMAN, we live in another sphere. Plutocrats, go drown yourselves. We don't want your ill-gotten wealth. We couldn't get it, anyway.

And so the inspiring editorial runs on in strong, manly phrasing to the tribute generously paid to the other two great Presidents—WASHINGTON and LINCOLN—in the closing paragraph thus:

> Each left to his countrymen as a priceless heritage the ennobling memory of a life which achieved great success through rendering far greater service, of a life lived in practical fashion for the achievement of lofty ideals, of a life lived in accordance with a standard of duty which forbade maltreatment of one man by another, which forbade maltreatment by one nation of another.

Carpers may say that it was the man and not the "life" that achieved great success, may wonder what or whose was the service than which this was "far greater," may quibble over the supremacy assigned to "a life lived in practical fashion" over "the achievement of lofty ideals," may even question whether it is a standard of mere "duty" which forbids, not "forbade," maltreatment, etc., etc., but what of it? The sentiment is fine. Blue-pencilling, moreover, was definitely barred by the solemn, published pledge of Brothers ABBOTT and MAURICE that the "expression of the personal convictions" of the new Contributing Editor should be "absolutely free and unmodified." Of what consequence, anyway, are the groans of editors when contrasted with joyous utterances of publishers such as that of Brother HOWLAND of the counting-room, who declared in his announcement that the importance of the publication of "National Character and the Characters of National Statesmen" "to the *Outlook* and its readers and *to all who use its advertising pages* need not be emphasized!"

We await with keen interest the next piece on Journalism and Her Attitude toward Me.

Perkins Supports Gillett

Senator PERKINS of California, being asked by Assemblyman GRIFFITHS for his opinion on the separate-school bill before the California Legislature, advised Mr. GRIFFITHS by telegraph to consult and co-operate with Governor GILLETT, telling him that "treaties made with foreign nations become the supreme law of the land." Mr. GRIFFITHS then voted against the bill. Senator PERKINS has said that the demand for separate schools was reasonable, and that "the right to furnish separate schools for Japanese, as well as for other Asiatics, should be given to the individual school authorities of the State as a police provision." Nevertheless, he evidently considered the separate-school bill, and all measures calculated to embarrass the general government in its dealings with Japan, to be inexpedient at this time. Governor GILLETT'S position, in which Senator PERKINS has concurred, is that, for the present, the general government can do better for California by negotiation with Japan than California can do for herself by anti-Japanese legislation. It has been in accordance with that opinion that the separate-school bill was finally beaten in the California Assembly, as well as all the other anti-Japanese measures in the Pacific States.

Supports a Navy-yard, Anyhow

Senator PERKINS, whom the President lately upbraided for reluctance to make the Navy strong enough to back up his anti-Jap convictions, is the same legislator whose picture is printed in the current number of *McClure's Magazine*, and who is there described as the man "who has secured $13,000,000 for the improvement and maintenance of the Mare Island Navy-yard in the last ten years." That looks like faithful work for the Navy, and though *McClure's* says it is impossible to bring a battleship into the yard that Senator PERKINS has spent the $13,000,000 on, no doubt Senator PERKINS is willing to vote just as much more money as is necessary to make the approaches to his yard feasible for battleships. Mr. TURNER, in *McClure's*, says there is a fine dry dock in Mr. PERKINS' Mare Island yard, but that six feet of water is lacking to enable a battleship to get into it. Three-quarters of a million has been spent, it seems, to connect the dry dock with the battleships, but not successfully as yet, and two millions more are wanted for that purpose, besides $150,000 a year for dredging. We bet Mr. PERKINS will show himself a true patriot defender when it comes to voting that Mare Island money.

Yards that Need Weeding

Mr. TURNER, the writer in *McClure's* who has pointed out Mr. PERKINS' special field of naval usefulness, makes grievous complaint of "our Navy on land" (meaning the yards and all such matters), and says that an appalling sum of money is wasted on it every year, and that Congress, if it chose, could save forty million dollars a year without detriment to our naval efficiency. The most interesting detail of his charge concerns the waste of money, for reasons of local politics, on naval bases that are of no real use. We have twelve navy-yards, he says (not counting other naval stations), apportioned among ten States. "Five of them, including the best and biggest plant of all, haven't the principal thing a navy-yard is built for—that is, a dry dock big enough to hold the battleships we are now completing. Two of them have one fine dock apiece, which no battleship can reach at any tide, and three of them one costly dock apiece, cut off from the sea by shoal water, which battleships can only cross at certain times in the tide, and which if the ships were waterlogged, as happens in time of war, they could not cross at all. Besides these troubles about dry docks, Mr. TURNER has much to say about the excessive cost of work done in the navy-yard shops. He would close all the navy-yards on our home coasts, except three on the Atlantic and one on the Pacific coast, and these he would make thoroughly efficient. The Secretary of the Navy is not much impressed with Mr. TURNER'S piece—says his figures are very faulty, explains that the size of battleships has increased so surprisingly fast that the docks have not kept up with them, and points out that radical consolidation at the navy-yards has already obviated some ills that Mr. TURNER complained of. But Mr. TURNER'S article seems to give a good, rough idea of the reforms and reorganization that are vociferously needed in "our Navy on land," reforms that Mr. NEWBERRY himself has been busy working out since he became Secretary, and for the better promotion of which the President has recently appointed a naval-reform commission. That commission, consisting of Mr. PAUL MORTON, Justice MOODY, and Admirals MAHAN, COWLES, EVANS, and LUCE, includes six very experienced men, and ought to be able to make wise plans to put things in a better case. And it should not be difficult to help them and the Secretary by dissuading Congress from its evil habit of fooling away good money on the political navy-yards that are of no use.

A Call to McCall

The Hon. SAMUEL WALKER MCCALL, member of Congress from the Harvard College district of Massachusetts, and member of the Ways and Means Committee, has been invited to become the successor of Dr. W. J. TUCKER as President of Dartmouth College. He is a graduate of Dartmouth of the class of 1874. The invitation is said to appeal to him strongly, but he likes to be a Congressman, and is useful in that employment, so that he is now distressfully engaged in making up his mind whether to swap offices. Dartmouth will be lucky to get Mr. MCCALL. President TUCKER is anxious to be relieved from his duties, and if Mr. MCCALL consents to take them up, Dartmouth can let President TUCKER go without misgiving. College presidencies are attractive offices in these times—a fact that is worth considering in its relation to the popular complaint that the commercial side of life is on top, and that the employments that are concerned with the direction of mental and moral interests have yielded precedence to those that have to do with making money. More than keeping pace with the immense development of the country on its material side which has yielded so great a grist of materialism, has come, in the last twenty years, a development of colleges in wealth, importance, influence, population, and popularity. The colleges are much closer to the national life than they used to be—are not apart from the activities of practical existence, but in the very midst of them. So that to be the President of an important college is a prospect of high allurement to any man who wants to dedicate his life to the public service.

New Hampshire Could Use Him

The Hartford *Times* suggests that if Congressman MCCALL invades New Hampshire to become President of Dartmouth College, the Granite State will presently retaliate by sending him to the Senate. He would make a mighty interesting Senator, and Massachusetts will never get a chance to try him.

The Constitution's Joke on Mr. Knox

The application of Paragraph 2 of Section 6 of Article I of the Constitution to make Mr. KNOX ineligible to be Secretary of State in Mr. TAFT'S Cabinet is a good deal of a joke. It is the Constitution's joke, and it is on Mr. KNOX. The paragraph reads:

> No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States which

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shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased, during such time.

"The salaries of members of the Cabinet were raised from $8,000 to $12,000 during Mr. Knox's present term as Senator, so that Mr. Knox and all the other Senators and Representatives who were members of Congress when the salary bill was passed are ineligible to hold Cabinet offices and draw the increased salaries. By passing a bill reducing the salary of Secretary of State to the old figure, Congress hopes to restore Mr. Knox's eligibility to hold that office, but even if that can be done (as we hope it may), the Constitution's little joke will cost Mr. Knox $4,000 a year for two years, anyway, till the time for which he was elected Senator expires, and possibly for the whole duration of his Cabinet life. When the Constitution drops into humor its touch is not so light as it might be.

Imaginary Matriarchs

The wonderful movement in behalf of womanhood suffrage seems to be unduly taxing the fancy of some of its friends. These do not always find sufficient reason for demanding the enfranchisement of women in the fact that women are now unjustly the civic inferiors of men, but they seek what they think a yet more cogent reason in the prehistoric status of the sex. It appears from their persuasion that in the beginning, or as soon after it as the race began to have any manner of social consciousness, woman, the female of our species, was as undeniably the superior as the female spider is the superior of her species. She was then the mother of the laws; she made them, and somehow she enforced them. It is not known whether this was through her greater strength or her greater wisdom; but as man began to make the laws and to enforce them as soon as he began to feel his strength, it was probably through her greater wisdom that woman was then his superior, or, as we have seen it phrased, was supreme.

We should have no difficulty in accepting this pleasant hypothesis of woman's prehistoric superiority if we knew any grounds for it. But it seems to be grounded only in a sort of sex patriotism, which from his own sex a man cannot feel. It is like the belief of the Welsh and the Irish that their respective nations were at some unascertained period the foremost nations of the world in art, literature, valor, and virtue. In order fully to accept the theory as fact in either of the three cases, you must be either a woman, a Welshman, or an Irishman. If you happen to be a man or an alien, you have your difficulty, and your difficulty is that the evidences are so extremely prehistoric as not to be matters of record. In the case of woman's primeval superiority or supremacy we have indeed the support of innate conviction that in fairness she ought to have been superior or supreme at some time or other, whether recorded time or not. Even at this late day we know her to be morally, to be spiritually, superior, whether she is supreme or not. But this is not enough. It does not amount to proof that she was once the social, the civic superior of man, and for that reason ought now to be his social, his civic equal.

Equality the Only Good

The theory, which we own is very attractive, and not impossible, is not probable, and it is still less proven. So far as human knowledge goes, man ever was, with a few notable exceptions, the social and civic superior. He made himself so because of his greater strength, and not because of his greater wisdom, as woman would have done if she had been man. He made the laws because he had the power, and he enforced them because he had the power, and we have to seek this fact no farther than in the nature of so many laws, brutal, stupid, unfair, cruel in themselves and atrocious in their application. Women, in the dawn of the world, when they are fancied to have held sway, would not have made such laws and would not have enforced them. If it were possible, it would still be incredible from what we know of women who have been wronged and degraded by their enforced subservience to men, much less women who had still in them some lingering sweetness and light from the primal hours.

There is another phase of the affair, however, in which we may take solider comfort, whether we are men or whether we are women, and that is the operation of a mystical quality in the nature of things. More than once, so many times more, indeed, as to be effectively always, the great changes for good in the history, if not the prehistory of the race, have taken place when things were at the best they had ever yet been and not at the worst. We would not deny any woman the solace she can find in accepting the theory of a primeval but wholly imaginary matriarchy, but we believe that in respect to their equal social and civic rights women have far more to hope from the fact that they are now nearer equality than they ever were since darkness ceased to brood on the face of the waters. Their prehistoric superiority, or their prehistoric supremacy, is something that should not concern them. It is probable that they would be none the better for it than men have been for their historic superiority, their historic supremacy. In the social, the civic status, they will find that equality is the only good they can hope to get, and we venture modestly to add the only good they ought to get. Apparently they are going to get this good, and get it far sooner than the fondest dreamer ever dreamed, because now for the first time in the annals of mankind women have approached equality. It is because men have groan juster, truer, kinder, that women have cause to hope for their cause, and the whole civilized world seems on the brink of a change, the great change from which as never before it may hope for redemption from many of its worst evils.

Doctor Williams Wants the Gothenburg System

Dr. Henry Smith Williams, whose discouraging pieces in *McClure's Magazine* about the effects of alcohol have upset the confidence of many patrons of that fluid, considers in his third and latest deliverance the means by which the sale and consumption of alcohol can best be minimized. On purely physiological grounds he has no objection to total prohibition. He does not think that any of us would be the worse for being entirely deprived of grog. But practically he is opposed to prohibition. He finds a billion dollars invested in the liquor business in the United States and furnishing exclusive support to more than two million persons. He has no mind either to face the financial consequence of legislating that industry suddenly out of business, or to see innumerable illicit stills take the place of the breweries and distilleries, and secret bars succeed the saloons, and a flood of bad liquor pour over our borders through a thousand channels. He knows what prohibition means, and wants none of it. He finds the best system of liquor control to be that which in Sweden has reduced the number of distilleries from 23,000 in 1855 to 132 in 1890, reduced the number of saloons so that in 1880 there was but one to 13,450 inhabitants, and reduced the *per capita* consumption of liquor from 22 liters in 1851 to 7.2 liters in 1896. That was the work of what has become known as the Gothenburg system, under which all profits of liquor-selling go to the state, not to reduce the tax rate, but to be distributed to communities for purposes of public betterment. The main features of this system have been tried in England on a small scale, with some success, by the People's Refreshment House Association. Some features of it have been tried in South Carolina, where it has not worked to edification. Some features of it were tried in this city in the famous Squirrel Inn experiment, which eventually failed. It has worked well in Sweden. It is under consideration in Germany. Perhaps it may be tried here sometime, but here it would have to fight the W. C. T. U. and the Prohibitionists with one hand and the saloonkeepers with the other, and the issue would be sadly precarious. Doctor Williams thinks the saloons cannot be spared without providing a substitute, and would have alcohol sold where all the less harmful drinks have a chance to compete with it. The Army canteen carried out that idea better than any institution that ever flourished in this country, but that was slaughtered by the W. C. T. U. and the Prohibitionists working upon the fears of timid politicians. We surmise that more of our people have got to acquire sense than have it at present before the Gothenburg system can be successfully adjusted to this capacious country.

Who Wants a Sunday Evening Paper?

When Mr. Frank A. Munsey proposed to start a Sunday evening edition of his Baltimore newspaper, and a thousand eminent citizens of Baltimore signed a protest beseeching him not to do it, he issued a declaration of his reasons for persisting in his plan. Our copy of his reasons is now about a month old, but they seem not to have improved by keeping. He said that white paper was high, labor was dear, hours of labor short; that a newspaper must constantly grow better, and that means more expensive; that his paper, because the cost of production was very large at best and constantly increasing, must have more income or bust; that he had been besought to combine with other newspaper-publishers and raise the price of his paper to two cents, but had refused; that in order to go on selling his paper for one cent he must have seven days of advertising every week instead of six; and that the more because he is in competition with morning papers which do have Sunday editions and so get their Sunday advertising. Only the last of these arguments seems to have any weight, and that not much. Sunday is a day of rest, and is too much invaded by newspapers already. One of the best features that is left to make it different from other days is that it has no evening papers. To give an evening paper into it is mere vandalism. It can be done, no doubt, notwithstanding the usual dearth of Sunday news, but it is not good to do, and we trust that the experiment—if he is actually making it—will convince Mr. Munsey that it is not worth doing. If he can get the necessary income to keep his papers going by charging two cents for them, he might better charge two cents. It is much better that a community should pay in money for papers it wants than that it should be compelled to pay in space for papers it has no use for.

Anonymous Talent Comes High

Nothing is more difficult to find, and sometimes nothing more EXPENSIVE than the really competent anonymous writers who MAKE the newspaper and keep it going. It is an interesting fact that many anonymous writers are extremely well paid, one of them in one of our cities is paid more than the famous Mark Twain, several times as much as William Dean Howells, as much as the people pay to the President and about one-half of the Cabinet put together. In short, a very respectable salary, and all for anonymous work.—*Mr. Brisbane, in the Evening Journal*

The President gets $50,000. "About one half of the Cabinet" gets $54,000, making the anonymous writer's salary $104,000.

Ex-Presidents

Of the bill to pension ex-Presidents our neighbor the *American* says:

> A quickly obtruding thought is that an ex-President in good health and sound mind, who couldn't earn a living, ought not to have been President.

How about President Grant? He could not go back and work at his trade after he had been President, because his trade was war, and he could not get a job at it just then. An ex-President is at a disadvantage in earning a living because he cannot get back to the level he was on before he became President. The enormous advertisement he has had, and the obligation he cannot escape to comport himself with a dignity suited to the office he has held, are obstacles to his taking up ordinary employments. Even excellent lawyers who have been President are at much disadvantage in taking up legal practice again after leaving office. An ex-President is first of all an ex-President. He cannot get away from that, no matter how much he may wish to.

Enormous Hospitalities

At this writing, Mr. Taft has arrived at New Orleans, and has twenty-four hours or so to stir about and get an appetite for a dinner advertised to comprise:

> A gumbo, made of crabs, shrimp, oysters, Creole okra, etc., seasoned in the highest art known to Louisiana cooks and cooked in the way that has added laurels to Louisiana; oyster patties the size of a dessert-plate; bouillabaisse, the kind that Thackeray immortalized; roast teal duck stuffed with shredded Louisiana oranges, a salad of native lettuce with a sauce made nowhere else in the world; wines and the richer Creoles' drink, a brandy bruleé burnt in great bowls on the darkened banquet-room over native fruits, fruit sugar, and rare spices, and served with drip coffee, cigars, and a dash of old brandy, drunk from tiny glasses to secure the aroma.

The purpose of New Orleans seems to be to make Mr. Taft forget 'possum, and the arrangements to that end seem to have been devised with thoroughness. He turns his glasses down newadays, and perhaps that is the wherefore of the burnt brandy poured, apparently, over a fruit salad. What a man can get with a spoon off his plate doesn't count.

J. Binns Remains Modest

Jack Binns, the wireless hero of the *Republic*, seems a thoroughly good sort, and determined not to be any more notorious or any more heroic than he can possibly help. He dodged a camera battery at Liverpool, and hid in a dark shed till the London train started. The determination to turn his honest head seems as strenuous in England as it is here, but there is hope for him. He had the advantage of other recent popular heroes of being able to make for the open sea and escape from uncontrolled admiration.

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The Doubts of Science

It was Clifford who told us that to believe anything without adequate proof was immoral. Exactly what adequate proof means it would be difficult to say. Probably we should confine our faiths largely to the mathematical sciences. Certainly the beliefs upon which all human intercourse is built have very little to do with proof. How should we, for example, feel toward a friend who in entrusting us with a commission should say: "You may be perfectly honest, I have, however, no tangible proof of it, and you will not therefore object, I am sure, if I set watches upon you while you carry out my designs." The whole basis of human relations is love and trust without proofs.

The great plea of the modern scientist who breaks with ancient faiths is ever that he offers a higher, a more disinterested virtue than that of the old-fashioned believer, and that his facts of life built up on proofs are to make for a finer type of humanity, a higher order of society. Perhaps; but, as far as we have gone, we have no tangible proofs that this will be the result. We might, perhaps, hope that so mournful and depressing a view of life as the agnostic scientist has to offer would soften the hearts of those who accept it. If this is, indeed, a Godless universe, moving only by natural and mechanical laws, if man is here only for a short space, and his little space is necessarily so largely a matter of suffering and deprivation, we might expect the effect to be an almost limitless pity for humanity, a real carelessness as to worldly advantages, almost an early Christian fervor for community of goods and material poverty, so one might expend one's self in pity upon the poor wretches doomed to this frightful and futile struggle. But has it worked out this way? The disinterested observer will be much more likely to register a *sauve qui peut* policy; an increase of the human instinct to grab what it can, and a large contempt for these pitiable creatures set here capriciously under the doom of so mean and shiftless a destiny. If there is an infinite source of goodness, no wind of destiny blowing toward the right, and the necessary, as Emerson puts it, certainly the unaided good in man is a poor staff to lean upon.

The plea of the agnostic scientist that he offers a higher and a more disinterested morality is as yet entirely unproven, though the time when we can receive all agnostics of immoral motives is as far behind us as the time when we can presuppose virtue of all churchgoers. But, if the agnostic is still virtuous and disinterested, is it not despite of his gloomy outlook? And if the Christian is a Pharisee and uncharitable, is it not in despite of his faith and his hopes? There is nothing about hope, *per se*, to dim courage or lessen disinterestedness. There is nothing in the Christian belief that each man is our brother and the child of the same loving Father, an immortal soul and of eternal worth and value, which makes for cruelty or selfishness. That the practice of Christianity should be so open to criticism lies in the frailty of its adherents. It is easy for a scientist with enthusiasm for visible proof to point the finger of scorn at humanity and say, "This is what twenty centuries of belief in Christianity has made of man." There is no retaliation in kind, for what twenty centuries without faith, without hope, without any outlook beyond this mortal span, would make of humanity remains as dim and distant and ungraspable as immortality itself. But it is difficult to feel very hopefully about it. If we deny men immortal souls, and an immortal Father who cares for them, it seems that more than ever may they tend to become callous toward one another. The time of human life is short if its destiny is likewise mean and fleeting, no greater than that of the beasts of the field or the grass upon which they feed; less and less will men attempt to think nobly and tenderly of life. Perhaps the best expression of this attitude toward life is given in the Easter hymn of one of its most famous modern exponents:

> "Things all are shadows, shadows all,
> The ghosts within an idiot's brain;
> A little while, they fade and fall,
> A little while, they come again."

Francis Power Cobbe points out the difference between the attitudes of agnosticism and belief when she bids us compare the farewell words of John Brainerd to his fellow martyrs while the faggots were kindling with the farewell of one of these modern confessors.

"Be of good cheer," said John Brainerd; "we shall have a brave supper in heaven with our Lord to-night." It may be a materialistic mode of speech, but hardly more so than its contrasting one: "Be of good cheer, everybody! There is no heaven and no Lord, and when we die there will be an end of us all in *annihilation*; but the generations who come after us will be greatly edified by our beautiful books and our instructive example."

There is a distinct loss of the note of joy in the last utterance, a loss as definite and as notable as one may find by contrasting passages from the old divine, Thomas Traherne, with a modern writer on ethics. Traherne, writing in 1690, says:

> God's omnipresence is our ample territory or field of joys a transparent temple of infinite lustre, a strong tower of defence, a castle of repose, a bulwark of security, a palace of delights, an immediate help, and a present refuge in the needful time of trouble, a broad and vast extent of fame and glory, a theater of infinite excellence, an infinite ocean wherein every action, word, and thought is immediately diffused like a drop of wine in a pail of water, and everywhere present, everywhere seen and known, infinitely delighted in, as well as filling infinite space. . . . The rays of your light are by this means darted from everlasting to everlasting. This spiritual region makes us infinitely present with God, Angels, and men in all places from the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills, throughout all the unwearied durations of His endless infinity.

How is the exaltation lowered, the enthusiasm hushed, the joy dimmed, when we set such a passage beside the solaces offered us by one of the most conscientious and noblest of our modern psychologists, Dr. John Dewey, in his recent book on ethics:

> Our great reliance is upon the primal forces which have brought mankind so far along the line of advance. The constant remaking of values in the search for the genuinely satisfying, the constant forming, criticising and reshaping of ideals, the reverence for a larger law of life and a more individual moral order, the outgoing of sympathy and love, the demand for justice—all these are the forces which have built our present social system, and these must continually reshape it into more adequate expressions of genuine moral life if it is to continue unimpaired or in greater vigor.

But it is on flimsy ground, after all, that these thinkers, who deliberately and avowedly wait upon visible and tangible proofs for their faith, would snatch away the one great hope that makes even the poorest life worth living, and puts the touch of joy upon the profoundest sorrow. They may be unconvinced by the believer's faith, but can they give as any visible and tangible proof that there is no God and no immortality? And until they can give an adequate proof they can hardly hope to make successful denial of what has ever, in some dim form or other, been implicit in the mind of man.

The believer knows how, in the silence of his own soul, to test the reality of his hope; but his one means of offering a proof to others is by demonstrating its transforming power. If it lifts a mere mortal beyond mortal considerations, if it endows him with courage to walk bravely through the fire of life, if it helps him to meet a mortal destiny with immortal hopes, then only is his belief a visible power.

Socrates himself was groping after such a faith as Christians have had shown them in the flesh when he said to Glaucon, "As in the previous instance, light and sight may be truly said to be like the sun and yet not to be the sun; so in this other sphere science and truth may be deemed like the good, but not the good; the good has a place of honor yet higher. What a wonder of beauty that must be which is the author of science and truth and yet surpasses them in beauty!"

Personal

James MacArthur, one of the literary advisers of the publishing-house of Harper & Brothers and well known as an editor, critic, and playwright, died on Thursday, February 14th, at the General Memorial Hospital, New York City.

Mr. MacArthur was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1866. He came to the United States in 1888. After

James MacArthur

spending a few years in commercial life, he turned his entire attention to writing and criticism. He became connected with the publishing house of Dodd, Mead, & Co., as reader and general literary adviser, and from 1894 to 1901 he was associated with Prof. Hamilton Thurston Peck as joint editor of *The Bookman*.

Later, Mr. MacArthur went to London as foreign representative of Doubleday, McClure, & Co., and on his return to this country, in 1904, he established his connection with Harper & Brothers.

A remarkable versatility of mind, combined with a deep sincerity of nature which no one who came into any sort of contact with him could fail to recognize, gave Mr. MacArthur a singularly strong hold upon the affections of all who knew him. The many distinguished authors, men and women connected with the stage, and those in other walks of life whom he met professionally or socially, felt toward him something more than the ordinary good-will engendered by pleasant relations; they were his friends. With him, the most casual acquaintance produced upon both sides a certain feeling of loyalty and personal attachment. He had, among other faculties, a keen insight, a profound instinct, in regard to all things literary; but his powers as a writer and critic were almost overshadowed by his genius for friendship. Those for whom he performed the office of criticism were aware that the critic had given them something of himself, not sparing the precious and vital warmth of enthusiasm and personal interest. Literary finesse—the sensitiveness and ambition, even, of the sincere literary aspirant—always won him; and few could foresee so clearly the possibilities of an unknown and unpractised writer.

Few men have carried that mingling of gentleness and superior discrimination which should distinguish the literary habit of mind into every-day life more effectually than did Mr. MacArthur, while none was ever more human, more wisely practical, in his dealings with literature. Imaginative as he was, and by nature kind-hearted, he was above all else sympathetic; and a large endowment of practical good sense, not always to be found in the imaginative, the sympathetic personality, gave exceptional effectiveness to his kindly impulses. His friendships were by no means limited to those whom he met in the precise course of his work, and a great many people of all classes are indebted to him for needed practical assistance in timely word and deed.

He belonged to that type of "self-made" men—rarer, perhaps, in the literary than in the business world—from which, on the whole, the strongest minds and characters have always sprung. With a very small start in life, he raised himself, making noble use of slight opportunities, to a position of honor and influence. Largely by his own unaided efforts he attained to intellectual heights, and through a life of real serviceableness and sympathy he attained to spiritual heights as well.

Mr. MacArthur was the dramatizer of Ian MacLaren's *Bonnie Brier Bush*, which, as a play, met with great success. He collaborated with Max Pemberton in *The Mayor of the Little Rose* and *Kennaquhair*, and with Rex Beach in the dramatization of *The Spoilers*. He was a member of The Players' Club, and was widely known in literary circles in both England and America.

Mr. MacArthur leaves a wife and two daughters.

Washington

There was not much he could not do,
Because his heart was staunch and true.
They say he never learned to spell,
But still he served his country well,
And when it came to crises he
Was always where he ought to be.
It does not prove a man a scrub
That he was spurred
And downward turned
Down at the Ananias Club.

He fought with spirit brave and bold,
Like any goodly Knight of old.
And when he saw no use in fight
He did not think to take to flight.
In fact it was his pleasing whim
To tire the foe out chasing him—
As canny as a fox's cub—
Yet he was spurred
And downward turned
Down at the Ananias Club!

He'd enemies on every hand.
Both in and out his native land,
And yet he walked his way serene
And calm as though they'd never been.
He let them rave and howl and jeer
Without a thought, without a fear—
Just did his work and ate his grub,
Though he was spurred
And downward turned
Down at the Ananias Club.

He might have worn a gilded crown,
And won a Royalty's renown,
But never thirsted for a throne—
Preferred a competence of his own—
And went his way through storm and stress
Attending to his business,
And never seemed to feel the snub
When he was spurred
And downward turned
Down at the Ananias Club.

The Ananias Club has had
A roster of the good and bad.
The best names of the ages rest
Upon its records, East and West,
And yet we find no mention on
Its lists of General Washington—
How strange at times is Fortune's rub!
Would he to-day
Be turned away
Down at the Ananias Club?

Horace Dodd Gastit.

Mr. and Mrs. Taft leaving the "Presidencia," the residence in Panama City of President Obaldia, of the Panama Republic, where Mr. Taft and his party were entertained as an incident of their visit to the zone

The board of engineers who inspected the plans and work of the canal and pronounced it good. Standing, from left to right: Isham Randolph, Allen Hazen. Sitting: J. D. Schuyler, F. P. Stearns, J. R. Freeman, A. P. Davis

Mr. and Mrs. Taft greeting the official delegation sent from Panama to meet them at Colebra

The arrival of the President-elect and Mrs. Taft at Colonel Goethal's official residence in Culebra

The work of excavation for the lock site of the much-discussed Gatun Dam. The view is a general one, looking south

MR. TAFT AT PANAMA

INCIDENTS OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT'S VISIT OF INSPECTION TO THE CANAL ZONE

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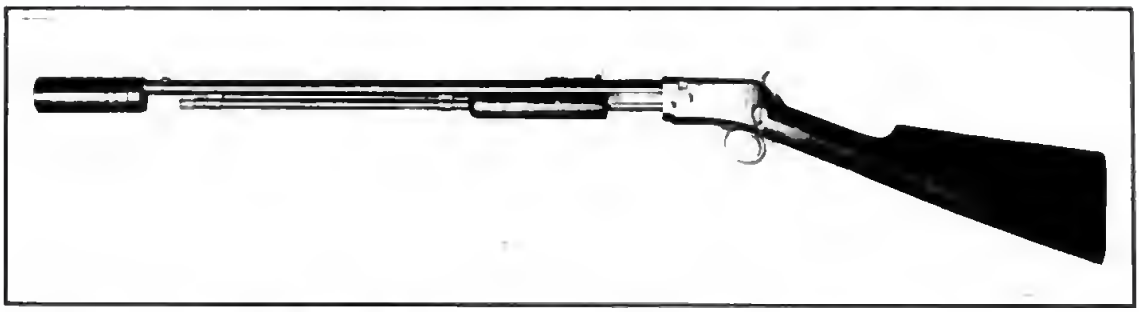
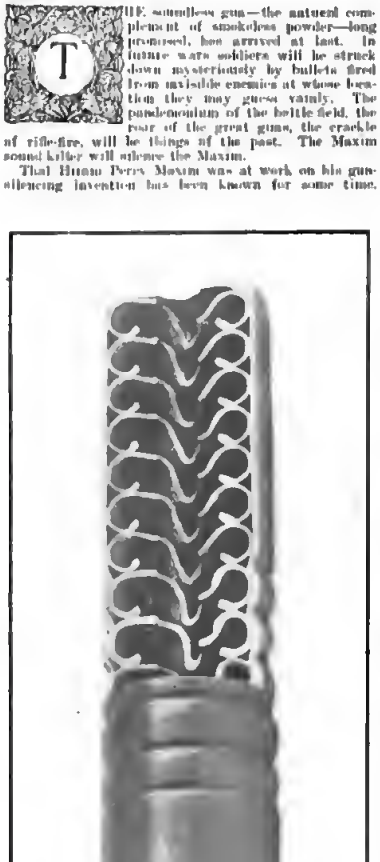
Making Gunfire Silent



A rifle with the Maxim "silencer" fitted to its muzzle, showing the relative size of the new contrivance

THE smokeless gun—the natural complement of smokeless powder—long promised, has arrived at last. In future wars soldiers will be struck down mysteriously by bullets fired from invisible enemies at whose location they may guess vainly. The pandemonium of the battle field, the roar of the great guns, the crackle of rifle-fire, will be things of the past. The Maxim sound killer will silence the Maxim.

That Hiram Percy Maxim was at work on his gun-silencing invention has been known for some time.



Exact size of the device as made for army rifles. The cylindrical covering is here partly removed to show the chambers which muffle the discharge

That it would prove successful did not seem probable to laymen. To make smokeless powder—that was a trifle; but how can you silence a sound, except by smothering it with blankets or behind masonry? And neither stonework nor textiles could very well be carried as the soldier's supplementary equipment.

Therefore, the demonstration in the Potter Building, at 38 Park Row, New York, last week, came as a revelation to those who were privileged to witness it. It was complete and perfect. Of course there was some sound, perhaps in the same proportion as smokeless powder produces smoke—but it was negligible as quantity. To hear the faint clicking of rifle hammers across the zone of a modern battle field, the combatants being equipped with this invention, a man would need to have ears five times as large as an elephant's, and keen in the proportion of their size.

The demonstration was held in the offices of Mr. Maxim's attorneys—Messrs. Redding, Greely, and Austin. The rifles used in the experiments ranged all the way from the .22 repeating Winchester to the latest .30—30 Springfield army rifle, and included the Mausers and Manlichers which are in use among the great military Powers of Europe.

The sound of the discharges was to all intents destroyed: what was audible was merely the click of the hammer and the bullet's flight and impact. The detonation was caught in the silencer—a small, black tube which one could hold in his hand—crushed into muteness, and allowed to creep away when it acknowledged defeat.

Mr. Maxim's invention consists of a tube, as stated, which is screwed on at the muzzle of the gun, and has about twice the diameter of the barrel, the size and weight varying in accordance with the power and calibre of the weapon. For a .22 calibre rifle this tube is about four inches in length and a little less than an inch and a half in diameter. For a .30—30 Springfield the silencer is of the same diameter, but is about two inches longer.

It was amazing to see Mr. Maxim fire time and again into the sand in the target and to listen in vain for the expected detonation of the rifle—doubly so after one's ears had been assailed by the unsilenced explosion of the Winchester. The sound produced—the combination of that made by the hammer striking the target and the bullet's passage and impact into the sand—in no manner resembles rifle fire.

That is all the sound that was to be heard, even when the inventor discharged a Springfield, the new United States army rifle, which is believed to be the best and the most powerful in the world. The Springfield bullet has an initial velocity of about 2700 feet a second, and, when fired under normal conditions, produces an impact upon the ear that is distressing to a civilian. But with the silencer attached to the muzzle the Springfield is about as noisy as a knife thrust into a potato.

That the silencer actually catches and subdues the gases produced by the explosion, so that the faint sound that remains is in no wise due to the explosion of gases which is the cause of the detonation that occurs when a gun is discharged was ingeniously shown by the inventor. He held a card in front of the muzzle of a rifle barrel which had the silencer attached. It passed through as cleanly and gracefully as though it had been fired from a distance. Then, with the silencer removed, Mr. Maxim fired again. The card and the contrivance which held it were blown to fragments by the force of the gases.

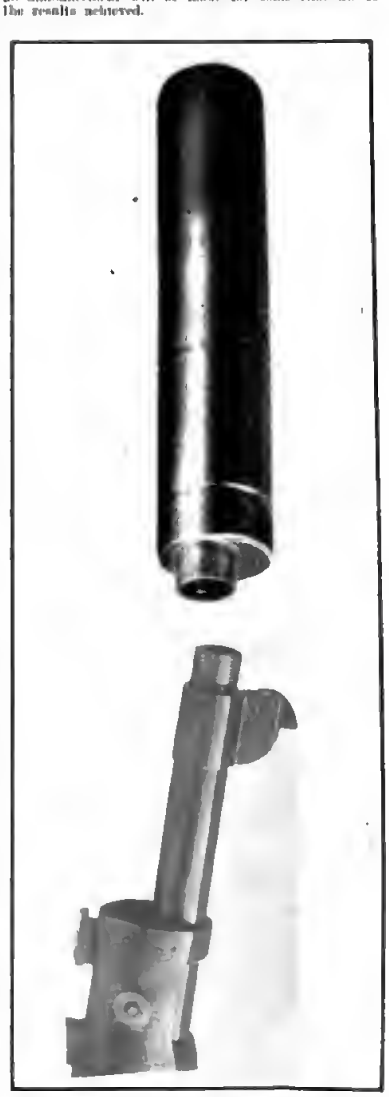
This is the manner in which the new invention works: As soon as the gases produced by the explosion of the powder enter the silencer from the barrel of the gun they encounter the spiral chambers in the interior of the tube and are set whirling at great speed. The tendency of whirling bodies is centrifugal—that is to say, they fly out from the centre, as has been discovered by all who have ridden in the Maxim "flying-machines" at amusement parks, which are operated upon this principle. Inasmuch as the only means of exit from the silencer is near the centre of the end portion, the gases are unable to effect their escape until they have slowed down sufficiently to have overcome their centrifugal tendency. When they emerge, therefore, they are proceeding at a speed so much reduced that the shock to the atmosphere and the waves of sound which impinge upon the ear are so reduced as to become almost inaudible.

The course taken by the bullet is along a line slightly above the centre of the silencer. This, when cut open, discloses the ten or twelve little disks or compartments which retain the gases. When the disks are in place in the chamber the effect is something like that of a reversed turbine attached to the muzzle of the weapon.

"It is just like stirring around in a wash-bowl full of water," explained Mr. Maxim. "You get it rotating fast enough and a hole will run right down through the centre to the open escape pipe, but no water will run out."

A similar effect has probably been observed by every one in the case of the whirlpool which forms around the escape when a bath of water is allowed to empty itself. The water appears to circle around the exit without actually running down the escape pipe.

In addition to making the sound of rifle fire inaudible, the inventor explained that the silencer will also have the effect of diminishing by about fifty per cent. the recoil of the weapon, which, as is well known, becomes a source of much trouble to the raw recruit. Mr. Maxim declared that his invention can be applied to cannon of large calibre more easily than to small arms, even, inasmuch as the element of weight will not be a problem to be taken into reckoning. The weight of the silencer used on rifle barrels is from about seven to eleven ounces. Experiments with big guns, however, are still in their infancy, and no announcement will be made for some time as to the results achieved.



The complete muffler and the muzzle of a service rifle, showing how it is only necessary to cut a thread upon the muzzle to fit it for the device

The Battle-Fleet's Home-coming

ITS REMARKABLE VOYAGE OF 45,000 MILES

THE American fleet of sixteen battleships, the biggest fleet that made the longest voyage ever known among men, sailed from Gibraltar, homeward bound, at eleven o'clock in the morning of February 6th. Hampton Roads, the fleet's destination, where they are due on February 22d, was just over the hill of blue water, for there was nothing but the canvas surface of the Atlantic Ocean between the ships and their next anchorage, some four thousand miles away. Their globe-encircling journey comprised 45,000 miles, and the individual ships are riding it in a state of higher efficiency than when they began. As a fleet their condition is superb, best described by the commanding officer, Rear-Admiral Charles S. Sperry, in a state meat made on the day of sailing for home.

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Rear-Admiral Charles S. Sperry, who commanded the battleship fleet during its westward cruise from San Francisco to New York

"This cruise," he said, "marks an epoch in our naval annals, for the fleet has 'found itself,' has been welded into a unity. An aggregation of battleships, irrespective of the power and efficiency of the individual units, is not a fleet in the highest sense of the term until by long, faithful, and harmonious work on the part of the personnel the spirit of the fleet has been developed. That now has been accomplished. . . .

"The lessons of the cruise have been many, and it is no exaggeration to say that the condition of the ships is better to-day than when they sailed from Hampton Roads in December of 1907. During these fourteen months the fleet has been practically self-sustaining in the matter of repairs. The officers and men responsible for repairs have met every test, and the results prove that the ships have been better cared for than when they depended upon the navy-yards. . . .

"The voyage of 2,631 miles from Honolulu to Auckland was the longest ever undertaken by a large fleet without recoaling, yet we reached Auckland with coal enough in our bunkers to steam an additional thousand miles.

"For technical work the cruise has been ideal. The long stretches between ports permitted unremitting daily exercise and maneuvring. The degree of gunnery efficiency has been greatly improved, as the conditions of drilling and training during long-distance cruising cannot be equalled in home waters where there is constant interference. This is proved by the unequalled results of the target practice at Magdalena Bay and Manila.

"The fleet everywhere has encountered unbounded hospitality. The lavish entertainment and perfect good feeling displayed were almost without a precedent, and they should always be remembered by our people."

When the fleet again drops anchor at Hampton Roads it will have been gone one year and sixty-eight days. No accident has marred its progress around the world, and the cruise has been pronounced by able critics an unqualified success. Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans was in command of the fleet from Hampton Roads to San Francisco, where he was retired from the service after a long and honorable career, and was succeeded by Rear-Admiral Charles M. Thomas. He in turn was relieved, on May 15th, by Rear-Admiral Sperry, who has been in command ever since. There were six hundred officers and fourteen thousand men on the ships, and the value of the vessels and stores was about $100,000,000.

When the sixteen ships and their attendant vessels sailed away from Virginia, on December 16, 1907, "ready for a fight or a frolic," as Rear-Admiral Evans declared, there were apprehensions in certain quarters of the possibility of friction with Japan; but as the fleet neared the Pacific Ocean the assurances of peace became more and more pronounced. By the time the bow of the flagship ploughed through the west end of the Straits of Magelan and took its first plunge in the Pacific the last vestige of war talk had vanished like mist. Thereafter the cruise became a long course of the hardest kind of work afloat, varied by sojourns at friendly ports all around the world.

After a voyage of 3,225 knots, the fleet sailed into the "Bay of All Beauties" at nine o'clock Sunday morning, January 12, 1908, and a few hours later came to anchor off Rio de Janeiro. Brazilian warships and crowded excursion steamers welcomed the visitors and escorted them up the vast and wonderful bay. Courtesy was, of course, expected by the American sailors, but no imagination in its wildest flight conceived of the cordial uprising of the entire Brazilian people to greet their northern neighbors. The feasting, the speeches of welcome, and all the other official evidences of friendship were conducted with spontaneous warmth and lavish generosity; but the most wonderful feature of the ten days' visit was the enthusiasm with which every Brazilian man and woman welcomed the Americans, from admirals to coal-passers. No port, foreign or American, ever saw so many American bluejackets ashore.

On the way from Rio to Punta Arenas the fleet was saluted at sea by a squadron of four ships of the Argentine navy, which sailed out from Buenos Aires, and waited off the mouth of the Rio de la Plata. This was an unusual compliment, probably without precedent in naval history. After some ticklish navigation at the eastern end of the Straits of Magellan, the fleet spent six days at Punta Arenas, Chile, the southernmost city in the world. The long and tortuous reaches of the westerly part of the straits were negotiated without mishap, and, after a brief call at Valparaiso, the fleet arrived at Callao, Peru, on February 20th. Here a stay of nine days was made, and President Pardo and all his people entertained the Americans with a fervor and lavish entertainment which bore eloquent testimony not only to their friendship, but to their gratitude to the United States for coming to their rescue a quarter of a century ago. There can be no doubt that the friendly visit of an American fleet of such size and power to our southern neighbors was of great mutual benefit in our relations with those nations. As one historian summed it up:

"The Monroe Doctrine is to-day more of a living, vital thing with the nations of South America, because of the cruise of this fleet, than it has ever been since President Monroe penned its words."

At Magdalena Bay, Mexico, the fleet spent a month at target practice. For professional reasons the Navy Department has declined to make public the scores achieved. In spite of all precautions, however, certain facts have become known, of which the most interesting is that the shooting, for both accuracy and quickness of fire, was on a plane of excellence never before equalled in our service, and, so far as known, second to none in the world.

Leaving Magdalena Bay on March 12th, the fleet sailed north, stopping briefly at San Diego, California, also at San Pedro, Santa Barbara, Monterey, and Santa Cruz, arriving on May 6, 1908, at San Francisco, 13,758 miles from the starting-point, after 61 days and 10 hours of actual cruising.

Even at this point the cruise was hailed as the longest ever made by a fleet of battleships of any navy. The elapsed time from beginning to ending of the journey was 141 days, 7 hours. As much of this time was spent at target practice or in friendly visits, it is interesting to note the opinion of experts that the trip could have been made in less than eighty days had haste been necessary for military purposes.

Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans, although crippled and racked by rheumatism, had shown unbounded courage and persistence in bringing the fleet around, personally directing all operations, even when stretched on a bed of pain. The people of San Francisco were almost frantic in their demonstrations of admiration and affection for this grizzled old sea-fighter as he rode in the parade in his last public appearance as a commander-in-chief. Next day Rear-Admiral Thomas relieved Admiral Evans, and five days later Rear-Admiral Sperry succeeded to the command. He took the fleet to Puget Sound, and gave the people of that region an opportunity to see the ships such as the people of California had enjoyed.

Early in July the fleet started westward again. The first stop was at Honolulu, where for more than a week the sea-fighters enjoyed delightful hospitality.

The first stop on the easterly side of the Pacific Ocean, which these world-girdlers reached by sailing steadily westward, was Auckland, New Zealand, where they arrived early in August and spent a joyous week. Long-lost brothers could not have called forth such a flood of bounteous entertainment. Indeed, it was here that historian Franklin Matthews invented the word "fleetitis" to indicate the fury with which the fever of hospitality raged. Thence the ships sailed to Sydney, New South Wales, Australia, where they arrived on August 20th, and encountered a hurricane of affectionate greeting and entertainment that made all other receptions seem lukewarm by comparison. For the Australians have a vivid apprehension of the Yellow Peril, and England had never sent them a fleet like this.

In Melbourne, in early September, the outpouring of friendship was quite as spontaneous and overwhelming. The ships anchored at Manila, on October 24, and remained until October 10th, but shore leave was not granted because there was a cholera scare.

The climax of the round the world cruise was the fleet's visit at Yokohama, where for more than a week everybody in Japan, from his Imperial Majesty the Mikado, down to the humblest coolie, made every American feel that he was emphatically at home among cordial friends.

The start of the world-girdling voyage of the battleship fleet

THE LAST GLIMPSE OF THE SIXTEEN BATTLESHIPS AS THEY STEAMED OUT TO SEA FROM HAMPTON ROADS, DECEMBER 16, 1907

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Perpetual snow and ice in the mountain ranges of the State of Washington

Maine's "old-fashioned winter," as seen in the woods near Bangor

Where it is always summer—Long Beach, in Southern California

Copyright by H. C. White Co.

Nature at her most luxuriant—the Palmettos at Rockledge, Florida

OUR WONDERFUL COUNTRY

STRIKING CONTRASTS IN NATURE'S ASPECTS AT THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE MAP OF THE UNITED STATES, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN IN THE SAME MONTH—FEBRUARY

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The Discovery of the Soul

By Victor Rousseau

THERE never has been a time when spiritism, faith healing, and all the varied phases of supernaturalism so greatly engrossed the minds of inquirers as in these days. To the last generation, staggering under the revelations of evolution and paleontology, the breaking up of religious dogmas that necessarily ensued meant either atheism or that materialistic condition of mind represented euphemistically by the specially minted word "agnosticism." But it was found that the human tendency to crystallize all knowledge around some core of mysticism could not be eradicated; and to-day, under the guise of spiritism, Theosophy, New Thought, and allied pseudo-philosophical movements, religion is coming into its own again. Most notable of all is Christian Science, which has just gained the most remarkable victory in its short history, having been adopted by a section of the clergy and incorporated in the so-called Emmanuel movement.

The ramifications of this revival of mysticism are wide-spread. Fortune-tellers were never so prosperous; "mediums" ply their vocation in every town. So extensive have been the operations of these charlatans, in fact, that their antics have come to exemplify the entire spiritistic movement in the popular mind; so that the truth or falseness of spiritualistic phenomena is by the majority believed to depend upon the question whether or not a "medium" can elevate chairs and tap upon tambourines and tables under cover of darkness while restrained in hands or inside a cabinet.

Yet the impartial and disinterested investigations of the Society for Psychical Research in London, which numbers among its members many of the leading English scientists, those of our own American Society, and the conversion to a belief in spiritism of many *savants*—notably Lombroso, who bitterly denied its claims for years—these things have compelled numerous unprejudiced observers to the belief that there may exist some nucleus of truth within the rubbish heaps of spiritistic evidence. Only the subject is so vast; they are so dazed by the conflict between hard common sense and scientific testimony!

And, above all, they insist that they shall be convinced by reason and evidence. They have no use for dogma. My learned friend, Mr. Charles Johnston, has very ably expounded, through the medium of HARPER'S WEEKLY, the qualities of the physical, the spiritual, and the psychic body of man. The harmless inquirer referred to above would consider himself amply repaid for the most protracted investigation if he could discover, beyond reasonable doubt, that his physical body possessed the smallest non-corruptible appendage, and, without trembling himself greatly about its nature or ultimate destination, would await the pangs of dissolution with a lively measure of faith. But he is caught between the scolding denial of the materialist and the large unsubstantiable claims of the mystic. He wants the bread of evidence and he is given stones of dogma.

In setting out dispassionately the case for and against the spiritistic claims, I may confess my own opinion to be that held by the majority of those who have inquired into them—that a strong prima *facie* case has been made out in their favor, but not an incontrovertible one. The fact that these alleged phenomena cannot, as in natural science, be repeated *ad infinitum* will, it is probable, prohibit entirely the production of proof until some large addition shall have been made to our present knowledge and our method of investigation.

But I believe more than this: that just as the alchemist, searching for the philosopher's stone, involuntarily laid the foundations for the science of chemistry; just as the astrologer, seeking to discover the destiny of man among the stars, unwittingly gave us astronomy—so in his quest for proofs of the return of the dead, in their fantastic formulation of spiritistic doctrines and mystical philosophies, the credulous spiritualist of to-day, the faith healer, the devotees of all the correlated supernaturalistic movements, have unknowingly contributed and are contributing toward a discovery whose transcending importance is only beginning to be appreciated—the discovery of the soul.

Spiritualism did not, of course, begin with the rape of the Fox sisters at Hydesville, New York, in 1848. It has its roots in the first ages of the world; it is the primitive universal faith, and is found among all nations. Notable instances are Saul's vision of the dead prophet Samuel at En-Dor and the "medium" who pronounced the oracular responses at Delphi. To give isolated examples out of thousands would be unprofitable, these two may be selected by virtue of their similarity to the alleged phenomena of to-day. The Roman Catholic Church has, of course, consistently recognized the existence of disembodied intelligences around us and forbidden communication with them: quite recently the authorities at Rome forbade a mother to hold intercourse with the spirit of her dead daughter. Then there was that demon who invisibly accompanied and advised Socrates. Note that demon: he will reappear later. Reference might be made also to the witches of mediæval Europe and Salem, in whose discovery an important test was the location of certain anæsthetic areas upon the body, into which pins might be thrust painlessly—a characteristic of certain types of hysterical patients at the present day. The Christian Science cult has no parallel in the healers of Æsculapius at Rome under the Empire. And between the years 1743 and 1750 Swedenborg, one of the master minds of his age, described his visions of heaven and the infernal regions in his tireless *Arcanta* and founded the New Church thereon. From all of which it is clear that the present-day movement is no new thing; only it is taking place at a time when men have at last learned to reason inductively, to build up general laws from observation of particulars; and for this reason it offers opportunities for investigation which could not previously exist.

We come now to another phase of this movement—one which, for long decided, is now seen to be contrasted to all supernaturalistic phenomena, and is rapidly assuming a more and more important relation to them. About the year 1772 a man named Mesmer began, in company with a certain Father Hell, to investigate the curative powers of the magnet, and was led to the conclusion that a certain force existed, called by him animal magnetism, which could be utilized to produce the so-called mesmeric sleep. A government commission of physicians and scientists was appointed to investigate Mesmer's claims and issued an unfavorable report. Mesmer fell into disrepute and died in exile.

But with that indestructible persistence that is occasionally shown under such circumstances, the new discovery refused to be killed by official negation of its truth. The work of Mesmer was carried on by his successors, and in 1825 the Royal Academy of Medicine in France began a new investigation. Six years later a report was issued which in effect acknowledged the existence of a force previously unknown, by the use of which the "mesmeric sleep" could be induced and cures effected. But public sentiment had been outraged; a third commission was hastily appointed and issued a third report directly contradicting that of their predecessors and impugning their intelligence. This time it seemed certain that mesmerism had received its quietus.

But an annoying and disconcerting feature of mesmerism was that it refused to stay killed. It came back in the early thirties, when Cloquet performed several operations painlessly through the medium of it in Paris. Then Doctor Esdaile began to make use of it in Calcutta. Finally came the discovery by Braid, of Manchester, that the theory of a magnetic fluid was incorrect. Braid, who renamed the process "hypnotism," discovered that the sleep could be induced in a subject by compelling him to stare fixedly at a mirror or other bright object. He also found that some patients were able, in the hypnotic state, to tell the shape of articles held half an inch from the skin above the crown of the head, at the back of the neck, and over other portions of the body, thus demonstrating the existence of certain accessory sense-powers that could be evoked under abnormal conditions.

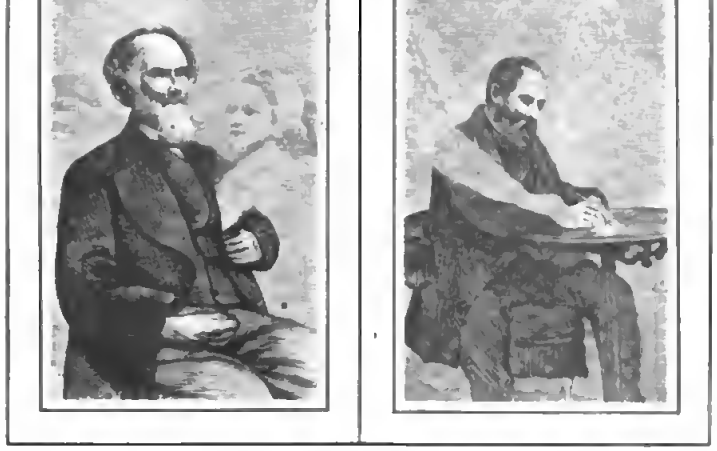
There is little doubt that but for one thing hypnotism would have come into general use for the performance of surgical operations. That thing was the discovery of the anæsthetic qualities of chloroform by Doctor Simpson, of Edinburgh, in 1848, and of ether by Morton and Jackson, in America, which relegated hypnotism to the background.

The most important investigator of hypnotism was Liébert, who confirmed Braid's discoveries in 1866 and was the founder of the Nancy school. The workers and investigators at Nancy (France), chief among whom is the illustrious Bernheim, discovered that the hypnotic sleep could be induced by suggestion in normal individuals. Opposed to the Nancy school was that founded by Charcot at the Salpêtrière in Paris, which largely denied the power of suggestion and attributed the phenomena to pathological cerebral conditions.

Bernheim performed remarkable cures by hypnotism, of which the following is recorded as a typical case:

"Here is a man twenty-six years old, a workman in the foundries. For a year he has experienced a painful feeling of constriction over the epigastrium; also a pain in the corresponding region of the back, which was the result of an effort made in bending an iron bar. The sensation is continuous, and increases when he has worked for some hours. For six months he has been able to sleep only by pressing his epigastrium with his hand. I hypnotize him. In the first séance I can induce only simple drowsiness. I hypnotize him a second time, telling him that he will sleep more deeply, and that he will remember nothing when he wakes. Catalepsy is not present. I wake him in a few minutes; he does not remember that I spoke to him, that I assured him that the pain had disappeared. It has completely disappeared."

But the hypnotic cure, especially of nervous diseases, has become a commonplace of to-day. Doctor Quackenbos, of New York, whose recently published *Suggestive Therapeutics* was reviewed recently in these columns, claims by these means to have cured, or greatly ameliorated, cases of diabetes. But its greatest success is in those infrequent cases of dissociation of personality, in which it may truly be called the



Alleged spirit photographs by Mumler, of New York, whose prosecution for fraud was one of the causes célèbres of American jurisprudence in 1869

From wood-cuts published in "Harper's Weekly" for May 8, 1869

golden key that unlocks the secret chambers of the soul.

To turn for a while from the small company of scientific investigators to the great army of untrained enthusiasts, it would be as well to trace the history of the modern spiritualistic movement. This began, as is generally known, with the rappings associated with the Fox sisters at Hydesville, New York, in 1848, and spread with rapidity throughout the United States and Europe. About the same time a certain Andrew Jackson Davis made the discovery that he could go into a "trance" under hypnosis, in which condition he was apparently controlled by a personality of marked intellectual attainments which spoke through him. A volume containing these utterances was published; it was entitled *The Principles of Nature, Her Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind*, and professed to expound the physical, chemical, and vital phenomena of the universe. The prediction of a new planet, revealed soon afterward by the discovery of Neptune, gave the author some reputation. When spiritualism began to be discredited, Davis was generally regarded as an impostor; but it can be predicated now that his was a case of secondary personality, similar to that recorded recently by Doctor Flournoy of Miss Hélène Smith, of Geneva, Switzerland, who would describe her visits to the planet Mars and actually invented a Martian alphabet and a language which was found, upon scrutiny, to have its roots in Miss Smith's native French. This trance-impersonalization is one example of the numerous spiritualistic phenomena which have been found to be neither supernatural nor fraudulent, but explicable upon a pathological basis.

Soon afterward the spiritistic movement acquired considerable impetus through the publication of a work by Doctor Dexter, of New York, and Judge Edmonds, of the Supreme Court of New York State. Its date-time public attention had been drawn throughout the entire civilized world to the fact that almost

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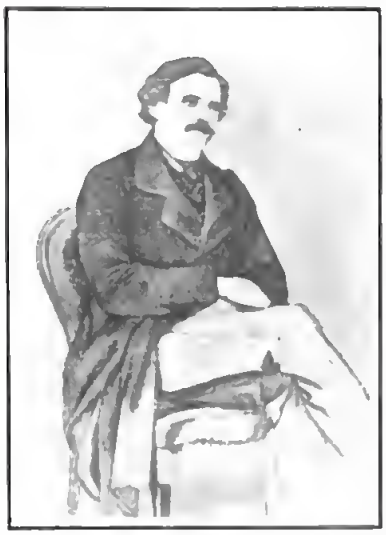
any assemblage of people taken haphazard can, by sitting round a table with their hands resting upon it in contact, cause it to tilt in intelligent response to questions and to spell out words according to a code arranged. This, the earliest form of phenomena noted, has never been intelligibly explained, the spiritistic hypothesis being only a little more absurd in appearance than that which will be offered in a



David Douglas Home, the most famous of American "mediums," whose feats astonished Europe in the Sixties

From a wood-cut published in "Harper's Weekly" for September 12, 1857

subsequent part of this article. Another earnest investigator was William Stainton Moses, a clergyman in the English Established Church, who, becoming interested in spiritualism in 1872, found that he possessed "mediumistic" powers. He fought against them for a long time, but finally accepted the spiritualistic faith and abandoned the Church. He records phenomena of an extraordinary type, including the movement of physical objects without contact, the passing of a solid body through another solid—the spectacle of which by Professor Zollner, of Germany, caused him to originate the famous explanatory hypothesis of a "four-dimensional" world—and automatic handwriting from departed persons. But Mr. Moses recanted scientific investigation, which he considered a reflection upon his personal honesty, and, though there is no reason for doubting his integrity, the subsequent discoveries in the realms of psychology and secondary personality are sufficient to supply interpretations of the phenomena he writes of upon a non-supernatural basis. Perhaps the most remarkable "medium" was David D. Home, who created an enormous sensation throughout America and Europe. Among other accomplishments, he claimed the ability to elongate his stature; and two English witnesses, who, being noblemen, must be presumed to be truthful, declared that they saw him float out of a window seventy feet above the ground in broad daylight and float in through another, whose opening was less than two feet in height. He was expelled from Rome as a sorcerer.

The rapid increase in the number of fraudulent "mediums," and the scandals occasioned by their continual exposure, soon began to cast discredit upon the spiritualist movement, and by the beginning of the ninth decade of the last century it had become in the main disregarded except among the credulous—a process which was probably accelerated by the exposure of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, who had established the Theosophical Society in New York in 1875 and claimed to perform miracles through the medium of esoteric knowledge. From this position of degradation the spiritistic movement was destined to advance once more to honor, but along different lines.

Before closing this part of the narrative, however, some mention must be made of the remarkable experiences of Sir William Crookes. One swallow does not make a summer, and one series of experiments that cannot be repeated may not be considered as establishing irrefutable proof. It is conceivable that Sir William Crookes, in publishing his account, was insane or under a hallucination, or engaged in some plot to delude the public to further some secret ends—conceivable, that is, from the view point of impartial and impersonal investigation, though not from that of ordinary intelligence. Sir William Crookes, who is one of the most famous scientists in Europe—the discoverer of thallium, inventor of the radiometer and the Crookes tube, and an ex-president of the august and ancient Royal Society—took up the investigation of spiritualism about the year 1871, with the determination to reduce its claims to scientific investigation. After some astonishing results, which seemed to counteract the laws of physics and dynamics, had been obtained and scientifically demonstrated, Sir William Crookes entered upon a three years' series of experiments with a young lady named Florence Cook, who claimed to be on terms of intimacy with the ghost of a woman known during her life as Annie Morgan, but now calling herself Katie King. Here follows a passage from Sir William Crookes' narrative:

"On March 12th, during a seance here, after Katie had been walking amongst us and talking for some time, she retreated behind the curtain which separated my laboratory, where the company was sitting, from my library, which did temporary duty as a cabinet. In a minute she came to the curtain and called me to her, saying, 'Come into the room and lift my medium's head up; she has slipped down.' Katie was then standing before me, clothed in her usual white robes and turban head-dress. I immediately walked into the library up to Miss Cook, Katie stepping aside to allow me to pass. I found Miss Cook had slipped partially off the sofa, and her head was hanging in a very awkward position. I lifted her up to the sofa, and in so doing had satisfactory evidence that Miss Cook was not attired in the "Katie" costume, but had on her ordinary black velvet dress and was in a deep trance. Not more than three seconds elapsed between my seeing the white-robed Katie standing before me and my raising Miss Cook on to the sofa from the position into which she had fallen. . . .

"I pass on to a seance held last night at Hackney. Katie never appeared to greater perfection, and for nearly two hours she walked about the room conversing familiarly with those present. On several occasions she took my arm when walking, and the impression conveyed to my mind that it was a living woman by my side instead of a visitor from the other world was so strong that the temptation to repeat a recent celebrated experiment became almost irresistible.

"Finding, however, that if I had not a spirit I had at all events a lady close to me, I asked her permission to clasp her in my arms, so as to be able to verify the interesting observations which a bold experimentalist has recently somewhat verbosely recorded. Permission was graciously given, and I accordingly did—well, as any gentleman would do under the circumstances."

Katie then took Sir William Crookes into Miss Cook's room.

"Raising the lamp," he continues, "I looked around and saw Katie standing close behind Miss Cook. She was robed in flowing white drapery as we had previously seen her during the seance. Holding one of Miss Cook's hands in mine and still kneeling, I passed the lamp up and down so as to illuminate Katie's whole figure, and satisfy myself thoroughly that I was really looking at the excitable Katie whom I had clasped in my arms a few minutes before and not at the phantasm of a disordered brain. She did not speak, but moved her head and smiled in recognition."

Many flash light photographs were taken of Katie, and it was observed that she differed materially from Miss Cook in features, complexion, height, rate of pulse, etc. These experiments were continued over a period of three years, after which Katie King had Sir William Crookes a final farewell with much ceremony.

The first conclusion that the reader would draw from the reading of this account would be that "Katie King" was, in truth, an accomplice introduced surreptitiously into the seance-room by Miss Cook the medium. But there is a hindrance in the acceptance of this proposition. Practically all these experiments were made in Sir William Crookes' own house, the doors being locked; while Miss Cook, who was under constant surveillance, arrived with no "properties" except such as could be contained in a hand-bag.

Did "Katie King" arrive concealed in Miss Cook's hand-bag? If we reject the spiritistic hypothesis and decide furthermore that Sir William Crookes could not afford without justification to jeopardize his position of weighty authority and universal regard, the hand-bag theory would seem the most acceptable, here is Sir William Crookes' summary of the affair:

"To imagine that an innocent schoolgirl of fifteen would be able to conceive and then successfully carry out for three years so gigantic an imposture as this, and in that time would submit to any test which might be imposed upon her, would bear the strictest scrutiny, would be willing to be searched at any time, either before or after a seance, and would meet with even better success in my own house than at that of her parents, knowing that she visited me with the express object of submitting to strict scientific tests—to imagine, I say, the Katie King of the last three years to be the result of imposture, does more violence to one's reason and common sense than to believe her to be what she herself affirms."

In passing, it may be observed that similar phenomena were noted two or three years ago in Algeria by Professor Richet. In spite of the investigations of Crookes, however, belief and interest in spiritistic phenomena continued to languish until the work of the English Society for Psychical Research put the matter on a new basis.

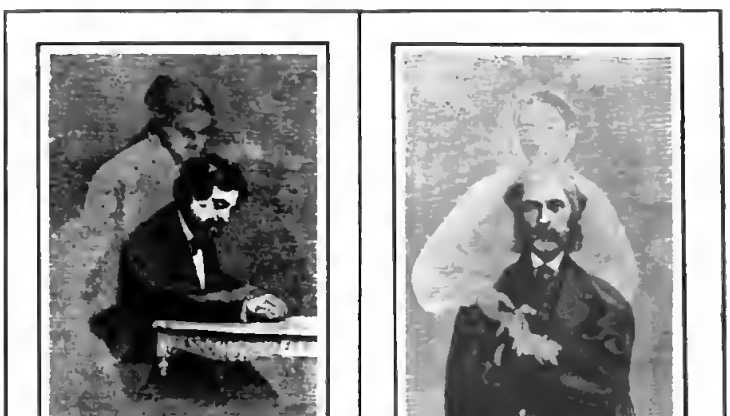
The Society for Psychical Research was formed in London in the year 1882 to make "an organized and systematic attempt to investigate that large group of debatable phenomena designated by such terms as mesmeric, psychical, and spiritualistic." A vast amount of evidence was collected by six committees, most notably a census of seventeen thousand hallucinations, from which the committee in charge deduced that between the death of a person and the simultaneous apparition of that person to another in a distant spot some connection existed. In 1895 an American branch was established, and notable investigations were carried on by Richard Hodgson and Dr. James Hyslop through the mediumship of Mrs. Leonora Piper, of Boston. During the entrancements of this medium, written communications were obtained, through her hand, from persons purporting to be deceased acquaintances of the investigators, and these were of such a nature as to leave only two possible explanations—actual communication from departed spirits and telepathy of an almost limitless ability. In an article which appeared in the issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June, 1900, Doctor Hyslop wrote:

"Against the hypothesis of telepathy also are both the false and the indeterminate incidents. A power so large and discriminative as telepathy must be, in order to account for the successes, ought not to get incidents wholly false . . . A power that can reach out into the world and defy all limitations of space and time in the access of the most complex incidents ought not to stumble at some little facts in the mind of the sitter. . . .

"There is still another very important fact against the telepathic and in favor of the spiritistic theory. It is the dramatic play of personality. I can give no adequate conception of this without detailed quotations from the records. But I may briefly indicate its general nature. It represents the various interlocutions, remarks, explanations, suggestions, etc., directed now to the sitter on this side, and now to the 'communicator' on the 'other side,' precisely as we should expect to see in the management of a complex affair by a number of real persons co-operating in the effort to attain a common end. Conversation purporting to go on with the 'communicator' and representing the various procedure necessary in explaining the process of communication and the conditions of its success is very frequent."

Among the latest investigators is Sir Oliver Lodge, whose conclusions are almost identical with those of Doctor Hyslop.

Mention should be made here of the fact that the Seybert Commission, which was appointed by the



Alleged spirit photographs by Rockwood and Mumler. Judge Edmonds, of the Supreme Court of New York State, testified to the authenticity of Mumler's work

From wood-cuts published in "Harper's Weekly" for May 5, 1860

University of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the terms governing a bequest from one Henry Seybert, to investigate the alleged phenomena of spiritualism, issued a report in 1887 which denied the genuineness of any which they had witnessed. But the negative character of such a report can hardly outweigh the positive evidence adduced by the members of the Society for Psychical Research.

(Continued on page 30.)

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A Capable Humorist

By Mark Twain

THE mails bring me many interesting letters, and now and then a remarkable one. I save the remarkable ones, and shall by and by distribute them through my Autobiography, in order that my far-off future readers may have a chance to enjoy them as much as I have enjoyed them myself. I have now received a remarkable one from Holland which I want to share with the public at once; I cannot bring myself to inter it for years in the cold-storage vault with those others. In the storage vault are a number of letters from foreigners—letters remarkable only or mainly for their quaint and comic and startling English; but while the present one blazes with those merits it possesses others besides, as the reader will presently admit. It is from a born humorist, and his humor is so natural to him that not even the stubborn plate-mail of his book-acquired English is able to keep it in; it breaks its way out, and flashes through the chinks. He is so hampered by his imperfect speech-vehicle that he seldom succeeds in saying exactly what he is trying to say, but no matter, he always says his say lightsomely, always quaintly and deliciously, and often brilliantly; and to be brilliant in a tongue not one's own is a rare feat indeed. We hear of it sometimes, but we don't personally encounter it. I think his English is perfectly charming, and I perceive that the personality back of it is charming too.

It appears that his "bundle" (his book of humorous matter) fails of a market in Holland. Let him turn it into English—doing the translating with his own hand and allowing no one to mar it with corrections—and give it a trial and chance the result. I mean a free, unlabored, offhand translation, with no scrapings and filings and polishings, and other strivings after perfection. I think humor-lovers would enjoy the book and like the author.

Observe what Irwin has done with his delightful Japanese schoolboy. That schoolboy's English is manufactured, yet how forceful it is, how hard it hits, how straight to its mark it goes. And all so innocently unconscious—apparently—of the havoc it is distributing, under the gentle protection of the broken speech. Mr. Banoch's broken speech could be effective, too, I think. Here is his letter:

Most honourated and venerated Sir,

It will probably wunder you very much to receive from a Netherlander a letter that is written in so bad English as this and only the circumstance that I am in reality not a true Netherlander, but that the blood of about the half of the European nations streams pure through my veins, may be able to explain somewhat this in each other case completely incomprehensible, few recommandable and totally unnational absence af knowledge of languages.

Nevertheless I have done all that is possible to make this letter as good as I might. When* I had been a true, pure Netherlander, then should I have succeeded without thought in so brilliant manner, that after years this letter should be considered by the linguists af your country as the most trusted source for the knowledge of your language, like she was in this time, but yet, now it is f, who has reached with my lessons in languages only this result that I am able to maka myself ridiculous in three different languages for three different strangers—what a true Netherlander never can happen of course!—who has written the latter, I fear the result will be somewhat lass favorable.

I hope however that it will be you possible to conceive something about it and I do an appeal on your kindness and concurrence on this regard. But might it happen, in spite of all this consecration as well from your as from my side, that my presentiment appeared to be juste, and that you meand after consecrations study, that this letter looks more a composition in a by me for this occasion with purpose discovered dead language, or in a hetherto unknown dialect of the Esperanto or Volapück, so hope I nevertheless that you will not deprive me from the glory which me belonga therefore and that, when you despatchea this letter to the conductor of the rubric "Informations about the present stode of dead languages," or to them of the rubric "Observation of the natural growing crooked of artificial languages" of one of your local newspapers, my name will remain married with this work, so that f acquira always something with this letter.

And now the proper reason for this latter.

I ought to say that this is in reality a somewhat difficult question. I avow openhearted that I would have preferred to avoid this point, safe then in a mute, placed at the nadorend of this letter, which should then have treated about all sorts of interesting questions, which had nothing to do with the affair self, but the fear that perhaps you will read only the half of this letter brought me back of this purpose and does me give the explaining of the question. You will also, even when you throw away this letter on the half, have read and have consented or refused the half af what I have to write and to ask to you. In both cases is the half of that what I wish to beg you me also allowed at least not refused; I hasard also nothing, gain always somewhat and beg you also frankly: will you be so kind to write a prefaca for my first bundle of sketches!

That is a very strange demand indeed! will you probably remark. For how can I write a prefaca for a book that f not hara read and for a man that I never have seen!

I approve that this ask, when you put it indeed, would have some good reason under some circumstances, but yet, now the affair for what I ask you a recommandation is only a book and not a new mark of sausages, safety matches, and automatic self-slaughter machine or something of this art, has this ask this reason not at all.

Why should it be necessary to know and to answer for the contents of a book, before one could recommend it? Have you then ever caused yourself an inflammation of your entrails by the reading af a book, like that can happen you with sausages? Did you then seen your children descends in the grave, the one after the other, like the guarantated safety matches had caused without doubt, because you had given them a book? From such things has nobody even heard, is not it?

And then besides: since what time makes one name as author, artist or actor by his works? That happens certainly never, is not it? That is certainly contrary to the usance and good manners, is not it? That would certainly be a divergence of the good old customs that never would be approved by the public and with which one who tried to introduce it would provoke the people and excite his hate and rage!

And how good has the existing customs not worked till to-day! How many statesmen who had else been delivered to the oblivion, do not thank their glory and their status to the circumstance that their wife could not endure their company and trickled away? How many singers, actors etc. are not very known, even famous, and born yet done in the service of their art nothing more than to wrench themselves the ancle, to lose their diamonds or to be arrested, all this with more sensibility than they ever had reached in their art! I myself know somebody, from a kind that you surely know also, who is praised by everybody and who are attributed all the virtues and endowments which are imaginable, only on account of the good cause he has known to acquire a little belly* (Bauchchen like we call that.

"From him have I the best hopes," says one in society's, when the happy owner of this belly goes away. "That is a worthy man! One who has endowments! One who will bring it far!"

And all they who speaks with so much appraising about this man, look with admiration to this remarkable, prosperious belly, when they speak also, some under the influence of this strong argument for his good qualities and speaking from the man, they attribute him unconscious all that they admire with so much enthusiasm in his belly. And is this not an irreproachable beautiful manner to acquire the esteem and admiration of his countrymen?

No, most honourated Sir, I have the unshaken conviction that you will not maintain this argument of ignorance with my work, but that on the contrary it will be you a pleasure to acquire the admiration and the agreement of the whole civilised world by the writing of a beautiful thorough preface, which has nothing to do with my book.

And what a beautiful task is such a prefaca for the rest! What a large field for all sorts of interesting contemplations offers she you? It has striked me, that since the author of this bundle conceived the project for it, the statistics indicate a notable diminution of crimes against the laws on the shoe of the beasts for draught can you say per exempel, criticising the affair of a large economic point of view. Farther, returning to subjects of more local nature, you can remark that since the publishing of this work was resolved, the paving stones of your domethary town are used less more on the outside and much more on the foot which is resting on the earth, so that the publishing of a work like this signifies for penurious communities a notable sparing in the expenses for the pavement and all such things more which you can say much more nice, juste, and with more penetration than they are here written, of course.

But why does that man not ask such a preface to a well-known humorist of his own country? Is that not somewhat suspected?, will you possibly remark to yourself.

Most honourated and venerated Sir, I avow openhearted that I nominate the whole admiration which I ever have showed for your logical power, your sagacity, your spirited look on all problems which are possible and that I retract all the declarations which I ever have done about this, when you put this ask indeed.

For what should I begian with such a prefaca that latter could be calculated a funeral sermon?

Supposed that Netherland possessed a humorist, supposed even a well-known humorist, stronger: supposed that you yourself were a Netherlandth humorist, do you mean that I should venture to appear with a prefaca of you? I should not dare it when my life were me precious! I should admirate you in this case as much as I do it now, yea perhaps still more! For I should think: such a bad fate has the poor man not deserved! And I should regret at most that your were not born under more graceful circumstances: that you were not a native of Greenland, not a citizen of the Nord Pole, not a man of Mars (the planet), but above all: that you were not an American.

And this cannot wunder you indeed! For it is you known of course, how much admiration my countrymen cherisch for all the races, nations and peoples which I have enumerated and above all: how much admiration they cherisch for your countrymen.

Coming from your independent America, where narrow-mindedness like these are unknown of course, you must have been striked double as strong on your travels through our country—you rambles it all sides and knows all his corners is not it? An American who does not run through our country is not a true American, as we learn on the school!—by the great predilection for all that is from you and your countrymen you saw here.

Or do not you know more with what a surprise each Netherlander used to listen, when you speaking about the beautiful things that you had seen on your travels, told him somewhat from the curiosities of his own country, from which he never had heard till this day. In your own country is that quite otherwise of course. Your countrymen travel in the foreign only then, when they know their own country as good as their own house, but here is this just the contrary and does not exist anybody who knows exactly what there is to be seen in his native country. And stronger and stronger: when one says that it has indeed somewhat that is remarkable, they do not believe it at once, safa when it is an American who says that, for in this case is it the truth, of course!

And do you mean that I should dare to appear with a preface of a countryman under such circumstances? Sir, I do not think about it! Even when (if) I could obtain for my bundle a preface from the most orthodox and old fashioned clergyman which Netherland possesses then should I not yet think about it, though this is the best recommandation for all kinds of things that can be loved by me!

No most honourated Sir, only with a preface of you can I reach my aim. A recommandation of you, a humorist, the most famous humorist of your country, the most famous humorist of America and my success is certain! When f can show to an editor this, then undoubted is my bundle printed. Without my sketches, that is possible. But may hap are these then printed on the coverside (Umschlag), when no advertisements are received and when the editor is a generous man. Or possibly does he place them on loose papers between the pages of your prefaca, in variation with the announcements and with the intention to make the reading of these a few less monotonous. But in each case is the aim reached.

And should you refuse to grant your support therefore? Most honourated Sir, I cannot believe that. I do an appeal on your kindness! Your dollarkings maintain our painters for buying their pictures, from which they else never were delivered and even in a much greater quantity than ever has been painted by them and do you like to stay behind your countrymen?

No most honourated Sir, you will not do that! I am sure about that! But if will be you an honour to make possible by your powerful support the edition of a book that else by no one of my countrymen would be desired, by no body would be bought and that no one on earth would have costed a moment of joy.

Have I gained the pleading?

Ah! It is true! I have forgotten something! You know literal nothing about my person! But what ran f say you that is able to awake faith and confidence? When I tell you pretty things from myself, then do you think: the man lies of course! and I do not obtain my prefaca. When I confess on the other hand honestly my bad deeds and qualities, then do you think: f have immediately thought that there was something wrong with this man and who knows what he yet keeps back. And I do not obtain my prefaca not at all.

Nevertheless I do not like to say no anything and in order to show you that my will is good, I communicate you, that my length is 1.61 meter, my complexion is black, eyes blue, hairs flaxen, and I bear a beard. Nose common, ears common, mouth common, one foretooth fails. Bears black dress of dubious stuff, black hat, marked C. W., white nether garments, marked J.A.B., C.R., and P.B., save the collar which is dirty and the pocked handkerchief which is marked K.S.D. Boots black, weared off and in a great time not polished. Has in his pockets a pipe, a notebook without leafs, an ivory halt of an Indian sword and presumptively his neck cloth.

It is not much like, you see, but I do not know more that is guarantated sure. It is the description that the police gave of me eight years ago, when I had gone away on a New Years evening to gratulate an old friend but had stand away about twenty-four hours, because a dried ditch, the place where I had seen him the last time, was freezed now and I not had could understand in what manner such an important mutulation can happen in the two or three month that had passed since.

And might you find that all this is not sufficient to trust me in the affair from which is the question, then, most honourated Sir offer I docily my good name and beg you to agree me that what I ask you for, disdain; I am with joy well pleased therewith.

Receive in each case the declaration of my most respectful sentiments and admiration

Your dedicated reader

PETER BAANEN,

(nom de plume "PEER BOOREN.")

P.S. When, perhaps you have to make a present of some wearied off or superfluous humours, I recommend myself politely for sending.

P.S. My wife who had read this letter, says that you will proldably send me a physician and not a prefaca and that you will believe that all this is foolishness. And your prefaca would help us so good through the winter, she says. I have answered her of course that this physician, when (if) he came soon, still could draw me a bad tooth, for though there is something in her words that is just, the prosperity and peace of our home forbid me to avow this. Nevertheless I will not wholly neglect her observation, and declare also that all I have written here is deep earnest, especially that what belongs the prefaca. Farther that it would be very kind from you were so oblicions and that his preface when (if) you came to day or to morrow in the neighbourhood of our house threatens you with the grateful cries of a whole family. We do not have children, so that you will be obliged to renounce of their voice, at our regret, but the parents have very good lungs on the other hand.

That is it almost what me was said, but translated by me in pathetic style and the wreath does she have her will too.

9 Dec. '08.

Amsterdam,
Vrolikstraat 333
Holland.

* German for *Q.*—M. T.

* German pun on his own name

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FROM LONDON TO BROADWAY

THE MOST RECENT DRAMATIC RECRUIT FROM ENGLAND TO APPEAR IN NEW YORK IS MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER, AT PRESENT LEADING WOMAN TO MR. GILLETTE, IN HORNSTEIN'S "SAMSON," PLAYING AT THE HUDSON THEATRE. MISS COLLIER, PRIOR TO HER NEW YORK ENGAGEMENT, WAS LEADING WOMAN FOR HERBOOM TREE, AT "HIS MAJESTY'S," LONDON. NEXT SEASON SHE WILL BE "STARRED" BY MR. FROHMAN IN BERNSTEIN'S LATEST PLAY, "ISRAEL."

Trinity and Its Critics

By William Inglis

It has become the fashion to throw stones at rich old Trinity. Poets, preachers, pamphleteers, cartoonists, legislators, magazine writers, picture the ancient church corporation as a cold, cynical monster of greed, wringing millions of dollars out of the oppressed poor who live in its rotting, rotten and disease-breeding tenements, and using the ill-gotten gains to enrich certain officials whose identity is hidden in a cloud of mystery. Religion, they say, is forgotten, and individuals unnamed are plundering the rich parish in secret.

Is there another side to the story? Can there be another side? Is it possible that the rector, wardens, and vestrymen of Trinity Church—for thus the officers of the corporation are constituted—is it possible that these men are not, after all, a band of ruthless robbers? Individually their characters and careers stand among the best in the community. Is it possible that collectively they are not a pirate crew? Nothing could be more fascinating than to find true answers to these questions. It was for this purpose that the writer began an inquiry a few weeks ago. The results will be found on these pages—not as a justification or even an apology for Trinity, but as the answer of the officials of Trinity Church to the accusations launched at them. It will be seen that they are breaking away from the old tradition of silence which has for more than a century governed the corporation in its dealings with the public. It is true that many of the older and more conservative members of the vestry still believe that Trinity's business is no affair of the public—which belief under a strictly legal interpretation seems to be correct—but the younger members of the governing body recognize that the public has a right to certain information, even though the charter of Trinity corporation does not require that it be furnished; that the community has a right to certain knowledge about those who live in it, whether individuals or corporate persons.

It would be a most interesting study in psychology to review the history of the periodic attacks that have been made upon Trinity since her property began to acquire great value, say eighty years ago. Since that time no generation has passed without witnessing a furious onslaught upon the corporation. There is room here to quote only briefly from a pamphlet written by the rector of Trinity, the Rev. Dr William Berrian, in 1856, when a strong and concerted attack was in progress.

"Dr. Berrian's words describe exactly the situation to-day," said the present rector of Trinity to the writer. I quote a few paragraphs:

"FACTS AGAINST FANCY

"There are occasions when, in the proud consciousness of having acted rightly, we are, nevertheless, accused unjustly, that we are restrained by a sense of self-respect from answering the charges, and would rather suffer in silence than subject ourselves to fresh humiliation. This is especially so in the case of individuals with noble minds. It is so, in a degree, likewise, with public men, who have no private aims, and are laboring solely for the good of others.

"Such is, precisely, the situation of Trinity Church. She has gone on from generation to generation with the steady aim and constant desire of doing all the good in her power, without regard to the ingratitude for her favors, or the injustice and violence of popular clamor, and so, I think, she would proceed for the time to come, were it not abundantly manifest that there is a concert of action and a combination of all elements against her, which, by means of gross misrepresentation and unworthy disparagement, are intended to cripple and destroy her, and which, I trust in God, may be signally defeated.

"It would be a curious thing if all the secret motives could be analyzed and detected, which unite men of such different minds so heterogeneously in this strange combination against Trinity Church [illegible] and religious prejudice, restless agitation, unbridled cupidity, the jealousy of wealth and influence in all their forms, however beneficently and usefully employed, are enough to account for the eager activity of worthy men on this unworthy pursuit. But disappointment with others, in the unreasonable expectations of the bounty of Trinity Church, which, in many cases, it was out of her power to gratify; the neglect of pecuniary schemes for enlarging her usefulness, which practical men, on the bare suggestion of them, could not always see fit to carry out; and, above all, the root of bitterness in the entertainment of sound church principles, and the manful maintenance of them at all times, through good and evil report—these are the faults which, on the part of some, can never be forgotten, and of others, never forgiven. Down with her, down with her, even to the ground, 'by law' if they can, and 'without law' if they cannot.

"It is not my design, in the statement which I am about to make, to notice the legal or political questions in relation to the title of Trinity Church. These have been so often determined and settled in all their aspects, by the opinions of the Chancellor, the conclusions of the Land Commissioners, the decisions of the inferior courts, the higher courts, and the court of final appeal, as to make it a matter of wonder that credulity should still be as blindfold, and agitation as restless, as if no decisions in the case had ever been made.

"I intend merely to meet the more common objections and popular errors which so generally prevail in regard to the wealth, the duties, the failings of Trinity Church, and to discuss them with temper, candor, and truth. Among the most conspicuous of these errors is the exaggerated notion, which is almost universally entertained, of the enormous and unbounded wealth of this great corporation. It is the theme of the press, the subject of legislative inquiry, the longing of avarice, the temptation to rapacity, the excuse for sacrilege. It is a fruitful topic, which may be treated in a variety of ways, but, in almost all cases, however, to answer one common end. In some it is done thoughtlessly, in ignorance and delusion; in others, with wilfulness and malice, and the most pernicious intent. It is surprising, nevertheless, to behold occasionally, intelligent, conscientious, and devout men adopting this popular error without examination, and giving currency to it with all the extravagance and absurdity of popular belief."

The recent charges against Trinity may be summarized as follows:

1. That the corporation collects every year a vast revenue which is disposed of secretly by its officers in a manner which they will not or dare not disclose.

2. That much of this revenue is derived from rents collected from poor tenants who live in wretched, sodden, hideously unhealthy, rotten tenements.

3. That Trinity is abandoning the parish of old St. John's Chapel, in Varick Street for reasons that are sordid and a disgrace to a religious corporation.

The situation has been epitomized, not without vehemence, by Richard Watson Gilder, in verse which has obtained wide circulation. He writes:

> "Guardians of a holy trust
> Who, in your rotting tenements,
> Housed the people, till the offence
> Rose to the Heaven of the Just—
> Guardians of an ancient trust
> Who, lately, from these little ones
> Dashed the cup of water: now
> Bind new laurels to your brow.
> Fling to earth these sacred stones,
> Give the altar to the dust!
> Here the poor and friendless ones—
> Desolate the trampled home
> Of the friendless and the poor,
> That your laurels may be sure!
> Here beside the frowning walls
> Where no more the wood bird calls,
> Where once the little children played,
> Whose paradise ye have betrayed,
> Here let the temple low be laid.
> Here bring the altar to the dust—
> Guardians of a holy trust!"

This cartoon, with the title "Holy Trinity," was published as a double page in *Puck* on January 9th

St. John's Chapel, which escaped demolition, but raised a whirlwind of indignation

In a letter written by Seth Low and published in the newspapers we read:

"Trinity's proposed abandonment of St. John's seems to indicate that it is entirely unaware of the change of public sentiment as to open spaces in the city which the last few decades have wrought. If I interpret the public sentiment of New York City correctly—and no one will deny that I have had many opportunities for forming a correct judgment upon it—Trinity parish cannot remove its work from St. John's, and destroy the old building, without incurring the condemnation of the overwhelming majority of those who cherish that sort of idealism for the city.

"That it should even contemplate it makes many of us ask whether the office buildings that surround Trinity Church have not affected the church more than the church has affected the offices."

The present rector of Trinity parish is the Rev. Dr. William Thomas Manning, who was until recently in charge of St. Agnes' Chapel in West Ninety-first Street. He has accomplished a great work in the building up of that charge, and he is as noted for piety and humanity as for administrative ability.

"The clamor against Trinity is unjust," said Doctor Manning to me. "It springs in part from malice and in large part from ignorance of the facts, and in the end it will come to nothing. The wardens and vestrymen who administer the business affairs of Trinity are honest, capable men, earnestly striving to serve God and the people not only of this great parish, but of the entire community. It is true that they are conservative, that the vestry does not adopt every plan put forward by volunteers in various quarters; but it is also true that these officers of Trinity give their services gratis in the administration of the business of the church; that they treat the tenants of Trinity with kindness and consideration, and are anxious to do everything in their power to improve the condition of the

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dwelling-house property owned by the parish. Many of the charges that have been made are false and malicious, as any fair-minded man can learn by inspecting the property.

"My own position in the matter is simply this—that if there is anything wrong in the tenements owned by Trinity, it should and must be made right as speedily as possible. I find the vestry unanimous in their support of this view. The vestry feel the keenest interest in this matter of the betterment of our property, and feel about this part of our work as I do myself, that it is one of the most sacred and vital obligations resting upon us.

"As to the proposed closing of St. John's Chapel, I wish to say with full knowledge of all the facts that the cost of maintaining this chapel on lines of regular parochial work ought to be saved to Trinity parish and applied in other church work, in which it would be much more effective. Absolutely nothing would be lost in combining the congregation of St. John's with that at St. Luke's, a few blocks away.

"It has been asserted with great confidence that Bishop Potter, had he been living, would never have consented to any such plan for St. John's.

"We have recently found a letter from Bishop Potter, written in 1894, in which he gives his full consent not only to the change in the plan of work as now proposed, but also to the taking down of the building and the use of the site for other than religious purposes, which is not a part of our present plan. Bishop Potter's letter, which is in possession of the vestry, is a very interesting one in view of some of the public statements which recently have been made. It did not occur to him or any one else interested in the matter that it would be any hardship for the congregation of St. John's to combine with the congregation at St. Luke's. Since the acquisition of St. Luke's by this parish, St. John's and St. Luke's have always in large measure covered the same ground. The two congregations have always been under the care and direction of one vicar. The curates who work at St. John's sleep at St. John's and take their meals at St. Luke's. Sister Dorothy, who is on the staff of workers at St. John's, lives at St. Luke's. The two chapels have only one kindergarten, known and described in the Year-Book as St. John's and St. Luke's kindergarten. It is conducted at St. Luke's, and has been conducted there for years because it is far more within reach of the children of the two congregations than it would be at St. John's.

"In the Year-Book of the parish for 1893, the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, Rector of Trinity Parish, wrote as follows:

"'The old church of St. Luke's, on Hudson Street, opposite Grove Street, came into the possession of Trinity corporation on December 1, 1892, on the opening of the new St. Luke's, on 141st Street and Convent Avenue. It is now designated as St. Luke's Chapel, and is under the special oversight of the Rev. Philip A. H. Brown, assistant minister in charge of St. John's Chapel. For the present and until the removal of St. John's to a new site not far from that of St. Luke's, this church will be maintained, with an adequate force of clergy and lay workers, as a part of the parish of Trinity Church. The work has gone on without interruption and with satisfactory results.

"'The fields of St. John's and St. Luke's run into each other, and a new church with suitable buildings will soon be erected to accommodate the united congregations.'

"There we have Doctor Dix's opinion clearly favoring the combination. It was not then regarded as any hardship for the congregation of St. John's to combine with the congregation of St. Luke's, and it is not a hardship for these two congregations to combine now. A member of the present congregation at St. John's who has been their chief spokesman during the recent agitation, and who appears as one of the plaintiffs in the injunction proceedings against the rector, wardens, and vestrymen, states in a letter which is in our possession that on certain conditions (with which the vestry did not feel able to comply) the congregation of St. John's are willing to go to St. Luke's in a body.

"The talk about Trinity parish abandoning the region in which St. John's and St. Luke's are situated is all nonsense. Our plan of work for the region is a threefold one: it includes a strong and effective parochial work carried on at St. Luke's; special work among the Italians at another point within the district, and the carrying on of evangelical services, and certain branches of welfare work at St. John's.

"The Rev. William Wilkinson, who has been secured to take charge of this evangelistic work, is known throughout this country and in England for his special gifts in this field of service. The rearrangement of the work at St. John's and St. Luke's simply means that Trinity parish is adapting her methods of work to the conditions and needs of that region of the city as they at present exist."

Col. William Jay, the senior warden of Trinity and clerk of the vestry, takes a philosophical view of the present attack upon the institution.

"It is disheartening to have to submit to so much unjust denunciation," said Colonel Jay; "or, rather, it would be disheartening to endure if we were not used to it. The truth is that Trinity suffers now, as it has long suffered, from the attentions of volunteer advisers who think they can manage the business of the church much better than its own officers. If we should try to follow the advice of all the men who offer it we should be worse off than the man and the boy and the donkey in the fable. Moreover, Trinity has the great misfortune to possess valuable property, and every one with a pet scheme to advance thinks the corporation should give him a few thousands or hundreds of thousands to help the scheme along.

"The appalling thing is that no one remembers, or if he remembers he wilfully ignores, the great good Trinity has done and is constantly doing with its revenue. The detractors of Trinity forget that Grace Church, Christ Church, St. George's, St. Thomas', and St. Michael's were established by gifts from Trinity. They forget that for years Trinity has done most, if not all, of the work of the Protestant Church on Manhattan Island south of Fourteenth Street. The rich Protestant churches have moved uptown among rich people. We do their work.

"As for Trinity's tenements, they are neither rotten nor breeding-grounds of disease, as any one can see by examining them. Some of the small houses are old-fashioned, each occupied originally by one family, but now occupied by two families or more. They belong to the period when Greenwich village really was a village, and, of course, they are not like modern houses. But they are habitable and comfortable. Go and look at them. I ask you to note this significant fact: though all other landlords in New York have raised the rent again and again during the last ten years, Trinity has not raised the rent in the last twenty years. The charge for rooms in the Greenwich village houses is the same now as it was twenty years ago. That doesn't look as if Trinity were grinding dollars out of her tenants.

"The allegations of mystery in the management of Trinity's business, mystery as to the worth of its property, mystery as to the amount of its income, and mystery as to the way it is expended—all these have been met and refuted by the accounting published a fortnight ago. The report was being prepared for publication long before the present clamor was begun.

"And that leaves us with only the matter of St. John's Chapel to discuss. The steps proposed to be taken there were for the good of the church work. The root of the entire trouble lies in the fact that the vestry did not think it advisable to take the Rev. Mr. Gomph and his assistants into St. Luke's with the congregation at St. John's. Mr. Lewis W. Smith, of 31 Vandam Street, the spokesman for the congregation, wrote me on December 18, 1908:

"'My dear Mr. Jay:

"'Referring to the statement of Bishop Greer appearing in to-day's papers, I think it well that you should know that if the vestry would transfer Mr. Gomph with the congregation they would go in a body, and this has been the feeling from the beginning. The erection of new buildings will be no incentive to St. John's people if they do not have their clergy whom they have learned to love. Never before has there been such harmony among the clergy and workers as there is at the present time. As the sentiments of the people are as above, I trust you will do all you can to bring it about, as the people want to stay together, but do not want to or will not go to St. Luke's.

'Sincerely yours,

'Lewis W. Smith.'

"'P.S.—The people want to stay at St. John's, but if they must leave they will willingly go under the condition I have mentioned, not otherwise.'

"You will observe that this letter does not even hint that combining the two congregations would in any way diminish the effectiveness of Trinity's work in the neighborhood. The whole agitation and clamor has arisen out of the fact that the vestry of Trinity declined to be dictated to by the congregation of St. John's in a matter which lay entirely within the discretion of the vestry."

Francis S. Bangs, another vestryman of Trinity, invited me to go with him forthwith on a visit of inspection of the Trinity tenements in "the farm." We went in an open automobile, up and down and across, through every street on which Trinity property lies, stopping at random for close inspection. The part of old Greenwich village south of Christopher Street was formerly known as "Queen Anne's farm," though that estimable lady never saw it. The region is as foreign to the New York of the New Yorkers as the outer edges of Fredonia, New York, or Manayunk, Pennsylvania. The houses, chiefly of brick, with here and there a wooden structure boasting what was nearly a century ago a proud brick front, are all very old and of primitive design. They are the typical residences of the Eighth Ward, many of them are outside of Trinity's holdings, and none of them was built by Trinity. They lack the modern conveniences, but they seem to me to be sanitary. It was a bitterly cold afternoon and a fine, hard snow was driven down upon us by a fierce north wind, yet I found some twenty of Trinity's houses that we walked through, picked at haphazard here and there, to be warm and comfortable. In some of them the air was stuffy, but I could not find any of the horrors so eloquently depicted by various crusaders. It may be that in a visit of only two hours I had no chance to observe the awful conditions mentioned by the most earnest critics, and I do not pretend to be a sanitary expert; but the houses I inspected seemed to be on a par with thousands of houses in comfortable use that may one may find in the small towns in New York and other States, and far superior to the crowded tenements of the East Side of New York City.

A row of decrepit houses in Clarkson Street was pointed out as those which a prominent magazine writer had denounced as among the vilest tenements in Trinity's possession, but neither the houses nor the ground on which they stand belongs to Trinity.

"As a real-estate problem," said Mr. Bangs, "the root of the trouble is that the advance of business improvement has followed first the natural lines of the river-front and Broadway. Wall Street along the river, to the westward of our property, and the section between Broadway and West Broadway, much to the eastward of us, have caught the tide of business and have left our property pocketed.

"As our leases fall in, we come into possession of buildings which we did not erect, for whose condition we have not been responsible, and which we do not want, but have to accept because they are practically abandoned. It is not a question of rental. The owners have simply exhausted the property beyond their own means of repair, and are unwilling to spend the money required to put the buildings in fit condition. In a number of cases we have torn down the buildings, and the land stands idle, except as storage-places for trucks, because there is no other present use to be found for it. Where the buildings are structurally good, we take them over subject to the requirements of the department, and put them in order as promptly as possible. Under such circumstances, we are compelled to spend thousands of dollars in repairs made necessary by the neglect of former owners. We have to deal with a temporary condition which we have not caused, and must carry the property, whether we will or not, until some other use can be found for it. In the mean time we keep these houses in good habitable condition, and in as good interior order as the personal sense of orderliness of the occupants will permit. We treat our lessees fairly. There is not a piece of questionable character anywhere on the 'farm.' The rents are low, and the future destruction of the buildings is a matter of serious concern to a large number of the tenants, who have no relish for the ordinary city tenement.

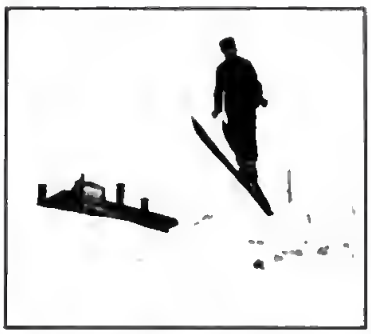
"As opportunity has offered, we have sold parts of our land, always under covenant to erect modern business buildings, of which the Beale Building on Hudson Street and the Butterick Building on Spring Street are examples. With the proceeds and out of borrowed money we have erected large and creditable buildings of our own—business buildings and 'model' tenements, buildings which have been pointed out by persons ignorant of the true ownership as patterns of private investment which Trinity should imitate. Instances of this class are the buildings at Greenwich, Vestry, Desbrosses, and Watts streets; at Spring, Bedford, Varick, and Vandam streets; on King and Charlton streets, at Charlton and Hudson. A new building at Hudson, Vandam, and Charlton is about to be begun. We are seeking by such improvements to induce business to come into the district on a large scale, and as rapidly as possible are promoting the replacement of the present old buildings with new. We are accused of being commercial because we are engaged in these operations.

(Continued on page 29.)

"WHY ST. JOHN'S MUST BE CLOSED"

Mr. Davenport thus pictured his conception of Trinity Church in the *Evening Mail* of January 20th

"Shooting" the railway bridge on the Cresta run



Switzerland's champion ski-jumper takes a flier

A mishap that nobody minds at St. Moritz

A curling match—one of St. Moritz's milder sports

A New York visitor—Mr. Irving Brokaw

A royal skating party—Princess Hohenberg, wife of Archduke Ferdinand, and their children, Princess Sophia and Prince Max

A figure-skating contest for St. Moritz's most highly prized trophy

Ferdinand of Austria is an expert skater

WHERE WINTER HAS NO TERRORS

THE MIDWINTER SPORTS AT ST. MORITZ, SWITZERLAND, ARE ENJOYED BY A COLONY OF VISITORS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

"Father and Son"
BY LYDIA FIELD EMMETT

Portrait of Miss Mathilde Townsend, of Washington
BY JOHN S. SARGENT
Winner of the Carol H. Beck Memorial Gold Medal

NOTABLE PAINTINGS IN THIS YEAR'S EXHIBITION

Mercie"
ABBETT.

"Mysterious Thoughts"
BY E. K. K. WETHERELL

"noon"
AM

"The Blue Gown"
BY J. ALDEN WEIR

THE ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS, PHILADELPHIA

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EQUALITY

FIRST AID TO JUSTICE

"ONE of the most difficult cases I ever tried," said the Eminent Criminal Lawyer, "was the defence of Ignatz Jakopowovitz, indicted for arson. He had a little shop in the basement of a tenement with three hundred dollars' worth of stuff in it, and he was accused of setting fire to it in order to collect five hundred dollars of insurance, thereby risking the lives of twenty families in the building—"

"So the jury was prejudiced against him?" the Student interrupted.

"No; that wasn't it," said the eminent one. "The best defence I had was the presence in court of Mrs. Jakopowovitz and the six little Jakopowovitzes. I wanted them to howl at the climax of my peroration in summing up for the defence. But the man was so stupid that he couldn't remember the words 'my poor client,' which were to serve as the cue for him to begin groaning.

"It was the working out of this problem that made me happy. Toward the close of my summing up the unhappy Jakopowovitz sat huddled at the bar, his head in his hands, a picture of helpless woe—though he was really peeping at me keenly through his fingers. When I said, 'Oh, gentlemen, can you on such flimsy evidence send to prison this kind husband and father?' I dropped my handkerchief.

"At the drop of the handkerchief the wretched Jakopowovitz gave forth a long and dismal groan.

"'Mein maan' Mein mann!' yelled Mrs. Jakopowovitz, tearing her hair; and, 'Fader! Fader!' howled all six of the little Jakopowovitzes. It was a triumph of stage management. Worked, too. The jury disagreed."

GOING, GOING—

THE aeroplane, capsized by a sudden flaw of wind, was falling with frightful velocity.

"Pat," said the inventor to his assistant, "do you think the Lord is with us?"

"If He is," Pat replied, "He's goin' some!"

A FAIR EXCHANGE

AT a gathering of medical men in Cincinnati last month, one of the number was a noted practitioner, who is almost as well known for his shabby attire as he is for his skill as a physician.

When the gathering was about to disperse, the doctor in question could not find his hat. Instead, to his great surprise, he found a nice new glossy silk hat, which happened to fit him as though made to his order. When he got home he exhibited his head piece with considerable pride.

The next day, however, a fellow doctor turned up to claim the hat.

"Permit me, my dear Doctor," said the second medico, "to apologize for my little trick, which grew out of the fact that yesterday you carried an umbrella, while I had none. It occurred to me that, while my new silk hat would be ruined by the rain, yours would not. Accordingly, I took the liberty of leaving mine in place of yours. Many thanks."

A CONSTANT MOTTO

A REPRESENTATIVE of a firm of household decorators was one day called to the suburban home of an eccentric Bostonian, father of a large and interesting family, including a number of girls.

As the decorator went through the house for the purpose of giving the estimate for redecoration desired by the Bostonian, his attention was caught by a legend, framed and prominently displayed over the mantel in the room of each girl, reading,

"Learn to say 'yes.'"

"Would you mind telling me what that means?" asked the decorator, nodding to the legend, and addressing his question to the daughter who was acting as his guide.

"Oh," explained the girl, blushing, "that's one of dad's ideas. There are eight of us girls, you know!"

THE GORDIAN KNOT

WHEN one of Uncle Sam's sailors, a man named Gordon, formerly serving on one of our vessels in a West Indian squadron, was taken to the Naval Hospital in Washington he described with gruesome vividness to his companions there his adventure with a shark off one of the islands in the West Indies.

"I had jest fell over the bulwarks," said the able seaman, "when along comes a big shark an' grabs me by the leg."

"What did ye do then, matey?" asked one of the patients.

"I never disputes none with sharks," said the sailor; "I let him have the leg."

HIS FUNCTION

THE ten-year old son of a Washington man, who has taken the boy with him on several trans-Atlantic trips, was being catechised on one occasion by a Sunday-school superintendent, with reference to the parable of the unjust steward.

"Now, Willie," said the superintendent, "tell us, what is a steward?"

"He's the man that brings you a basin," said Willie.

RIGHT

PROFESSOR *(at chemistry examination)*. "Under what combination is gold released most quickly?"

STUDENT. "Marriage, sir."

"DARLING, YOU GROW MORE BEAUTIFUL EVERY DAY."

AMENITIES OF TRADE

"WHILE in the West not long ago," says a New York newspaper man, "I chanced to come upon a funny exchange of personalities in the columns of a paper published in Nebraska.

"The first of three, both of which were ads. in the 'Personal Column,' ran as follows:

"'By reason of many annoying mistakes, I, William Wilkins, the barber, beg to announce to all concerned that I am not the same person as William Wilkins, the grocer; and, furthermore, that I am in no way related to the said Wilkins, grocer.'

"The reply came along the next day in the same column, and the other Wilkins retaliated in this wise:

"'William Wilkins, the grocer, who was stated yesterday to be a different person from, and to be in no way related to, one William Wilkins, the barber, begs to announce to all concerned that it is his desire for the future to be known as Lucky William Wilkins.'"

HIS LITTLE GAME

THE old watchmaker of a town in New England recently retired, and the contract for maintaining the church and town-hall clocks in order was given to his successor. Unfortunately, from the start the new man experienced a difficulty in getting the clocks to strike at the same time. At last the town council requested an interview with the watchmaker.

"You are not so successful with the clocks as your predecessor," he was told. "It is very misleading to have one clock striking three or four minutes after the other. Why, before you took them in hand we could hardly tell that two were striking, so accurately were they adjusted. Surely you are as competent as Mr. Perkins."

"Every watchmaker has his own methods, gentlemen," replied the watchmaker, "and mine are not the same as Perkins'."

"I am of opinion that it would be better for the town convenience if they were," stiffly responded one of the councillors.

"Very well, sir, in the future they shall be," came the reply. "I happened to write to Mr. Perkins last week about the trouble I was having with the clocks, and—but perhaps," he added, as he produced a letter and handed it to the council, "you'd like to see what he wrote."

"Dear Sir" (ran the letter). "About them clocks. When you get to know what a cranky bunch that old council are, you'll do the same as I did for twenty years—forget to wind up the striker of the town-hall clock. Then the old Rubes won't be able to tell that both clocks ain't striking together."

A GROWING BUSINESS

YEARS ago a Northern visitor was walking along the streets of Jacksonville when he espied a small darky in the sun brushing flies off himself.

"Well, Rastus," the visitor said, pausing to address the youth, "do you manage to keep busy these days?"

"Yes, suh," returned the boy.

"Very busy?" queried the visitor, in an unbelieving tone of voice.

"Yes, suh," returned the boy.

"At it now?" grinned the visitor.

"Yes, suh," said the boy.

"What is your business—shooing flies?" asked the visitor.

"No, suh; my business is jes' growin', suh."

SINCERE COURTESY

AT a dance given by a certain set in Philadelphia society there was one participant, a man from Wilmington, who met with a mishap on the floor, due to his lack of skill in dancing.

The Wilmington person observed to one guest, "Sir, you are the only gentleman in the room."

"Thanks," was the dry response. "May I inquire what motive has led to this complimentary outburst on your part?"

"Why," explained the out-of-towner, "when I tripped in the dance just now and fell sprawling to the floor, incidentally ripping off a large section of my charming partner's gown, you were the only one in the place who did not laugh."

The guest smiled grimly. "The explanation lies in the fact that the lady is my wife and that I have paid for the gown."

A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE

BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER

THE TROUBLE WITH IT

AN enlisted man at the post at Fort Leavenworth was not long ago ordered to the range for the first time for target drill. Out of twenty-one chances the newcomer made never a hit.

"Oh, you dub!" exclaimed an officer standing near. "You've missed the target every time! What's the matter?"

"Well, sir," answered the recruit, nonchalantly, "the only reason I can think of at present is that the person who set up my target hasn't placed it in a straight line from here."

A PROMISED PARADISE

"I don't 'a' to have the ilme of me life in this house, I see that," recently confided an Irish domestic, recently imported, to a housemaid in the service of a Boston woman.

"What makes you think that?" was the query of the other servant.

"Well," resumed the newcomer, "she says to me this mawnin', she says: 't'iam, ye quite understand that I shall only be "at home" every Thursday from three to five.' Now, what ye think o' that? Wid the misthress only at home for two hours ivery wake, ain't I warranted in promisin' meself a pretty fair time?"

"I'D 'A' HIM WITH THE SHOW YET IF I HADN'T 'A' MADE A HIT AN' GOT THE STAR SOME ON ME."

THE INTELLECTUAL AGE

THE women of an Indiana town recently organized a literary club, and for a while everything was lovely.

"Alice," asked the husband of one of the members, upon her return home from one of the meetings, "what was the topic under discussion by the club this afternoon?"

Alice couldn't remember at first. Finally, however, she exclaimed:

"Oh yes, I recollect? We discussed that brazen-looking woman that's just moved in across the street and Longfellow."

WHAT HE KNEW

A GRADUATE of a New England university applied not long ago to a Portland, Maine, importer for a position in the latter's establishment.

"Let me see," said the prospective employer, when he had scanned the numerous letters of recommendation offered by the applicant, "do you know anything of the shipping business?"

"Well, of course, sir," was the frank response, "I know a good deal about the expeditions of Ulysses and Æneas."

THE TROUBLE

A MAID-SERVANT in the employ of a Brooklyn woman was left the other day in charge of the children while her mistress went for a long drive.

"Well, Mary," asked the lady, on her return, "how did the children behave during my absence?"

"Nicely, ma'am," Mary answered, "but at the end they fought terribly together."

"Fight! Mercy me! why did they fight?"

"To decide," said Mary, "which was behaving the best."

THE FAMILY SKELETON

THE MUTT. "HI, YA?"
THE TERRIER. "YES; CAN'T SPARE A MINUTE, OLD MAN. I'M TRACING BACK MY FAMILY TREE."
THE MUTT. "HUMPH! I'LL BET YOU A BONE YOU'LL FIND IT MOSTLY BARK!"

By the Father of Waters

By Elmore Elliott Peake

DRAWINGS BY LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK

FLENNER sat on the desolate bank, watching the muddy Mississippi slip unweariyingly by. There was something sullen and treacherous in the aspect of the stream. It moved as silently as a footpad, and its ochrous waters jealously veiled the secrets of its depths, as if fearsome things might there be found. Occasionally, though, some water-logged stump, caught in an upward current, would rise to the surface with sinister caution; then, half in fright, half in derision, seemingly, it would turn over with a startling, swishing sound, thrust out a tangle of streaming roots, like the tentacles of a devil-fish, and subside from sight. It made the solitary spectator think of drowned men, sunken steamboats, overflowed lands and towns, matrimonial backwaters, alligator haunted bayous, and other evil things.

As a diversion from such thoughts he drew a big, long barrelled revolver from a holster beneath his coat, and without rising emptied the six chambers into a small gum tree at a distance of twenty-five or thirty yards. After each stunning report the tree quivered throughout its length, as from a mortal wound. Then the echo of the last shot died away, a disturbed bound bayed mournfully in the indefinite distance, and all was still again except for the unceasing wash of the river.

Flenner, satisfied with his marksmanship, reloaded the revolver and restored it to its place. He next drew from his pocket a letter in a feminine hand.

"I am sending this to the post-office," it read, "by a little darky whom I think I can trust. I am domiciled in the home of a man named Henry Bradshaw—a distant relative. I know that I am watched; hence, while ostensibly a guest, I am in reality a prisoner. I have no money, so I can't run away; and, if I did run, where could I go but back to the cruel and unreasonable man who sent me here? Oh, Leslie, I have nothing, now, to urge against our marriage. This last outrageous act of uncle's to keep us apart has removed every scruple of mine.

"At first, so secretly and circuitously was I brought here, I knew only that I was somewhere in western Mississippi. But I have since learned, through cautious inquiries of the negro help, that I am about ten miles southeast of De Soto, the seat of King Cotton County, and twenty-three miles from a railroad. You can reach me easiest by way of the river. Oh, the loneliness of this place—the indescribable mournfulness of the night noises! But I am not unhappy. *I know that you will come!*"

Flenner pressed a pair of set lips to the page. "Coming now, dear!" he murmured.

But he was in the home land of Take-your-time, and

Flenner pressed a pair of set lips to the page

dusk was already falling before the man whom he had engaged to ferry him across the river arrived. The impatient lover scowled at the distant darkening shore.

"I was just thinking of going into camp here," he observed, tartly, to the lank, ague-shaken individual at the oars.

That gentleman spat copiously over the gunwale before answering.

"I had to borry a pair of oars. A nigger stole mine last night. I reckon it was a nigger. Stranger, you ain't got a nip of bitters or nuthin' to drink in that grip, hev you?" he asked, fixing a thirsty, expectant eye upon Flenner's bag. "I'm feelin' somewhat poorly this evenin'. To-morrer's my chill day."

Flenner drew out a bottle of whiskey, prohibited for just such an emergency, and politely turned his head until the Arkansan's sigh of content announced the end of his rather protracted draught.

The fellow, after thus firing up, pulled with a steadiness and power quite unexpected in one so frail. But the current was deceitfully swift, and by the time the precipitous clay bank on the Mississippi side loomed out of the darkness, like a parapet, the boat had drifted far below its starting-point. The ferryman threw his nose up stream with a skilful stroke, rested on his oars and studied the bank a moment—although to the passenger one rod of it differed not from another any more than one pea differs from another.

"I done missed the slew," he announced, disappointedly. "We'll have to drap down to the next one now."

"Why can't you row up—it 'd 'a' nearer?" demanded Flenner.

"Wall, p'intedly, stranger, because I ain't no steamboat. This is the channel side, and the water hyere is runnin' eight miles an hour at this stage."

"Why can't I land here?"

"Because you couldn't skin up the bank, that's why. Some fellers *would* land you hyere, to save rowin' so far, and let you tromp till you found a crevice—and probably git bit by a rattler before you got thoo. But not me. I ain't that kind. I'm an M. E. boy. All my folks air Methodists, too. I'm common, stranger, but I ain't *that* common—to dump a passenger agin' a clay bank a'tar takin' ferry money fum him."

As the little boat, with the oars drawn in, moved smoothly and effortlessly along with the current, under the brow of the frowning shore, the moon cleared the distant hills in the east and lit the wide expanse of water with a sickly, phosphorescent glow, until it looked not so much like water as like the lobe of a dying planet, flowing from a cataclysmal wound. The ferryman bared his brow to the night wind. A whippoorwill began his weird, insistent wail, and the frog chorus waxed louder. No lights, no homes, no lowing of cattle, not even the bark of a dog—only a vast, depressing, all-embracing solitude, such as one would expect to find along the Amazon.

It was like an earth in the making, a scene from the Carboniferous age. Flenner, indeed, started at a sound from an assignable quarter which might have been the stertorous breathing of some pre-Adamic monster in the river bed, shaking off the slime and sediment of eons and rising to the surface for a glimpse of the new world being made by man. Next came a hoarse, tremulous bellow, as if the leviathan were enraged at the sight presented to its lidless, unblinking eyes. Also, there came a churning of water, as by gigantic dippers. But the jangle of engine bells followed, and soon a steamboat emerged into view on the crossing below. She twinkled with lights from stem to stern, and spun out from her twin stacks a jetty web of smoke. When opposite the wayfarers her furnace doors opened; for a moment the black roustabouts on the forecastle blazed luridly, like human torches in a satanic dream; then, with the closing of the doors, they leaped, impdike, into oblivion again.

It was a novel and impressive sight to the New Englander; yet the native, he observed, was no less interested than himself, and watched the craft until she disappeared from view.

"Stranger," said the man, in a subdued voice, "I reckon a steamboat is about the most beatenest thing they is on the face of the nth. *I* ain't ever seen anythin' to beat it."

He dipped his oars again and sent the skiff gently into the mouth of a bayou, locally known as a "slew."

"I'll set you in the path. It 'll take you straight to Lube Simcker's. You'll know the house when you kem to it 'cause it's the on'y house you *will* kem to. Lube 'll take keer of you and git you a team to morrer. Look out for his dogs, if he should happen to be to bed. You got a shootin'-iron, ain't you? I thought I heerd you poppin' it off. Well, keep it handy as you go thoo the willers, and if you see anybody dodgin' about or follerin' you, don't stop to ask no questions. Plug him. It 'll be a nigger, anyhow."

As the boat slipped along the arching cypresses, through the feathery foliage of which the moonlight filtered with fairy effect, Flenner leaned aside to unwind what was apparently a pendent limb, about the size of his arm. As he did so the limb crooked slightly and fell into the inky water with a loud splash.

What was that?" he demanded.

"Cottonmouth," answered the Arkansan, nonchalantly. "Some folks call 'em water-moccasins."

"Are'n't they poisonous?"

The native laughed for the first time that evening—softly, ecoomingly, as one laughs at the naïve question of a child.

"Just a trifle more so, stranger, than their weight in tarantulers."

Flenner shivered. He had always had a horror of serpents. The abominable country was getting on his nerves, and when the boat grazed the soft mud bank at the path—mud, mud, nothing but mud!—he arose with alacrity.

"Stranger, I got a long pull back—longer than mine' that first slew than I figgered on—but I ain't a goin' to charge you but fifty cents. You reckon you could spare another holler toothful of them bitters?"

Flenner again handed his bottle to the "M. E. boy." A wave of compassion swept over him at thought of the wretch's miserable round of existence in that broiling, fever stricken, snake haunted Hades, and he said gently, "Take the rest of it along." It was not for him to stick at the fact that the Arkansan would probably finish the pint before he lay down to sleep. The ways of one man are not the ways of another.

It was now about eight o'clock, but, for all the human life there was about, it might as well have been one or two. Neither human life nor human handiwork—no building, fence, ditch, or cultivated patch of ground, only the path. But there was no dearth of animal life—reptilian, at least. A million—yes, a billion—frogs, it seemed to Flenner, peeped, trilled, gurgled, or bellowed, according to size and station, until their hoarse, watery notes fairly echoed to heaven. Now and then a scaly rustle, followed by a sinuous movement of the aquatic grasses, and ending in a splash in some invisible sink-hole, made his spine prickle, and he kept a sharp lookout for hanging limbs.

The path, however, to his gratitude, was plain and straight, and finally brought him to a square, boxlike house built upon an artificial mound of some ten or twelve feet in height, for the evident purpose of escaping the river's annual foray upon the bottom-lands. A pack of dogs swarmed vociferously to the front, and Flenner was nervously fingering his gun, when a hasty voice called out, "Back, you devills, back!" The next moment a short, thick-set man, with only a fringe of hair around a large shining cranium, appeared on the porch with a lamp in his hand.

"Come right in, Cap'n," called out Mr. Stucker, with a true Boniface's geniality. "Right welcome you air, too. I'm as lonesome to-night as an egg-suckin'

"Like your poison tol'able well keyed up?"

dog durin' her cholery. I was jus' concectin' me a julep, and it will be a trifle matter to add another glass."

It quickly became evident to Flenner that the landlord had already concocted too many of the aromatic potations for his own good. Nevertheless, it was not policy to refuse his hospitality; and a moment later Mr. Stacker, a wee bit unsteady on his legs, entered the front room with a tray containing a brown pitcher of water, a sugar-bowl, a black bottle, two capacious glasses, and a cluster of mint.

"You will pardon my bringin' in these hyere things myself, Cap'n— I don't believe you mentioned your name. The truth is, my niggers have all gone to bed, or air out skylarkin' some'ers. I hope you will also

"I should like to make you acquainted with Mrs. Flenner"

pardon the absence of ice. I am just out of ice. In fact, I've been out all summer. I might say for sev'al summers. Tain't froze ice down this way in four years, and the impo'ted supply is both skass and high. Like your poison to'table well kayoed up?"

His talk flowed without effort, purringly and complacently; and as he talked he dispensed the water, the sugar, and the whiskey with loving nicety; yet also, as regarded the last ingredient, with a generosity which rather startled Flenner. Then taking up two or three stalks of mint between a thumb and fore finger of each hand, he gave them a certain twist, impossible of imitation by those not to the manner born, but without which no julep is worthy of the name, and then immersed them in the liquor as ceremoniously as if performing a baptismal rite. Finally, in lieu of a bit of orange or a cherry, as he explained, he gave each of the finished beverages a sprinkle of nutmeg.

"My wife, Cap'n Flenner," observed Mr. Stacker, meekly, after letting half the contents of his glass run luxuriously down his throat.

Flenner, following the extended hand, turned and beheld, not the lady herself, as he had expected, but a crayon drawing—the customary enlarged photograph of the average provincial American home. As he gazed at the severe and averb visage, with its narrow, sicklelike, black brows and straight slit of a mouth, he fancied that he might be looking at the original source of Mr Stacker's convivial proclivities. Still, he had no wish to do injustice to the dead, and he murmured, mendaciously, "Fine-looking woman, Mr. Stacker."

"Departed this life June 28, 1882," continued the landlord, with a watery eye, as though reading from a tombstone. "A devoted wife and an ideal mother—though she was never blessed with any children of her own. A power for good in the community. My place isn't what it was before she went away. I ain't what I was. Life drags. My friend, I'm glad, so glad, that you can be with me to-night."

He was growing lachrymose, and Flenner gently steered him to more cheerful themes. Among other things, he mentioned his desire for a conveyance on the morrow to take him to De Soto.

"I'll see to it myself that there's a team hyere bright and early for you, Cap'n," declared Mr. Stacker. "My own stable has run down till I'm ashamed to offer a hoss to a gentleman. In fact, at the present moment I have no hosses on hand. I sold my last one some weeks since. Last summer, in fact. Possibly two summers ago. But Mr. Purley, a neighbor of mine, runs a livery-stable, and I'll send a boy over the first thing in the mawnin' for a nice double team."

Flenner arose at five-thirty, partly because his room began to steam up at that hour, and partly because of the landlord's "bright and early" promise. It was a case, however, of misplaced confidence. The Cherokee Rose's black cook, yawning cavernously, and with eyes still swollen from heat or sleep, did not stumble out of her cabin until about six-thirty, and it was quite an hour later before the landlord himself appeared—subdued, feverish, and a little colywobbly about the eyes. About eight he and his single guest sat down to a breakfast of coffee—very bad—bacon, corn cakes, and molasses. Flenner then took occasion to inquire about his conveyance.

"Cleo!" called Mr. Stacker, to the ponderous negress. When she had waddled to the doorway, with a cake-turner in one hand, and had propped herself in an attitude of attention, he continued, "Did Shad go over to Mr. Purley's this mawnin' to see about a rig for Cap'n Flenner heah?"

"Not as I knows of," grumbled Cleo. "Seen him totin' off a fish pole and can o' bait 'bout an hour ago. Reckon you didn't tell him to go."

"Well," went on the landlord, placidly ignoring this thrust at his veracity, "you send Bill or Puss over right away. The gentleman heah will give him a nickel, I dare say, if he's right quick."

Cleo retired, mumbling something to herself. Mr. Stacker, beginning to assume an upright position under the hot-test of breakfast and a preceding cock-tail, launched into an eloquent diatribe against the railroads, which, he alleged, had poured a curse to this part of the country. The proof of this lay in the fact, Flenner gathered, that in the palmy days of steamboating the Cherokee Rose had sometimes entertained as many as eight guests in one day. Also, whiskey had been both better and cheaper.

After the despatch of half a dozen more little darkies to Mr. Purley's—or at least in that direction—the desired "rig" arrived, in the neighborhood of one o'clock. It consisted of an ancient carryall of the Noah's ark type, swung upon a thorough brace. To it were attached—when last buccurely, it seemed—a knobby, flea-bitten white horse with one glass eye, and a little black mule of a far from amiable mien. But it was the driver who caught Flenner's eye. He was a low headed, pasty-complexioned youth or man—his age was purely a matter of conjecture—with a chin which barely broke the transition from lace to neck; a wide, catfish mouth; sloping shoulders, lop ears, and a pair of little china-blue eyes. Each time he smiled—and he smiled continually—two yellow canine teeth protruded from between his tobacco-stained lips.

"But I've had snathin' this mawnin' you ain't, Mr. Stacker," he observed, cheerfully, as he drove up to the steps which led down the front of the mound.

"What's that, Snake?" inquired the landlord, with a wink at Flenner.

"A fit!" cackled Snake, and his prolonged heehaw set the dogs to barking and roused Cleo to slam the kitchen door.

"Pretty good, Snake. Which reminds me," observed Mr. Stacker to Flenner, *aside* ever, "that you'd better take along a quart of my best stuff. It will only cost you seventy-five cents, and it may save you a delay on the road. Whiskey always brings him around all right. Now, Snake," he continued, raising his voice, "this gentleman hyere wants to go to De Soter, and the quicker the better. What you goin' to charge him?"

"Bout a dollar and a half," grinned Mr. Webster. "With two, though."

Flenner stowed the "quart" in his bag, away from Snake's watchful blue eyes, whose expression, if they contained any at all, was that of a perennial dryness. Then, after a hand-shake from the landlord, he swung himself into the back seat of the carryall. In spite of his care, the old craft pitched violently. But she righted herself, Snake cracked his blacksnake whip viciously, shouted as spiritedly as if driving a four-in-hand, and they were off—at an estimated speed of five miles an hour.

"Think they'll hold out?" ventured Flenner.

The question was clearly a mistake. Snake sobered for the first time.

"Hold out! Good goddleuighty, mister, I've driv' this team a hundred and twenty-five miles in a day. That's straight. I ain't lyin'. A hundred and twenty-five miles. At least, another feller did, before Mr. Purley bought 'em. He said so, anyhow. I didn't hear him myself, but Mr. Purley's little boy did. You kin ask him."

Plucked uncertainly at his matted raven beard

"Stranger, you ain't got a nip of bitters?"

The road, too untravelled to be dusty and as level as a billiard-table, crawled humbly along the vast bottom, through a sea of sedges and coarse aquatic grasses. Now and then the monotony was broken by a diminutive, unfenced corn field which some malarious native had mustered energy enough to plant before the weather got hot. At still rarer intervals they passed a little house, blistered by the semi-tropical sun and discolored half way to the eaves or more by high water. For this was the river-god's domain, and he had, in the same breath, both blessed and cursed it for man—blessed it with an incredible fertility, and cursed it with annual overflows. A board, ten or twelve feet from the ground, on a live-oak which they passed, marked the crest of the last flood. Snake explained. Here and there the bleached skeleton of a great tree, torn out by the roots, lay prostrate, like the remains of a huge, antlered antediluvian. Once they saw the warped and decaying hulk of a steamboat which some flood had lured inland and then treacherously left to die, miles from its native element.

Altogether it was a cheerless prospect, suggesting only the sterner and crueler moods of nature; and Flenner, in sheer weariness, fell to studying his driver from the vantage-point of the back seat. Snake, on less than the landscape, seemed the product of a heartless creative power. Yet he was happy. He talked and laughed incessantly. The wide spread, circumambient desolation had no power to depress him. On the contrary, he seemed rather proud of his section. He was also proud of his team, and had an unpremeditating faith in their superiority as road-steers. His mind, of course, moved in a minute circle. Never once did he ask a question about the great outside world, into which, Flenner learned by inquiry, he had penetrated just twenty-seven miles from the scene of his birth.

They had been out only about thirty minutes, however, when Snake dropped his lines and clapped his hands to his temples.

"What's the matter?" asked Flenner, in alarm.

"Boss," answered Snake, huskily, "I'm a goner. I done went off and forget my fit drops."

"Won't whiskey help you?"

"It mought. But I ain't got no whiskey."

Flenner dove for his bag. From this rear view of Snake's lop ears, straw-colored shock of hair, and kite-shaped head did he detect a smile? Or was the wrinkling of the yellow skin of the boy's thin, inadequate neck really a premonitory symptom of the fit? Flenner could afford to take no chances, and he passed the bottle forward. Snake evidently believed that if an ounce of prevention were good, about four ounces would be better. At least he imbibed about that quantity, according to Flenner's estimate, before lowering the bottle.

His draught cheered him visibly. He lulled, cackled, and chirped at his animals with all his former vivacity, and spun some tremendous yarn about the prosperity of the neighborhood in the old steamboat days, "before the levees kem." But thirty minutes later he again faced about with a lugubrious cast of countenance.

"Boss, does my eyes look yaller?"

Flenner could not deny it.

"Is my lips kind of blue-like?"

They were—and always had been, so far as Flenner knew.

"Then there's another one comin'. I reckon I didn't take enough—I hate the pizen stuff so."

Flenner passed the bottle forward again.

"Just keep it there on the front seat," said he, sweetly. "You might need it quicker than I could get it to you. Your fits seem to be of the cupid variety. But if you get drunk, remember that I shall dump you into the road and go on alone."

"Git drunk? On a *quart!* Oh *whiskey!*"

Snake's hoarse cachinnations would have aroused mirthful echoes throughout the big bottom had there been any object higher than a cean-fish chimney to echo from. He made his ridiculous good, too; for, one mile from De Soto, where they pierced the bluffs that had marked the river's verge in a geological early day and entered the upland country, Snake smashed the

(Continued on page 33.)

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Drawn by G. W. Barnett

ALL IN THE SAME BOAT

Clemenceau, Master of France

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THE French Premier, Georges Clémenceau, is by far the most picturesque personality in the politics of Europe. He has just scored in the Senatorial elections one of the most decisive of his victories, weakening the Socialists and shattering the anti-Republicans. There is every probability that he will hold power longer than any of his predecessors since the Third Republic came into being. It rests with him, or rather with his health. He was turned sixty-five when in November, 1906, he rose to the Premiership—*ceux d'hotaut*, as he laughed in his own delightful phrase. The cares of office have told on him, and rumors of a possible retirement are already afloat. But if he does disarm it will be only temporarily, to recruit his strength, and to throw himself with yet greater ardor and vehemence into the general election a year hence. So long as he lives he cannot help being the master of France.

Somebody, trying to translate M. Clémenceau into terms of English politics, once said that he was a compound of John Morley, John Burns, and Sidney Webb. Throw in a little of Mr. Birrell, and a grain or two of Mr. Labouchere, and the resultant amalgam, if one's imagination could only hold it, might perhaps be a rough condensation of the French Premier's politics and personality. But M. Clémenceau may be explained without reference to any one but himself. He is sufficiently individual to be able to dispense with comparisons: he is perhaps the most individual Frenchman now in public life, standing out among his countrymen much as Mr. Roosevelt seems to overshadow contemporary America. His life, his opinions, the way he holds them, his temperament, are all unique, or at least conspire to form a unique combination. A Macaulay would revel in the dramatic contrasts he presents. Breton born, he has all his life been an unsparing foe of that Church which still finds in Brittany its surest refuge. The same obstinate, fighting mind and stubborn self-will that have kept his neighbors devoted to Catholicism threw him into hostility to it. It is indeed because M. Clémenceau has preserved so many of the Breton characteristics that he is the formidable power he is. There is a streak of harshness, almost of hardness, in him; an overbearing impatience with stupidity, an impenetrable stoicism—all of them traits that one refers back as much to his native air as to his rationalistic upbringing.

His father was an unbending Republican in the days when to be a Republican of any kind was to make the acquaintance of the imperial prisons. His son quickly followed in his footsteps. He was thrown into jail before his twentieth year for shouting "*Vive la République!*" on one of the imperial anniversaries. After his release he emigrated to America, lived in New York between 1865 and 1869, mastered the English tongue, became a teacher of literature in a ladies' school at Stamford, Connecticut, married an American lady, and returned in Paris to settle down as physician. His father and his self had made him an individualist. America reinforced that individualism and strengthened his hatred of every form of social repression and his devotion to the realities, and not merely the rhetoric, of liberty. A man of his capacity and precocious level-headedness could not keep, and could not be kept, out of public life in the tumultuous year of 1870. He was appointed *Maire* of Montmartre after the Revolution, and became responsible during the siege for the provisioning of one hundred and fifty thousand men. His district was the most turbulent in the whole demented city, and M. Clémenceau, then in his twenty-ninth year, found his sense of what was feasible clashing repeatedly with the demands of the Revolutionists. His coolness and far-seeing caution seemed only to grow with the frenzy around him. Had Thiers listened to him the guns bought by the money of the citizens and dragged by them to the summit of Montmartre would have been kept out of the hands of the soldiers. It was their attempt to take possession of them that led to the shooting of Generals Lecomte and Thomas, for whose murder his enemies during the Panama affair tried long afterward to fix the blame on Clémenceau. The penalty for being sane and energetic in a crisis of disordered fury is that you find few to agree with you and many to distrust you. M. Clémenceau lost the confidence of the Comité Centrale: he withdrew from the National Assembly: but, prophesying its bloody futility, he declined to join the Commune. The prophecy was remembered when the Commune had done its work and the reaction had set in. Clémenceau was elected to the Municipal Council, and in 1876 became a deputy for Paris in the Chamber.

As a public man M. Clémenceau for thirty years instructed all Europe in the art of political wrecking. Until two or three years ago scarcely any one thought of him except as an undisciplined vandal. He was the red Indian of French politics, the master of intrigue and ambuscade, the planner of violent forays, the director of vast ministerial slaughterings. It is a mere chance that some at least of these slaughterings did not call for a coroner's inquest. Clémenceau has never been backward in supporting his speeches and writings with rapier and pistol: and his duels were sufficiently numerous and businesslike to enhance the terror of his name. Up to 1906 Europe had had little chance to think him anything but a compound of malicious sprite and presuming bully, pursuing in politics a dog in the manger policy, destroying everything, creating nothing. He slew Cabinet after Cabinet as he chose. He had only to say the word and governments fell. Not one could stand against him, and he was dreaded and hated more than any other opposition leader then or now. He joyed in triumph with exasperating insolence. Foes watched him ride by, smart, dapper, quiet, and with the subdued, distinguished air, in the Bois of a morning, and ground their teeth to see him nonchalant, careless, and easy, a couple of hours before he was due at the Chamber to smash them with a biting, horribly acute, speech that picked out all the weak points in their fabrics of policy, summoned with a few happy words a general onslaught, and upset the Cabinet like a house of cards. Then he would go off smiling to dinner with a party of stars of the opera ballet, and to the Foyer de la Danse afterward, there to entertain the ladies with stories of the light side of politics.

The Panama affair dragged M. Clémenceau to the ground. He was accused of having received 100,000 francs from the company, of being in the pay of Herz, with whom, as a matter of fact, he had some rather intimate business dealings, and who for a couple of years held shares in *La Justice*, of having sold France to England for $100,000, and of having been bribed to oppose the Franco-Russian Alliance. To prove the charges the papers invented stories of Clémenceau's private life that showed him living at the rate of half a million a year. It is enough to say that very few people now, in France or out of it, believe in these accusations. Most of them were due to the Titus Oates madness of the hour; some were based on the forgeries of a negro porter in the British Embassy; others were the fabrications of his enemies. These were met and rebutted one by one, M. Clémenceau even setting forth before his constituents a full account of his private expenditures. But though the attack in the Chamber utterly broke down, his constituents turned against him, and from 1893 to 1902 M. Clémenceau was out of public life. Nobody ever thought he would rise again. Delcassé's fall was nothing to his.

His enemies held joyous orgies over his political grave. For twenty years he had spared no one, and no one had the wish to spare him. He was damned, it seemed, beyond redemption. And for a while it appeared as though Clémenceau himself accepted his fate. Of the wily, unscrupulous, worldly politician nothing was heard. He gave up politics, green-rooms, and riding, and retired to his retreat in a countryfied part of Paris. Then two years later appeared a very different Clémenceau, an exquisite and humane writer, praising the god Pan, philosophizing with unclouded mind on the larger social problems, gaining the praise and adoration of "*les jeunes*" of literary Paris. Never, surely, did a politician climb from such a depth by so strange a path. From philosophy and sociology he passed on to journalism. His old paper, *La Justice*, had been overwhelmed in the crash: a new one, *L'Aurore*, rose to proclaim the innocence of Dreyfus. M. Clémenceau became the sentient conscience of France in print. With extraordinary vivacity and perspicuity, and with a consummate employment of all the weapons of irony, wit, and a golden style, he analyzed day by day the shifting elements of "the affair." Even now the volumes in which he gathered up his articles on the Dreyfus case, by their limpid, unadorned French, their air of spaciousness, and their broad and reflective sympathy with the disinherited and the oppressed, hold and thrill the reader. They remain, I suppose, the most brilliant masterpiece of polemics that French literature has produced since Pascal's *Provencial Letters*. At the time of their appearance their effect was prodigious. No publicist did more, very few did as much, to guide French opinion through the mazes of that exhausting crisis. He had his reward. In 1902 he was elected to the Senate by the very constituency that had hounded him out of politics nine years earlier. In May, 1906, he became Minister of the Interior, the first office he had ever held. In November of the same year, he rose to the Premiership. Since then he has been not only Prime Minister, but little less than dictator.

It is an old reproach that the public life of France has too often belied the character of her people. They are, above all things, tranquil and reflective; their politics are perturbed and convulsive. The sudden agitations and mercurial "crises" that arise among the legislators have little or no counterpart in the placidity and steadiness of the electors, who cheerfully discount all they hear, and long in secret for balance, resolution, and common sense in their leaders. In Mr. Clémenceau they have found an almost unique embodiment of the national characteristics. He is compact of common sense, pushes nothing, not even a principle, to extremes, and, though a man of many convictions, has always before his eyes a vivid sense of what is possible. A clear-sighted Radical, with a wholesome respect for opportunism, who knows precisely how far he is prepared to go, is for the France of this moment the best of all possible Premiers. M. Clémenceau exactly answers to that description. He is a disciple who has learned the necessity of accommodation and compromise. He holds no belief fanatically, has an almost English contempt for logic, and acknowledges the expediences with a bow of airy cynicism. I do not mean that he has committed political suicide by educating himself above prejudice or that there is anything flaccid in his ideas or temporizing in his sympathies. On the contrary, M. Clémenceau has a genuine and coherent creed which he has done and will continue to do his utmost to translate into legislation, but his utmost is compatible with a realizing consciousness that politics, after all, "is one long second best." He is intolerant in nothing, not even in his anti-clericalism; and the whole nature of the man, as well as his instinct for the practicable, rebels against the narrow, hide-bound nullifiers of society to which Jaurès looks forward. But that does not in the least prevent him from advocating a progressive income-tax, from establishing a Ministry of Labor, from purchasing a railway for the state, from reducing the hours of labor, from enforcing a weekly holiday for workmen, or from helping on the cause of old age pensions. Such measures as these are wholly consonant, as he has said, with "our ideal of the splendid expansion of the individual in the midst of a society which regulates him only for the sake of his better development."

But, after all, Clémenceau's policy is a small matter It is his personality that really counts. France is fascinated by him, and cares on the whole very little for what he does or leaves undone. He has, what Lord Rosebery used to have, the knack of being always interesting. He touches life at many points in a way that is always his own. Blithe, masterful, a scorner of conventions, reserved in spite of his explosiveness, jauntily contemptuous of all opponents, M. Clémenceau is nothing if not picturesque. He has flexibility and decision, and France, which likes to be ruled, has been quick to recognize in him a ruler of the most congenial type. But his enemies are innumerable, and he disdains the petty arts of conciliating and managing them. He is not an easy man to work with or under—a man of terribly incisive speech overriding character, and volcanic temper. He makes the mistake of thinking government too simple and of not troubling to conciliate those through whom and with whom he is obliged to act. But whatever his errors he has never once committed the fatal one of being dull

M. Clemenceau and President Palliéres being received by M. Lepine, Prefect of the Paris Police

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Are the Life-Insurance Laws of New York Defective?

THAT urgently needed reforms were effected by the Armstrong life-insurance laws which were enacted at Albany in April, 1906, after the searching investigation in which Governor Hughes played the leading part, nobody would dream of denying. For the accomplishment of any difficult and far-reaching reform, however, a wave of popular excitement is indispensable, and it is obvious that an atmosphere of excitement is not favorable to deliberation and discrimination. The Armstrong laws were scarcely passed before the imperative necessity of amendments was recognized by the authors themselves. The first Act, providing for the election of members in mutual companies, was amended on May 4, 1906; but even as amended the law was soon discovered to be faulty, and in July, 1907, the amended Act was amended. Three other sections of the law were amended in the year just named and two additional sections in 1908. Finally a bill amending Section 97, which limits the cost of new life-insurance business, was passed in April, 1908, but vetoed by the Governor after the adjournment of the Legislature.

It was to be expected that, for the disclosure of some latent shortcomings in the well-meant and generally useful, but by no means perfect, Armstrong legislation, considerable time would be required. Two years have been needed fully to demonstrate the irreconcilability with the public interest of two sections of the Life-Insurance Act of 1906. We refer to Section 96 that restricts the amount of new business which in a single year a given life-insurance company organized under the laws of New York may undertake to perform; and, secondly, Section 97, which, as we have said, limits the amount of expenditure which a given company is authorized to make in a single year for the procurement of new business.

In a brief discussion of this subject we desire to acknowledge our indebtedness to an exhaustive, judicious, and authoritative article contributed by Mr. John P. Ryan to the February number of *The North American Review*. We have taken particular interest in this article, because the author recognizes frankly and heartily the magnitude of the service rendered to life-insurance policy-holders, and to the New York community at large by certain sections of the Armstrong legislation enacted in February, 1906. He does not stint approval of the measures taken to assure actual control of their property to policy-holders in mutual companies; to define the permissible kind of investments, and carefully to regulate the use of the money belonging to the policy-holders; and, thirdly, to prohibit rigorously certain unavowed and clandestine methods of misusing and squandering the property of the insured. Some of these three most objectionable features of the régime, which prevailed in the management of New York life-insurance companies, and especially of the three largest companies, up to the spring of 1906 compels severe reprobation.

We scarcely need recall the fact that the Armstrong investigation was caused, primarily, by scandals which came to light with respect to the control of a conspicuous life-insurance stock company—the Equitable. The ensuing investigation disclosed the fact that the policy-holders of mutual companies, who in theory elected the directors, did, as a matter of fact, take very little part in such elections and had few facilities for doing so. To remedy this state of things the directors of all mutual companies were legislated out of office, and new elections were ordered under provisions which offered every facility for voting and for combined opposition to those in control, if such opposition existed among the insured. Moreover, by the same law policy-holders in stock companies, whether stockholders or not, were made eligible as directors; such companies were authorized to give policy-holders the right to vote for directors; and provision was made whereby such companies might retire their capital stock and become mutual companies.

With respect to investments, Mr. Ryan in his article points out that the Armstrong legislation sought to put an end to three methods which either had resulted in serious losses or which were liable to do so. These were: the ownership or control of subsidiary corporations which virtually subsisted upon the parent company, and through which by stock ownership, officers, and directors were making large profits; the holding of real estate beyond the necessities of the companies' business requirements; and syndicate operations in the purchase and sale of securities, which were a dangerous enlargement of the functions of a life-assurance company, considered as an investor. The curative measures adopted were: provisions of law compelling the sale of all stocks within five years from December 31, 1906, and forbidding further investments in stocks; the sale of all real estate not needed for the convenient transaction of business within five years after acquiring the same or after it shall be found unnecessary; and a prohibition of all syndicate operations and of all agreements with respect to security holdings. So far needed, as real estate is concerned, the law gives the Superintendent of Insurance discretion to extend the time for such sale in case it shall appear that a company's interest will suffer materially by a sale within the period fixed by law. No such option, however, is allowed with respect to the sale of stocks in which such proportional reductions as may be approved by the Superintendent of Insurance must be made in each year.

As to what Mr. Ryan terms "sub-rosa methods" of spending the money belonging to the insured—methods which rightly were denounced and prohibited by the Armstrong legislation—these included political contributions, secret lobbying, payments without proper vouchers, rebates, and incomplete and misleading reports. All expenditures of money for these purposes were forbidden, and it was made obligatory upon the Superintendent of Insurance to examine every company once in three years. To policy-holders also was given authority to sue in their own names for an accounting, if dissatisfied; and complaints of policy-holders may, under the Armstrong Act, be made the basis of special examination at the option of the Superintendent. Mr. Ryan cheerfully acknowledges that to the mandates of the life-insurance law under this head no objection has been made, but, on the contrary, by them the companies have been delivered from burdens which in part had been forced upon them.

Having thus admitted the wisdom and the equity of many provisions of the Armstrong legislation, Mr. Armstrong passes up some features of it to which serious exceptions may be taken. Hitherto these have been levelled almost exclusively against the limitations imposed on policy forms, volume of new business, the expenditure incurred in the procurement of new business, and the surplus. One of the limitations most complained of is that forbidding any New York life-insurance company to issue both participating and non-participating policies. Most of the companies have heretofore offered both. That New York companies cannot now do so obviously places them at a disadvantage in competition with companies from other States which are allowed to write both these kinds of insurance under any form of policy they choose. In other words, the Armstrong legislation restricts New York companies, but leaves companies chartered by other States free.

A good deal of space is allotted by Mr. Ryan to the restrictions imposed by the Armstrong legislation upon the amount of business which a New York life-insurance company may do. As those are the limitations in which the three largest New York life-insurance companies object with peculiar earnestness, we may be suffered to dwell upon them for a moment in detail. The authors of the Armstrong legislation laid down the postulate that new business should bear a suitable relation to the amount of business already in force, and proceeded to define what would be a "suitable relation" for companies of different sizes. Here the reader must bear with us if we reproduce a few figures. Companies having less than $50,000,000 of insurance in force were not limited at all; companies having between $50,000,000 and $100,000,000 in force were limited to new companies amounting to thirty per cent. thereof; companies with between $100,000,000 and $300,000,000 in force were limited to twenty-five per cent. thereof; companies with between $300,000,000 and $600,000,000 in force were limited to twenty per cent. thereof; and companies with between $600,000,000 and $1,000,000,000 in force were restricted to fifteen per cent. thereof. It was further provided that an company should write new insurance in excess of $150,000,000 in any calendar year.

Mr. Ryan submits that these alleged "suitable relations" of new to old business seem to be founded on strange reasons, and certainly lead to strange results. The assumption is made, for instance, that a company with less than fifty millions of insurance in force needs no limitation in order to secure a "normal, but not too hasty, growth", and that the "suitable relation" differs with companies of different sizes. The outcome of an application of the law is this: Every time a company in its "normal, but not too hasty, growth" passes from one class to the next larger class not only does the "suitable relation" become a smaller percentage of old business, but the actual amount of new business allowed becomes smaller. The conclusions, indeed, of the Armstrong Committee that the largest life-insurance companies are large enough, and that their new business should be limited practically to replacing terminations, are at least intelligible. The limitations upon smaller companies defy logic and are wholly arbitrary. Mr. Ryan, for his part, insists that they are contrary to the ordinary principles of an increasing business, and cannot possibly secure the "normal growth" which the Committee professed to desire.

There is no subject connected with life-insurance on which the Armstrong Committee in their report made more reasonable observations than the expenditure which properly might be incurred for the procurement of new business. The Committee declared that they deemed it inadvisable to recommend that the Legislature should attempt to prescribe the expenditures of insurance corporations. "The Legislature," it was admitted, "cannot undertake the management of the business. In seeking to secure economical administration, it should not overstep the line which divides suitable State supervision from an utterly impracticable effort to prescribe details. The Legislature should aim to permit freedom of management subject to general regulations and complete publicity." In defiance of the principles thus laid down, the framers of the Armstrong legislation proceeded to impose by Section 97 a multitude of limitations, and to prescribe innumerable details. Undoubtedly a well-considered limit to total expenses might be justified on the ground that the State is in duty bound to find some proper basis of competition, as well as to compel such accumulations as will insure the fulfilment of contracts. On the other hand, it is questionable whether beyond this the State has any right to go in undertaking to say just what a company should pay and just how it shall pay it. The State virtually fixes the wages of agents and practically undertakes to manage the details of the life-insurance business. Nowhere, in fact, has State supervision gone so far on the road toward socialism as it has in Section 97 of the Armstrong Laws.

As it turned out, the limitations with respect to the volume of new business and to expenses, which became operative on January 1, 1907, had as disastrous results during the ensuing year that the Legislature of 1908 was petitioned for relief. After much discussion, a bill was passed amending Section 97 as follows: (1) The cost of medical examinations and inspections of proposed risks was excluded from the items chargeable to first year's expenses; (2) first year's commissions were limited to fifty per cent. of the premiums; (3) the number of renewal commissions allowable was increased from nine to fourteen, but the rate of the last five was made five per cent. on both classes of policies; (4) increased compensation over that agreed upon, but within the limitations of the law based upon volume of business renewed was allowed; (5) collection fees allowable were made three per cent. after fifteen years instead of two per cent. after ten years; (6) a company was allowed to compensate its agent or any of them, in whole or in part, by other methods to be approved by the Superintendent of Insurance, provided the value of the aggregate should not exceed the value of the aggregate allowed under the law either in the first year or thereafter. Each of these numbered clauses was designed to correct some defect or unfairness in the original law. Viewed as a whole, the bill was a compromise, and embodied the minimum of relief asked for by the life-insurance companies. Although, however, it was passed by a practically unanimous vote, it was vetoed by Governor Hughes chiefly on the ground that its principal feature, marked (1) above, "would permit unwarrantable outlays and facilitate a return to the injurious conditions of the past years." A report of the Superintendent of Insurance, since published, shows that in 1907 this item in the case of companies doing an ordinary business amounted to about two and one half per cent of the total expenses.

Another feature of the Armstrong legislation to which objection may fairly be taken is the limitation of the surplus which a life-insurance company is at liberty to maintain to five per cent. in the case of companies having policy liabilities of five hundred million dollars or over. In 1907 the stocks and bonds of twenty-eight companies doing business in Massachusetts showed a depreciation of 7.68 per cent. In the book value of such securities, and in the case of seven companies there was a depreciation of 6.32 per cent. in such book values.

Mr. Ryan has rendered a service to all persons interested in life-insurance by pointing out how the interests of the insured are protected in some European countries. In Great Britain, for instance, there are only a few general laws for the regulation of life-insurance. These laws forbid wager policies, require a small deposit with the Accountant General of the Court of Chancery, provide for valuations of policy liabilities, define the rights of the insured, and require the deposit with the Board of Trade of such annual reports as will enable the insured to form a trustworthy judgment respecting the soundness of the companies. British experience has led to the conclusion that the best means of guarding the interests of policy-holders in insurance companies is by insistence on the fullest openness in their published accounts. In Germany and Switzerland the methods of government supervision are comprehensive and scientific, but in neither of those states are there such paternalistic conditions imposed as under the Armstrong laws. In Germany commissions on new business are limited to two per cent. of the amount insured, but there are no other limitations on expenses, and there is none on the volume of new business or the surplus. The comparison seems to indicate that New York companies are suffering from an excess of hasty, not to say panic-stricken, legislation.

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THE SENATORIAL HALL OF FAME

INDIANA'S IDOLS BEVERIDGE AND FAIRBANKS

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

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Finance

WALL STREET UNDER FIRE

By Franklin Escher

WE have yet to find on record an instance of an individual or a system being abused into reform. Undiscriminating invective makes more or less interesting magazine reading, perhaps, but as a pretty poor weapon—its use is too apt to alienate the support of those without whose co-operation nothing that is of value can be accomplished.

Wall Street is under fire at present. Not in the sense of having the search light of intelligent investigation trained upon its methods, but rather through an attack from various quarters where the ammunition at hand seems to consist principally of indiscriminate invective. It is singular, though entirely characteristic of the nature of these fulminations, that one and all they appear to regard the object of their attack as a definite entity. Seldom is there any recognition of the fact that Wall Street is one of the most heterogeneous factors in our national life—that in it are combined some of the best and some of the worst elements in the country—that specific instances of corruption, true though they may be, no more describe the whole than the Moulin Rouge describes Paris, or the Tenderloin describes New York. That evils and very serious evils have sprung up under our present financial system, no one in close touch with the affairs of the Street will wish to deny. But what the great body of respectable and conservative Wall Street men does resent in the spreading abroad among the people of the idea that the good and the bad are all one, all part of a great machine whose sole object is the despoiling of the working-man of his hard earned savings.

Rabid attacks upon the Stock Exchange and its customs, open impeachment of the honesty of the brokers—these do little harm, because to any one who has ever had any actual dealings with Wall Street men, they are palpably untrue. But where the attacks are upon the system as a whole, where, for instance, the vicious idea is instilled into ignorant minds that the present industrial depression is all a result of the past efforts of the Wall Street gamblers to teach the government a lesson, an enormous amount of harm is being done to the political well-being of the country. Hardly anything could be conceived which would do more to lessen the spirit of unrest, widen the breach between capital and labor, and drive us toward those dreaded conditions of internal strife which so many thinking men are beginning seriously to fear.

At a time when the air is so full of misrepresentation as to the work of Wall Street, it is well worth while to pause and get in mind a clear idea as to what the true function of the New York Stock Exchange is. Primarily to provide a free and unrestricted market in which securities can be bought and sold; that is the purpose for which it was established and that is to day its *raison d'etre*. Whatever advantage speculators may take of such a market, whatever gambling operations gamblers may carry on in that market, yet its existence is necessary to the commercial welfare of the country. As long as there is to be a point of contact between the development of the country and its accumulated capital, that point of contact can be only through the medium of an exchange, of a place where securities have an absolutely free and unrestricted market. Why?

Because investors' money will not go freely into commercial enterprise unless there is a ready market at all times for the securities which represent the investment. Men do at times lock up money in ventures out of which they know they may not readily be able to withdraw their capital, but almost invariably it is in hopes of profits very much larger than ordinary interest. When a man puts money into a property, expecting no more than ordinary interest, he wants to be sure that he can get out of his investment at any time, that for any reason which seems fit he can change into something else. Otherwise he will not lend his money. And that is one reason why if borrower and lender are to come together on fair terms the lender must be made to feel that there will always be a free and ready market in which he can sell what he has taken, or at least borrow on it. Unless there is a free market he knows that it will be hard work to get his bank to make him a loan.

In the interest of both borrower and lender, then, in fact, if the two are to be brought together at all, there must exist a free and unrestricted market. Just now all the borrowing is being done by selling bonds, but that is not always so. It is only necessary to go back to 1900 to find a time when most of the big new enterprises were financed by sales of stock—sales which never could have been made on any such favorable terms but for the fact that the buyer fully appreciated that he was putting his money into something which at any time could be turned back into money.

This is the system, the reason for the existence of the vast and complex Stock Exchange machinery. If during its development corruption has crept in, that can no more be helped than the evils which have crept into our national bank system, or any of the others of our great national institutions. For no fair minded Wall Street man will deny that on to the main stem of the system there have come to be grafted very serious abuses. Where there is concentrated so much money there is sure to be drawn a large class of undesirable persons who, while pretending legitimate business, are continually putting to wrongful use the facilities which the Stock Exchange offers. Reference is not being made to bucket-shops or fake mining stock concerns with whom reputable Wall Street has nothing in common, but to the numerous brokerage firms which have been organized for the purpose of handling speculative business on a narrow margin. No one is more sorry to see the growth of this kind of business than the old-line investment houses. And not from material motives only. A broker who has piloted the investments of his friends and clients through the several panics of the past twenty or thirty years is the very man who knows best the almost inevitable result of narrow margin gambling. Very well does he know the grievous consequences following the sale of securities owned outright, and the use of the money to margin ten or twenty times as much stock. That is not what the Exchange is for. It can be done on the Stock Exchange and it is being done to a certain extent, but the Stock Exchange was no more created for that purpose than revolvers are manufactured to help people commit suicide.

A rather careful study of the attacks which have recently been launched at Wall Street shows that it is the existence of this really undesirable superstructure of speculation which has aroused the zeal of the country's reformers, and made them so anxious to subvert the whole system. Some of the attacks made are just general denunciations of the "money-power," as for instance the wide-spread statement that Wall Street is entirely responsible for the present depressed state of industry. Others, however, are decidedly specific, impugning absolutely the integrity of the whole body of Stock Exchange members and denouncing the customs of the Street.

Artificially stirred up waves of popular indignation have dashed up against the Exchange a good many times before without doing any particular harm, but this last movement to spread broadcast over the country the idea that most of the brokers are "crooked," and that it is next to impossible for an outsider to get an order fairly executed, merits the condemnation of every right-thinking man. It is entirely unnecessary to enter upon any long argument in proof of the honesty of the members of the New York Stock Exchange, or their fidelity to their customers' interests. The burden of proof is entirely on the other side. To say that it is possible for a dishonest specialist with an order to buy one thousand shares of stock five points below the market, to smash down the market with short sales and then gather in the profits himself, is merely to state what can be done, but does not by a long shot prove that it is being done. To state that when you give a broker an order to buy stock at par and he buys it, if it sells at par and an eighth immediately afterward he is likely to sell out for his own account and then turn around and tell you that he couldn't get your stock, is simply to impugn the honesty of all agents in all business transactions. The broker can be dishonest, of course; but what reason is there for thinking that he will be less honest than any other trusted business agent?

Fully does the Stock Exchange governing body realize that these chances for crooked dealing exist, and strict are the laws governing possible breaches of customers' confidence. Within the past few months condign punishment has been meted out to several members of the Exchange—the meetings of the Governing Committee are in secret, but they measure out merciless justice. It is no exaggeration to say that the business morale of the members of the Exchange is fully as high as that of any large group of business men in the world. It has to be so. The very foundation of the whole system rests upon the confidence of the client in his broker.

As to the attacks which are being made upon the old established custome of the Street, it is a fact that loose practices in some quarters have given a wide opening to criticism. But in the great majority of cases the thing which is criticised is inevitable, is simply a result of the uses to which some men will put necessary institutions. We read, for instance, that as a severe arraignment of the present system the fact is brought up that in one day's trading the whole capital stock of a large corporation sometimes changes hands. Very true, but how is a free and unrestricted market can a man be prevented from buying and selling the same thing as often as he likes? If he abuses that privilege and makes fictitious sales there are stringent Stock Exchange laws by which he can be held. If he chooses to break those laws and succeeds in doing so, how is the system in any way to blame? Similarly, in the case of a brokerage house which practically "buckets" a buying order by selling short the same amount of stock. Rules or no rules, these things are possible and sometimes done; in a business which depends to such an extent on the honesty of the individual, allowance must be made for human infallibility.

But the very great majority of New York Stock Exchange houses neither "bucket" their customers' orders nor borrow on the stocks which they hold in trust, nor do many of the other things of which they are being at the present time accused. Nor is there any atom of truth in the idea that these houses make anything out of the losses of their customers. Quite the contrary. The account of a man who is losing money is not likely to last long, and the earning of commissions is the object for which the broker is in business. From every standpoint it is in the broker's interest to see that his clients make money; and that being the case, the client gets the benefit of the very best attention and advice which the broker has to offer. Customers will overtrade at times and lose their money, but nine times in ten it is against the firm's advice and wishes. Aside from any sentiment in the matter and as a pure business proposition the broker wants to see his client remain conservative and so avoid loss.

Practically all the ruin and misery so often laid at Wall Street's door originates not from the use but the abuse of its facilities. Very few people have ever been hurt by investing their money in legitimate stocks—thousands are being hurt all the time by attempting to trade on a narrow margin. But is it the system which is to blame? Is it not rather that singular weakness of human nature manifested in the fact that of all the passions by far the strongest is the hope of quick gain?

D. G. E.—I have had $10,000 left me which I want to invest in a bond giving me a better return than I can get from most railroad bonds. What do you think of Union Steel Co. Int. 5's?

Such a bond would seem to us to suit your purpose admirably. The Union Steel 5's are a first grade mortgage bond, and in addition are guaranteed by the United States Steel Corporation. This bond is typical of a small class of the best kind of industrial bond from which a fair income can still be secured.

N. C. W.—I am about to put considerable money into Wisconsin Central, Superior and Duluth Division and Terminal 4's—am I wise? What do you think of divisional bonds in general?

The bond in question is well secured on one hundred and sixty one miles of the road between Chicago and Duluth, and on valuable terminal property in the latter city, and is all the better on account of Wisconsin Central's recently having passed to Canadian Pacific interests.

First mortgage bonds on important divisions of good systems often sell higher than main line mortgage issues. An important thing in buying a divisional bond is to try to get a bond which is a mortgage on a piece of road vital to the operation of the whole system.

D. P.—During the panic I bought some gilt-edged mortgage bonds which now show me a profit of twelve points. Would you advise me to sell and put the proceeds into a bond yielding a better income, such as Southern Pacific or Rock Island refunding 5's?

Such a move on your part might prove wise. Your gilt-edged bonds show you a big profit, and are not likely to appreciate much more in value. Both the issues you mention are considered safe and attractive investments—the latter particularly so.

C. H. E.—A good firm is trying to sell me some water-power bonds, and I have been looking into them carefully. I have every reason to think that the water supply is constant, but it worries me a little. What do you think?

In a matter like this the investor is bound to rely on the character of his bankers and the ability of their engineers. If, as you say, "you have every reason to think that the water supply is constant," we see no reason why you should worry. Water-power bonds rank well up among public utilities and are coming to be more and more popular with the investing public.

R. W. J.—Would you sell out an investment in Atchison to put the money into Southern Pacific?

Considering principally how much more Southern Pacific has risen than Atchison, we do not think you would be wise in making the change now.

B. L. U.—I have been thinking of putting $5,000 into stocks, but have about made up my mind to buy low priced bonds instead. Will you please name three or four good speculative issues?

Wabash refunding 4's, Interborough-Metropolitan 4 1/2's, Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific collateral 4's. Remember, speculative bonds can move faster than a good many active stocks.

W. G.—Kindly let me know through your columns what effect, in your opinion, would a reduction of, say, twenty per cent. in steel and iron have on the securities of such companies as Sloss-Sheffield Steel and Iron Co.?

We do not see how the stock of the company you mention, which produces pig iron alone, would be in any way influenced by a twenty per cent. cut in the tariff on steel. Asked to state what effect a cut in the iron tariff would have, a prominent director of one of the Southern iron companies replied that pig iron could be made cheaper in the South than anywhere else, and that a twenty per cent. cut in the tariff would have no effect whatever on the securities of his company. The duty on pig iron, he said, is $4 per ton, and American pig iron is being sold along the Mediterranean at $13.50, which represents a profit to his company of $4 per ton—and the consumer is paying the freight. Under these circumstances the Southern iron companies are little afraid of competition.

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Confusing the Seasons

By L. deB. HANDLEY

THAT the stories of cross-country runners plodding through the snow in scanty track costume, or bathers plunging into ponds through holes in the ice are not apocryphal, is made clear by the accompanying photograph, which was taken in New York recently.

Cold and frost have no terror for these sturdy young athletes. They are swimmers of the Bath Beach Swimming Club and of the West Side Y. M. C. A. of New York. Throughout the winter months they can be seen plunging into the frozen waters of the Lower Bay or of Long Island Sound, and there are times when the ice has to be broken to allow them to get their dip. But this winter they found a new game that they have termed "Esquimau Sports." When a good fall of snow has left several inches of fine, clean, fluffy whiteness on the ground they don their scanty racing costumes and, without bothering to put on shoes or headgear, trot out into the field and indulge in an impromptu set of games. There are running-races, jumps, hurdles, wrestling, and many other things, including a good lively snowball fight in which all participate and which winds up the affair.

Many wonder how they stand it, and those who, from the depths of furs and ulsters, watch the hardy youngsters at play shiver in sympathy. But they seem not be worried; the boys enjoy the frolic as nothing else. With blood heated by the violent exertion and the exhilaration of romping in the fine, soft snow, one does not feel the chill, even of the coldest days; and when the signal is given by the team captain and the boys pile back into the dressing room, the ortilleat atmosphere feels stuffy and oppressive. The bodies of the participants are in a fine glow, and every one feels better for the enjoyable frolic.

How the Bath Beach Swimming Club keeps in training

TRINITY AND ITS CRITICS

(Continued from page 16.)

"The fact is, our endowment is in land, and that endowment is an inheritance of the present vestry, the seriousness of which we all understand. Any one familiar with the subject will realize the slowness and difficulty of changing the character of a particular region.

"Trinity is not the only landowner in the Eighth Ward. Do what we will, we are dependent upon the development of that ward. We are doing what we can to improve and to facilitate improvement, but beyond that we can do nothing except to carry our property along in as good condition as circumstances will permit during a transition period, of which we hope we may soon see the end."

Concerning the proposed change at St. John's Mr. Bange spoke at length:

"No matter what Trinity's wealth may be," he said, "it is entitled, as you and I are, and is required, as you and I are not, to secure efficiency and good results without waste. There is no question of economy or saving in the St. John's matter. Trinity never undertakes to save. It always spends its entire net income on religious and philanthropic work. Saving and motives of economy are reasons that have been falsely attributed to us.

"Nor is the removal of the present work of St. John's to St. Luke's an abandonment of the work among the poor. On the contrary, the long-considered purpose of it is to enlarge that work and make it more efficient in the same general section of the city. Bishop Potter recognized this when he consented to the removal in 1894, as Bishop Greer has approved in 1909. The parish work of St. John's has been shrinking for years, and has given the vestry most serious concern. We were finally forced to the conclusion that St. John's had, in the mere matter of location, absolutely lost its efficiency as an ordinary parish church. That is the sober and serious judgment of the members of the vestry who have long studied the situation and are responsible for the welfare of the parish. Trinity has not abandoned its work by transplanting part of it from the scanty soil of Varick and Laight streets to the better field at Hudson and Grove. Every Protestant church except Trinity long ago abandoned the district between Canal Street and the Battery, Broadway and the Hudson River. Trinity maintains three churches there. Our Roman Catholic friends alone share the district with us.

"At St. John's we propose to replace a fragment of a congregation, most of whom live near St. Luke's and much of whose activities already centre at St. Luke's, with an every-day, week-day, noon-day congregation of the people who throng the warehouses and other business buildings of the St. John's district; and we have placed in charge the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, the 'Bishop of Wall Street,' whose earnestness and effectiveness are beyond question. Is that an abandonment of our work? On the contrary, it seems to me to be work of the finest type, which Trinity, with all its traditions, can devoutly uphold.

"In every progressive movement in the affairs of a large corporation some individual is apt to be affected, and that is at the bottom of the present row. The congregation of St. John's is ready to go to St. Luke's in a body—on terms. If it is ready to make terms the propriety of its going need not be discussed. We are expecting to build up a work at St. Luke's, under new auspices, which will be able to care not only for the present congregation of St. John's, but ultimately for ten if not twenty times the number.

"As for St. John's Chapel itself, part of it is over a hundred years old, the rest about fifty. The buildings of its time had little of the eternal in their structural character, and the older part of the chapel is now crumbling. The galleries have been closed for many years. The historic organ, upon which some stress has been laid, was removed in 1873. No event of any historical significance attaches to the building. It once housed the most fashionable congregation in the city, which followed fashion and moved away, and no sentiment has ever brought back the descendants of that congregation, nor has any parish activity been able to replace it. Whatever the figures may be, in the ten years that I have had it under personal observation I have never seen anything but a scanty congregation in it until the present agitation. It is a worn out building in a locality from which its constituents have been displaced by Christians of the Roman Catholic faith, whom it is not our wish to proselytize.

"Nor until this agitation did I ever hear that the beauty of St. John's was so extraordinary. I understand that the only comment on it in any standard work on architecture refers to it as of rather inferior type. No action has ever been taken by the vestry toward its demolition, but I myself see nothing in it as an architectural type which justifies a religious corporation in preserving it as a curiosity or an outlay which ought to be bestowed upon religious uses. Those who have been anxious for its preservation as a historical relic will, we hope, be glad to know that it will continue to stand as a centre of evangelical work.

"St. John's has been referred to as a breathing-spot in a section of the city that was robbed nefariously of its park years ago. Do you know that St. John's Park was a proprietary park like Gramercy, and that Trinity for many years prevented its proprietors from selling, for which it was as much abused by them then as it has been abused by others ever since it finally permitted the sale to go through? Trinity always catches it somehow."

The Noiseless Gun and Civilization

THAT the invention of noiseless firearms will result in the annihilation of civilization, on account of the ease with which assassination may be committed, is the subject of an article by Ambrose Bierce in the *Cosmopolitan* magazine for March, which deals with the matter from the standpoint of a historian of the future. He writes in part as follows:

". . . Regarding the work of 'the silent firearm' we have light in abundance. Indeed, the entire history of the brief but bloody period between its invention and the extinction of the Christian civilization is an unbroken record of its fateful employment.

"Of course the immense armies of the time were at once supplied with the new weapon, with results that none had foreseen. Soldiers were thenceforth as formidable to their officers as to their enemies. It was no longer possible to maintain discipline, for no officer dared offend, by punishment or reprimand, one who could fatally retaliate as secretly and securely in the repose of camp as in the tumult of battle. In civil affairs the deadly device was malignly active. Statesmen in disfavor (and all were hateful to men of contrary politics) fell dead in the forum by means invisible and inaudible. Anarchy, discarding her noisy and imperfectly effective methods, gladly embraced the new and safe one; and Socialism, her handmaiden, yielding to the temptation of opportunity, served her mistress, with no franker devotion but superior efficiency, by substituting for the secret bullet the secret bullet. In the temples of religion the *odium theologicum* asserted itself in suppression of heresy by assassination of heretics; animosities of writers and artists found expression in the new criticism; competition in business sought monopoly of life. Government, religion, literature, art, commerce, all became 'perilous trades,' were abandoned in terror, and perished without hope of resurrection.

"In other walks of life matters were no better. Armed with the sinister power of life and death, any evil-minded person (and most of the ancient Caucasians appear to have been evil-minded) could gratify a private revenge or wanton malevolence by slaying whom he would, and nothing cried aloud the lamentable deed. With his hand in his 'pocket' he could stroll listlessly through a crowd, operating the fatal device with immunity from special suspicion. Concealed in the drapery of a window, he could safely kill any one passing by.

"In these awful conditions the foolish belief that detection and punishment of crime are not deterrent was refuted, alas! too late, by a régime of general murder. So horrible was the mortality, so futile all preventive legislation, that society was stricken with a universal panic. Cities were plundered and abandoned; villages without villagers fell to decay; homes were given up to bats and owls, and farms became jungles infested with wild beasts. The people fled to the mountains, the forests, the morshes, concealing themselves from one another in caves and thickets, and dying from privation and exposure and diseases more dreadful than the perils from which they had fled. When every human being distrusted and feared every other human being solitude was esteemed the only good; and solitude spells death. In one generation Americans and Europeans had slunk back into the night of barbarism from which they had so slowly and painfully emerged, and their subjugation and virtual extermination by our Polynesian ancestors, with their primitive weapons and genius for 'team-work,' followed as a matter of course."

1809—Lincoln—1909

One night while Freedom slept, she dreamed she died,
And waked all pale and trembling—in her plight,
Calling on God to hasten to her side
Some champion from His regiments of light.
He scanned the ranks of heav'n and there espied
One parented by Poverty and Right—
A jesting spirit with a heart of tears—
Who started lonely down the road of years
Serene and unafraid. When the long night
Black with the breath of battle, drew to dawn,
Fading the hosts of Fear in conquered flight,
It showed him cold and still, his soul withdrawn
By God's own hand from its rude sheath of clay
To shine for Liberty in deathless day.

LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES.

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In no other form of food is purity so absolutely essential as in milk products. Richness is also necessary, for without richness milk is of little value as a food. Purity and richness are the embodiment of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. As a food for infants or for general household purposes it has no equal.

THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT is "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA." 25 cents a bottle.

Use BROWN'S Camphorated, Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the teeth. Delicious. 25 cents per Jar.

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Palatable, Economical, Nourishing.

A Nebr. woman has outlined the prize food in a few words, and that from personal experience. She writes:

"After our long experience with Grape-Nuts, I cannot say enough in its favor. We have used this food almost continually for seven years.

"We sometimes tried other advertised breakfast foods, but we invariably returned to Grape-Nuts as the most palatable, economical, and nourishing of all.

"When I quit tea and coffee and began to use Postum and Grape-Nuts, I was a nervous wreck. I was so irritable I could not sleep nights, had no interest in life.

"After using Grape-Nuts a short time I began to improve, and all these ailments have disappeared, and now I am a well woman. My two children have been almost raised on Grape-Nuts, which they eat three times a day.

"They are pictures of health, and have never had the least symptom of stomach trouble; even through the most severe siege of whooping-cough they could retain Grape-Nuts when all else failed.

"Grape-Nuts food has saved doctor bills, and has been, therefore, a most economical food for us."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest

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For the Small Investor—The Accumulative Bond, compelling the saving of small sums. Purchasable in ten yearly payments and maturing in either 10 or 15 years with each surrender value always in excess of all payments.

We Contend—That a safe 6 per cent. interest investment should appeal to any investor; and that the slightest premium to pay on a solvent and growing Company with assets of $1,000,000.00 and annual and undivided profits of $1,250,000.00 constitutes a safe investment.

We Contend—That the three salient features of the New York Central Realty Bond—Absolute Safety, Cash Availability and a big percentage profit—should commend it to the public as an ideal investment.

Write us to-day, stating the form of Bond that appeals to you and we will forward you an interesting booklet of our Company and our Bond, and will also gladly show you how 5 dollars per week, or more, or less, can invest safely.

NEW YORK CENTRAL REALTY CO.
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Pennsylvania's Elusive Boundaries

By Charles B. Brewer

WHEN the term "Panhandle" is heard it is generally associated with that portion of West Virginia which pokes its nose between Ohio and Pennsylvania, at the western end of the Mason and Dixon Line, to which strip of land the name was first applied. The name is also given to projections of Texas and Idaho, but none of the historians apply this name to the similar, though less pretentious, strip of Pennsylvania which marks the eastern end of the Mason and Dixon Line.

One of the government's topographical maps shows this strip of land, and at one point passengers travelling by rail from New York to Washington are in Pennsylvania barely five seconds, during a portion of which time the locomotive of the train is in Maryland, the baggage car in Pennsylvania, and the dining car in Delaware.

Within this wedge and near its narrowest part lives a dweller of three States, whose status emphasizes the curious geography of the vicinity. His citizenship is with Delaware, and his dwelling is located in that State; he pays taxes to Maryland for the grove of trees in front of his house, and only escapes the Pennsylvania tax-gatherer because the State has here narrowed itself down to a wagon road separating his property.

The original charter of Pennsylvania, granted in 1681 by Charles II. to William Penn, in payment of a debt of £16,000 due his father, Admiral Penn, for services to the British Crown, gave Delaware the rounded top familiar to school-children, by limiting the boundary of that part of Pennsylvania by part of the circumference of a circle twenty-four miles in diameter, whose centre is the steeple of the old court house at New Castle, Delaware.

Penn enjoyed his new possession in peace but a short time. His respect for the Crown's knowledge of the geography of the new country received a rude jar when the sextant in the hands of William Markham, his kinsman and Deputy Governor, revealed the fact that the "*straight* line westward beginning of the fortieth degree of northern latitude" (which had not before been surveyed) was so much farther north than had been thought that Philadelphia was left outside the colony of Pennsylvania.

The first of Penn's long series of disputes about his boundary lines concerned this parallel, and was consequently with the Maryland proprietors.

Conferences and disputes between the proprietors of the two colonies were continued without end, but were of no avail, and the boundary was still unsettled at the time of Penn's death in 1718.

A provisional, temporary boundary was settled on in 1735, and this served to set at rest the strife and confusion of authority which had vexed Maryland's citizens, as far south as Baltimore County, in his arrested and imprisoned in Philadelphia by Pennsylvania authorities. In 1739 a final compromise was reached. At last the real dividing line was to be run; but, weary of waiting on local surveyors, who had taken three years to find the boundary between Delaware and Maryland, Lord Baltimore and the Penns secured the services of Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, distinguished English surveyors, and in 1763 they entered on their task of running the boundaries.

They came over with a small army of rodmen, axemen, etc., verified the boundary between Delaware and Maryland, and by 1767 had carried the famous Mason and Dixon Line through two hundred and forty-four miles of wilderness. About twenty miles remained to be completed, but the Indian guides and interpreters, who had been engaged to quiet the Indians along the way, deserted, and the threat "Six Nations" entered such strenuous objections to the invasion of their hunting-grounds that the energetic Englishmen had to leave the remainder of the line unfinished. It was completed by another survey in 1785. Each mile of the line run by Mason and Dixon was marked by a stone weighing about five hundred pounds, cut in England.

There was another survey in 1849 which covered the entire line, and still another in 1901. For this last each of the two States appropriated $5,000.

Each of the stones set by Mason and Dixon, including those from the tangent point to the Mason and Dixon Line proper, except each fifth stone, was marked with an "M" on one side and a "P" on the other. The first stone, that is, the eastern stone of the east and west line, is marked with an "M" on two of its sides, and a "P" on the other two. Each fifth stone, known as a "Crown Stone," bears the coat of arms of Lord Baltimore on the Maryland side, and the coat of arms of Penn on the side facing the Keystone State.

The tangent stone can be seen from the windows of Pennsylvania trains running from Wilmington to Baltimore just before Bill Station is reached. It is about two hundred yards from the station, on the north side, and stands between the tracks and an old apple orchard. The inscription on it is "Tangent 1849." Alongside of it is the old stone, so time worn that the inscription on it cannot be read.

The eastern stone of the Mason and Dixon line, one side in Maryland, the other in Pennsylvania

A Delaware residence which is divided from its Maryland fruit grove by Pennsylvania

THE DISCOVERY OF THE SOUL

(Continued from page 12.)

So far we have traced the modern spiritualist movement from its inception in 1848 through the period of universal interest, which may be said to have culminated in the investigations of Sir William Crookes. We have followed it into its decline and have seen it return upon a basis of dispassionate scientific investigation, and rapidly increase in potency and prestige until the present day. We have shown how mesmerism passed through an analogous history, declined, was revived under the name "hypnotism," and was taken into the sanctuary of medicine under the auspices of Braid, Esdaile, and especially Bernheim, being used in particular to cure those infrequent but well known cases of mental disturbance known as dissociation of personality. Meanwhile Christian Science has sprung into existence, and "mental science," faith-healing, and allied movements have made headway. It remains for us to correlate these varied phases of supernaturalism, showing how they have unconsciously contributed their separate quotas toward the discovery alluded to at the beginning of this article—that of the soul.

We have now to take up the very remarkable theory propounded by the late Thomas Jay Hudson—remarkable alike for its originality of conception and lucidity of exposition—in *The Law of Psychic Phenomena*, a volume which went through more than a score of editions during the author's lifetime and is still widely read. Hudson, who was a bitter opponent of the spiritistic theory, makes the following noteworthy utterance:

"It is simply impossible to presuppose that all the immense number of mediums, professional and private, who may be found in all ranks of society throughout the civilized world, are deliberately and consciously perpetrating a fraud upon mankind. On the contrary, I here take occasion to say that there is no system of religious belief which is so thoroughly fortified by facts as that of spiritism, when its phenomena are viewed from the standpoint of the investigator who is unacquainted with the latest scientific discoveries in the domain of experimental psychology. But with that knowledge in possession, the evidential value of the phenomena is vastly depreciated."

Hudson, if he did not originate, at least first popularized the theory of the "subconscious mind," which is nothing other than that portion of human identity known as the soul. Hudson's conclusions, so far as they go, agree with those reached by the late Frederick W. H. Myers in his posthumous work entitled *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death*, which sums up the conclusions reached by him after many years of work on the committees of the Society for Psychical Research.

According to these, the human mind is divided into two parts, conveniently labelled "objective" and "subjective," the latter being termed also "subconscious" and "subliminal." The field of human experience and perceptions is so vast that only a minute portion of it can be illumined at one time by the ordinary consciousness. This is the "objective" mind, that portion of the identity in which we recognize our individualities. But deep down, submerged below the level of ordinary consciousness, is the "subjective" mind—the soul—the real individuality which is the abiding and immortal portion of us all. To the "objective" mind Hudson allots the faculty of inductive reasoning, the control of the voluntary muscular movements of the body, and in general all those faculties required for the work of the denizen of this world. To the "subjective" mind belong the emotions; that control of the involuntary bodily processes, such as the pulsation of the heart and the peristaltic function; that perfect memory of even the least significant event, which sometimes, years afterward, leaps suddenly into the objective consciousness; and intuition, which takes the place of the faculty of inductive reasoning, in which it is wholly deficient.

Thus the soul is revealed to us as the guardian of the body. It sleeps deep down in each of us during our lives, storing up memories of sense-impressions, rushing to our protection in moments of imminent danger, when it reveals itself by quick suggestions (presence of mind), and sometimes by auditory hallucinations (the demon of Socrates).

That the brain is merely the organ of the objective mind and not the source of intelligence is aptly set forth by Hudson when he instances the *aracis*—the lowest form of organism—which, wholly destitute of any brain, or any specialized organ, has yet intelligence to seize and incorporate its food.

It is the soul's susceptibility to each and any suggestion, says Hudson, that is responsible for much of the spiritistic doctrine. Thus the medium, who goes into that condition of auto-hypnotization known as the "trance" and professes to deliver messages from the dead, is merely repeating the unconscious suggestions conveyed through the subjective consciousness of the sitter.

We have seen how some, at least, of the spiritistic phenomena may be accounted for upon this theory of the soul or "subconscious mind." It is in the domain of medicine, however, that the soul's subordinate powers are shown. "The subjective mind," says Hudson, "has absolutely control of the functions, conditions, and sensations of the body"—directly of the involuntary functions, of the voluntary indirectly through the medium of the objective faculties. The ever wakeful soul seems to be possessed of thaumaturgic powers of illimitable extent, but *only in so far as these are set working by the power of suggestion.*

It is for this reason that hypnotism may be called the key which unlocks the chambers of the soul. It can "call up" the subconscious mind as surely as the prophet Samuel was ever "called up" by the wise woman of En Dor, and by virtue of that mind's unfailing memory piece together the broken fragments of memory in cases of amnesia. It can bid the soul heal the suffering body, alike in the temples of Æsculapius, at Lourdes, at St. Anne's shrine, in the Christian Scientist's parlor, and in those churches where the Emmanuel movement holds sway. It can make the soul heal those diseases which are apparently incurable—diabetes even, says Doctor Quackenbos; and just as the soul can destroy disease, so it can simulate it. There is the well-authenticated exampie of St. Francis of Assisi, who, by his lively faith, caused the appearance on his own body of the stigmata of Christ. There is the case recorded by Bernheim, in which he produced a blister upon the back of a patient by the application of a postage stamp.

The faith which Christ insisted on as a necessary preliminary to the performance of healing is thus demonstrated to be that indispensable auto-suggestion without which the faculties of the soul cannot be called into requisition.

Hudson is on less sure ground when he claims that it is the subjective mind which has the faculty of making tables tilt, and of moving ponderable objects and projecting "phantasms" or ghosts. But against the spiritistic claims he brings one powerful weapon to bear. No medium, he says, has ever told a card correctly, or read a sealed letter, *except where the knowledge of it existed in the mind of some person present.*

To quote Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the most earnest and persistent of psychic investigators, we are in an unknown territory to-day, concerning which many incredible and fantastic statements have been made public. But out of all this chaos of wholly conflicting evidence one hypothesis has been obtained in whose support many isolated features, otherwise unintelligible, may be interpreted. It is a hypothesis not dreamed of when the raps of the Fox sisters caught the attention of the world; but if in searching for ghosts we shall have found the soul of man our quest will not have been entirely fruitless.

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The Gentler View

Confidences

By Florida Pier

THE moment that you have confided in a person there is nothing for him to do but slink tactfully away. For a man or woman who knows your life secret to intrude into your line of vision shows a lack of judgment, a want of delicate perception that is astonishingly common. Very often you can change your plans so that the persons who think they know them to the last detail will find they have been wrongly informed. The fact that you did it only serves to confound them the more, and if they feel foolish, that is a thing about which you cannot be expected to bother yourself. It was their own lookout if they believed you. There are so many things which must happen, even though told of, and it is the inevitableness of these things which should teach people how ill judged a thing listening is. When one sees a confidence coming, it invariably flashes danger signals from a troubled eye, one should take to one's heels, or, if one is of a phlegmatic disposition, cover one's ears with a pocket-handkerchief. One only causes oneself to be thoroughly disliked if one persists in listening. You pour into a treacherous ear a tale that you would not have even the ear hear for countless worlds, and the ear remembers it, the traitor! it meets you ever afterward with an air of unhallowed intimacy. A confidant's knowledge leers familiarly at you from the corner of pursed lips. You hear his insight into your troubles chortling, actually cheering as you pass through a crowded room. Have people no power of concealment? Must they display the thing you gave them so openly, flourishing it for the world to see? A confidence is a thing to eat, to swallow, with difficulty, perhaps, but to consume as utterly as the notes were choked down by the servants of those canny Musketeers—one hears gulp and then never sees again. But most people are incapable of such a feat; one glance at a confidant and the bulge of your confidence is plainly perceptible in his outline. He is incorrigible, heart-breaking. He persists in reminding you of your indiscretion, until you could up with his heels and shake him soundly, until, along with his loose change, cigars, and letters, out rattles the thing you told him, at which you pounce upon it, carry it off, and leave its late receptacle blessedly, safely, ignominiously empty.

As one goes through life (such a capital phrase, so suggestive of winging through a maze which irritates and enlaces) one lets drop here and there, for various reasons, none of them decently sufficient on second thoughts, a good many confidences. Precious morsels of your sacred self are being risked in fifty different parts of the world. Some people marry after you have confided in them: what a betrayal of a friend! Others take to short-story writing, or entertain choice groups of attentive listeners with, "An interesting case I once came across." The perfidious wretches! It is as difficult to get a secret to stay lodged in a friend as it is to make a round bundle stop on the t, shelf of a closet. One prods it in place with an umbrella, one flings it back every time it falls, and each tussle only helps to develop its boomerang talents.

Why one confides is a mystery. There is not a human being living that would say, after a second's deliberation, "I approve of confidences; there is nothing that I know of against them." Every one has a bad word for them. We all make a point of telling some one to keep his secrets to himself, and we look so tiresomely wise when we are saying it, yet we will, a moment later, use all the artifice and wit that is in us to drag something from some one that he does not want to tell, and we do it under the cloak of thinking it may relieve him. Oh, the wickedness of us! Watch the people who say, "I don't know why, but all my friends confide in me; I really wish they wouldn't," and see the broad smirk of satisfaction that comes over their shameless faces. There is just one thing that people love more than receiving a spicy bit of information, and that is giving it. There are some people so intemperate when it comes to confidences that after they have told all there is about themselves to tell they go right on making it up word for word. They, of course, are severe cases, but it is a cold-blooded man, lacking in a knowledge of himself, who does not enter perfectly into their feelings and admit that he would do the same if he had the brain, the courage, the aptitude for naturalistic invention. It is a kindly instinct which causes people to confide; they say to themselves, here is a jewel plucked from the circle of my life, now who is worthy of sharing it.

There are moments—quiet, harmonious, secluded moments—when anything less than a confidence seems niggardly and unfitting for what, after all, is a sincere to be used for if not as a concordanced background for low-voiced whispered confessions of everything. When two friends are elaborately comfortable, with hours before them, it shows a lack of trust in each other if they do not tell all they know, or at the moment think of. A truly chivalrous friend, having permitted you to express, confess, and expound opinions you did not know you held until the moment of telling, but from now on will loyally lay claim to, to in necessity bound to wade out as far into conversational depths as the exact spot where you a half-hour ago felt the water lapping your mouth and, turning, thundered for shore. It is only mutual confidences when, hand in hand, you touched the identical danger point that can be looked back upon with any degree of comfort or belief in one's future safety. If you disrobed your heart or mind, and perhaps even allowed it to caper in its natural ungainly condition before an eye clothed in all the respectable paraphernalia of unbroken reticence, then your past will be a torment to you, and your future a place honeycombed with pitfalls where you will walk whimpering, and balance, afraid, on one leg, begging that the next step be spared you; knowing, as you do, that the aftereffect of such a confidence is a nasty, nose-bruising stumble. Those eyes that saw and did not have the human decency to imitate you in your thoughtless avowal nor match you disclosure for disclosure, and so land all securely, are going to, with the whip of your recollection, make you dance when they mockingly turn in your direction. You will grub out of space protecting garments, and hold them in front of you to no avail. You will flap before those gazing eyes voluminous robes and crave a recognition of their concealing properties, and as you drape yourself smother yourself in double the coverings you just once so idiotically removed, the eye without a gleam of bogetfulness or pity will slowly and knowingly wink. And one's consequent, justifiable rage is so futile. You magnify the thing you did by every intimated regret. A lying laugh is your one safeguard, a dispersing derisive shout which you do not in the least mean and which seldom deceives your late confidant. As it is, however, your sole hope you try it persistently before finally giving up. You message with your frank chuckles the accretion of knowledge in the mind of your friend. You laugh until you could cry, and though your every delighted murmur knocks invulnerably the obstinate, hardened lump, in the end you are forced to admit that you have done nothing more than alleviate a few of the more trying symptoms.

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LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FRED W. SIBLEY, of the Second United States Cavalry, has been appointed Commandant of the West Point Military Academy to succeed Lieutenant-Colonel Robert L. Howze, who becomes Commandant of the District of Puerto Rico. The latter had been in charge at West Point since June, 1905.

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Lieutenant-Colonel Fred W. Sibley

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BY THE FATHER OF WATERS

(Continued from page 21.)

empty bottle on a rock by the roadside—the first rock that Flenner had seen in three days.

Penetrating to the heart of the little, rambling wooden town, which not even the name of the great Spanish explorer could dignify, Flenner descended at the court-house, entered the clerk's office, and asked for a marriage license for Leslie M. Flenner and Elizabeth Carr. The clerk, rousing from a nap, stretched, yawned, cut himself an inch cake of plug tobacco, took off a very soiled white vest—which he folded carefully and laid away in a cupboard—tied a red bandanna around his neck, like a strong man girding himself for a race, and then moved over to his high desk. In the course of twenty minutes, after experimenting with half a dozen different pens, he handed over the desired document—crumpled and smeared, but legal.

"Live round hyere long?" he asked, in a friendly tone.

"No."

"Young leddy live hyere long?"

"No."

"I didn't recognize her name or your'n, and I know 'most everybody in the county. If you're a-goin' to git the job done hyere in town, a friend of mine across the street—a J. P.—will tie you up proper."

"My present errand is with a Henry Bradshaw. Can you direct me to his place?"

"Why, Mr. Flenner, Ben Bradshaw was in hyere not ten minutes since. I reckon he must be in sight yet." He stepped to a window. "Yes, there he is now, standin' there by that sorrel team—best hosses in the county, by the way!—talkin' to that nigger."

The man whom he pointed out was a tall individual in top-boots, with hair and beard of a peculiar, not to say sinister, blackness. He held in his hand a short, stout whip with which he could have easily felled a man—and would do so, Flenner fancied, on slight provocation.

Flenner left the court-house, but not in Mr. Bradshaw's direction. He made his way to a livery-stable instead, and, after some guarded inquiries, hired a conveyance to take him to a Baptist preacher's house about a mile from Bradshaw's place. Beyond this he had no plans, but he was a man who believed that sufficient for the moment was the inspiration thereof.

His present equipage was small improvement on Spake Webster's. Even slower seemed the horses, doubtless because Flenner kept one eye on the murky horizon. A storm was evidently brewing. A low, sullen, almost continuous growling came up out of the southwest. Little spiteful puffs of wind alternated with areas of hot dead calm. In thirty minutes the murk had spread over half the heavens, turning inky black, and shot with incandescent veins. Darkness fell an hour and a half ahead of time, and long before the wayfarers had reached their destination the storm burst upon them.

Its tropical fury surpassed anything in Flenner's experience. The firmament became a dome of blinding fire, not so much intermittent as shifting from one quarter to another, with rare intervals of darkness. Zigzag bolts shot viciously down, with ear-splitting reports. The rain fell in torrential quantities, beating down all resistance and rendering abortive all efforts to shut it out. Even the horses, with ears and tails laid close, were loath to go on.

The negro driver became panic-stricken at once, and announced his intention of abandoning the horses, which, he alleged, drew lightning. Flenner succeeded in keeping him in the buggy, but he was of little use. After fifteen minutes of the alternating glare and Cimmerian darkness, he confessed ignorance as to his whereabouts, and declared that he had no means of determining when they should have reached Parson Bassett's. So the passenger took the lines and trusted the horses to keep to the main road. Yet that they should keep to any road seemed doubtful, for they were knee-deep in water a large part of the time, and finally the water came through the box of the buggy and wet the occupants' feet. The next instant the darky was down on his knees, praying with a fervor and loudness of voice which could scarcely fail to catch the ear of even a God of Storms.

Finally Flenner discerned a light, quite near the road. Mose, pausing in his devotions long enough to take a look, "allowed" that it must be at Parson Bassett's. Flenner was sceptical, for Mose was very anxious to get under a roof; but, sure enough, the man who finally answered their loud hallooa and with fine indifference came out bareheaded into the storm, with a lantern, proved to be Parson Bassett.

He assigned the negro and the horses a place in the barn—whereupon Mose at once regained his cheerfulness—and led Flenner into the house. The latter place was plainly, almost austerely furnished, in which respect it seemed an index to the master's character. He was a large, muscular, lean sort of man, with a jawbone which Samson might have used quite effectively in his campaign against the Philistines. He was as bold as any of the ancient prophets of his religion, and impressed one as ready to die, if need be, for his opinions. At the same time he was as narrow as a man of his isolation is almost bound to be, and Flenner doubted whether he could be induced to officiate at a clandestine marriage. His doubt increased at the immobile and unresponsive face with which Mr. Bassett listened to his recital.

"Brother, before I answer you, let us have five minutes of silent prayer," said Bassett, whereupon he abruptly fell to his knees—not bending over his chair in the customary fashion, but with his long trunk rigid and erect, his eyes closed, and his face turned upward. After an interval he pronounced a loud amen, arose, and briefly announced that he would perform the ceremony.

"Even if it comes up against me an enemy for life in the person of Hank Bradshaw," said he, grimly. "Not to accommodate you, brother, or your intended, gladly as I would do that, but because it is *right*."

Parson Bassett betrayed none of the helplessness in practical affairs which Flenner—unjustly, perhaps—was accustomed to associating with men of the cloth. On the other hand, he at once suggested a plan for the consummation of Flenner's hopes. This was nothing less than to approach the Bradshaw place on foot, at a reasonable hour in the morning, taking care to keep out of sight. Could Elizabeth, as he simply called her, be signalled, without alarming Bradshaw, the rest would be simple. He would marry them on the spot! Flenner, who had rather expected to make a formal demand for the girl, was at first rather staggered at this summary method of rescuing his sweetheart; but upon being assured that any other procedure would probably result in drawing a load of buckshot from Bradshaw's ready gun, he gave the plan his approval. Evidently it had been his fortune to strike exactly the right kind of a conjuror in this enterprise.

"But how about witnesses?" he asked.

"Leave that to me," answered Bassett, in a tone which disposed of the objection.

The groom-elect supposed that the parson intended to use his wife and daughter for this purpose, but he set off in the morning without the ladies. Neither did he pick up any one at the farmhouse or two which they passed. He was not a man to inspire unnecessary questions, nor one who seemed likely to forget a promise. However, when he turned off the road and plunged, with his long stride, into a pathless, swampy jungle, Flenner ventured to remind him of the witnesses.

"There they are," answered Bassett.

At the same instant two ragged negroes, of apparently the intellectual status of a chimpanzee, except that they had unquestionably learned to smile, stepped out of the bushes and touched their tattered straw hats. Flenner stared.

"I promised the boys a quarter apiece for comin'," observed the preacher. "I reckon you'll stand for it."

"Oh, I'll stand for it," answered Flenner. "Only I—I wasn't exactly looking forward to a bridal party of that particular size."

Bassett's eyes, devoid of humor as they were, seemed to twinkle for once.

"Brother Flenner, all colors are the same in the eyes of God and, so far as this particular service is concerned, in the eyes of the State of Mississippi. These hyere boys are converts of mine, and they are good boys. They'll keep their mouths shut if we don't happen to git the girl this mornin'. Moreover, they won't excite suspicion if anybody sees 'em with us."

"I'm satisfied," declared Flenner, with a grin.

Soon the big, green-shuttered, white house of Henry Bradshaw shone ahead through the trees. The party drew as near as they could without attracting the attention of the planter's numerous dogs, and halted in a grove of live oaks. There they waited for two hours, but no girl appeared—only Mrs. Bradshaw, with a pan of scraps for the chickens, and a white-headed old ex-slave with a pipe in his mouth. Finally one of the negro boys was sent out to reconnoitre the other side of the house. He was gone nearly an hour, having to take a circuitous course. Flenner began to get nervous, but Bassett, with a pair of huge spectacles straddling his nose, calmly sat on a root and turned page after page of his pocket Testament. At last, however, the boy returned—with a promising display of ivory.

"I done see dee lady, Marse Bass't, and talked wid she, and she's a-comin' down dee hillside pretty soon, like she gwine to look at dee beehives yander. Den wees kin grab her and run."

"No grabbing and no running, Joe," answered the parson, with quiet reproof. "This is a marriage, not a kidnapping."

When Elizabeth, bareheaded and clad in cool, diaphanous white, finally appeared and moved tranquilly down the grassy slope, in a fleck of sunshine and shadow, Flenner's heart began to thump. Throughout his long journey, and especially during the last three days of it, his mind had been so full of ways and means that the dear object herself of his pilgrimage had been forced into the background. But now nothing except a few rods of ground stood between him and her; and in a few minutes, if there were no mishap, the realization of his three years' dream would be at hand.

He started impulsively forward, but Bassett's big bony hand was laid restrainingly upon his shoulder until Elizabeth had reached a point which placed her out of range of the house. Then the quartette emerged from their concealment—the preacher first, Flenner next, and the dusky witnesses in the rear, elbowing each other for priority. The girl started at the unwonted sight, as if she had been expecting only her lover. Then she took a forward step or two and paused with extended hands and happy, misty eyes. Bassett halted; Flenner passed him and took the two extended hands in his own.

"Beau, this is not such a wedding as we have dreamed of; but perhaps, after all, it is one that we shall remember quite as long."

"Wedding! Here? Oh, Leslie, they will never let us be married here. They will be out soon to see where I am. They never let me out of their sight for more than ten minutes."

"Two minutes is all we ask, miss," spoke up Bassett, with official importance; and without more ado he dropped his broad-brimmed hat on the grass, ordered the negro boys also to uncover, and cleared his throat. The man and the woman, with hands still joined, faced him without further suggestion.

With the last word of the fervent prayer which closed the brief ceremony, there fell an impressive silence, of which the humming bees and a whirling harvest-fly overhead seemed only a part. The husband and wife retained their attitude. Bassett's eyes remained closed, as if he were still in prayer. The negro boys stood as motionless as ebon statues.

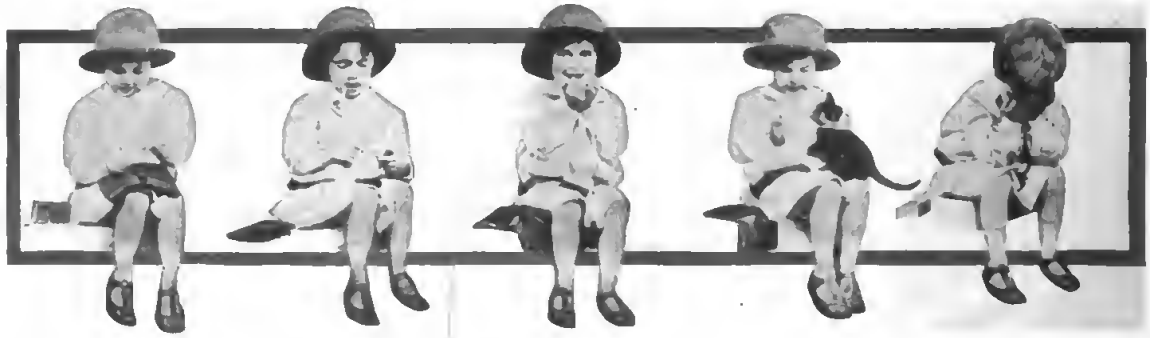
Then a house-wren's bubbling song came from the peach orchard. It broke the spell. A dog barked auspiciously. A screen door slammed at the house, rapid footfalls crossed a porch, and Henry Bradshaw appeared at the top of the slope with a double-barrelled shotgun in his hands.

Flenner slipped his own gun out of its holster and cocked it—with the approval of Parson Bassett's militant eye. Bradshaw paused.

"Mr. Bradshaw," called out the groom, civilly, "my name is Flenner. I should like to make you acquainted with Mrs. Flenner."

The black boys snickered. Bradshaw plucked uncertainly at his matted raven beard for a moment; then, leaning his gun against an apple tree, he came down the slope.

"I know when I'm beat," said he, without rancor, "and I hope I know enough not to try to take a man's wife away from him. Congratulate you, young man. Congratulate you, Miss Carr—Mrs. Flenner, I mean—on gittin' such a gamecock. Come in and have dinner, all of you. You two niggers will find something' in the kitchen to eat."



From *The Graphic*, London

HIS FIRST SMOKE: A STORY WITHOUT WORDS

The Chief of the "Parnassians"

CATULLE MENDÈS, one of the most distinguished of the men of letters of contemporary France, died on February 7th as the result of a railroad accident near Paris. M. Mendès fell from a train in the St. Germain tunnel and was instantly killed.

Catulle Mendès was born at Bordeaux, May 22, 1841; there was Jewish blood in his veins. He was educated privately, and in his fourteenth year wrote a vaudeville, which was afterward performed in Paris. At the time of the Revolution he left France and sojourned in Germany and Italy. Before he was twenty he had removed to Paris, and was composing and publishing verse. He founded, in 1860, the *Revue Fantaisiste*, a journal of such independent proclivities that the publication in it of a particularly audacious poem, written by the editor, provoked the police authorities to repressive activities, and Mendès was lodged in prison. During his incarceration the *Revue* expired, though it had included among its contributors such persons as Richard Wagner and Théophile Gautier. Mendès then applied himself to fiction and verse-making, married Judith Gautier, daughter of the illustrious Théophile, organized *Le Parnasse Contemporain*, and

men are sceptical to-day as to the airship flight of one hundred and forty-two miles as were incredulous a century ago about Fulton's voyage.

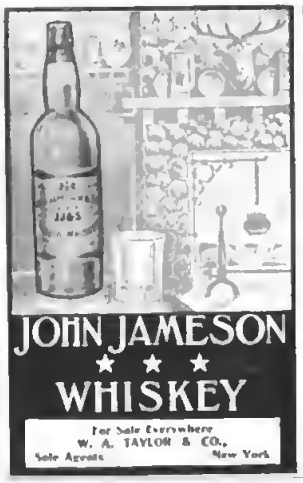
Twenty of the most noted American airship navigators have already announced that they will enter the competition which is to be managed by the Aero Club of America, and many foreign experts are expected to compete. The conditions of the race are:

1. The New York *World* for the encouragement of the science of aviation offers a prize of $10,000 for the duplication in an air ship or flying machine of Fulton's feat of one hundred years ago.
2. The contest will be held during the Hudson-Fulton Celebration, in September and October, 1909.
3. This contest is open to all the world.
4. Any form of air ship or flying-machine that is mechanically propelled is eligible.
5. The course will be up the Hudson River from New York to Albany.
6. The starting-point will be within the bounds of Greater New York, and the finish any spot within a radius of ten miles of the Capitol at Albany.
7. The prize will be awarded to the competitor who first makes the journey from New York to Albany; but, if more than one competitor succeeds in performing this feat during any one of the trials, the prize will be awarded to the competitor making the fastest time.
8. The trials will be conducted by the Contest Committee of the Aero Club of America, which is the recognized American and international authority in these matters.
9. Entries must be made to the secretary of the Aero Club, and contestants will be bound by the rules laid down by the Aero Club of America.
10. Copies of these rules and other information can be obtained on application to the New York *World* or to the secretary of the Aero Club of America.

WILLING TO PLEASE.

CHARWOMAN (who previously worked for an artist). "Yes, miss; would you like the potatoes done in their jackets or in the nude?"

—From *The Tatler*



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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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AROUND THE WORLD AND HOME AGAIN

DRAWN BY L. A. SHAFER

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Vol. LIII. No. 2723

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THIRTY-SIX PAGES

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Comment

The New Cabinet

It seems to be fairly well settled that President TAFT's Cabinet will be constituted as follows:

Secretary of State—PHILANDER C. KNOX, of Pennsylvania.
Secretary of the Treasury—WILLIS VAN DEVANTER, of Wyoming.
Secretary of War—JACOB M. DICKINSON, of Tennessee.
Attorney-General—GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM, of New York.
Postmaster General—FRANK H. HITCHCOCK, of Massachusetts.
Secretary of the Navy—GEORGE VON L. MEYER, of Massachusetts.
Secretary of the Interior—RICHARD A. BALLINGER, of Washington.
Secretary of Agriculture—JAMES WILSON, of Iowa.
Secretary of Commerce and Labor—CHARLES NAGEL, of Missouri.

As a whole, it seems good. Mr. KNOX is the best man available to succeed Mr. ROOT. It is a pity that his eligibility rests upon an obvious evasion of a provision of the Constitution, and, as a member of Congress, we should have voted against the repeal bill whose enactment establishes a bad precedent in putting expediency above principle. But there is no use of talking about that now. Mr. WICKERSHAM is a lawyer of the first class, of sound judgment, and notably independent disposition. As contrasted with the present incompetent Attorney-General, he has a rare opportunity to shine. The selection of Mr. VAN DEVANTER of Wyoming to become Secretary of the Treasury is somewhat of a surprise, but his record as a lawyer and public official is excellent, even though his banking experience has been limited apparently to the handling of a personal account, and we are happy to assume that Mr. TAFT and Mr. KNOX know what they are about. Mr. MEYER is well-to-do and probably well enough, though hardly up, in our opinion, to his big job. The appointment of Mr. HITCHCOCK is of the machine order and distasteful, but Mr. HITCHCOCK himself is a capable administrator, and may come to appreciate that his sole object ought not to be the perpetuation of Republican rule through the use of patronage. It was right to keep Mr. WILSON for a while, and everybody speaks well of Mr. DICKINSON. The other two we know nothing of. As a group, the new Cabinet falls measurably below the high standard fixed by President HAYES, for example, but clearly it is a TAFT-KNOX, not a ROOSEVELT, aggregation, and seems likely to work harmoniously and effectively. So far, so good.

Mr. Roosevelt on Lincoln

So many speeches were made on the one-hundredth anniversary of LINCOLN's birthday that few found their way into print, but of those we have read that of President ROOSEVELT was incomparably the best. Although apparently the surroundings were somewhat dismal, the occasion itself was inspiring, and the President rose to it admirably. Thanks chiefly to the Messrs. COLLIER, the birthplace of the great emancipator is to be suitably marked and the landmarks preserved, and it was in recognition of this patriotic service that President ROOSEVELT made the long, tiring journey at an inclement season of the year, and delivered an address which has seldom been excelled in direct forcefulness and simplicity of diction. It was natural that there Mr. ROOSEVELT should do his best. He has studied LINCOLN as he has studied no other public character, and has formed conclusions respecting that odd blending of idealism and practicality, which, though faulty in details, are in the main correct. "We of this day," he aptly declared, "must try to solve many social and industrial problems, requiring to an especial degree the combination of indomitable resolution with cool-headed sanity." And in making the effort, he truly added: "We can profit by the way in which LINCOLN used both these traits as he strove for reform. The goal was never dim before his vision; but he picked his way cautiously, without either halt or hurry, as he strode toward it, through such a morass of difficulty that no man of less courage would have attempted it, while it would surely have overwhelmed any man of judgment less serene." In this high key the brief oration was pitched from its beginning to its end, and will, in our judgment, stand out as the most satisfying effort Mr. ROOSEVELT has yet made.

He Fought Hard but Never Hated

Yet perhaps the most wonderful thing of all, and, from the standpoint of the America of to-day and of the future, the most vitally important, was the extraordinary way in which LINCOLN could fight valiantly against what he deemed wrong and yet preserve undiminished his love and respect for the brother from whom he differed.—*President* ROOSEVELT on LINCOLN.

Wonderful, yes, but not novel. Nor is LINCOLN the greatest example of it. The greatest example is that of that earlier story-telling teacher and leader whose experiences are recorded in the New Testament.

No Occasion for Carping

Mr. TAFT need not have apologized at New Orleans for the heat he manifested over the attempts of "notoriety-seeking Congressmen" and "sensational newspapers" to discredit the decision in favor of a lock canal. The popular opinion in favor of a sea-level plan is chiefly that of laymen, and, while naturally distrustful of the wisdom of leaving to one set of engineers the privilege of passing upon their own recorded judgment, people generally are satisfied that Mr. TAFT, being fully conversant with the attendant facts, has reached the conclusion that would have seemed best to any cautious and conscientious mind. Whatever may have been the predilections of the engineers, there is no reason to suspect their sincerity or, except in the matter of expenditures, their ability, and mere carping which tends only to handicap the labors of those responsible for the great work is not only unwise in policy, but positively unpatriotic in principle. It should now be the aim of all to facilitate, not to hinder, the successful completion of the colossal undertaking.

The Great Libel Case

The cat is out of the bag at last, and Brothers JOSEPH PULITZER and DELEVAN SMITH stand indicted by executive decree for libelling the brother-in-law of the government. We don't know how Brother SMITH feels about it—probably not very enthusiastic. Persons commonly do not like to be indicted for an alleged criminal offence. Brother PULITZER, of course, doesn't care. The proceeding is strictly in line with his own oft-expressed declaration that no injustice is done a man by indicting him, because, forsooth, he is sure to have a chance to establish his innocence at his trial. At the last moment the President found that he couldn't very well go to West Point and personally conduct the prosecution, so the true bills were found in the District of Columbia, and the Federal marshals are scurrying about now after the bodies of the defendants for future delivery to Washington.

The omniscient Corsican Attorney-General tells all about it. He kept his impatient tongue quiet for a long time, he informs us, because he felt that it would be "inappropriate" to speak while the great hunt for a place of jurisdiction under the statutes of 576 B.C. was in progress, "notwithstanding the fact that certain newspapers and others—meaning, we assume, some uncertain ones—have not hesitated to comment freely and very unfairly upon the character and supposed purpose of the inquiry in progress." The precise nature of the free and unfair comment which evokes this obiding he does not state. We had not supposed there was any doubt of the purpose of the prosecution. It was and is, we suspect, to put Brothers PULITZER and SMITH in jail. So at any rate the President plainly intimated in characteristically unequivocal language. If the real purpose is to catch the bodies of the defendants in order to pin upon their manly breasts some ROOSEVELT Panama medals as evidences of appreciation of their activities in canal matters, it seems to us that the fact should be made known, so as to permit Brother PULITZER to return to the bosom of his family instead of cavorting about over the high seas on the happily named yacht *Liberty*.

There are five counts to the indictments, but all to the same effect, namely, that the defendants "knavishly" and "knowingly" libelled, with malicious intent to "vilify and defame," "one THEODORE ROOSEVELT," "one DOUGLAS ROBINSON," "one CHARLES P. TAFT," "one ELIHU ROOT," "one WM. H. TAFT," "one WM. NELSON CROMWELL," and "one J. PIERPONT MORGAN." Inasmuch as the President firmly declared in his message to Congress that the real libel was upon "the people of the United States," we must assume that in his view the gentlemen mentioned "are the people." Why Messrs. ROOT and MORGAN and WM. H. TAFT were lugged in passeth understanding. No one of the three has ever seemed to get excited about the business and, we imagine, would be quite as well pleased to be let alone. Maybe the government thought its brother-in-law needed company.

Anyhow, the great jig is on, and there will be a lot of dancing. Brother PULITZER continues to regard himself as the victim of "a political prosecution"—as we guess he is—and thanks goodness that he has money enough to hire smart lawyers to defend him. He also informs us daily and emphatically that he is going to maintain the Freedom of the Press or perish in the attempt. We commend his resolution, and congratulate him upon the free advertising and additional circulation now coming his way. As to the outcome of the ridiculous proceeding, we venture the prediction that it won't amount to a hill of beans unless one THEO ROOSEVELT stays at home and runs things himself.

Perhaps he will. What's that?

Brother Hearst Secedes

The statement of the President is intolerant and untrue.

Did you ever hear the like of that? It is from the fountain-pen of Brother WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. So ends the Interdependent League. No more friendly discourse between the nets at the White House! No more pretty tales in the HEARST papers about the sturdy youth THEODORE ROOSEVELT leaving a Presbyterian Sunday-school and going over to the Dutch Reformed because the Presbyterian superintendent disapproved licking a boy for refusing to be saved. No more official thanks to an active journalist for buying and printing stolen letters for political effect. It is indeed a bitter world. We guess everybody now has called our Future Brother a liar except Brother LYMAN ABBOTT and us.

Of the Stage and Fireside

An attractive young woman came out of the West to act on the great White Way and did so well that her manager made her his wife—also a star. After a while, she got tired of acting and said she wanted to sit in the corner and knit and bring up some babies. To facilitate the enterprise, curiously enough, she went back to California to get a divorce, and is now there expounding her innermost thoughts through the medium of an ever-attentive press. Two of the many vital questions propounded by the lady are as follows:

Suppose a young woman with the possibility of loving much and hating much should meet a man whose sentiments matched hers to the last extreme—suppose he was the first who crossed her path in an exotic wilderness of mirage and unreality—would she not love him?

To which we should say that she might or might not. It is not polite, for one thing, for a gentleman to cross the path of a lady who is taking a stroll through an exotic wilderness. He should step aside, raise his hat courteously, let her pass, and sighfully turn the other way unless inadvertently, but apparently not without premeditation, she should happen to glance back with a surprised, yet not displeased, expression upon her fair face. Possibly that is what happened in this case. But

Suppose her husband—assuming her to be married—had such confidence in her that he would hear unmoved the facts of the mutual affection and urge her to keep on the stage and on the trail of an illusion

rallied fame—then would you say that she and he were incompatible?

We are disposed to believe that, if we were he, we should. But, alackaday! how difficult it seems to be for one who has been on the stage to cease to act.

Going for Earthquakes

The galloping lallapaloosas breathed easier when they heard last week that the Mighty Hunter is not going straight to Africa, after all, but will stop for a fortnight—or more—in Italy to pay his respects to the Pope and take breakfast with the King. The solemn announcement came from the White House that "both have expressed a desire to see him." But surely in a sufficient inducement for the pause, but confidentially it is not the real one. The truth, we understand, is that Ambassador Griscom reports more ominous rumblings on the peninsula and our Future Brother considers it to be his plain duty, in the event of another earthquake, to be on hand and take charge. He has always wanted to hunt earthquakes, anyway, as he places them in the destructive class and strongly deserving of extinction. In this case, he will fight to kill, not to preserve. Meanwhile, the Official Photographer is laying in a stock of Titanic films and Maj. Edgar A. Mearns, U. S. A., retired, is making a thorough analysis of his own internal seismic disturbances to complete his preparations for truly scientific inquiry. Director Walcott of the Smithsonian Institution has again heard of the Expedition in some roundabout way and has delicately hinted that, if a small earthquake could be taken alive and added to his collection, the gift would be highly appreciated, but it is understood that passing events will have to determine the feasibility of his suggestion. Incidentally, in view of the constantly changing programme, we advise our self-sacrificing friends, the galloping lallapaloosas, to come down to exposed positions on the river banks, or even perhaps to swim over to Europe, if they want to make sure of being shot to be pickled and added to the other preserves on the pantry shelf at Oyster Bay.

Echoes of Tolstoi

Government cannot improve the moral nature of man, and brute force always defeats its object. There can be no coercion of the soul. Every law must have the sanction of the free will. Where America surpasses Europe is in its personal liberty, which is the heritage of a race of heroes. But this is doomed to be extinguished by the legislatures of a time-serving generation.

So Tolstoi, writing in the Finnish paper, *Progress*, as the *World* reports him. Can it be that some one has sent him copies of some of the new anti-liquor laws of some of our more progressive States? He is a profoundly interesting Voice, and thunders very much to the point in generals, however hard it may be to follow him in a good many particulars. He has a vast deal of history at his back when he says that "the root of all the evils of civilization lies in the perverted teachings miscalled Christianity," though when he adds that "the modern Church is the greatest foe of man, and the churchgoer a blind dupe," we may hope he speaks rather of the Church in Russia, which was the cave and cherished instrument of the late Reverend Pobiedonostseff, than of such Churches as we have here. According to a story in the *World*, Tolstoi lately said of Lincoln:

Of all the great national heroes and statesmen of history, Lincoln is the only real giant . . . He was a Christ in miniature, a saint of humanity, whose name will live thousands of years in the legends of future generations . . . Washington was a typical American Napoleon was typical Frenchman, but Lincoln was a humanitarian as broad as the world. He was bigger than his country; bigger than all the other Presidents put together; because he was a universal individualist, who wanted to see himself in the world, not the world in himself.

Panama's Trying Climate

Colonel Goethals is home from Panama, tired, worn, and, if he has been quoted truly, a bit querulous. There was an engineer who came back from Panama and threw up his job, and it may be recalled that the amiable man who was Secretary of War at that time and has since been promoted let loose at him a packet of very harsh revilings. We question whether the like could happen again to any man who had held a responsible place at Panama, no matter how much he seemed to deserve it, so clearly it is recognized that men who carry heavy loads at Panama for any length of time come home the worse for wear. Colonel Goethals, as quoted in the papers, speaks of himself as "tired and worried in mind and body." Probably he has been too long on the job, but he has made a splendid showing. Wonderful things have been done to make the Isthmus healthy, and with wonderful success. Compared with what it used to be, it is a health resort now; but still, to make it truly wholesome for citizens of these States, it needs to be moved some thousands of miles north. The white men who do best there and who are now considered the best laborers employed are the Spaniards. They bear the climate best, subsisting largely on starches and sugars, and spending less of their energy in digestion than the Americans do, who there, as at home, lean more on meat. Maj. Charles E. Woodruff's theory that it is the light in the tropics that is dangerous to white men, rather than the heat, seems not to have been regarded as yet in the precautions taken to preserve health at the Isthmus. It may have a partial test in the night work which it is proposed to institute in some parts of the work. The success of the Spanish laborers bears out, in a way, his theory that the dark-haired men bear tropical climates best, though that does not explain why Spaniards have done better than Italians.

Get this Snag Out of the Constitution

Has not the country clearly outgrown the provision of the Constitution (Article I., Section VI., Paragraph 2) which reads:

No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States which shall have been created, or the emoluments of which shall have been increased, during such time.

The impropriety which the paragraph was aimed to prevent is remote, and is of trifling consequence compared with the loss which the country may at any time sustain from the disability of members of Congress to receive appointments to the Cabinet, to judgeships, ambassadorships, or other high offices under the government where their services may happen to be urgently needed. That Mr. Knox should have been ineligible, under the Constitution, for a seat in Mr. Taft's Cabinet because Congress lately raised the salaries of Cabinet officers was an absurdity. There was no relation at all between the action of Congress on the Cabinet salaries and the acceptance by Mr. Knox of the place that Mr. Taft offered him. Mr. Knox's disability was a mere joke, and a very bad one. We are reminded by a letter-writer in the *Sun* that in 1885 Mr. Cleveland took three Senators—Bayard, Garland, and Lamar—into the Cabinet, all of whom might have happened to be casually disqualified by a salary-increase law passed, possibly, against the will and votes of every one of them. The constitutional precaution which Mr. Knox has stumbled over seems altogether too dear at the price. In order to get rid of it an amendment of the Constitution must pass both Houses of Congress by a two-thirds vote and be ratified by conventions or Legislatures in three-fourths of the States. That is a laborious undertaking. It may be that the end sought may be attained by introducing into future salary-raising bills the provision that they shall not apply to Senators and other members of Congress who become appointees to Federal offices before the expiration of the terms for which they were elected.

Collector Crum's Appointment

The case of Collector Crum goes over, it is understood, to Mr. Taft. The Republican leaders in the Senate announce that they will make no further attempt to force confirmation before March 4th. If they should make another attempt, Tillman and the other Southern Senators would doubtless have enough sympathizers among the Republicans to defeat it. President Roosevelt might, by withdrawing the nomination, spare his successor the embarrassment of having to seem to pass on the wisdom of the original appointment; but this he is unlikely to do. Neither opposition from Democrats, bitter resentment in the South, nor the discussion of his own party associates, has in this matter availed to make him change his mind. There was, of course, no compulsion to reappoint Doctor Crum, who has had a fairly long tenure of the office, and by appointing some one else, or simply leaving Doctor Crum in office until his successor should be named, the matter might have been put up to Taft more acceptably. For Mr. Taft ought, if possible, to be permitted to develop his Southern policy without being forced either to approve or disapprove, by implication, that of his predecessor. We say "by implication"; but we are not sure the implication would be logical. Mr. Taft will find the place waiting to be filled. It will be his right and his constitutional duty to follow his own best judgment in filling it. If he decides that it is not best at this time to appoint this particular man to this particular office in this particular community of Charleston, South Carolina, he will be acting certainly within the limits of his executive discretion. Such a decision should not be interpreted as unfriendly to the negroes. He may feel that to reappoint Doctor Crum would not, on the whole, make for the best interests of Doctor Crum's own race. Nor yet, on the other hand, if he should decide to reappoint Doctor Crum, ought that to be taken as proving he is unfriendly to the white people of the South. There is too much evidence that he is not. But we have no doubt such inferences *will* be drawn, whatever action he takes. Our hope is, however, that the sober, thoughtful, patriotic men of both races in the South, who know that good feeling between the races is all their daily intercourse is worth more than any office—that these men, and not the mere politicians, will more and more guide and control public opinion concerning such incidents as have in the past provoked animosities.

A New Orchestra for New York

Admittedly the opera and its concerns absorb the bulk of that portion of public attention which is directed toward the world of music; nor is this a condition to be unqualifiedly deplored. Despite the pedants who insist that the opera is an "impure" and a "bastard" form of art, it nevertheless remains an inescapable fact that a large proportion of the most eloquent and beautiful music in existence is music written for the drama; and the most inspired score ever composed is that of an opera. Nevertheless, it is regrettable that interest in operatic affairs should prevail at the expense of interest in less spectacular manifestations of the art. There are music-lovers who would rather listen to a good orchestral concert with a well-chosen programme than to any operatic performance. These music-lovers are of considerable numbers, high intelligence, and fastidious taste; and many of them have often wondered and asked why it is that New York, the centre of American activity in all the arts, should occupy a secondary position in respect to its orchestral performances. There is no dispute of the fact that the best orchestra in America—Mr. Paderewski has lately called it the best in the world—is the possession, not of New York, but of Boston. Now there is one thing which is essential to the establishment and maintenance of an orchestra of the first class, and that, regrettably enough, is money. A first-class orchestra is impossible without frequent rehearsals and frequent performances—without, in a word, constant drilling; and constant drilling is expensive. It is pleasant to know that what is to be virtually a new orchestra is to be established in New York; that it is to be sufficiently "financed"; and that it will begin to operate next season. Through the energetic efforts of an indefatigable music-lover, Mrs. George R. Sheldon, the ancient and honorable Philharmonic Society has agreed to reorganize itself upon a basis which will permit of a greatly increased efficiency, and the rehabilitated orchestra will play as a concert-giving body for a period of at least twenty-three weeks a year. A conductor of unquestioned ability and large reputation, Mr. Gustav Mahler, has been secured for a two years' engagement; and a guarantee fund amounting, it is said, to more than $80,000, has been subscribed for a period of three years by a group of generous citizens. New York already possesses an orchestra—the New York Symphony—which is working zealously for musical righteousness; but it has yet to be demonstrated that the metropolis is incapable of maintaining more than one orchestra of important and dignified aims.

Polite and Just

That was very proper and seemly action that the House took in voting to expunge from the record the speech of Mr. Willett ridiculing the President, on the ground (reported by the select committee) that—

Since, under the Constitution, the members of the House may not be questioned elsewhere for speeches in the House, and the President ought not therefore to criticise or comment officially upon speeches in the House, it becomes especially the duty of the House itself to protect the President from that personal abuse, innuendo, or ridicule tending to excite disorder in the House itself and to create personal antagonism on the part of the President toward the House.

The report cut both ways, but it cut fair.

The Loneliness of the Saints

"Now I return to the source whence I came forth," said Plotinus, dying, "the flight of the alone to the Alone"; and in the saying is summed up that sense that comes only to those who have lived the inward life long enough to separate the temporal intelligence from the soul's immortal voice, and who have come to know how untouched the soul's life may be by all the turmoil and the turmoil of this human moment. Even here in our clay built prison, the listening may now and again hear the distant silence of eternity, even as, emerging from the bustle of a great city into the lonely mountain lastnesses, the first matter which we strain our ears to listen to is the unbroken quiet, the great, fresh expanse of the stillness.

So in the midst of the gayety and the bustle of the year's course a great refreshment and strength may come to us by turning back for an instant or an hour as far as we may from the present moment, and heading our tired thoughts into far-off paths where the strong and the heroic souls lived and thought.

One's first impression in reading the lives of the saints is a surprised apprehension of how busy, how active, how matter-of-fact and effective their lives were; the second is, the time and the effort they gave, the deliberate and set struggle they made to prepare themselves for the life eternal in the midst of the human temporalities. And it was this, this power they gained to see life in the large, to peep over the edges of time, where its fringes catch on to eternity, which gave them the courage and the strength, the hope and the love, which, after all, are saintliness.

It is a modern tendency to desire, even to look for, the fruits of the spirit without undergoing the preliminary culture. It was a truer and nobler instinct of an earlier religious fervor to know that great prizes mean great pain and great results presuppose austere training. The beginning of the saints' lives was not the working of miracles, healing and helping, uplifting and building; the beginning was the loneliness, the discouragement and the wrestling, the unslaked fervor from which peace and power emerged. "I have thus enlarged myself of our concernment to enter alone with ourselves into God, because it is a thing so important," wrote Saint Teresa to her spiritual daughters, after cautioning them repeatedly to be willingly alone with Him, losing no fair opportunity of negotiating with Him, and making great account of not quitting Him, since if men gladly remove their thoughts somewhither else, and mind not nor esteem Him, it is little wonder that they should become numb and unconscious of that eternal life that flows about the temporal.

A new age has new ways and new words; the old theological writings, to appeal to us to-day, must be translated into a more modern language, but the underlying facts remain strangely unchanged; in whatever garb of words the soul's life be presented to us, the essential points are unaltered. It was in the "thick darkness" that Moses heard God. No great religious teacher or reformer ever escaped the lasting, the temptation in the wilderness, the austerities, and the loneliness which preceded the mission. May one not ever take it for granted that St. Paul himself—the most protestant of the apostles, the most modern-minded man in the Bible, submitted to three years of lonely preparation in Arabia before he began to preach? "Immediately," he writes to the Galatians in accounting for his vision, "I conferred not with flesh and blood, neither went I up to Jerusalem to them that were apostles before me, but I went into Arabia and returned again unto Damascus. Then after three years," etc.

Of those three years of preparation we have no account in St. Paul's case, but the lives of the saints furnish us with masterless examples of what such preparation means. There is the little St. Catherine of Siena, bearing the reproof and the ridicule of all her family while she drew apart, foregoing the average human life of diversions and gayeties, that in silence and in prayer the larger life might be opened to her. It was only after several years that her father, who came upon her unawares, and found her lost in prayer, while about her head circled three snow-white doves, regarding this as a miracle went back and told the others, and determined for his own part to withdraw from the family persecutions, and even said that none should further annoy the little girl with his consent. However, the interruptions and persecutions had been quite in vain, for the child, when her cell was taken away from her to prevent what seemed undue seclusions, had invented a refuge which later she continually urged upon her disciples, the "cell of self-knowledge." Here, she said, she made herself, in her own mind, a secret cell out of which she resolved never to go by reason of any external occupation. Far longer and more difficult was the probation of St. Teresa, who was subjected to periods of aridity and despair until she was over forty years old. We know from St. John of the Cross how bleak was the darkness in which he lived before he found the light, from his own wonderful book, *The Dark Night of the Soul*. Gerard Groote, the founder of the Brothers of the Common Life and the patron of St. Thomas a Kempis, the man who sowed the seed of the Reformation a century and more before Luther, when he first realized the need of the world, in order that his poignant perception might not be a mere transient feeling, passing like a morning cloud across the sky, entered into a monastery, and there spent three years in solitude and reflection and prayer. Out of this retreat grew that great power making for sincerity and purification which spread all over the Netherlands and Germany, training the minds of men to look beneath the passing shows and shifting glamours of life to the more lasting joys of living, reflection, self-discipline, righteousness.

But surely lonely thinking is not an end in itself? And in this modern world men are too great-hearted to feel the one-time interest in saving their single souls; to tell a man to be good in order to train so that he shall escape punishment in his own person would likely bring the retort: "What! work for so penurious an end? Something better than my own salvation must be the reward." The first result of loneliness and meditation is self-knowledge, in the thick darkness and the deep silence we come to a sense of true values and right proportions, by means of much questing of selfish clamors, much thrall with personal emotions, much careful culture of our sensitiveness to the world's suffering, of our insight into the world's needs. The fruits of the spirit, the quiet acceptance of the awful problem of evil while we do our little part to lessen such as we can touch and cope with, love, humility, joy, peace which passeth understanding, these are not free gifts, but hard-won benefits, the ultimate crown and triumph of unaided struggle. It is the application of will to a life that creates personality; it is the continued application of will to life that widens the area of the personality, that strengthens the bonds of love, that hushes the small clamors of vanity and selfishness, that extends the realms of power and gives the peace which accepts while still it cannot grasp—the peace, indeed, which passeth understanding. And from one person strong for sacrifice, willing to suffer, able to endure, there extends a great realm of healing and of peace. However little it fits in to any scheme of human justice, the loss of vicarious suffering runs all through life. The fact that a voluntary acceptance of pain means another's benefit is immediately rooted into the essential make-up of human living. The saints then endured their loneliness and austerities that when they emerged and came among others they might have a healing balm in their hands, wisdom on their lips, unfathomable tenderness in their hearts, unquenchable hope for humanity.

And, oddly enough, what the saints discovered to separation and by loneliness was the indivisibility of spirit, the unity of all life, the breath which animates all worlds, the single soul upholding all the multiplicity of phenomena. A Kempis in one of his earlier dialogues narrates a colloquy between the learner of divine things and the Master. "Oh, holy and devout soul, hanging upon God, what is this I hear from thee? Do all things in heaven and earth seem small to thee?"

"Yea, all things are small to me."

And when again the questioner asks after the meaning of things and the halatation of the glory to whom we submit he is turned off to seek elsewhere.

"Ask Him who knoweth all things."

And when still further he pleads, "give but a little drop of precious wine, a portion from the richest of ointments that I may taste of it," there comes no answer. Doubtless this is the point where the soul accepts the thick darkness. And the final words, "I am what I am, and beside Me is none other. I am the first and the last, creating and governing all things. I live, I will reign forever and ever," are the last words which may be said to human ears, and the ultimate truth we all accept when we plead for light. In our more modern speech we translate it, "Life is that it is, and there is no other. It is first and last, creating, governing, and destroying, reigning forever and ever." And we poor dazzled worms, blinded, very like, by the flood of light that beats down upon us, understanding so little, but accepting so much, yet battle on, knowing life plastic to effort, and our voluntary sufferings the material of joy. So contentedly we can learn to repeat what the great poet recently wrote in the book that propped his dying head, and what was so authoritatively told us two thousand years ago, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you"—but we must be watchful to win our battles, to bear the vigils, and to create the kingdom in which we hope to live.

Personal

W. P. Frith, the Royal Academician who was made famous by his painting of the *Derby Day*, has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday, and an English weekly paper pictures him as still at his easel. King Edward sent Mr. Frith his congratulations on his last birthday, for Mr. Frith it was who commemorated Edward's wedding in 1865. Freedom from worry, and six cigars a day, are given by Mr. Frith as his recipe for longevity.

Dr. John A. Holmes, for some time secretary to the Postmaster-General, has been appointed head of a department calculated to make the post-office scandals of recent years an impossibility. The office is that of purchasing agent, and is designed as a check upon the Salary and Allowance Division which Grosvenor W. Reavis once ruled. Doctor Holmes is only thirty-four, and is one of the many young men daily being appointed to the most responsible positions in Washington.

Correspondence

THE DEADLY FOURTH MILE

New York, *February 8, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I was very much interested in reading the article in Harper's Weekly, "The Deadly Fourth Mile," and what you say there is distinctly true.

We certainly need to look into this matter, and I am particularly interested, as I have a son going to Yale next year who has rowing proclivities, and personally I would like to see the race shortened.

I believe, however, that the main cause of the collapse of rowing men at the end of a race is due to the fact that they are not in good condition and they do not row the race properly. A man who collapses at the end of a race has not done his duty to the rest of the crew.

I am, sir,

Robert Appleton.

WOMEN AND SUPPORT

New York, *February 6, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In the issue of Harper's Weekly for January 23d Mr. Henry Rood, in his column "In a Casual Way," gives half a column to the recent discussion, "Is a Wife Supported by Her Husband?"

He has missed the point of the argument, or, rather, the conclusion of the audience, when he says that "New York has decided that the average married woman earns her board and clothes."

This would make it seem that a man *does* support his wife, whereas the conclusion arrived at was that she was an economic factor in the production of wealth as well as he.

This could be sustained by many practical illustrations.

The old idea that a woman should be grateful to her spouse for food and clothing is obsolete and is but one illustration of the lines

"The old order changeth, giving place to new."

I am, sir,

Rachel de Noailles.

Was it ever the idea of any except mean men?—Editor.

TRUSTS AND PRICES

New York, *January 29, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I thank you for calling my attention to Mr. H. Edwards' criticism of my quotation of prices in my article, "Is Competition the Life or Death of Trade."

Suppose I acknowledge that I erred in my quotations (which I do not), that does not change the fact that the present prices of a large list of important articles of manufacture are lower (much lower) than before trusts came into existence. The official records, the current quotations in newspapers, and private bills of merchandise all prove the truth of that assertion.

As to whether the trusts brought about the result, or whether some other agency accomplished it, is not my contention. I claim that prices have not generally increased under the influence of the trusts.

I am, sir,

F. W. Hewes.

A Denatured Age

The horseless cart is everywhere
And smokeless powder fills the air;
And all the joyous world doth laugh
Because we've wireless telegraph.
The noiseless gun is now the thing
And voiceless tenors often sing;
And politicians void of jobs
Are filling all the world with sobs.

We've lots of cashless millionaires,
And seedless apples, dates, and pears;
And there be those who say that kings
Once fruitful now are fruitless things.
The world is full of angels high
Who, wingless, yet can nobly fly,
And here and there is one that says
Somewhere are airless hairdresses.

Perhaps some day, and maybe soon,
They will invent a rayless noon
In which fond swains may bask at night
Completely hid from mortal sight.
A gasless gas bill too, they say,
Will shortly set out on its way,
And poets, maybe, will rehearse
Their measures in a verseless verse.

I've walked on many a footless quest
And looted many a bootless guest.
Our wits indulge in jokeless joken
Convulsing us with chokeless chokes;
And we are meeting all the while
Folks brimming o'er with guileless guile—
But no one, to my great regret,
Yet makes a smokeless cigarette.

A thornless cactus now is made,
I've heard of an unjaded jade
Who'd talk all night and scold all day,
Yet nothing in the end would say.
A speechless speaker is a sight
That fills his hearers with delight,
Especially when one we find
Who's of the after-dinner kind.

We've painless dentists by the score,
And Bernard is a shoreless Shaw.
We've needless needs, and endless ends,
And sometimes find we've friendless friends.
There's much that's artless in the arts,
And maids there be with heartless hearts—
And we shall have not far anon
A Theodoreless Washington!

Now in the blessed name of Peace
When will those strange inventions cease?

Carlyle Smith

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"Investigating" the Canal

SIDE-LIGHTS UPON A SPECTACULAR PROCEEDING WHICH CAST NEEDLESS SUSPICION UPON A GREAT WORK AND EFFECTED NO USEFUL END

By Forbes Lindsay

The first of two articles by "Harper's Weekly's" Special Correspondent at Panama

THE work on the Panama Canal has been "investigated" by President Roosevelt's specially appointed board of engineers, and has been pronounced good; but there was no need for an investigation, and the "investigation" itself was a solemn farce.

"Out of multiplicity of counsel comes confusion." I am not sure whether this is a quotation or a paraphrase, but in either case the warning conveyed by it is worth considering in connection with that most diagnosed, most investigated, most criticised enterprise, the Panama Canal. From its inception it has been a sort of Gulliver to the Lilliputians of the civilised world. Precisely thirty years ago De Lesseps was on the Isthmus with an international technical commission charged with the duty of making final surveys and laying out the line of the canal. Since then, commission has followed hazard, and board commission. Inquiring men have come to Panama from every quarter of the Western Hemisphere, singly and in groups, privately and officially, knowingly and ignorantly. The canal has been the subject of innumerable books, reports, essays, articles, and poems. Wading into this mass of material, the seeker after truth is confused by the variety and inconsistency of the views presented, and finds, to his dismay, that the greatest variance in opinion exists among the doctors themselves. As a consequence, the number of our people who have any appreciable understanding of the matter stands in inverse ratio to those who entertain pronounced opinions, and the latter represent 9.999 per cent. of the population, adult and juvenile.

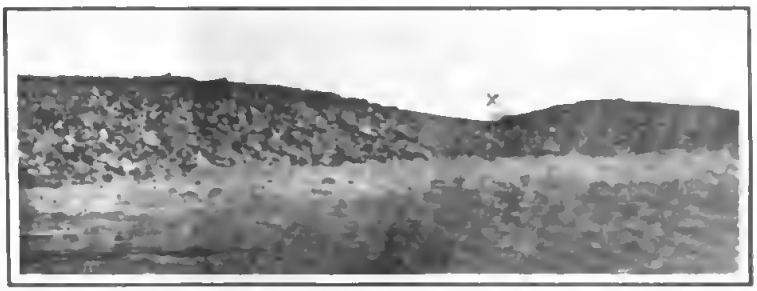
One of the stumbling-blocks of the French was an excess of "expert" advice. A writer of their time said, in criticism of De Lesseps: "For the work of a responsible engineer he has substituted the action of what he called consultative committees, superior councils, and the like, which have been, for the most part, little more than *pieuic parties at public expense*, and with the recommendations of which he has dealt as he thought fit." Be it remembered, however, that with our predecessors the accusing was greater than with us. They had to get at the specific gravity of the problem, leaving us only to balance and adjust things. Furthermore, the *Comité Technique*, which pronounced the final word for them, was the ablest body that has ever sat upon the question.

The plan under which we are operating to-day is, in all its essential principles and almost all its important features, the plan advocated by the *Comité Technique*. We, with our all too numerous technical commissions, have added nothing of importance to the knowledge derived from the French. They left us data sufficient for the performance of the work in hand. We cannot command an aggregation of talent equal to that of their last international board. But we may go on piling theory on theory, and placing contradiction against contradiction, until the burden of debatable conclusions paralyzes the energy of action.

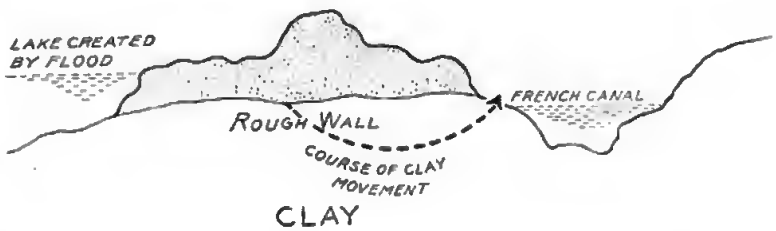
It is high time that we abandon the fiction of appointing special boards of engineers, whose findings would not be heeded if they chanced to conflict with the opinion of the Administration. If it is deemed necessary to afford the men in charge of the work outside advice, let us retain two or three of the best engineers we can find in a permanent consultative capacity. But, whatever else we may do, we must decide definitely and finally upon the lines of action; and we must do that at once.

Our working force on the Isthmus has reached the critical point in the operation, so far as the type of canal is concerned. A change could be made at this time without any difficulty and without material sacrifice of past work. But progress has advanced to the stage where construction work—of locks, dams, and other essential and permanent features of a high-level canal—must commence and proceed with despatch. What is done in this direction for one type cannot be used in the other, and a change hereafter cannot fail to entail serious waste of time and money. A year hence, it will cost millions to turn from one type to the other. This is advanced as a reason for decision—not for change. The argument for a lock canal is as strong to-day—somewhat stronger, in fact—as it was when the plan went into effect.

Towards the close of November, an altogether unimportant sinking of some rock on the Gatun dam site furnished a few newspapers with a basis for an attack upon the canal operation. The commission promptly issued an explanation and an emphatic assurance that all was right with the work. Then the Administration set in train a series of mistakes, the results of which are still in the making. The President had absolute confidence in the report of the



The depression (a) in the rock wall of the Gatun dam caused by the shifting of the underlying clay. It was this occurrence that provoked popular belief in the instability of the dam



A diagram drawn by Mr. Lindsay to show how the shift occurred. The water in the lake so increased the pressure on the wall that its weight squeezed out the clay foundation, causing the wall to settle a few feet

The inspection party at the exact spot on the south toe of the Gatun dam which subsided when the clay beneath shifted under the weight of rock

Mr. Taft and the engineers inspecting one of the test-pits bored many feet into the earth to determine the character of the foundation of the Gatun dam

Mr. Taft and the technical experts at Colon, when, after a conference, it was decided to rearrange the plans for the great breakwater at the canal entrance

How Mr. Taft "footed it" during his inspection of the canal work. This photograph shows the engineering party going along the Gatun dam spillway site

commission, and so he promptly informed them. Had he presented a similar front to the public and allowed the matter to rest at that, the agitation would long ago have subsided. But Mr. Roosevelt preferred to give the people the impression that he was not at all sure of the conditions on the Isthmus, and that he considered an investigation of them necessary. He announced his intention of sending a special board of engineers to Panama, and went so far as to intimate that, in case circumstances should warrant it, a change to the sea-level plan would be made. It was his design to reassure the nation and put the stamp of finality upon the present plan of operation, but the medium for effecting this purpose was unhappily chosen. With two possible exceptions, the special commission was composed of engineers known to be strongly predisposed in favor of a high-level waterway. The President's action gave an air of importance to the early rumors which they had not originally enjoyed. Wide-spread suspicion was aroused. It was believed that an endeavor was on foot to cover up something, and that the investigating board was a mere whitewashing body.

Such was the prevailing impression when I left the States for Panama. Arriving at the Isthmus several days before Mr. Taft and his personally conducted party of experts, I found a wholly unexpected mental attitude displayed by the men at the seat of action. The members of the I. C. C. and the engineers on the canal enjoyed the most placid state of mind. They had no apprehensions whatever of a change of plan, and it was evident that their confidence was inspired by assurances from the highest quarters. They admitted frankly that the visiting engineers were not sent to investigate, but merely to ease the public mind and re-create public confidence. They felt not the slightest uneasiness, but exhibited some impatience at the prospective interruption to their work—for these canal-builders are very much in earnest and intensely absorbed in their task.

In due course the experts arrived and entered upon their inspection—for such it was, rather than an "investigation." They held meetings and looked over charts and tables, all of which they might as effectively have done in Washington or Waco. They walked over the dam site and pronounced it good, as other equally able men had done before them. This was on the second day of their visit; and on the evening of the same day they added a link to the chain of mistakes which began with their appointment by permitting the newspaper correspondents to inform the expectant public of America that they were unanimous in their approval of the whole business. They went through the Culebra cut in a special train and secured an excellent view from the windows of the cars. They asked many and pertinent questions on points, all of which are covered in the voluminous I. C. C. annual report, the ink of which was then scarcely dry.

The fact of the matter is that the board had no time to base its so-called investigation on facts ascertained by itself in the matter of the foundations for the Gatun dam and locks, for instance, Mr. Roosevelt's engineers, to have arrived at first-hand information, would have had to spend at least a month in making tests and borings. They were obliged to rely upon the findings of the engineers in charge, and upon the records of their predecessors. And, but for the futility of the course, no objection could be raised against it. But there is no board in existence, nor any that could be appointed, whose opinion would be of as much value as that of the men who are responsible for the work. They are in the best position to know, they are thoroughly capable of exercising judgment, and they have at least as much at stake as any civil engineer in the same situation could have.

The report of the investigating engineers will be sound in its statement of facts because it will be based upon the unquestionably reliable conclusions of the engineers in charge of the work. But it will puzzle the uninitiated citizen to understand why, if the public statements of those engineers could not be accepted in the first instance, he should be asked to satisfy himself with them at second hand. He may also consider such superfluous information expensive at the large price he must pay for it. The bill for battleships, expert fees, and the rest will amount to a goodly figure, without taking into account the loss of time in high-salaried men on the work.

The report will endorse the high-level plan. It may be counted upon to recommend some minor modifications. A board of experts must suggest some changes—or, at least, it always does—to "save its face." And this is another objection to the appointment of these commissions. As often as we have them, so often shall we have proposed alterations.

Now as to the trouble which has excited so much agitation in the States, although it hardly aroused comment on the Isthmus. Let me try to explain it with the aid of a couple of rough diagrams. In the first diagram, the broken line marks the surface of an undulating stratum of rock, over which lies a blanket of impervious clay, filling the depressions. The dam will lie upon this material in two wings, aggregating one and a half miles in length, with their sides resting upon rock and divided in the middle by the spillway. That concrete structure and the locks will find rock foundations.

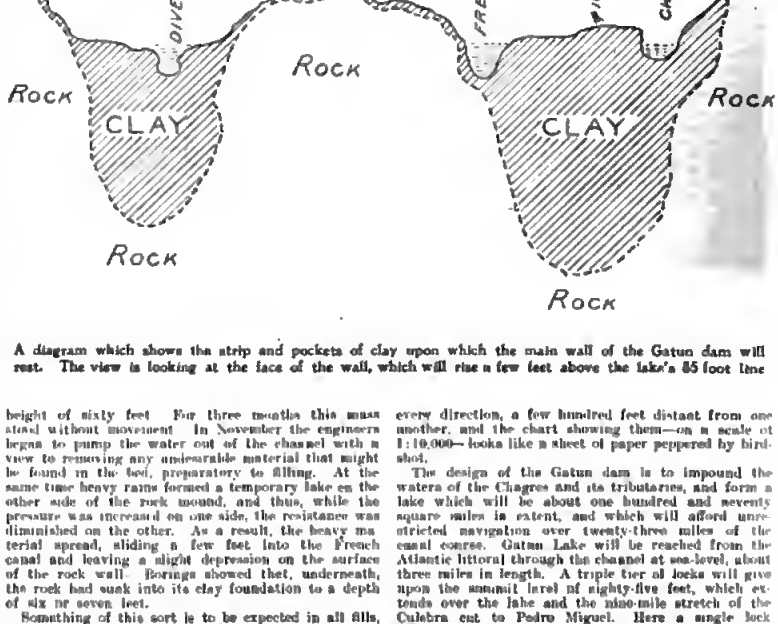
Work upon the dam proper has hardly begun, but construction has been begun upon the rock walls which are designed to reinforce it at each end of its half mile depth. Between these walls or "toes" the dam will be formed by pumping in sand and clay mixed with water, which will leave a compact impermeable mass when the water runs off.

A portion of one of these walls stands on the west bank of the old French canal, which will be covered by the dam—a part of it having reached the ultimate height of sixty feet. For three months this mass stood without movement. In November the engineers began to pump the water out of the channel with a view to removing any undesirable material that might be found in the bed, preparatory to filling. At the same time heavy rains formed a temporary lake on the other side of the rock mound, and thus, while the pressure was increased on one side, the resistance was diminished on the other. As a result, the heavy material spread, sliding a few feet into the French canal and leaving a slight depression on the surface of the rock wall. Borings showed that, underneath, the rock had sunk into its clay foundation to a depth of six or seven feet.

Something of this sort is to be expected in all fills, and will doubtless occur again more than once at Gatun, but the likelihood of its recurrence will become constantly less with the progress of the dam and the increase of the superimposed weight. The true character of the movement was less in the nature of a sinking of the rock than of a squeezing out of the clay beneath it, and when the dam stretches across the valley, from hill to hill, similar action on the part of the underlying material will be impossible, because it will then be enclosed in a tight box, so to speak.

When the dam is completed it will be practically welded to the earth, as though it were part of the natural conformation, exerting at the highest points a pressure of six tons to the square foot upon its foundation. It will fill a gap in the chain of hills containing Lake Gatun, and will be as strong and permanent as any part of the natural retaining wall—stronger, in fact, for Nature, making no provision for the audacious enterprise of man, did not fill her hills with selected material. The size of the structure need be no source of apprehension. It is an axiom of engineering that the larger the dam, the safer it is—provided it is safe at all.

The engineers know what is under the surface of the Gatun dam site as completely as they know what is upon it. No ground in the United States, and, perhaps, none anywhere of the same extent, has been so thoroughly examined with a view to ascertaining the precise character of the substructure. Borings were first made early in the year 1904, and have been continuous ever since. They extend over the valley in



A diagram which shows the strip and pockets of clay upon which the main wall of the Gatun dam will rest. The view is looking at the face of the wall, which will rise a few feet above the lake's 85 foot line

every direction, a few hundred feet distant from one another, and the chart showing them—on a scale of 1:10,000—looks like a sheet of paper peppered by bird-shot.

The design of the Gatun dam is to impound the waters of the Chagres and its tributaries, and form a lake which will be about one hundred and seventy square miles in extent, and which will afford unrestricted navigation over twenty-three miles of the canal course. Gatun Lake will be reached from the Atlantic littoral through the channel at sea-level, about three miles in length. A triple tier of locks will give upon the summit level of eighty-five feet, which extends over the lake and the nine-mile stretch of the Culebra cut to Pedro Miguel. Here a single lock will afford a descent to a small lake, two miles long, at an elevation of fifty-five feet, extending to Miraflores, and at that point a double flight of locks will make the connection with the four miles of sea-level canal leading into the Pacific Ocean.

At the brink of the Horseshoe Falls during the recent storm which froze the Falls and blocked the Rapids with ice. Where ordinarily tons of water a second pass over the brink, only a few bucketfuls are trickling; and it is possible for sightseers to walk in perfect safety to the very edge of the precipice

The wife and daughter of the captain of "The Maid of the Mist" standing without peril on the ice in mid-stream just above the Falls

The American Falls at Prospect Point, with the rushing stream tamed by wind and ice

A view of the Upper Rapids a few hundred feet above the Falls, ordinarily one of the wildest parts of Niagara

At the brink of the American Falls, midway between Prospect Point and the island. Three feet back of the group is the 160-foot precipice making the Falls. If the river were running, these people would be on their way over the cataract

NIAGARA'S MIGHT CHAINED IN ICE

THE RECENT STORM WHICH SWEPT OVER THE COUNTRY WROUGHT A STARTLING EFFECT AT NIAGARA FALLS. THE CATARACT WAS ICE-BOUND, AND THE AMERICAN FALLS WERE BARE OF WATER FOR SEVERAL DAYS, SO THAT SIGHTSEERS STOOD ON DRY ROCKS AT THE VERY BRINK OF THE FALLS. THIS PHENOMENON HAS OCCURRED ONLY TWICE BEFORE AT NIAGARA WITHIN THE RECOLLECTION OF MAN—IN MARCH, 1848, AND AGAIN IN MARCH, 1903

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What Happens to the Millionaire's Money?

By F. W. Hewes

CORRECT answer to the above question sweeps away the clouds and fog that obscure the vision of many troubled men and women.

All men agree that money hoarded helps prosperity—not at all. Money in active circulation is the one basic fundamental of genuine prosperity.

A great reservoir of water, undistributed, leaves men and women to perish of thirst, and growing crops to parch and die. So, also, vaults bulging with stagnant money leave men and women to perish in abject poverty, and ripened crops to rot within the fields and orchards that grew them. Therefore, what happens to the dollars of the millionaire, is a question of the first importance.

Like many other financial inquiries, it is best approached by the careful study of what happens to the dollars of "the common people."

Wage-earners.—Each wage-earner in the United States (almost without exception) is a very prompt distributor of all the dollars that come into his possession. He at once starts a large part of them toward the hand of some other wage-earner. Many of them make their first journey to the till of the grocer, for food. The grocer divides his receipts: passing a portion at once to the wage-earners in his employ. Therefore some of the first wage-earner's dollars reach the hand of the second wage-earner by their second journey. Perhaps these two journeys are made in a single day. Possibly in a single hour.

The grocer puts another part of his receipts into the hand of the wholesaler of whom he buys his goods. The wholesaler divides his receipts exactly as the grocer did: a part, to the wage-earners whom he employs, and another part to the manufacturer and the farmer of whom he buys his goods.

Those producers (the farmer and the manufacturer) in turn divide their receipts after exactly the same fashion: a part to their own employees, and a part for materials, machinery, power, rentals, taxes, interest, and other operating expenditures.

These homely familiar examples are enough to bring sharply to mind that at each station on the money road is set an automatic wage-switch; that, willy-nilly, cuts out a part of the "swag," and chutes it into the pockets of the wage-earners operating that division of the line. The branch line, starting at Groceryville, carries only a part of the wage-earner's receipts, for he must have clothing as well as food. Therefore, he puts another part of his wage into circulation through the clothing branch of the money-route. The clothier does exactly as does the grocer. So, station after station, on the money-branch, starting from Clothingtown, the wage is divided until at last every dollar paid for clothing finds its way into the pockets of other wage-earners.

Savings.—Still another part of the wage of many wage-earners goes into savings-banks, building-loan shares, or life-insurance as a provision for the future.

Just here we must bring to aid the operation of a clear, strong search-light. Those dollars that go into purely financial channels seem, at first thought, to have been swallowed into a great vortex that whirls them out of the range of the wage-earner's reach, until they are again passed back into the hands of those who placed them there. In many cases that event will not be for years. At the shortest, those dollars seem to be side-tracked for months.

Now let us turn on the search-light. First, let us ask the very reasonable question: How can savings-banks, building-loan organizations, and insurance companies guarantee the return of those dollars with profits, if the dollars lie idle in their vaults? Of course there is but one answer to that question, and, furthermore, it answers itself. But how do those dollars again get out into the money-channels that supply income to the millions of wage-earners for current living expenses?

Capital.—It is just here that the millionaire (or other capitalist—large or small) enters the arena. One says, I want to build an addition to my factory, and as I have not enough ready money I would like to use a few thousand dollars of those wage-earner's savings that you have in your vaults. So the vaults are opened and the manufacturer takes the money, promising to return it with larger profits than the savings-banks have promised the wage-earner. Those thousands go at once to bricklayers, mortar-mixers, hod-carriers, carpenters, painters, and the multitude of other builders; then to the makers and operators of the machinery that equips the new factory.

Another capitalist (large or small) wants to build a home and lacks the ready money. On the same plan he takes out a few hundred or a few thousand dollars of the wage-earner's savings, and transfers them at once into the great wage-owning circulation of builders and workers. Merchants wish to buy larger stocks of goods than they have ready money for; railroads wish to buy new cars or build new lines; bridge-builders and subway contractors need additional funds to carry out their projects; shipbuilders and naval contractors find themselves in the same plight; miners, lumbermen, farmers, and planters experience the same conditions, and they all reach out with eager hands to take the millions of wage-earner's savings out of the financial vaults and return them at once to the wage-earner's circulation, to start again over the many branches of the money-routes, to meet again at every station the automatic switch that cuts out a part of the "swag" and chutes it into the pockets of those wage-earners operating that division of the line.

Bonds and Stocks.—Other wage-earners prefer to buy bonds or stocks as a provision for the future. At first thought it may seem more difficult to discover how the savings thus "locked up" are unlocked and returned to the wage-earning circulation and into wage-earner's pockets.

Suppose they are city bonds, running for years, issued to raise money for street improvements, or for school buildings, or for bridges, or for any other purpose. The money paid by the wage-earner for one or more of those bonds is at once paid out by the city to the workmen who grade and pave the streets, build the schoolhouses and bridges, and perform the thousand and one other services required to make the city habitable and keep its progress in line with the demands of civilization. Thus the wage-earner's money "locked up" in bonds is not thereby locked out of the wage-earner's money-channels. On the contrary, it is thereby returned to those channels with great promptitude and directness.

Indeed, honest bonds and stocks of all sorts and descriptions are in themselves direct evidence of just so much money tossed into new wage-channels. Furthermore, they have their only value in the fact that they perform that identical thing in every instance.

The very object of the issue of city bonds, or any other government bonds, is to raise money to pay to the workmen who perform the services required to carry on the operations of that government. The Panama Canal bonds are issued to raise money to pay the thousands of wage-earners of all kinds (whether workers of brain or hands) who are cutting that important waterway. The enormous Civil War bond issues were to pay the soldiers and those who supplied them with food, clothing, arms, ammunition and transportation: wage-earners, every one, from private to commanding general; from farm-hands to "captains of industry."

Railroad stocks, industrial stocks, and all other honest stocks are also issued to raise money to pay to the wage-earners who perform the actual labor (brain or brawn) that operates the enormous industries represented. No bonds or stocks are issued to enlist money to lie idle. Idle money is as useless as "a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Enough examples have been cited to show that, if bonds and stocks mean anything, they mean that the value represented by them puts that many dollars into active circulation in wage-earning channels. Otherwise the bonds and stocks would have no existence. In other words, they constitute a most important agency of the very largest value in the wage-earner's world, by means of which thousands of wage-earners are enabled to transfer their surplus immediately into the active wage-channels of other workers, and thereby prevent just so much of financial stagnation and industrial decay. Millions of bonds and billions of stocks would lose their entire value the minute the money paid for them ceased to circulate in the wage-channels of the industries they represented. Should that happen, those bits of paper would be as worthless as a yesterday's daily newspaper.

All Alike.—Industrially and financially the so-called wage-earner is in no sense different from the salaried man or the professional man or the financier. Each in his own occupation is an income-producer, each an income-distributor. Each requires food, and pays a part of his income to the grocer and other food merchants. Each requires clothing, and pays a part of his income to clothing merchants. Each requires shelter, and pays a part of his income to landlords or in the maintenance of his own home. Some have a surplus, and place it in trust with financial institutions for future needs, or they purchase bonds or stocks for the same purpose. And the surplus in each and every instance finds its way immediately back into the channels of distribution, whether it be that of the so-called wage-earner or of the salaried man or of the capitalist.

Money laws are not respecters of persons. What happens to the wage-earner's money happens to the money of the capitalist. Side by side in the money-vaults lie the surplus dollars of the thrifty poor man and the thrifty rich man. The new enterprise that borrows those funds asks no question as to which are the poor man's dollars or which are the rich man's dollars. Nor does it pay any more for the use of the one than for the use of the other. Nor do bonds or stocks make any discrimination as to whose money buys them, and the dividend or the rate of interest they pay is no higher to the one than to the other.

A Grievance.—However, to the poor man who cannot, or does not, have a dollar of surplus, either in money-vaults or in stocks or bonds, there is ever a grievance. He seems to forget, or he does not know (a vast majority do not know), that every dollar of surplus is very quickly taken out of the vaults and immediately started on the very money-route that supplies his own wage or salary, or other income, of whatever name or nature.

Were it not so, there would be no financial organizations of any kind, nor any issue of bonds or stocks. Idle money has no value. Banks, trust companies, building loan societies, insurance companies, would all fail at once were they unable to loan the moneys in their vaults; and no man borrows except to use the money in the direct employment of labor that he believes will be profitable; or, less directly, through other uses, for it must be kept in mind that employment of labor is the only means through which money is put in circulation. Stop all employment of labor, and the circulation of money will totally cease that very hour.

Therefore, the man with a grievance against the bank credit or bondholding of his fellow man can withdraw his grievance. Those dollars are not removed from the wage-earner's money-channels. Were they hidden in old stockings or buried in the hoard of the miser they would be withdrawn, and the grievance would stand.

"*Money to Burn.*"—Another form of grievance, or a different application of it, comes from observing the very large current expenditures of money by men of large income. They fare sumptuously every day, while we "poor devils" who pinch and scrimp at every turn, never fare sumptuously, even on holidays.

However, we are compelled to squelch even that grievance when we recall the fact that the more sumptuously rich men fare, the more money they pay the grocer and other food merchants, and that, therefore, the wage-earner's money-channels are just so much fuller than they otherwise would be.

So, also, of all their other extravagant expenditures. The more extravagant they are, the more labor do they pay for, either directly or indirectly, for even the rich man has to "pay the fiddler" at every turn of the dance.

When he pays $50,000 for flowers at his daughter's wedding, every dollar of it is labor, and the automatic wage-switch puts it by little and by little into the pocket of labor "all along the line," even though that route reaches into the wilds of the tropics or the heart of the Andes.

When he pays $100,000 for a magnificent yacht, every dollar of it goes directly or indirectly to labor as it traverses the many money-routes leading to the mines and forests and farms from which were gathered the crude materials finally fashioned into the luxurious craft. Through hundreds of factories those crude materials have passed. Thousands of workmen have fashioned and framed them, and brought to the combination the energies of heat and power and motion and light. All this labor, including the original plans and designs, and reaching back to the initial strokes of the axe in the forests, the initial strokes of the pick in the mines, and the initial planting of cotton or clipping of wool on the farm, is represented by, indeed makes up, the whole of the final cost, the $100,000 paid for that single bit of extravagance.

"Money to burn!" Well, the more the millionaire burns, after this fashion, the better for labor. It is because he at times refuses to be extravagant that mills close and merchants fail and labor seeks employment without finding it.

Those of us who believe in praying for material blessings, will do well to pray long and earnestly that rich women will never cease to buy $100 hats and $1,000 gowns, with diamonds and other jewels to match. That they will continue to give balls and teas and entertainments of the most expensive kind. That they will be recklessly extravagant in gewgaws and folderols of every description, because it will be good for us who depend upon an income drawn from the multitude of operations involved in producing, merchandizing, and transporting all those gewgaws and other gimcracks that go to keep extravagance at a high pitch.

Let us hope that rich men's sons will continue to spend their fathers' money as foolishly as they are reputed to do. Not because it will be good for them, but because it will be good to have the money poured into the wage-earner's money-channels.

Let us doubly hope that the rich men may be prospered in their money-getting, because they will not let it lie idle. Whatever their wives and children do not spend, they put into stocks and bonds, and thereby turn it into the wage-earner's money-channels. Let us be thankful, too, that neither the dollars of the rich nor the dollars of the poor are of any value save as they go into the wage-channels of active circulation.

A Winter Song

By Blakeney Gray

Winter hedges me about,
All the scene is cold and white.
Clouds are laden all with doubt,
And the day hath much of night.

Yet I hold secure within
Thoughts of Spring and Summer days,
And above the north-wind's din
I can hear the thrush's lays.

Hints of daffodil and rose,
Memories of humming bees;
Pictures of the morning glows
Of the sunlight through the trees.

Here I dwell from care apart,
In a sweet and cozy spot—
In the Land of Happy-Heart
Where the Winter cometh not!

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"Raising the Limit" in Battleships

OUR NEW $10,000,000 BATTLESHIPS WHICH FIRE AWAY WITH EVERY BROADSIDE MORE THAN THE VALUE OF WASHINGTON'S SALARY AS PRESIDENT

WITH the launching of the battleship *Delaware*, at Newport News, on February 6th, one of the most powerful vessels afloat was added to the United States Navy. With a length of 510 feet on the water-line she is only forty-five feet shorter than the height of the Washington Monument. She will be of 20,000 tons displacement, and is expected to maintain a speed of 21 knots. All the total outlay of something like ten million dollars expended on her construction, one million dollars goes for guns. There is to be a main battery of ten 12-inch guns in five turrets, each of which will cost $85,000, while a single shot from each will represent the expenditure of $1,400. Besides these, the *Delaware* will carry fourteen 5-inch guns and many smaller pieces. One shot from each of these guns will represent an outlay of $430, and a broadside from the main battery will cost $17,000.

When the two big battleships about to be launched from the Congressional ways go into commission they will constitute the most wonderful fighting unit the world has ever seen. At a single broadside from their main batteries the two of them will be able to hurl a greater weight of armor-piercing steel than all the guns of three fleets like the one with which Dewey sent his name ringing down through the corridors of time; a greater weight of metal than all the guns of all the ships in the fleet which banished the last vestige of Spanish rule from the New World, at the battle of Santiago.

Ten tons of armor-piercing steel sent screaming and shrieking through the air at a single broadside, propelled by the exquisite force of six thousand pounds of explosives so powerful as to make dynamite seem but little more than harmless sawdust! Of the ten tons of steel probably eight tons will hit the enemy with such tremendous impact as to penetrate a foot of the hardest Krupp armor with the ease of a knife piercing a card. After it gets through that armor some of it will explode right in the very vitals of the enemy's ship. Is it any wonder that the naval battle of the future is expected to be a matter of minutes rather than of hours?

And the cost of a single broadside? If you consider the ten million dollars that was expended in the construction of the ship, the million dollars a year it costs to maintain the ship, and the very short life of each individual gun, it will be found that each actual broadside fired in a real battle costs a king's ransom. But even omitting these things, and counting only the direct cost of each broadside, including its proportionate share of the cost of the gun, the result will be nearly $30,000—the value of three excellent farms blown into the land of nowhere at a single bark of these two mighty dogs of war.

These two ships will have a greater broadside gun-power than any other vessel built, building, or contemplated. England hasn't a single battleship, built or building, that can show a greater broadside than eight guns. There are only two ships in the navies of the world which have the ability to fire ten 12-inch guns at a single broadside besides the three—*North Dakota*, *Florida*, and *Utah*—of our own Navy. Those two belong to Brazil, and are practically at our command in case of war. The proposed ships will give a broadside of twelve guns, so that the two of them will afford as great broadside gun-power as any three that England, France, Germany, or Japan can muster.

The ships it is proposed to build seem destined to remain the giants of ocean warfare for some years to come. England is preparing to build a new ship, but her plans call for only 23,000 tons displacement—not appreciably more than our own *North Dakota*. Japan is expected to launch several 22,000-ton ships, but even those will not have a broadside fire of more than ten guns, and probably only eight.

One can probably get a better idea of the size of these proposed new ships when it is stated that if it were possible to load one of them upon a truck, and each horse could pull one ton of the ship's weight and its proportionate share of the truck, it would require a team of horses eight abreast and twelve miles long to pull it. And yet such a ship is a back number in size as compared with the new commercial liners now being constructed in England. These two liners have each a displacement of sixty thousand tons, and would make two of the new battleships in size, with enough left over to make a ship as large as the Italian liner *Florida*, which ran down the *Republic* a few weeks ago.

The proposed new ships will literally eat up coal. It is figured that when running at their highest speed the consumption will be more than nineteen tons an hour. When making twelve knots in an ordinary sea the hourly consumption will amount to about five tons.

It is not expected that the new ships will cost very much more than the 22,000-ton ones of the *North Dakota* class. The shipbuilding plants of the country are short of new contracts, and are willing to cut profits down to rock bottom in order to get work. It is likely that the nation will be treated to the phenomenon of seeing a 26,000-ton battleship built for even less than some of her smaller predecessors. Yet even this will not be an entirely new experience. The *Utah* has a displacement of more than five thousand tons more than the *Vermont*; yet the *Vermont* cost more than the *Utah* by $200,000.

The greatest secrecy is being maintained about the design of the new battleships, and of the guns they will carry. Yet it is more than probable that every government in Europe will know all about those designs long before the American people themselves do. Every government maintains a special secret service which is always busy getting a peep at such things being done by other nations. It is whispered about Washington that some of that three-million-dollar fund the President has been using was spent for this very purpose.

The same secrecy that surrounds the battleship designs also surrounds the designs of the new guns. It is said that a new twelve-inch gun has been designed that will outreach the best gun now afloat. It is said to be fifty feet long, and to fire a projectile weighing a third more than any other twelve-inch gun in existence. This latter statement has been widely circulated, but it seems to be an exaggeration, as the weight is largely controlled by the diameter of the bore of the gun.

There will be six dry docks only which can accommodate the new battleships—the ones at Boston, Portsmouth, and Philadelphia, and the ones under construction at Pearl Harbor, Puget Sound, and New York. The great floating dry dock Dewey, in the Philippines, will partially but not entirely lift one of them out of the water.

These two big engines of war will hardly prove to be the last word American naval authorities will have to say in naval architecture. They want a ship or so mounting fourteen-inch guns, and hope to be able to get them at the next session of Congress. They take the view that battleships are like pugilists. All else being equal, the prize fighter who has the longest arm nearly double as much. The guns are expected to cost about $85,000 each, and after a hundred shots have been fired must be relined—that is, a new inner barrel must be put in, at a cost of $50,000.

The worst danger that will confront the new battleships will not be the big guns of the enemy, but a new torpedo gun, the invention of an American naval officer. It is much like the ordinary Whitehead torpedo, but has a sort of baby cannon in it. This little cannon is made of vanadium steel, which has such great resistance qualities that the walls of the little gun need to be only an inch thick. This resistance amounts to 250,000 pounds to the square inch. In this little gun is a small, yet powerful projectile, inside of which is a charge of dinamite, the highest known naval explosive. When the torpedo hits the ship the muzzle of the gun presses itself against the armor, and is discharged. The projectile goes through the heaviest Krupp-cemented armor with ease. Attached to the projectile is a time fuse, which brings about its explosion directly in the vitals of the ship that has been struck.

To provide against torpedo attacks of every kind the new ships will be amply supplied with a secondary battery of smaller guns, and at the same time will have the heaviest below-the-water armor of any ships yet built. It was the experience of the China Sea naval battle that the Japanese torpedo attacks did not completely disable the Russian ships, but the Navy Department is taking no chances in that direction.

It is not known what names will be given to the new battleships, but John Sharp Williams will probably stand by his suggestion that one of them shall be

The newest American battleship, the "Delaware," being launched at Newport News, Virginia

called the *Skeered n' Nothing*. During the first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress he offered the following amendment to the Naval Appropriation bill:

"That whereas the British sea monster which we are imitating has been named the *Dreadnought*—an archaic name—this man-of-war is hereby named the *Skeered n' Nothing*, as an expression of our true American spirit: Provided further, that it is hereby made the duty of the first captain who shall command her to challenge, in the nation's name, the so-called *Dreadnought* to a duel *à la outrance*, to take place on the sea somewhere in sight of Long Island; and that upon the occasion of the combat the President and his Cabinet, except, of course, the Secretary of Agriculture, who is *ex officio* a non-combatant, being all of them fond of strenuousness of life, shall be entertained on the quarter-deck, as the guests of the ship and the nation."

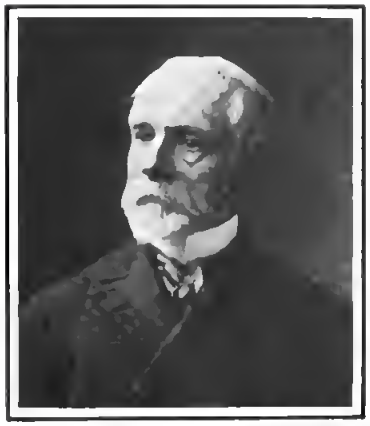
The two new battleships will make America's title to second place among the navies of the world absolutely secure and undisputed. Heretofore some experts have said that France has that place, making aggregate tonnage the sole test. But it is to be remembered that the American Navy is the newest of all the leading navies, and that when measured by the tonnage of the recognized effective ships we have had second place for some time. But now we will be able to leave the question of effectiveness out of the reckoning, and still outrank France in tonnage. Even the English Navy is not quite so effective as it looks on paper. It has a total of fifty-eight ships built and building, but eleven of these are considered as obsolescent by international naval experts; this means that the English have only forty-seven effective battleships as compared with our twenty-nine built and building.

How London Spoils Our Ambassadors

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

I NOTICE that the question of Mr. Whitelaw Reid's successor is being canvassed in the American press. Prematurely canvassed I hope, because Mr. Reid has made for himself a secure and distinctive place in the social and public life of England. His kindliness, his hospitality, his great gifts of adaptability and ingratiation have become proverbial, and we should all feel his retirement a personal loss. There are no two opinions as to the aptitude with which Mr. Whitelaw Reid has risen to the conditions of his office. I have sometimes heard Americans speak of it as an easy office to fill. I think that is a mistake. In these halcyon days of Anglo-American friendship it probably does not make very heavy demands on the political



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Whitelaw Reid, the American ambassador to England

and diplomatic abilities of its occupant. But its social requirements are varied and exacting. More is asked of an American ambassador to the Court of St. James' than of any other diplomat in any other capital. It has always seemed to me to be at once the pleasantest and the most arduous post in the whole range of diplomacy. As a rule, diplomatists live in a world of their own making, an agreeable world, as every one is aware who has been admitted to it, but at the same time a rather stuff, professional, and restricted world. It is the good fortune of the American ambassador in London that he is able to step out of all this completely. He has not to make a world; he finds one already made for him, and in England it is co-extensive with the nation. English men instinctively separate the American from his brother ambassadors. He stands peculiarly apart from the other members of the diplomatic corps, so much so that people half forget he is an accredited official and come to think of him as a distinguished national guest whom it is a pleasure to honor.

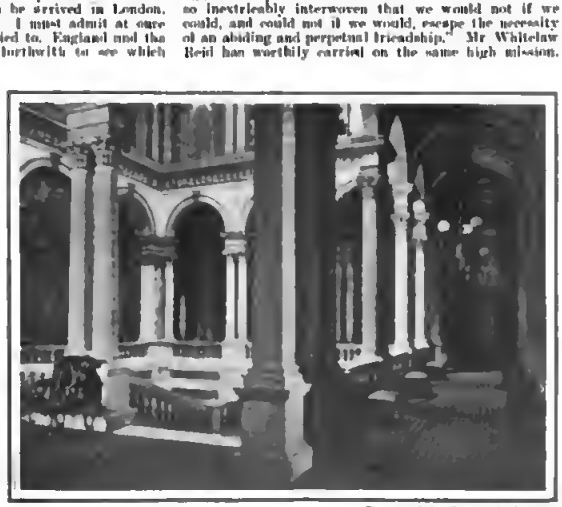
The American ambassador is the only one who reaches the mass of the people. The ordinary Londoner, who could no more tell you the name of the Italian or German or French ambassador than a New Yorker could tell you the name of the Lieutenant Governor of Kansas, would not only answer correctly if you asked him the name of the American ambassador, but would probably rattle off Mr. Whitelaw Reid's predecessors as far back as James Russell Lowell. He is the only one in whom the people as a whole have any interest. From the moment he has presented his credentials he becomes an intimate part of English social life, and a still more intimate part of the world of English arts and letters. Other ambassadors may be so lavishly entertained, may be able to show as full an engagement list, may dispense in return an equally brilliant hospitality. But the equality of the welcome extended to them differs altogether from that which greets his American colleague. He alone gets behind the scenes, and is shown the best of whatever England has to offer. Of him alone is it expected that he will be less of an official and more of a man. One hears, perhaps, once in a lifetime of the Russian or German ambassador being asked to lecture before a literary or philosophical society, or invited to a literary dinner. However great their command of English—and it is often wonderfully complete—they still stand outside all but a fraction of the national life. The public knows nothing of them and does not care to know anything. They are what the American ambassador never is—they are foreigners, and treated as such. A paragraph in the Court circular is enough to announce their advent or recall, while their American colleague, on his arrival as well as his departure, receives a full-blown editorial sainte from the entire London press. The one is merely an incident of officialdom; the other is a national event.

Indeed, even before the American ambassador lands in the country he is given a foretaste of what is to come. The corporation of Southampton boards his steamer in all the regalia of office and assails him with an address of welcome. A formal greeting, such as this, from a provincial Mayor, does not, you may say, after all, amount to much. And you would be right if it were a compliment indiscriminately paid to all ambassadors. But that is precisely what it is not. I cannot recall any ambassador from any other country, except the United States, who has ever been similarly honored. And directly he is installed in the somewhat dingy offices of the Embassy in Victoria Street everything is done to make him feel that he belongs to the nation and not to Downing Street or the Court. He is deluged with invitations that other ambassadors may or may not be glad to escape, that are meant, at all events, to convey the peculiar affection and esteem in which the people place him. They come not only from the aristocracy and officialdom and the leaders of society, but from the universities, working men's societies, all manner of literary and educational institutes. Mr. Lowell once humorously complained that England spoiled the American ambassador. I am not sure that the American ambassador does not a little spoil England. He gives at least as much as he receives, and much is expected of him. The capacity of a long line of American ambassadors to warm both hands at the cheerful fire of English existence has been so palpable, their interests have so manifestly stretched beyond the humdrum game of protocols and despatches, they touch life at so many more points than the ordinary diplomat, that Englishmen would hardly know what to do if the United States sent them any one but her best. A tongue-tied, unsociable, narrow-gauged, inflexibly official ambassador from America has become unthinkable to us. We take it as a matter of course that the representative of the United States, whoever he may be, will not fall below the standard of Mr. Lowell and Mr. Hay, that he will be a first-class after-dinner speaker, and able and willing at any time to read a paper, deliver an address or unveil a monument. It has become impossible for Englishmen to conceive American ambassadors as immersed in the banalities of international negotiations. They are expected to open libraries more often than despatch boxes, and to make speeches instead of "representations"; and of all the freaks of nature, an American ambassador who could not or would not speak, who loathed public occasions, and who screened himself behind the ramparts of officialdom, would be looked upon as the most incredible and astounding

This, it must be owned, is asking a good deal, indeed, I am not sure that we English do not overdo our part. Mr. Howells, in a deathless adjective, once dubbed and damned American hospitality as "inexorable." There is something little short of inexorable in our treatment of American ambassadors. We are positively brutal in our kindness. We do not, of course, mean to be, but that does not alter the fact that we are. Indeed, it rather aggravates it. Our inhumanity is all the more pitiless for being unconscious, and the chances of reformation all the more remote because we are blandly unaware that reformation is needed. We ought to make a distinction, and we do make a distinction, between the American and other ambassadors. It would be against the grain of nature if we did not. But the question is whether we do not commit the worst crime against hospitality by being too hospitable; whether we do not ask too much of our guest and drive him too hard; whether, in short, there is not something exhaustive in the attentions we shower upon him. I think there undoubtedly is. We never really give the poor man a moment's rest. Throughout his stay among us we presume inordinately on his acquaintance with English. There must, I have often thought, be times when we force him to wish he spoke Risque and Resque only, and did not "the faith and morals hold that Milton held." So might he live among us and possess his soul in quietness—an diplomatist and not a public character.

But as it is, no sooner has he arrived in London, than the bombardment begins. I must admit at once that it is most vigorously replied to. England and the American ambassador set to forthwith to see which can entertain the other the most. Chambers of Commerce swoop down upon him and bear him off in triumph as their guest of honor. The Omar Khayyam Club points an invitation at his head, demanding unconditional surrender. The Dante Society insists on his escorting its members through the infernal regions. The Wordsworth Society, the Browning Society, the Rox Club, the Sir Walter Scott Club—all press their claims. The Birmingham and Midland Institute insidiously elects him as its annual president, and exacts by way of tribute an address on Benjamin Franklin. The Edinburgh Philosophical Institution bestows the same honor for the price of a paper on Abraham Lincoln. And so it goes on. The big public schools, knowing that he is an American, and therefore interested in education, play upon his weakness and lure him into distributing their prizes. Political leagues expect him to tell them all about the United States Supreme Court. The historic City Companies never once let go of him. He is a standing feature on the toast list of the Guildhall banquet. Charitable and philanthropic societies pursue him relentlessly. Working-men's institutes, shamelessly trading on his democratic sympathies, bid for an evening's loan of his presence and voice. Libraries refuse to be opened except by him. He is the obvious man to unveil a bust of Burke, or a memorial window to John Harvard. No dinner, no occasion or gathering of any kind, is complete without him. He is launched, in short, on a full tide of oratory from Land's End to John o' Groat's (in placid forgetfulness that he may, after all, have business of his own or his country's to attend to) and gathering, as he sweeps along, the presidency of innumerable societies. We turn him into a sort of lecturer to the nation. Things indeed will soon, as I have hinted, come to such a pass that an American ambassador who is not omniscient and omnipotent, nor familiar with the whole of American history and the whole of English literature, nor a wit nor an orator, will be considered a failure and a disappointment. I imagine Mr Whitelaw Reid's successor at this moment frantically preparing himself for the fray, re-reading all the standard authors he has forgotten, composing character-sketches by the bushel of famous Americans, working up "local color," and dictating not less than one "occasional address" a day. Only by thus arming himself beforehand will he be able, when he has settled down among us, to feel himself a free man. Personally I feel a blush of national contrition running through me at the thought of all the speeches we have extorted from Mr. Whitelaw Reid in the past four years, all the functions at which his presence has been insisted upon, all the addresses we have made him deliver, all the monuments he has been unable to get out of unveiling, all the societies of which the presidency has been thrust upon him.

However, there the thing is and there it will probably remain. Our only defence is that it is partly America's own fault. She should not send us such charming cultivated, good-natured men, every one of them triply armed with the capacity to meet the demands made upon him. And yet I suppose an American ambassador really does his best work by submitting to these incessant draughts upon his good nature. Somebody once described the English Embassy at Washington as a very pleasant post socially, but not requiring any great talents politically. Times have changed since then, and in many ways the office of British representative to the United States is now the most exacting in the service. But what was said of the British Embassy in Washington may be applied to the American Embassy in London. It is a very agreeable post socially, and it requires in these days little more than a modicum of diplomatic skill; and its occupant has the supreme advantage, first, of understanding the last least shade of the language of the country to which he is accredited; secondly, of preserving all the time the invaluable outside point of view; and thirdly, of finding, wherever he goes, the heartiest kind of welcome, public and private, for his own sake as well as for the sake of the country he comes from. Mr. Choate, in his farewell speech at the Mansion House, gave in admirable language his conception of an American ambassador's mission. "I have endeavored," he said, "to make the English people better acquainted with my own country, its history, its institutions, its great names, for the purpose of showing them that really the difference between an Englishman and an American is only skin-deep, that under different historical forms we pursue with equal success the same great objects of liberty, of justice, and of the public welfare, and that our interests are so inextricably interwoven that we would not if we could, and could not if we would, escape the necessity of an abiding and perpetual friendship." Mr Whitelaw Reid has worthily carried on the same high mission.



Photograph by Frances B. Johnston

The main staircase of Dorchester House, Mr. Reid's London residence

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Superfluous Man

AN IDYL OF A GIRLS' TOWN

By Edward Hungerford

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAUD TOUSEY

"O h no," the Smith College girl told us as she readjusted her severely critical eye-glasses, "Vespers is not religious. It's a social function."

We apologized.

Then we looked once more.

The cosy red chapel was filled to overflowing with girls. There were girls of every sort, blond girls, brunette girls, tall girls, short girls, thin girls, fat girls, studious girls, frivolous girls, and our little niece Theodosia, who had just corrected our mental attitude on Vespers at Northampton. Each girl was dressed just a little differently from any other of the throng, and it was difficult picking the prettiest—just as we hesitate sometimes before choosing the finest peach in the fruit-basket. There were gals from Alabanza, and girls from the State of Maine, cool, critical girls from Boston, and drawling girls from Texas, girls who came all the way from the Pacific coast to the Girls' Town, and girls who had always lived within a stone's-throw of the big college. But they merged into a composite of voice and temperament that made the type. Theodosia said that she hoped that she realized the type, and after a time we understood what she meant.

It had taken some years, whose passage we had not realized, to transform Theodosia from our little chubby Theo, who used to sit upon our knee and tell us of all the doings of her dolly, into a type. Now she would no longer permit "Theo," and of course dolls were out of the question. She did admit that one girl clung to dolls, always took one when she went out to country-houses on week-ends. We began to express sympathy for such mental weakness, but Theodosia promptly squelched us by telling us that that doll habit was the cult of the girl in question. It seems that if you are of feminine gender and go to a higher institution of learning you must have a cult, and that the doll lady, instead of being an object of sympathy to her college mates, was a dazzling pinnacle for admiration—and envy—because of her originality.

Then we learned that one of the canons of extra-high-gloss culture is originality and that one of the unforgiven sins is to be alike. You can be almost anything, so long as you are different.

There were a thousand dainty girls in a thousand dainty frocks when we came into the cheery chapel at Sabbath dusk, and upward of five hundred animated though subdued conversations were in progress. Theodosia deplored these, but Theodosia is a Senior and monumental in her dignity. It was then that she made her protest against the festival peculiarities of Vespers with which we started.

But when the choir filed into the gallery just above the President's head, and all the college girls stood to sing processional, the conversations stopped and the service became the reverent thing that it was designed to be. The President sat alone upon the platform. He was a keen-faced old professor, but you might see the humor in his eyes from the last row of chapel benches. Thirty years facing oncoming generations of nice, bright girls ought to develop any ordinary sense of humor in a man.

Throughout the service we were told more of the chapel.

It seems, to translate Theodosia, that the real occasion is morning prayers. It makes up in interest what it may lack in social distinction. The narrow gallery which swings around the room has but a single row of seats for the greater part of its length, and these seats, because of unexcelled facilities for observation, are the most favored of all. If they were in a theater they might be offered for sale by sidewalk speculators. As it is, they represent a lovely spirit of self-abnegation on the part of certain humble Freshmen to certain favored Juniors. The Freshman—who is not a man at all, of course, but a young lady—picks out some charming Junior soon after entering college in the fall and proclaims her as her "crush." A mild sort of fagging follows. The Junior has roses twice a week from the "crushed," but as a special devotion freshman bolts half her breakfast and misses the other half six days in the week in order that she may save two seats for her "crush" and herself at morning chapel.

We think that the higher education of woman is going some.

It was Theodosia's idea that we spend a week-end up at Northampton. The rest would do us good, she argued. We were prone to overwork, and the photographs of Theodosia looked so good that we bent to the temptation, despite our cherished ideals that college girls always wore spectacles and spent their time in the exchange of Greek riddles. The rest was bound to do us good.

Theodosia met us at the train Saturday noon.

"So glad you came up early," she said. "It gives a chance for a much better look at the college."

Our look at Smith began with a bacon bat. We were asked to interpose objections, but the clang of novelty was close at hand and we yielded; likewise boarded a trolley-car, and had ourselves somewheres in the outskirts of the Girls' Town. The big buildings on the campus looked enticing, but the bat had the right of way.

Arrived at a forlorn neck-o'-woods, which Theodosia and some of her allies pronounced suitable for "batting," we found our appetite well ready for several pounds of bacon. But, unfortunately, the farmers of that part of Hampshire County that most closely adjoins Northampton have no enthusiasm for female education. Dreary, unforbidding "posted" signs greeted us at every turn, and we walked seven miles before the bat began. The unfortunate delays in finding the fleeting-gnomi postponed the luncheon to the rather unseasonable hour of four.

"A little turn before a bat gives one appetite," Theodosia remarked, cheerfully.

Theodosia met us at the train Saturday noon

We agreed. Anything else was useless.

Then we watched the bat in progress. A good roaring fire was an easy matter for these girls, and the bacon dangled in juicy strips from a twig of evergreen. Cooked to a turn, it was made eatable by being encased in a soft roll. After that we ran nearly a mile to catch a very necessary trolley back into town. Other baron bats were encountered on the way. It seems that that is the favorite diversion of the college this year—which may account for those innumerable "posted" signs round about Northampton.

If we had missed that car, Theodosia said that we would have missed Bayden's, and if you miss Bayden's on Saturday night you might just as well have never come to Northampton. Bayden's is the chief refreshment-parlor of the Girls' Town. It is an unassuming little restaurant on the main street, but to it the girls may go unchaperoned at all times. So you see there at all times—more particularly on Saturdays—the elect sprinkled with a few joyous ones from the outer world.

One girl clung to dolls

The room is a perfect maelstrom of girls and an increasing clatter. With the girls are some undergraduates in trousers from near-by institutions, and a sprinkling of paterfamilias and materfamilias. Paterfamilias is a little confused by it all. He persists in solemnly calling the institution on the hill Smith's College, and thus provokes looks and other expressions of severe disapproval. Materfamilias also shows confusion. She listens somewhat vaguely to the cataloguing of the various buildings during a personally conducted tour of the campus, while her mind hopes that Katie will not grow careless about wearing her rubbers.

Theodosia was dressed in her best frock when she took us to dine at Bayden's. The frock was a shimmering creation of voile—or was it tarlatan? We confess to a lack of knowledge of what goes to make girls' frocks. Theodosia could hardly have used a dress pattern. It seemed more as if she had caught a cloud and blanketed it about her—so mural and so fairylike a frock was it. There were a hundred other dainty frocks in the eating-place that vied with it—we dared not admit, even inwardly, that any one of these might be compared with it for a second.

Creamed chicken hash is the favorite edible of higher education in at Bayden's. We made an effort to compute upon our calf the number of fowl that must be sacrificed in the cause nominally, the consumption of salad and ice-cream reduced to tots, but Theodosia caught us at it and frowned upon us. Then we were squelched, and we dissected. Besides, we were about to start on a personally conducted tour of the young ladies in the room.

"That's Katherine H—— from D——," our preceptress began. Our gaze followed to a stoop-shouldered girl of anæmic complexion. "She's brains. She's doing the four-year course in three. The most brilliant thing you ever met." But overcultivated intellect never did appeal to us, and our gaze wandered to a much marcelled lady with the popular "overhang" back hair. Theodosia noticed.

"No brains," she commented, shiveringly. "No one knows what she comes here for unless dress—or suitors."

What were suitors? Ignored the first time, we pressed the question.

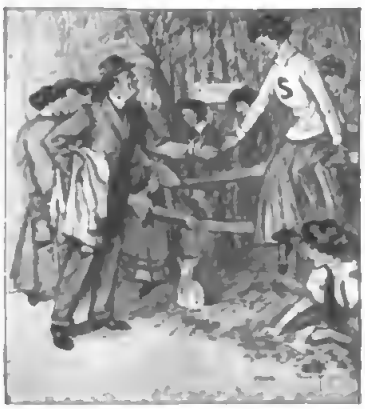
Theodosia explained with a pained expression that anything in trousers of a marriageable age that hung about the campus came under this scornful title. Satisfied, we listened once again.

"Do you notice that Junior over there in brown veil?" Theodosia explained. Juniors and Freshmen looked alike to us at a distance, and close by, but we nodded our head and fastened a covert glance upon a tall girl, with black hair, plastered, parted, and drawn tightly down over her ears. "She's a scream."

We opined as much. Theodosia squelched us.

"Not that way," she remarked, freezingly. "She's a wonder of an actress, has the Nazimova manner, but much better. She is great as Hamlet."

After that dinner, as ceremonious as the ceremonious mind of Theodosia might possibly plan, we were taken to the theatre. The faculty of the college acts as censor for the one playhouse in the Girls' Town quite as fully as it does over Bowdoin's, and to it they may also go unchaperoned. The house gaon color from the girls.



We walked seven miles before the bat began

They are charming girls, happy girls. They seem to rejoice that they are the ones selected from thousands and thousands of others of their kind in America to roam and live for a little time among the delights of Girls' Town.

After the play we took a short-cut across the campus—seeing Theodosia home. We passed a shadowy-looking building, and we started when we saw in its deepest shadows moving figures. "Burglars!" our startled soul said to itself. We could see the occasional flashings of the electric dark-lanterns. Theodosia reassured us.

"Don't be alarmed," she smiled.

"What is it?" we demanded. "Another cult?"

Then we were informed that that was the class in astronomy. The young ladies of the class held something that appeared like dinner-plates, and were really maps of the heavens, in their hands. By means of sharp observations and a goodly lure of scientific knowledge they were locating each of the stars for the evening. We breathed interest. It was the first class that we had seen at Smith.

On Sunday we were taken to church. Where should we go? Bless you, we had no chance to fix our own mind. There is but one fold in Northampton that gathers in the lambkins this year, and we were told in advance that the shepherd was the "best-looking thing ever." There was quite an avalanche of gridiron that descended that Sabbath morn upon the little church, and listened attentively to the sermon preached before a pure New England congregation that was lineal descendant of that flock to which the mighty Jonathan Edwards once preached his historic sermon, "Sinners in the Hands of Angry God," with picturesque personal references.

In the afternoon Theodosia commandeered a car and we went off into the country. The thing for the smart college girl in these days is a smart car, and she must run it herself. Theodosia informed us gravely that eleven of the girls who boarded in the hotel where we were temporarily domiciled owned their own cars.

The women's colleges are close upon the heels of the men's.

Sunday evening we attended Vespers, which Theodosia had assured us was society and not religion, and then there was Sunday night tea—a thing not to be forgotten in a sturdy old home, peopled with dead memories and live girls, rippling, laughing, lively, hearty, healthy girls, part and parcel of the Girls' Town.

Monday it rained and we fancied that we would see long files of mackintoshes and dripping umbrellas go poking across the campus paths. But that fancy went the way of all its old-fashioned brethren. We did not see half a dozen umbrellas and mackintoshes during the course of the entire morning.

For these girls of Girls' Town are a law unto themselves, and so, when the weather turned a bit blustery and a bit nasty, "sou'-westers" kept the curl in daintily waved tresses, yellow "slickers" enveloped and hid the form feminine. The "sou'westers" and the "slickers" breathed a merry defiance to the face of the rain, and the campus began to look as if it were ablaze in daffodils.

The little feet under the skirts were no longer little feet. They were warmly shod feet, and their boots were round-toed and flat-heeled. Theodosia in gracious mood told us that all the girls, from Seniors down to Freshmen, greased them before they started out in the morning. She said that some of the girls went to dances in their galloppers, and we believed her. We had come to believe everything that was told us.

"Keep over on this path," the Smith College girl told us when we were trying to make short-cut. "I want you to see X——."

Translated, it seemed that Professor X—— teaches modern history, or something else, in the institution on the hill. Professor X—— is a Southerner, fresh from his own Alma Mater. His reputation was irreproachable, his learning a thing vouched for, and he made a good impression among the men of the faculty. When he faced his first class-room full of girls, it was different.

"X—— is delicious," Theodosia confessed. "We don't really mean to do it, but we have him fussed to death. Poor thing! he's scared of skirts. He catches his breath and he stutters, and so lately he's taken to examinations. If he can give us exams twice a week it saves him two periods a week of misery. Those exams are deadly for us and life-savers for X——.

"He was telling us the other day of the old South, his South, as he called it, and of the negro slaves upon the plantations. 'We used to give them,' he began, 'our old shoes, old food, old clothes—' 'Old food, Mr. X——?' asked stunning Mabel R——. That was all that there was of that class-room that day."

Theodosia sighed.

"I don't know what we will know at the end of the year," she added, plaintively.

Monday noon and we were being waved out of the trig little depot at Northampton. It had been a great "week-end," we told Theodosia, and we meant it.

"Knew the rest would do you good," she remarked, cheerfully.

Time was too short to argue that.

"But we didn't see any of the buildings, save the chapel," was our protest at parting. "Gymnasium, library, class-rooms—"

"Don't you care," laughed Theodosia. "No one ever does."

"No one knows what she comes to college for"

Goats in a New Role

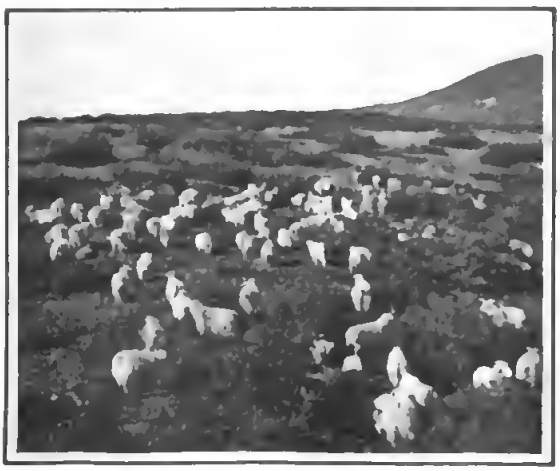
THREE thousand Angora goats herded out on the brush-covered foot hills of California are going to do some hard work for Uncle Sam during the coming two years, beginning this spring. The experiment will be unique both as a stock raising proposition and as an engineering and tree-culture problem.

The little white animals, whose long wool is of such great value, are to be put to no less a task than constructing mile after mile of fire line through the bushy chaparral growth in the national forests, saving much labor by the United States Forest Service engineers and making way for forestation with merchantable trees. Not the least important feature of the experiment, which for the first two years will be confined to the Lassen Forest, is the fact that the task will be performed during the regular grazing by the goats, and they will not even realize they are doing a valuable work.

Plans for carrying on the work are outlined in a co-operative agreement drawn up by the Forest Service and the owner of a band of Angora goats grazing on the Lassen National Forest of California. The scheme is to run fire lines parallel with the contour of the slopes by cutting trails about eighty rods apart. These trails are to serve as guides for the Angoras. They will graze in each direction from the trails, killing, it is estimated, a strip of brush about three hundred yards wide. The wide lanes thus cut out and grazed will serve as ideal fire lines in protecting the forest-covered lands lying around and beyond these areas.

The proposed work of the Angora goats may finally solve the chaparral problem which has been trouble-some in California for many years. The bushy chaparral growth chokes out seedlings of valuable commercial trees which may get a start, and, when dry, is one of the worst kinds of fire risks.

The protection to be afforded by the goat built fire lanes, therefore, may at last bring relief to the State, which in the past has had its full share of timber loss through forest fires. At the same time, a large amount of chaparral will be killed out to make room for the growth of good trees that produce lumber. If proves successful at the end of two years, the work will be carried to national forests in other sections where chaparral has choked out good forest trees and made fires a great menace.



Angora goats feeding on oak brush on the great gravel deposit in Yavapai County, Arizona

Angora kids belonging to one of the herds in the Crook National Forest, in Arizona

THE GR

DRAWN FOR "HARPER'S

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RIDE

BY FRANK CRAIG

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THE GRU

DRAWN FOR HARPER'S

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RIDE

BY FRANK CRAIG

TRAGEDIES OF MODERN LIFE

THAT COLD DAY WHEN YOUR WIFE DISCOVERS THAT HER LAST YEAR'S SEALSKIN COAT WILL NO LONGER BUTTON IN FRONT

THE PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE

LAST year there was called to the pulpit of a church in a certain New England town an elderly clergyman, whose dry and unengaging method appealed so little to his congregation that, in due time, many transferred their allegiance to another church where a more entertaining preacher held forth.

Among those remaining true to the old church was a Miss Hill, an elderly spinster, who had once coyly confessed that never had she had a love affair.

One Sunday, upon Miss Hill's return to her home, the house of her married brother, she was asked whether attendance had been large at church that morning.

Miss Hill blushed. "Dear me, no!" replied she. "Brother, there were so few in the congregation this morning that every time the minister said 'Dearly beloved' I was as embarrassed as though I was receiving a proposal."

TRUE AGAIN

In a certain New York wholesale house there is a very strict rule as to no smoking in the building. This rule had once or twice been violated by a young bookkeeper, and finally he was warned that a repetition of the offence would mean a dissolution of connection with the house. He did not, however, appear to take the warning to heart, for a few days later the manager found him, during the lunch hour, reposing upon a packing case and indulging in a cigarette.

"Do you believe in those old adages, Mr. Brown," the manager inquired, pleasantly, apparently failing, out of kindness, to notice the other's embarrassment, or his cigarette.

"Why, er, yes; most of them seem to have a basis of truth," he replied.

"So do I believe in them. You know the one to the effect that smoke is rather conclusive evidence of the immediate proximity of a fire. Well, it is still working," the manager said, and turned on his heel.

THE LIFE PRESERVERS OF THE FUTURE

THE LITTLE BOY'S INTENTIONS

Rosie Perkins she ast me
  Who I'm go' to marry when
I'm growed up. You *ought* to be
  Married people, she say, now
She say 'at she'll go away
  When she's growed up, an' she'll be
Married to a king some day
  An' set all th' pris'ners free.

An' she'll set up on a th'one
  Wif a crown 'at's made o' gold,
An' th' flowa 'll jis be stone—
  My! I bet 'ey would be cold!
An' sometime, she say, when I
  Come along a traveling
She'll look out when I go by
  An' say, "Come an' meet th' king."

Rosie—now she say folks *ought*
  To be married when they're big.
But old Mister Brown he's not,
  An' he's fat, an' wears a wig,
An' he's got a gold-head' cane,
  An' he know just when it is
Two three days 'fore a rain
  'Cause he's got th' *rheumatiz!*

I tell mamma what she say
  Now my mamma she jis' smile
An' tell me to go an' play
  An' get married after while.
Now she cut a piece o' cake
  For me, an' it's awful wide—
It's th' kind she always make
  Wif th' chocolate spread inside.

So las' night when mamma take
  Me up on her lap an' sings
'Bout th' Sand Man 'at can make
  You go sleep wif sand an' things,
Wy, I say I got a plan
  'At's as nice as it can be—
When I'm growed up in a man
  Mamma she can marry me.

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

WISE WILLIAM

WHEN Justice Buffum opened court in a small town in southern Georgia, one morning last week, he called loudly, "Jones against Johnson?"

A dignified gentleman came to bar and said: "I am Doctor Jones, your Honor, the complaining witness. My chickens were stolen and found in the possession of—"

"One moment, Doctor," the Judge interrupted. "We must have the defendant at the bar. Jones against Johnson! Jones against Johnson? Is the defendant present? Is William Johnson in court?"

A tall and shambling negro shuffled to the bar, ducked his head, pulled his woolly forelock in token of respect, and grinned a propitiatory grin.

"Ah's Willyum Johns'n, please suh, Jedge," he said. "Ah done' know nuffin 'bout no 'fendant, suh. Ah'm jes' de man wot took de chick'ns."

"Don't talk like that," the court warned William. "You ought to have a lawyer to speak for you. Where's your lawyer?"

"Ah ain' got no lawyer, Jedge—"

"Very well, then," said his Honor. "I'll assign a lawyer to defend you."

"Oh no, suh; no, suh! *Plee-ease* don' do dat!" William begged.

"Why not?" asked the Judge. "It won't cost you anything. Why don't you want a lawyer?"

"Well, ah'll tell yo', suh," said William, waving his tattered old hat confidentially. "Hit's jes' dis-a-way—ah wan' 'uh enjoy dem chick'ns mase'f."

A MODERN IDEA

A PHILADELPHIA Sunday-school teacher discovered, to her great horror, that some of the small members of her class had taken as literal truths the tales of ancient gods and goddesses which they had read in a child's mythology at school. She determined to destroy this belief by simple logic, and asked,

"Who was it that supported the world on his shoulders?"

"Atlas, Miss Mary," a little girl promptly responded.

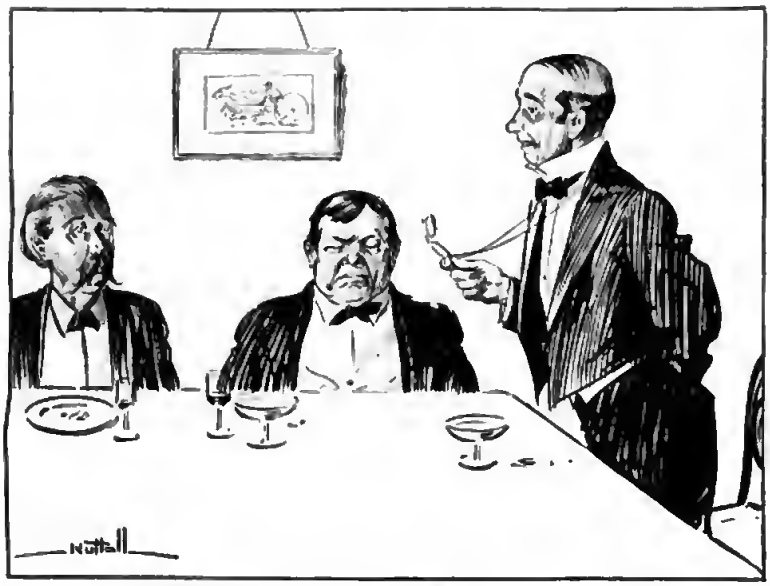
"Yes. Now think. If he was supporting the world on his shoulders, of course he could not be standing on it. Now, what supported Atlas?"

A ponderous silence prevailed for a minute, then the little girl spoke up.

"Oh, I know! He married a rich wife!"

HOW IT HAPPENED

HE. "So you' are not working for the street railway company, any more?"
GIRAFFE. "No, I knocked down one fare and they spotted me."



THE WEARY ONE. "HANG IT! I WISH HE'D STOP TALKING IN MY SLEEP."

PROGRESSIVE

SAM. "Mamma, did God make you?"
MOTHER. "Yes, dear."
SAM. "And father, too?"
MOTHER. "Yes."
SAM. "And sister, too?"
MOTHER. "Certainly."
SAM. "And me, too?"
MOTHER. "Certainly, foolish."
SAM. "He's improving right along, isn't he?"

FILLING THE BILL

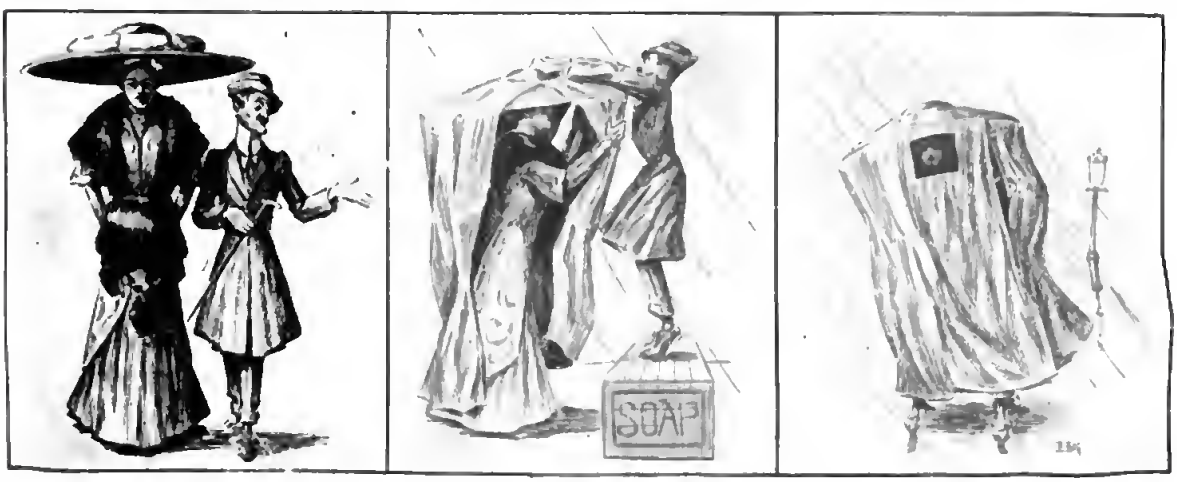
DURING a recent meeting of hotel men in this city, when there was discussed certain proposed means of protecting hotels against "beats," a Western Boniface told of the sad case of one proprietor in St. Louis who had been "done."

Many months afterward, learning the whereabouts of the gentleman who had decamped without the formality of paying, the owner sent him the following note:

"Dear Sir: I would esteem it a favor if you would at once send me amount of your bill."

Imagine the disgust of the hotel man when, in a few days, he received an answer in these terms:

"Dear Sir: Certainly. The amount of my bill is $47.50."



MAKING FASHION USEFUL

The Man at Washington

A STORY OF THE WAR

By James Raymond Perry

"TELL us a story, Uncle Timothy."

Old Timothy wasn't really our uncle, but we boys in Old Middleton called him uncle.

"Lordi! hain't ye boys got y'r fill o' stories yet? D'you 'spose I c'n think up a story for ye every day?"

"Tell us a story about the war," we said.

A gleam shot into the gray eyes. Old Timothy liked to talk about his soldier days.

"Wa was pretty scared those first days," he said, with a reminiscent grin; "pretty scared—some of us. The fellers that turned out t' be the bravest in the long run was 'bout the most scared of any of us, I guess. I wa'n't as scared as some," he added, hastily, lest we should think he boasted unduly, "but I was pretty scared. Cap'n Tucker was scareder than I was; an' Cap'n Tucker was the bravest soldier Old Middleton sent to the war. 'Tim,' says he to me, pale as a sheet the mornin' Bull Run was fought—'Tim, I'm goin' *home*. I won't stay here t' be shot. 'Tain't right—an' Sunday too!'

"He stayed, though—long'n the rest of us; which wa'n't long 'nough to brag about." The old eyes twinkled.

"So ye want a story 'bout the war? Well, mebbe I c'n tell ye one. 'Tain't much of a story's I know of, an' 'tain't reely 'bout the war, nuther."

His aim was silent so long we began to think he had forgotten he was to tell a story. His jaws worked very slowly during the pause, but finally spatting out his tobacco cud, he said: "D'jer ever read hist'ry, boys? Ef ye have, ye prob'bly 've read 'bout Bull Run. As I said before, a good many of us got consid'rably scared that Sunday, an' Washin'ton looked good ta us. 'Long pretty early Monday mornin' some of us crossed Long Bridge into the city. It hadn't been what you'd call a reel orderly retreat, an' when we got into the capital we didn't all keep together quite's ye might expect an army would. In fact, wa was consid'rably scattered. I didn't know jest where the rest of my company was, an' I thought I might's well look round a bit before huntin' 'em up. I hadn't ever been in Washin'ton, 'cept t' jest march through, an' I'd al'ays wanted to see the Capitol an' White House, an' some the other show places. I said to myself, 'Ef I don't see 'em now, mebbe I never 'll get to see 'em, for like's not the rebs 'll be here in a few days an' burn the hull blame town.'

"I'd been down to take a look at the Washin'ton Monument—'twas only a little stub of a monument then, though it looked pretty sizable to me—an' was cuttin' back 'cross lots, when I saw a feller walkin' 'long kind o' dejected like, an' not payin' 'tention to anything. He an' I was the only persons round there, an' I looked him over pretty sharp 'cause he was kind o' queer-lookin', an' kind o' queer-actin' too, it seemed t' me. He was 'bout the lankiest feller I'd ever set eyes on, an' kind o' teetered as he walked, the way some old backwoods fellers does. He had on some black clo'es that didn't fit him any better 'n mine do me, which ain't sayin' much.

"I didn't realize till I got up near what a powerful tall man he was. He was taller 'n Cap'n Tucker, an' Tucker's six feet three in his stockin's.

"I saw him lookin' at me, but he didn't see me. What I mean is, he was busy thinkin' mighty deep 'bout somethin' an' was lookin' in on what he was thinkin' 'bout, 'stead o' out at what was goin' on round him. But after a minit he seemed t' kind o' make up. 'Are you a soldier?' he asked, lookin' at my clo'es. I thought he was jest inquis'tive an' s'posed he was prob'bly some feller in visitin' the capital—a minister, like's not, jedgin' by his shirt an' his kind o' sober, absorbed look.

"Ye know, boys, when I left Old Middleton for the war I was pretty proud o' being a soldier. Some the fellers that had afore acted 's ef they thought they was better 'n the rest of us hadn't 'listed; an' we fellers e'n'd hold our heads up higher 'n they e'n'd those days. Well, that mornin' I wasn't feelin' quite so proud, but when he spoke I cheered up an' answered kind o' hefty, 'Yes, I'm a soldier.'

"'On leave of absence?' he asked, his voice sort o' quiet.

"'Well—temp'rary leave,' I said. Ef he *was* a minister, I didn't know's he had any right to know what kind o' leave I was on.

"'I reckon,' he said, with what 'n'd 'a' been a little chuckle of his eyes hadn't been so powerful solemn—'I reckon you was in the battle yesterday, an' got y'r leave the same way some the other men did. Got it from the enemy, didn't you?'

"I c'n'd see from his look, even ef he didn't smile, 'xcept nadermeath, an' seein' he was a minister, that he 'n'd take a joke, so I answered, 'Well, yes, the rebs slid give me p'mission to leave—temp'rarily.'

"'I hope,' he said, lookin' solemner than any one 'n'd imagine 'thout seein' him—'I hope it's only temp'rary. You are goin' back to y'r company, ain't you?'

"'You bet I am,' I said, 'soon's 'nough of 'em gets together again t' call it a company.'

"'Well,' he said, serious, back of his queer smile, 'the sooner you an' some the others get back, the sooner them'll be a company f'r you to get back to. I wouldn't loaf too long b'fore goin' back, ef I was you.'

"Then he asked, 'Was it pretty bad up front yesterday?' I never seen a man 'liven up so, when I h'gun t' tell 'bout it.

"'I guess,' I said, 'you'd thought 'twas pretty bad ef you'd been there. How'd you like t' stand up an' let a hundred 'r thousan' men shoot at you?'

"He shook his head, but didn't say nothin'. His sayin' he wouldn't loaf too long ef he was me had riled me some, an' made me a little peppery. Ministers had made me kind o' mad. They'd talked a hull lot 'bout the other feller's duty—how he oughter 'nlist an' all that, but I hadn't seen many of 'em 'nlistin' themselves; so I says, 'Guess you wouldn't liked it any better 'n wa did. An' I guess ef you'd been there, you'd 'a' run as fast as any of us—faster, 'ith those long legs o' yourn!'

"'Yes,' he said, kind o' slow an' meditatin', 'I might 'a' run; I don't know. I don't b'lieve I sh'd stayed there alone an' fought 'em single-handed. That's what I'd had t' done ef I'd been there an' hadn't run, ain't it?'

"That seemed t' be sort o' castin' reflections on the army—bestwise the part that was at Bull Run, so I didn't answer d'rect. 'Stead I said, a leetle testy, 'It's easy 'nough f'r you fellers 'at wa'n't in it to laugh at us who was.'

"'I wasn't laughin',' he says, quiet an' perfectly honest, 'I feel much more like cryin' about it.'

"'You're a preacher, ain't ye?' I asked.

"He looked at me kind o' queer. 'Why, mebbe I have preached some,' he said, an' added, 'I ain't anything to be 'shamed of.'

"'No,' I said, still thinkin' 'bout some those ministers back home, 'preachin' ain't nothin' t' be 'shamed of; but ef I was a minister, an' my country needed me t' fight for it, I b'lieve when the Pres'dent called f'r volunteers I sh'd 'nlist, 'stead o' stayin' back home an' tellin' the other fellers 'twas their duty to 'nlist.'

"F'r minit he seemed t' be thinkin', deep like, an' then he said, 'I like the patriotic sentiment in y'r speech, sir,'—in his kind o' melancholy manner was a dignity that h'gan to impress me more 'n' more—'I like that; but I don't like y'r implied slur on ministers. I don't say 'tain't natural you sh'd feel that way. But ef you was to think it over a little, I'm sure you'd see it in a different light. Now, I don't b'lieve ministers are any bigger cowards than merchants 'r mechanics 'r any other men. Some ministers I've met was as brave as any men I've ever known. As a class I don't b'lieve they'd be any more 'fraid n' gettin' shot than any other class. An', d'you know, 'twould take con sid'rable courage f'r a brave minister—I mean a physically brave one who wa'n't afraid o' bein' shot—t' stay away from the war an' keep t'ellin' other men they oughter go. Ministers ain't fools, an' they'd know how you an' other volunteer men 'n'd be talkin' 'bout 'em. So I say 'twi'n't take a pretty high order o' courage f'r a physically brave man t' stay home under those conditions. But s'pose his conscience told him t' stay. S'pose he was eager to go t' the front as any one, but duty held him back. S'pose he knew there was wives an' sweethearts left at home w'n'd need all the strength an' comfort religion e'n'd give 'em in their loneliness, an' in their dread—their awful dread for the dear ones in the field. Don't you s'pose wives an' sweethearts back home—mebbe you've got a wife 'r sweetheart y'rself—don't you s'pose they lie awake in the awful blackness of night, 'ith eyes wet, thinkin' of the husband 'r lover hundreds of miles from home, hungry, 'r cold, 'r mebbe sick, in strange camps? Don't you s'pose, when day comes after sleepless nights, those wimmen folks need all the strength an' comfort religion can give 'em? An' don't you s'pose the ministers—brave, right-minded ministers—know it?

"'An', my friend'—there was tears in the big man's eyes—'some who was wives yesterday are widows today, some who had lovers yesterday are loverless today; an' the number of widows, an' of maidens made loverless, will grow an' grow. For I realize to-day, as never before, that this is goin' to be a dreadful war, an' much blood—very much blood—will be shed before it is ended.' His voice sort o' broke, an' he stopped t' blow his nose.

"'Don't you see, my friend,' he went on, 'that some the worst sufferin' in the hull war is bound to be back in the homes the soldiers left, 'mong the wimmen an' children—poor little children? An' don't you s'pose the ministers have forseen it all, an' know the teachin's o' the Great Comforter 'll be needed back in those stricken homes? An' who's to give these bereaved an' sorrowin' ones the solace of religion, ef the ministers leave an' go to the front? What 'n'd you do, brave man as I've no doubt you are, ef you was a minister, an' saw y'r duty as I've pointed it out? W'n'dn't you be brave enough to seem t' be a coward in the eyes o' the thoughtless, an' stick there at y'r post where duty pointed? 'Course you would. Any man brave 'nough t' volunteer, as you did, would.

"'Then again'—his voice changed a little—'don't you see he serves his country well ef he induces men to 'nlist that otherwise wouldn't? S'pose he gets ten men t' 'nlist that w'n'dn't her 'nlisted 'alesa he'd made 'em see 'twas their duty to. Hasn't he sent ten substitutes, as 'twere, an' isn't he fightin' with the strength of ten men?'

"I tell ye, boys, he put up a mighty pow'rful argument in defence a' ministers, an' I h'gan t' feel a good 'eal ashamed of myself f'r what I'd said. But I hed t' kind o' face it out, not helin' one t' back water in a hurry, so I said—an' honest, boys, I felt 'shamed myself when I was sayin' it—I said: 'Well, I don't see you stayed home, 'r 'nlisted, either one.' I've al'ays had a sharp tongue, boys, an' I've al'ays hated myself whenever I've used it. But seem's though the devil gets into me sometimes, an' I have to say things that I know are downright mean an' contempt'ble. He didn't get mad, but just answered 'ith a sort o' quiet dignity, 'You mustn't judge by 'pearances.'

"The way he said it made me see that somehow I'd jumped t' the wrong c'nclusion, though jest how I c'u'ln't make out. Ef he wasn't a minister, tourin' round seein' the sights, what was he? 'Ye don't b'long t' the army, do ye?' I asked.

"'Well,' he said, 'I can't say 's I do,' an' then he stopped as ef somethin' new'd occurred to him, an' 'ith a kind o' whimsical, shaddery smile he added: 'Why, yes I do, too. I'd most f'gotten when I answered. Yes, I b'long t' the army—an' the navy, both.'

"Well, boys, that stumped me! How he c'u'd b'long t' the army an' navy both was more'n I c'u'd see. But after thinkin' a minit, I c'cluded he might 'a' 'nlisted as a minister, an' didn't know yet whether

"Then he walked, teeterin' a little, up toward the White House"

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he'd be 'signed t' duty on the land 'r on the water. 'You must be a chaplain, I guess,' I said.

"'No,' he said, quiet as ever; 'when I told your I'd preached some, I prob'bly gave you a wrong impression. I'm not a minister. I'm a lawyer—or was till lately. A man don't have t' be a minister t' preach, you know. I reckon there's more preachin' done outside the pulpits than in.

"'An' now, my friend,' he said, 'if I was you, I'd go back to my company as fast as my legs c'n'd carry me. Soldiers 'll be needed from now on, all we can get of 'em. There's a long, hard war ahead of us, an' every man must do his duty, an' not shirk. We've got to save this Union, an' we've got to fight to save it. We've got to fight hard, for there are men down there'—pointin' off 'cross the P'tomme—'who are goin' to fight hard to destroy it. We mustn't let 'em; first for our own sakes, o' course, but also for theirs. Preservin' it means as much to them as to us in the long run; an' some day they'll see it. They can't now; we c'u'dn't in their places, perhaps. But some day they will; an' in their hearts, or mebbe in their children's hearts, they'll thank us for preservin' it. For this government of the people by the people means as much to them as to us: an' it shall perish, then liberties perish as surely as ours. An' so, my friend, go back to the army an' do y'r duty, an' pray for me that Almighty God 'll give me the wisdom an' the strength t' do mine!'

"He took my hand in his great big fist, an' shut it warm an' hard, an', boys, I tell ye, I never felt ed'cated, n's more like wantin' to be good an' do what was right an' brave, than I did then, with those melancholy, kind eyes lookin' down into mine.

"I gulped, an' told him I was goin' back t' my company 's fast as ever I c'u'd, an' he smiled an' said, 'That's right!'

"Then off he walked, teetrin' a little, up towards the White House."

"Who was the man, Uncle Timothy?" we asked.

"Who was he?" The grey old eyes dreamed deeply. "I don'no', for certain, who he was; but I know who I think it was—an' you oughter know."

How Jim Cosgrove Finished

By William Inglis

JIM COSGROVE never thought himself a hero. He thought of himself only as a fireman. It is true that he met his death while insuring the safety of his men, but that was a mere detail in the every-day routine of "the business." Even now that Captain Jim has gone, I am sure he would find some way to express his resentment if any one of us who are left should call him a hero. At any rate, his life is a text, and this is the story of how it ended:

Captain Jim was a West-Sider. He was born fifty-two years ago in West Sixty-second Street, New York, and he lived in the neighborhood all his life. When he was twenty-six he joined the Fire Department. At that time he was one of the most popular young fellows in the district, a tall, well-made lad with cool gray eyes, a great joker, the best dancer for miles around. During the twenty-five years that he remained in the service he rescued hundreds of men and women from death—and forgot all about it. It was only the fact that the fire in the old Durland Riding Academy drove him out of "the business" and finally cost him his life made him remember that blaze more than a few days. It happened one February night in 1902.

That was a great fire. The casement building on the triangular block looking south upon Columbus Circle was full of hay, straw, feed, and other inflammable stuff, and it burned like a big, roaring wood-stove. Engine 40 came at a gallop from its house in West Sixty-eighth Street and took the post of honor—the most dangerous part of the battle. Captain Jim Cosgrove led his men into the back yard at the north end of the building, toward which the brisk south wind was driving the flames. The company raised an extension ladder to the second-story window and swarmed up, Captain Jim in the lead, dragging a thick line of hose. Into the black, smoke-filled room they plunged, lighting their steps with lanterns that were almost obscured by the rolling smoke that beat down upon them and made the men gasp for scanty breath. They crowded low, near the floor, where the best air was, and kept the stream of water steady on the flame.

Suddenly there came from not far away a crash like a blast, and the men were knocked sprawling. They scrambled to their knees, grabbed the hose, and kept the nozzle pointing straight. Captain Cosgrove recognized the explosion as the deadly "back draught"—the sudden ignition of gases liberated by the combustion—and one of the greatest perils the fireman has to encounter. He knew it would soon happen again, probably nearer. No man can live in it.

"Everybody out!" he shouted, then ran back to the window to make sure that every man got out. He was the Captain, and the responsibility was on him. The window sash was raised only enough to let one man out at a time, for, if the window was opened wide, too much air would rush in and feed the flames.

One by one Captain Jim counted them out until the last man of the nine slid to safety down the ladder. Then as he stepped toward the window the back draught exploded again. This time it was near enough to scorch the Captain from head to foot and blow him through the window—frame, sash, and all. As he flew, already half unconscious from the force of the explosion, he instinctively grabbed to save himself, but his hands closed only on shattered glass which gashed and slashed them from wrists to finger tips.

They picked up Captain Jim unconscious from the stone pavement two stories below the window. He was a heavy man, at least two hundred and twenty pounds, and the fall had dislocated his hip and broken a leg and several ribs, besides hurting him internally. For many weeks the Captain's room at Roosevelt Hospital was kept so full of flowers that he was embarrassed. The West Side had its opinion of Captain Jim, and spared no effort to show him what it thought.

Late that spring the Captain was able to hobble around on a pair of crutches. Somehow he made his way to Fire Headquarters and reported to Chief Croker. The Chief was glad to see him and said so, but when the Captain earnestly inquired where he should report for duty the Chief with equal earnestness exclaimed:

"With crutches? No chance."

Captain Jim went home to West Sixty-seventh Street and practised walking every day. After a few weeks he went on one crutch and a cane, then on two canes, then on one cane. He hobbled to Fire Headquarters again and reported for duty. Chief Croker advised him to apply for retirement.

"That's a joke, Chief," said the Captain, quietly. "If I retired I wouldn't know what to do with myself. I'll soon be all right, anyhow."

So the Captain was assigned to duty in command of the company at Westchester village, in the Borough of the Bronx, where fire alarms are not very frequent and a man can rest. He went up there cheerfully, and he seemed to feel gay at being in the harness again. None of us knew until after his death that at this time and until the end the Captain often suffered from internal hemorrhages, the result of that awful fall at the Durland fire. Even the light work of a suburban fire company was too much for him. It hardened his shattered nervous system, so that he broke down and had to go before the retiring board.

Captain Cosgrove

Captain Jim Cosgrove and the men for whom he diedr New York Engine Company 40, in West Sixty-eighth Street

When he retired he took an agency for a wholesale firm, and in order to aid his new business venture I volunteered to publish something about him in the *World*. He had no photograph of himself, but he promised to give me his complete record. Next day he brought me a sheet of note-paper on which he had written

"Appointed, January 1, 1878.
"Appointed engineer, March, 1880.
"Appointed lieutenant, June, 1881.
"Made captain, June, 1884."

Remembering vaguely a dozen or more cases in which the Captain had made heroic rescues, I exclaimed, "But what about the hundreds of lives you've saved?"

"Well," he replied, "I don't remember. You see, we're always running to fires."

And this was true. Long familiarity with deadly peril had made him forgetful of it the moment it had passed. The only rescue he could recall was a comic struggle with a drunken man who rolled down a ladder fighting him.

"But surely," I said, "you can give me more than that of your record."

"Well," said Captain Jim, thoughtfully, "you might add this: 'Never up on charges. Always had the good-will of my men.'"

Which, after all, is a pretty good record.

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Maine's Mockery of Prohibition

THE "AGENCY SYSTEM" WHICH HAS NULLIFIED THE PROHIBITORY LAW AND FLOODED THE STATE WITH POISONED WHISKEY

By Holman Day

PART II

FIFTY-SEVEN years—so far as declarations go—the State of Maine has set an example for the world in the matter of legislation prohibiting the liquor traffic. It was the first State in the Union to undertake that gigantic task. It has put the law into its Constitution—and the clause contains the doomsday word "forever." Its Legislatures, responding dutifully to the call of all radicals who have come forward, have set tooth after tooth into the jaws of prohibition until the Maine law presents a perfectly dreadful row of fangs to the rumseller.

We have had for fifty-seven years declared prohibition in Maine. In effect it has been nothing except loose local option, low license, and general nullification, until the régime of strict enforcement, initiated by Governor Cobb during his incumbency just ended, put an end to the open sale of intoxicants and introduced the illicit grog-shop.

The usual scheme of the incorrigible Maine rumseller—the one who persists despite all kinds of enforcement—is a "strong door" in connection with a hide. This person practically declares war on society and barricades himself. I have seen doors of planks barred with iron that have resisted the efforts of officers with axes and crowbars for half an hour. This delay gives the rumseller opportunity to spill his liquor down the sink and rinse away the odors. The main stock of liquor is in a hide—sometimes in a cavern under the bottom of the cellar, sometimes hidden in partitions of houses, or buried at a distance from the place of business. Sometimes cunningly hidden pipes convey the stuff from the hole. In many cases officers have searched suspected places off and on for months before discovering the main stock of liquors. Most resorts have a sentinel at the street door who gives alarm by shouting or by ringing an electric bell. But in case the officers fail to prove a sale, the strong door brought into the grand jury room is evidence enough to convict a man of maintaining a liquor nuisance.

During the recent tight times in Lewiston, the second largest city in Maine, the liquor traffic has been driven to the "kitchen barrooms" in private houses or tenements. There are several hundreds of these places, and an army of officers could not keep liquor out of circulation. The Mayor of Lewiston informs me that during the past four years arrests for intoxication in that city have increased from six hundred annually to more than one thousand for the past twelve months—and yet Lewiston is the only city in Maine where the State enforcement deputies have been on duty all the time and have been most assiduous. Therefore, as to prohibition really prohibiting drunkenness—but let others argue from those statistics!

One of the two hundred kitchen "barrooms" in Lewiston where poisonous whiskey is dispensed during "tight times"

A dodge that worked well in Maine for a long time was effective by reason of its simplicity and openness. A bottle of whiskey and a glass were deposited in a long-distance telephone booth. The regular customer, understanding the ropes, stepped into the booth, took his drink, came out and paid at the desk as though paying for his message. In a short time, by word of mouth, this patronage grew into lucrative proportions.

The ingenuities of pocket peddling in Maine represent almost every subterfuge that a blackleg can invent to outwit authority. When the Rev. Henry Pearson was high sheriff of Cumberland, he used to go about the State and lecture before temperance societies, and carried along an interesting line of exhibits to illustrate the difficulties of stopping the sale of rum. There was a tin canteen moulded to fit around the body under the garments. It was made to contain several gallons, and the spigot was concealed in a vest button. There was a bustle in which a female peddler carried liquor; another had a baby-carriage with a false bottom. There was a tray loaded with ink bottles, presumably filled with ink. A man carried that tray suspended from his neck, his stock in full sight, and for months he paraded the streets of Portland without being detected by the officers. A customer bought a "snipe," as the bottles were called, drank off the contents, returned the bottle, and paid ten cents.

Milkmen have been caught delivering a "long necker," or sealed quart, concealed in a two-quart can of milk. At the Maine State Fair one year, lager beer was put up in ginger-pop bottles, and thousands were sold by boys travelling to and fro on the crowded grand stand and crying, "Here's your real ginger!" The ruse was not discovered by the officers, and the men who drank and groaned in full appreciation did not give the game away. That impulse on the part of the populace to protect a daring rumseller is significant in Maine, and is not encouraging to the radicals. Almost never does a citizen take the initiative and complain against a lawbreaker of this sort. The few professional spotters who have started out have been assaulted by mobs and put out of business. In other words, as every honest man in the State will admit, the great moral force of Maine is not behind the law that it has put into its Constitution. If Maine really did not want liquor selling, each municipality could stop the business with its local police. But the local police do not interfere. They leave it to the county deputy sheriffs, and in one third of the counties of the State, at least, the county officers have been leaving it to the "Sturgis law" deputy State commissioners. With three sets of officers to enforce one law, the Maine taxpayer finds himself provoked to rebel against too much law regarding liquor.

During the past four years there has not been so much liquor seized at railroad stations as in former times. A decision of the Maine Supreme Court, in accordance with the provisions of the Interstate Commerce Act relating to what constitutes delivery of goods to consignees, made it impracticable for officers to do much business at railroad stations. Therefore, liquor comes in more easily now than it used to. Kegs of whiskey used to be packed in the middle of barrels of flour, or in molasses hogsheads suspended by wires in the molasses—or in kerosene barrels, or in crates of dishes, and, in one particularly grim-some case a seizure was made from a coffin. Contraband was unloaded at crossroads stations and smuggled into cities; and this gave occupation to a set of specialists whose exploits would furnish material for a whole library of dime novels.

It is likely that all this reckless business will be revived in Maine, for the Supreme Court has just handed down a decision to the effect that all whiskey or liquors unbranded or not up to the standard provided by the Pure Food Act are subject to confiscation by county or town officers the moment they cross the line into Maine. As dealers will not take the chance of shipping really good liquors into a prohibition State, it is expected that this new decision will give opportunity for drastic action—if the officers really want to act. In this connection it may be stated that a liquor bill against a man in Maine cannot be collected in the courts of the State. This fact makes dealers wary about selling in good stuff.

A person is liable under the law in Maine even if he gives away liquor. If a citizen should invite in a few of his friends, say once a week, and give them a drink apiece, he could, on complaint, be indicted for maintaining a nuisance be fined and sent to jail. This is not attempted in the case of respectable persons, but in the sections where the kitchen dives are thick there is grave reason to suspect that the law is used as a weapon to keep imbibers from clubbing together and sending for their own liquors, to the detriment of the custom of the nearest kitchen barroom. Prosecuting officers use care and good judgment in sifting these cases, when they are brought on complaint, but it is inevitable that serious injustice is done many times in the case of people caught with liquor in their possession. All men are supposed to be equal under the law—but not under the Maine liquor law. The rich man's right to have his sideboard is never questioned. But a poor man who keeps liquor in his house, especially if the suspicion of liquor-selling has ever attached to him, keeps his nip by him at the risk of losing his liberty and his savings.

A pile of beer-kegs at a Maine steamboat landing. These are practically immune under the Interstate Commerce Act

In nearly every Maine city the wealthier men support a "wet" club, and many cities have several. These have never been troubled—with one exception, and this removal from the case by special circumstances. Many lawyers have tried time and again to screw the Maine law around so that these clubs could have legal existence so far as their buffet went. But the Maine Supreme Court has decided that no band or body of men can have liquors in a certain place and resort thither without breaking the law. The rich men's clubs keep on just the same, and it would be a particularly foolish piece of prohibitory radicalism to bother them. But at the same time the humbler citizens of Maine who have tried to have their clubs and have seen the officers promptly lug off their liquors and arrest their stewards and "close the joint up" are not amiable when they discuss the situation.

I have mentioned some of the safety valves of the State of Maine in prohibition times. But the biggest safety valve of all is the agency system.

Rumors, scandals, and complaints not to be disregarded have at last driven the State of Maine to investigate its liquor-agency system. A special committee from the Legislature, consisting of Senators and House members, has been travelling about the State taking testimony, and the facts it has collected will be submitted to the Legislature of 1909. Abuses have been revealed that have astonished even the State of Maine.

Ordinarily Maine doesn't do much talking about its agency system. I find that most persons who have studied Maine's prohibitory law at a distance from outside the State have never heard of this institution. In view of the fact that Maine, after prohibiting the sale of liquor by constitutional provision, turns around and allows municipalities to go into the liquor traffic for profit, and that the city of Lewiston alone, a place of less than thirty thousand population, did a "legal" business in strong waters last year amounting to $41,000, with a profit of some $5,500, outsiders may be interested in this running mate of the prohibitory law.

Some years ago, when the Canadian commission was in Portland investigating the operation of our liquor laws, I was requested to accompany about the city Mr. Carson, who was attending the commission on behalf of the Canadian temperance interests. "Tight

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times" were on in Portland then. No hotel had a bar. The special deputies of the sheriff's office were busy jailing the sliver. The situation was as near actual prohibition as Portland has ever witnessed. After Mr. Carson had been shown that there was no evidence of liquor-selling in the city I conducted them to the county building, and the officers exhibited the strong-room where seized liquors were stored, spilled some for his benefit, and in general satisfied him that the law was being enforced as well as human ability could enforce it.

As we were leaving the county buildings Mr. Carson expressed his satisfaction and declared that he had seen enough to convince him that Maine was making an honest attempt to enforce her prohibitory law.

At that moment I asked him to look across the street. Men and women were crowding into the open door of a brick building directly opposite. A queue of people, plainly an overflow, was stretched along the sidewalk.

"A theatre?" he inquired.

"No, the city liquor agency."

He had never heard of such an institution, and I explained briefly that it was legalized, bought its liquors of a State agent who was appointed by the Governor and received a salary from the State treasury; and that it had done a business of over $50,000 during the preceding twelvemonth.

"But this plan isn't stopping the consumption of liquor in your State by the prohibitory law," he urged, aghast. "It is only doing with the right hand what you forbid the left hand to do. It is only high license under another name, and managed differently."

I did not argue with the Canadian visitor. I could not tell him then, I cannot tell him now, that the agency system in Maine is a prudently, consistently conducted dispensation of pure liquors for "medicinal or mechanical purposes," or for use in the "arts," as the statute provides. We have always known better than that in Maine. Since the hearings of the special committee referred to, we have had official and incontrovertible proof that has continued even the radicals of the prohibitory movement. For it is a somewhat curious fact that the prohibitionists, who won't consider high license under any sort of restriction, stand firmly for the loose system of the agency with all its abuses.

In these writings, being an advocate neither of prohibition nor of high license, but acting simply as a recorder of certain conditions, I can state as a fact that the average prohibitionist makes a fetish of the prohibitory idea, insists on arguing the broad question of temperance and moral standard when one hints that the practical operation of the prohibitory law upsets all reform theories, and will not listen to compromise of any sort. The prohibitionists who serve as mouthpieces assail all those who differ, classing them under the one term "rummies," instead of arguing the question. Thousands of the best men in Maine believe that there may be a common ground of compromise on which liberals and radicals can meet and take counsel for the best interests of Maine. But so far there appears no prospect that the factions can get together. If the prohibitionists consider that the liquor agency system is a compromise, the State in general fails to agree.

Local option governs the establishment of an agency. There are comparatively few in Maine. Several cities do not have one. Several entire counties get along without—perhaps because the general state of health is better than in other sections. When an agency is established it is constrained to purchase supplies through the State agent. At nearly every hearing of the special committee the statement was made that poor liquors were dispensed. "Agency whiskey" is a term of opprobrium in Maine. But the prices charged call for good liquors. It is not my province or intention to discuss certain grave charges that were made publicly two years ago. It is enough to state that the whole agency system invites and suggests graft.

Inspection of the affairs of individual agencies discloses conditions that are humorous or shameful, according as one is inclined to look on such matters.

There are two liquor agencies, for instance, near the National Soldiers' Home at Togus; one in the town of Chelsea, one in Randolph, both small places. The Chelsea agent told the committee that nine tenths of his patronage came from the veterans of the Soldiers' Home. He acknowledged that he had been convicted of rumselling before becoming agent, that the agency was located in his house, and that, since taking the position, at $300 a year, he had constructed a new house at a cost of $3,000. He had had the agency three years. The agent at Randolph reported a liquor business last year of $10,758, and an average of 200 sales a day. The Maine year-book gives the polls of Randolph as 309. From the profits of its liquor business Randolph paid half the annual expenses of the town last year. It will be remembered with what zeal the temperance societies of the land urged Congress to abolish canteens at military posts and soldiers' homes. At Togus the veterans could secure only beer at their canteen, and the profits went to the support of the reading room and the theatre. Now they spend their money at liquor agencies legalized by Maine as a pet provision of its prohibitory law. And instead of beer they procure hard liquors.

An interesting fact drawn out by the hearings was that at all agencies sales were much the heaviest on Saturdays and on the days before holidays. The committee, not believing that Maine men possess the animal instinct that forearms one of impending illness, asked the agents if they were not satisfied in their own minds that much, if not most, of the liquors purchased at agencies was used for tippling purposes. The agents showed that the law obliges them to sell to persons who are not paupers or drunkards, and declared that they did not think it was their business to diagnose ailments.

The most picturesque figure at any hearing was the agent at Greenwood, a little town of 180 polls in Oxford County. The agent was seventy-seven years old, had been agent for seventeen years, had the agency in the cellar of his house, and had been turning in an average profit of seven hundred dollars each year to his town. When he was pressed by the committee for his opinion as to whether the 180 voters of Greenwood really required five or six thousand dollars' worth of liquors annually for their ills and infirmities, he replied that he considered that the visitors were asking questions that were "none of their d——n business." He admitted later that he did not think that many who came to him needed the liquor as medicine. He volunteered the opinion that the best course for Maine to pursue would be to have free rum and punish the drunkard. That was the way they stopped the Salem witchcraft. When they stopped punishing the witches and punished their accusers the trouble was all over.

In investigating the Rockland agency inquiry was made as to why excess at certain parties appeared so often on the sales-sheet. The agent stated that when non-residents who seemed to be deserving sense along and wanted liquors he got some hands Rockland cotizen to sign for them, often a police officer. This agency averages about forty thousand sales a year.

It was shown by figures from all the agencies that as soon as the officers began to enforce the law, business was turned promptly to the agencies. In the days when Lewiston was wide open the business at the agency was inconsiderable. When the enforcement

How beer is hauled openly through the streets of a Maine village in "open times." The traffic was driven to cover by Governor Cobb, but not suppressed

officers got at work under the Sturgis law, three years ago, the business at the agency, week after week, ran over $1,000 for the six days.

The agent at Farmington gave a side light on that somewhat favorite Maine beverage called "split," which consists of alcohol diluted with an equal volume of water, the whole sweetened with syrup and flavored to suit with some extract. This produces a various form of intoxication. He said that he sold a barrel of alcohol about every five weeks, and suspected that it was used for something else besides exterior application.

The State chemist has been called upon recently to analyze certain stuff that appears under the guise of whiskey, put up in quart bottles, sealed, and labelled attractively. The attention of officers has been called to this particular brand on account of its effects on the toper. Men have been arrested in whose pockets bottles have been found with only a few drinks gone—not a sufficient quantity to exhilarate, even the liquor pure. But the State chemist says that it is not whiskey at all. It is made up of alcohol, chloral, opium, wormwood, and tobacco steepings, and it is evidently compounded within the borders of Maine, in order to avoid danger of seizure at railroad stations. Men under its influence appear to be crazed. The other day two leading physicians in Waterville, walking on the street, were attacked by a man without provocation. He did not stagger as he approached them. He had strength to break the nose of one of the doctors, and knock the other down and maltreat him. From the pocket of this miscreant was taken a bottle that was nearly full of the poison just described. The man was utterly irresponsible. This is only one case typical of hundreds, as related by officers making arrests.

Other men are found in a state of coma resembling the condition of persons suffering from an overdose of laudanum or similar drugs. Many of these die in police stations.

Men who drink Jamaica ginger are called "jaky drunkards." In the rural sections men pour this fiery stuff down their throats, neat. The phials are called "corpse." They are used frequently to put the polishing touch on a "cider jag."

Patent medicines containing alcohol in certain quantities have long been used in place of stimulants proscribed by the law. The very latest device, as exploited by a Boston wholesale liquor-dealer for distribution in dry territory, is a tablet of its base bourbon, cocoa, etc., that may be either chewed or dissolved in water to release its alcoholic properties.

I am not trying to give the dark side of the picture, and the dark side only, in Maine. But it has come about in this State that men, otherwise candid and honest, lose sense of proportion and practicality when they discuss the prohibitory question. They insist on confounding prohibition and temperance. In the matter of temperance there is no issue. Every honest man holds to only one opinion. As to prohibition promoting temperance, it is here the liberals deserve better treatment from the radicals. A stranger in Maine, noting only the surface of things, might easily conclude that prohibition is a perfect success. For instance, when one small town, urged thereto by its town officers and leading citizens, voted to abolish its liquor agency, owing to the fact that citizens secured liquor there for tippling purposes, prohibitionists rejoiced, and the stranger in the gates would have been impressed, had he judged from surface indications.

But at the last term of court in that county where the small town is located, the leading druggist of the place was indicted for liquor selling on the wholesale plan, and it was discovered that certain town officers were silent partners with him in his store, that the local deputy sheriff owned the building, and that the closing of the agency was only for the purpose of driving all the trade to the drug-store.

Among the solutions proposed in Maine's case is that certain reputable druggists shall be allowed to sell liquors on the prescription of a physician. The prohibitionists oppose this plan strenuously. They state that the plan will lead to abuses and graft. In the view of the facts that I have stated regarding State liquor agencies, and considering the manner in which venal sheriffs have nullified the law and taken rum-sellers into partnership, this contention is not exactly as forceful as it might be.

The hub of the matter is, there is no solution of the liquor problem that can be generally endorsed. We are not resigned in Maine to see the question made the football of politics and the object of grafters and the exciter of continual trouble and dispute. But there seems to be no other way out. There is little prospect of the repeal of the constitutional amendment. The rural sections of Maine throw two-thirds of the ballots, as compared with the cities. The question of prohibition and its enforcement is not a hot question in country districts, for even under high license and local option the rural regions would not have saloons. So they are for general prohibition as a conscience-soothing theory. Therefore, the politicians have got to teeter as best they can between city and country—with eye most of the time on the country!

When Llewellyn Powers was Governor of Maine—and a shrewd and careful politician he was—he declared that if he knew that there would be three times as much drunkenness in Maine under prohibition as under high license he would unhesitatingly declare for prohibition. That view was applauded. The majority of rumsellers applauded, too. For under the plan of toleration and nullification, the rumseller pays a ridiculously low license and is not under bonds to refuse drunkards and minors, as he is in most high-license States.

Considering that the wave of prohibition is now "sweeping the country," I am sorry that I cannot give out more encouraging views from the State that led in the prohibitory path. But these facts give the assuring that no State or community can simply pass laws and then sit down and expect that the laws will take care of themselves and make poor humans perfect.

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LENT

DRAWN BY GORDON GRANT

"Playing the Races" in Court

At the trial of Jack Sheehan, charged with bookmaking at the Suburban Race Track near New Orleans, a bookmaker's stand was introduced into the court-room and the method of betting was practically illustrated by the witnesses. The scene of the trial was at Gretna, Louisiana, with Judge Edrington on the bench, and jockeys, and scratches. These men, with their names on their hats, then went among the spectators laying bets on the race about to be run. These wagers were recorded on a programme, while an assistant took the money and made another memorandum of it.

The defence introduced a "bookies" stand into the court-room as evidence to

Bookmaking paraphernalia as evidence in a trial

the decision of this court will doubtless decide whether the Suburban Track is to continue to operate.

"Individual betting on advance information," is the name of the system in vogue at this Southern track. The bettors or bookmakers paid the track management twelve dollars per race for advance information, which included the weights, explain the difference between "book making" and "individual betting on advance information." The defendant, Jack Sheehan, assisted by others of the track's witnesses, got into the stand, posted odds, and "made book," while Judge J. A. Murphy, a race-track official, bet a dollar on a horse and explained the entire operation.

The Gentler View

Collecting One's Past

By Florida Pier

We collect as many things, but none more assiduously than memories. We suffer great inconvenience in order that we may at some future date tell of the delightful things we have done in the past. We pay as heavily yet so willingly for those pleasant recollections that it is the height of unkindness on the part of our friends when they remind us that at the time the thing happened we lost our temper, experienced the greatest discomfort, and had never before been so thoroughly upset. Nothing is more likely. We know as well as they that we went through a great deal to secure this memory, but we have it now, it has become one of the delectable experiences of our life. It is one of the things we will always laugh at; it is the story we most enjoy telling. Nothing else proves to us so forcibly that our life has been an interesting one. We snatch a recollection, which nourishes us for years, from a forty-eight hours without food when we took for granted our death by starvation. Even when the disagreeable thing is happening we gloat over it subconsciously, and feel that in another ten years we are going to enjoy this adventure hugely, that is, if we succeed in living through it.

We collect, with the true self-sacrifice that marks the genuine collector, an impression, a sensation. We close it inside ourselves, lock it in securely, and, with a pleasant sense of being for the moment filled, we congratulate ourselves on the things actually having happened. We have it, we had a devil of a time while it was coming, but now it is undeniably ours, and the process of digestion is blissfully soothing. When the best parts have been assimilated, and the needless details forgotten, the experience is ready to be exhibited, flourished before the public eye. It takes its place in our collection of memories and we value it highly, and ourselves even more so for having it in our possession.

Some people are much more elaborate in their processes than others. Some are willing to spend six months in Europe growling at the trains, becoming absolutely vicious over the drawbacks of all save American cookery, spending sleepless nights on beds that arouse them to eloquent anger, so that they may return home and, thanks to the alchemy of time, tell of their entertaining misadventures and excruciatingly funny encounters with German delicacies. It is spirited of them; it shows a perverse pluck, a laughable determination that speaks them wholly mad and therefore entirely human. We take a walking trip and, because of the countryside's surprise at seeing people unreasonably walking for pleasure, inhospitality and suspicion glower from every door. Inexperience starts us off in tennis shoes, with the result that, on the third day, a ligament is wrenched, the maltreated ankle swells, and for two days we walk on crying feet, blistered heels shrieking for a respite. The fourth night is spent in a field on a bed of sweet fern which is penetratingly damp, and, in spite of its thickness, fails to conceal the fact that a gnarled root lies directly beneath the small of our back. Naturally we do not sleep. The ennui that tricked us into drinking flat ginger ale just before sunrise also made a dew-soaked sardine seem attractive, with the inevitable result that an eight-mile walk before breakfast induces a state of health which makes breakfast an offence if not a direct insult. Yet it is with such experiences as these that we spread envy among the fortunate souls who have never felt drawn toward a walking trip. The exhilarating details are dwelt on, the fresh morning air, the expanding landscapes, the bends of the road, the stolen apples—they all acquire merit with a rapidity that no comfortable subtraction is capable of. The more we tell of it the more we are convinced that this was the moment, the highest, brightest peak in our entire experience! We would not have missed it for worlds. We never feel so rich as when we realize that no one can take it from us. We ramp in the air, our feet touching nothing but our own inflated memories, with the intoxicating accompaniment of resting our eyes benignly on the heads of the majority of mankind and noting their position as distinctly lowly.

It is not only those adventures which we seek, but those which come unsought, that grow precious with age. If we had an unhappy childhood—if we lived, perhaps, in a place lonely or dull—these experiences take on the most engaging attributes when we remember them but faintly; and, without in the least intending it, we cloak these years in becoming garments; a child that had just the usual juvenile troubles we transform into a poignant little figure with a tragic eye and a loneliness that was symbolical of his rarefied soul. And this small fictitious person, having at one time been closely connected with us, sheds on our present stage of development an excessively interesting light. The least imaginative of us are quite capable of transfiguring our pasts up to within, say, five years back. Many a man has built his mysteriously charming manner on the things he thinks happened to him in early youth; and it would not be easy to distinguish these chimerical things from the things that really happened. A past well managed is very helpful, quite an asset. It is no wonder that we hoard up these invisible riches, counting them and turning them over until they have increased in worth surprisingly. They are the only bank that we always have access to, and it is imperative that we should always find it plethoric. To know that one's life has been full, to feel that it has, perhaps, been romantic, gives one a confidence, a poise, that is most bracing. One wraps oneself in the rich garments of one's adventures, and the rustling as it drags on the floor makes one's carriage very upright and impressive. A blank past is an deadening a thing that young people had best begin collecting theirs now. If you see an incident loping along, get in its path and persuade it to stay with you permanently. Romantic things are of course disagreeable at the time, but they must be gone through with, and if one only waits long enough they will become convulsingly funny. One is very apt to get rheumatism from hazardous adventures, but even rheumatism will, in after-years, appeal to one as a thing extremely humorous. The hope felt in the future is a mild sentiment compared with the obliterating fondness felt for the past. Privation, cold, hunger, bodily pain, become topics for lively conversation; and, unable to speak for strangled peals of delighted remembrance, you try to recall the time when you were stone-broke and had serious thoughts of begging. A voyage during which seasickness seemed a thing you could not live through is in years after chuckled over, gaining one a reputation for spritely wit. And so the staggering, limping footprints we have left behind turn, with a little help from us, into an orderly, even triumphant march of impressions. They are suggestive of the swing of an oncoming army. They endow us who walk at their head with the captivating graces of a drum-major; and, feeling that we have whipped a shocking set of recruits into admirable shape, we swagger convincingly, thanks to the past which meekly follows at our heels.

The Gift of Iris

In grey old Venice, when fair Naples lay
Watching the terror sent
From the dread peak across her lovely bay—
Lightly the moments went.

Though her own crumbling destiny was writ
In water long ago,
No shade of chilling prescience seemed to flit
Across San Marco's glow.

More deadly yet on rapt Sicilian vales
The fiery rain descends,
But with the pity of unnumbered wails
A chant of courage blends.

Beauty from ashes shall arise again,
A winged and joyous thing,
The living remnant of unconquered men
To Fate their challenge fling.

This gift of gladness is our heritage.
Life, too, rejects its doom;
Youth doubts the sad decrepitude of age—
Age disbelieves the tomb.

From flame and earthquake comes a thrilling voice
To those who listen long;
Some strong evangel bids the earth rejoice
And hearken to his song.

Ada Foster Murray.

Protecting Passengers on Ocean Liners

All ocean liners are compelled by law to carry certain safety devices in order to mitigate possible danger to life from accidents of any kind, but most of the great passenger-steamships voluntarily install the latest and most efficient appliances, and even go beyond the legal requirements.

The vessels of the Hamburg-American line, for example, have innumerable practical contrivances to insure the safety of their passengers; such as regular and collapsible life-boats, water-tight compartments and double bottoms, hydraulic system for closing water-tight doors, apparatus for smothering flames by means of sulphuric-acid gas, submarine signal bells, and the ordinary preservers, life-belts, and rockets.

These steamers are all equipped with wireless-telegraph apparatus, many of the systems having a range of two thousand miles. In the event of the disablement of the machinery in the engine-room, there are emergency plants to provide light. Bensine motors or auxiliary steam plants and dynamos are at hand in addition to oil-lamps, which are supplied at all exits and passageways.

There are various drills on board ship, which may be divided into boat, collision, and fire drills. The ship's bell on the bridge, and a gong below deck, announce these drills to the crew, each of whom has a particular station to oil. Twice during each steamer's stay at Hamburg, and once while she lies at New York, there are boat drills before the commissioners of emigration. Boats are uncovered, swung out on the davits, and lowered, while the entire gear is inspected.

A fire-drill is announced by telegraph to the engine-room, and by the bell and gongs to other parts of the ship. On a ship of the *President Lincoln* type there are sixty hose connections, and the twelve hand pumps on deck are auxiliary to the steam pumps. Automatic extinguishers and two smoke helmets are carried by each vessel. Collision drills are held every day, and require the immediate closing of the doors to all water-tight bulkheads and every port-hole.

In case of "man overboard," there is immediately released from the bridge and dropped into the sea a large copper life-buoy provided with a calcium carbide tank. As soon as the carbide touches the water it flames brightly, so that the location of a person overboard, if he reaches the buoy, can easily be discovered at night.

The Roller-skating Craze Strikes England

The revival of roller-skating has reached the British Isles. During the last two or three years a mania for this amusement has held our cousin country in its sway, and there is scarcely a town of five thousand inhabitants which has not its rink. But now the craze has crossed the Atlantic, and our English cousins have become just as enthusiastic over it as we have been and still are.

The London press does not hesitate to declare roller-skating to be the most popular form of indoor amusement and exercise, and the evidence adequately bears out this statement. A single company has opened rinks in seventeen cities of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and each of these halls can easily accommodate on an average five thousand skaters. Frequently on the Olympia Rink alone the crowds make use of all ten thousand pairs of roller-skates which are provided for the patrons. There is a great demand for steel ball bearing skates of the newest design, and it is estimated that before the end of winter there will be in use more than one hundred thousand pairs of these on the rinks operated by the new English company.

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THE SENATORIAL HALL OF FAME

TEXAS—BAILEY AND CULBERSON

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

Where Nonagenarians Thrive

The county of Norfolk, in England, is remarkable for the longevity of its inhabitants, especially those in the small villages and those who are engaged in agricultural pursuits; and it appears that more women than men have attained an extremely advanced age.

In a certain village of three hundred people there died during the past year three women who were more than ninety years of age, one of whom claimed ninety-six years. Another hamlet numbered among its celebrities a doctor's widow aged ninety-two, and a former blacksmith ninety-six years old. In a third Norfolk village of four hundred population live a man of ninety-five, a woman of ninety, a woman of eighty-nine, a woman of eighty-seven, and a number of both sexes who possess eighty years or over.

Among the Norfolk peasants seventy years is far from being considered as old, and many farm laborers of that age still retain much of their youthful vigor, and work in the fields from early morning until sundown. In these eastern counties of England rheumatism is most prevalent, and few of those advanced in years have escaped its crippling effects. When we consider that these people generally live in houses lacking ordinary accommodations, and where sanitation is an unknown term, and where we add rheumatism in addition, it is difficult to see just how the natives live so long. However, the quiet rural manner of life, free from excitement, and abundance of outdoor work to furnish the necessary exercise evidently seem to be the correct prescription to produce nonagenarians.

The Storm

Tu' Wind 'at blows in Winter-time.—
  He makes a funny noise—Whoooo-oo!
An' shivers—they run up your back—
  (If you was girls, he might scare you!)
Our Window shutters scold 'cause he
  Shakes all th' window-panes, an' w'en
He can't get in our house at all—
  W'y, he goes off somewheres again!

I guess he goes to find some Snow
  To throw right at our window, too!
('At's 'cause he feels all cross with me.
  But I won't let him in, would you?)
Our Evergreens ain't 'fraid of him—
  They bend their heads so's they can hear
Th' things th' ole Wind says to them—
  I think it must be very queer.

They've kept on all their summer clo'es,
  They look lots nicer than th' rest
All trimmed with fluffy snow—'at's w'y
  He likes to talk to them th' best.
Th' Snow, It's all on ev'rything!
  I'm tired watchin' it come down!
It's covered up our picket fence
  'At keeps me 'way from Johnnie Brown.

Our Barn has gone away, way off,
  An' so has where th' Chickens sleep.
An' where I picked th' red, red Rose,
  It's all a little roun' white heap!
My Gran'pa's over by th' fire—
  He ain't asleep, 'cause he jus' said
He "Believes it he was little boy
  He'd tumble early into bed
So's w'en th' big, roun' Sun gets up,
  Some bran' new Rubber Boots won't be
A-wondering what's happened to
  A Little Boy 'at looks like me?"

MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.

Difficulties of Street-car Service

Increasing civilization has many advantages, no doubt, but countries not burdened with super-refinement are seldom troubled with too much red tape. For example, take the street-car question in certain American cities and in Rio Janeiro. Cleveland, Philadelphia, New York, and other large communities in the United States have been wrought up to the point of exasperation plus litigation concerning matters and methods of local transit. In New York there have been charges and counter-allegations of stock-watering, deals, trades of all kinds, even insinuations of treasury looting. Receivers have been in charge of the Metropolitan system, and have made a strong attempt to improve conditions, while overcrowding of cars continues, as well as lambasting by newspapers and individual citizens. Finally the Public Service Commission issues orders for this and that to be done, and the receiver's lot, like the policeman's, is not a happy one. Of course the tangle may be straightened out some time or other, but whether New York can ever secure adequate means of local transit is to be doubted, for the simple reason that its population, permanent, suburban, and transient, continues to grow so rapidly. The city now has cars on three grades—elevated roads, street surface cars, and subway trains. The first two are as crowded, apparently, as they were before the subway trains were built, and the subways are also jammed. A recent despatch from Rio Janeiro tells how a mob calmly seized twelve cars belonging to a local transportation company there, and burned them up because the company's new rate of fares and time schedules were unsatisfactory. The company then signified its willingness to submit to any reform the Mayor might deem necessary and quiet was restored. Doubtless the rioters thought they had settled their local transportation matter in a satisfactory manner by thus cutting the red tape and substituting for it the red flag.

Hawaiian Prosperity in 1908

Although this country suffered considerable commercial distress last year because of the late panic, our Hawaiian possessions had a most prosperous year in 1908. With the exception of the rice increase in the sugar industry, probably the most pronounced development was in the production of pineapples. During the past year more than four hundred thousand cases of this fruit were exported, and this year the shippers expect a million cases. Cotton and tobacco have been introduced successfully; more alsike is being raised; and the area of the rubber-groves has expanded.

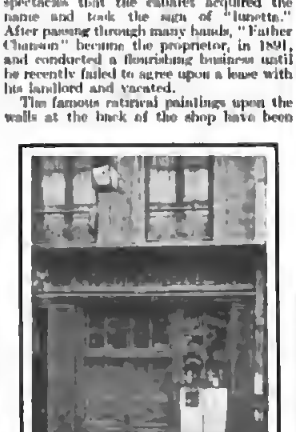
The total value of Hawaiian exports, of which sugar predominates, amounted to $40,567,790 in 1908. This would represent $225 per capita when proportioned according to the present estimated population of the Islands, and when this is compared with the per capita money holdings in other countries Hawaii's lead over them is enormous. Estimated for one year by the last census, the per capita wealth of the United States proper is $31 00; of the United Kingdom, $17.38; of Germany, $22 40, of France, $37.13; of the Netherlands, $26.78, and of Cuba $15.62. Even though we add all of these other per capita amounts together, that of Hawaii yet overlaps the entire sum by $74.11.

The End of a Famous Cabaret of Paris

The drinking-shop of "Father Lunette," a cabaret in the rue Auglais and a spot of interest for all tourists "seeing Paris," has passed out of existence because of the inability of the proprietor to come to terms with his landlord.

Near the end of the eighteenth century, "Father Lunette's" was established by a Mr. Lefèvre, who reigned behind the bar for forty years, and who wore such enormous spectacles that the cabaret acquired the name and took the sign of "lunette." After passing through many hands, "Father Chanson" became the proprietor, in 1891, and conducted a flourishing business until he recently failed to agree upon a lease with his landlord and vacated.

The famous satirical paintings upon the walls at the back of the shop have been



The Cabaret of "Father Lunette"

destroyed by "Chanson" rather than leave them to the cradled owner of the building. Among these caricatures are sketches by noted artists representing Clemenceau as a fighter; Zola as a pilgrim to Lourdes, Prince Jerome Bonaparte in a most unacademical pose; and many others.

The visits of the Grand Dukes, the uncles of the present Czar, under the guidance of the detective Bonsignol, brought this shop into prominence, although it has never been anything but a den for cutthroats and similar vicious types. However, many celebrated personages have inspected its premises, among them being the late King Oscar of Sweden, Prince Henry of Prussia, Edward VII. (then Prince of Wales), the King of Belgium, and others of noble birth.

Benjamin Guggenheim

It is the habit to speak of the days gone by when young men of energy, industry, character, and brains were able to achieve brilliant business or professional careers in America, and to think that such careers are impossible now. That they are unusual nowadays may be granted, but that they are possible can easily be proved. One of the striking examples of modern achievement in the industrial and financial world is that of the Guggenheim family, formerly of Philadelphia, where the founder, the late Meyer Guggenheim, settled many years ago, and, starting out for himself, built up a large and prosperous commercial business. It is a remarkable fact that this fine old figure in the business community should have been succeeded by seven sons, all of whom have reached a plane of success that the father never dreamed of, not only in manufacturing, exploring, commerce, but in finance and statesmanship as well. And the way in which the family fortunes were diverted from commercial business pure and simple is little short of romance.

It was in 1885 that the father, Meyer Guggenheim, sent one of his younger sons, Benjamin—then twenty years old—to Leadville, Colorado, to take charge of his mining interests, which at that time began to be enormously productive. The A. Y. and Minnie mines became very heavy shippers of silver and lead ore. The products soon became of importance to the smelting-plants with which Mr. Benjamin Guggenheim naturally came into intimate relations. Keen, far-sighted, level-headed as was his father before him, the young man studied the most advantageous methods of treating the ores, and foresaw as with prophetic vision the tremendous possibilities of the smelting business.

He communicated his ideas to his father and brothers, and by his persistence and ceaseless urging finally convinced them of the vast opportunities in the smelting of ores, so that they were drawn into this line of industry, and built their first smelting-plant at Pueblo, Colorado. Soon after Mr. Benjamin Guggenheim got this in operation the results were so satisfactory that his father and his six brothers decided to withdraw entirely from commercial business and devote their energies and abilities to the new and larger field. Having abundant capital, unusual intelligence, unbounded energy, they took the next step, and built a large plant at Aguas Calientes, Mexico, where they first embarked in copper smelting, and shortly thereafter erected a third plant at Monterey, Mexico.

In the mean time, recognizing the desirability of refining their own bullion, which was produced at their various plants, they built a refinery at Perth Amboy, New Jersey. Mr. Benjamin Guggenheim, the pioneer of the family in their Western operations, transferred his energies to the management of the new refinery, of which he remained in charge for a lengthy period.

When the consolidation of the smelting industries was accomplished, the Guggenheim enterprises had become so large that they were naturally the ruling factor in the American Smelting and Refining Company; and having seen his great object an actual reality, Mr. Benjamin Guggenheim went to Europe for a well-earned rest. Returning a couple of years later, he looked about for an individual field for his incessant activities, and decided to enter into the manufacture of mining machinery. This was in 1903, and the large plant he built in Milwaukee at once became an element to be reckoned with. Three years later his Power and Mining Machinery Company was merged with the International Steam Pump Company, in which Mr. Benjamin Guggenheim has been a director and a large stockholder for some years. Since that time he has been chairman of the Executive Committee of the International Steam Pump Company, and was elected recently to the presidency.

Such, in brief, is the public career of a man only forty-four years of age, who possesses bodily and mental strength, decision of character, extraordinary executive ability, and the courage to do things. He is now devoting his entire time and energy to directing the affairs of the International Steam Pump Company, and at the present writing is in Europe, visiting the company's plant near London, and inspecting its various Continental offices, with the object of extending its large trade in foreign countries; for Mr. Benjamin Guggenheim has in active preparation important plans for the expansion of his company's business and the extension of its present lines, as well as in new manufacturing enterprises. Already the International Steam Pump Company has seven plants, six in this country and one in England, as follows: The Blake-Knowles, in East Cambridge, Mass.; the Deane, in Holyoke, Mass.; the Worthington, in Harrison, N. J.; the Snow-Holly, in Buffalo, N. Y.; the Laidlaw-Dunn-Gordon, in Cincinnati, Ohio; the Power and Mining Machinery, in Cudahy, Wis.; and the Simpson plant in Newark, England.

An army of ten thousand men draws its sustenance from these great industrial workshops, whose product is of infinite variety, from the smallest feed pump, weighing but a few pounds, to the enormous municipal pumping engine capable of supplying a city's mains with 20,000,000 gallons of water daily. They supply the pumping apparatus and condensers for the battleships of the nation; pressure pumps for the cotton press of the South and the steel-mill of Pennsylvania; the pumping engine which sends the crude oil on its long journey from the well to the refinery; the air compressor which makes it possible to work in caissons or in tunnels under the bed of river and lake; the pumps that keep free from water the deep workings of the copper mine in Alaska or the gold mine in South Africa, the distributing pumps that transfer the products from one point to another in the brewery and in the sugar house; the agricultural pumps that flood the rice fields in Louisiana and irrigate the fertile fields of the Nile. The power behind the elevator which takes you to the office in the tower in the skyscraper is a steam pump. The company builds gas producers and gas engines in units up to the enormous prime mover of five thousand horse-power, which are destined to supplant the steam-engine on account of their great fuel economy, it builds blast furnaces, cement machinery, mining, smelting, and milling plants for all metallurgical purposes, and great rock crushers used in the production of concrete and ballast. In a word, the products of the International Steam Pump Company are limited only by the confines of industry and civilization. So, in the career of Mr Benjamin Guggenheim, we find that this young man did not rest content after his splendid achievements in the smelting industry, but that he turned his activities to another great industrial enterprise, advancing it rapidly on its road to success. Our country of to-day is still rich in its offerings to those who are ready to give it their enthusiastic energy and untiring effort. ⁂

Finance

WILL THERE BE A COAL STRIKE?

By Franklin Escher

THE present agreement between the anthracite miners and the operators has only one month more to run. The miners have come forward with a list of demands, to the majority of which the operators have declared themselves emphatically opposed. A coal strike on the 1st of April is evidently a dangerous possibility. And neither Wall Street nor the country at large has forgotten the five months' strike of 1902, and the distressing conditions by which it was accompanied.

The end of that strike, it will be recalled, came with the appointment of the Anthracite Strike Commission headed by Judge Gray, of Delaware, an agreement being finally brought about which was to remain in force until April 1, 1906. For three years everything went along smoothly under this agreement, and then, although a dispute arose which resulted in a temporary cessation of mining, the agreement was substantially renewed for three years more. That brings us down to the present time. Now the miners come forward with a set of demands which call for a complete change from the order of things established by the findings of the Strike Commission.

Recognition of the union, more pay, shorter hours—these, as usual, head the list. But added to these demands there are several others on which it seems as though it would be quite as hard to come to an agreement. The "check off" system, for instance, by which the operators are asked to withhold part of each man's wages, paying the amount directly into the union treasury, is something to which the mine-owners are uncompromisingly opposed. The proposition to do away with the Conciliation Board is another thing which the operators declare is sure to result in endless trouble. Lastly, there are the demands that the system whereby a miner employs two or more helpers is to be abolished, and that contracts shall be made for a period of not over one year instead of three, as at present.

Of these various demands the vital one in determining whether or not there will be a strike is the one which has to do with the recognition of the United Mine-Workers of America and the introduction of the system whereby the coal companies are asked to pay part of the men's wages directly into the union treasury. The United Mine Workers of America is the national organization of coal miners, anthracite and bituminous, and has never been recognized by the hard-coal mine-owners, who claim that only a very small part of the anthracite miners belong to the union, and that they will not negotiate with men representing what is in many respects a rival industry. At the beginning of this year, according to President Lewis's figures, only eighteen per cent. of the anthracite mine workers belonged to the United Mine-Workers of America. Eighteen per cent. of the 170,000 anthracite-coal miners is only 31,000, and while the membership has undoubtedly increased largely since the first of the year, it will readily be seen on what the hard-coal operators base their claim that they should not be asked to negotiate with a union made up mostly of soft-coal workers.

Hard coal, so far at least as the steam sizes are concerned, comes into direct competition with soft coal, and anything that hurts the anthracite industry correspondingly helps the workers in the bituminous fields. The anthracite operators are thus naturally strongly opposed to giving the soft-coal workers any voice whatever in saying what is to be done in the hard-coal region. The justice of this contention was fully recognized by the Strike Commission which put an end to the great struggle in 1902. In its report the commission declared the first requisite for any contract between operators and miners to be "an organization of anthracite-mine workers, governed by the anthracite-mine workers and free from control or dictation of bituminous-mine workers."

The other demand which is certain to make trouble if the miners insist is that the coal companies collect the men's union dues for the union by taking the money out of the men's wages. The question goes very much deeper than might seem at first. The greatest difficulty the unions have with their men is to make them pay their dues—after a three years' agreement has been signed, in fact, a large proportion of the men see no use in staying in the union and simply stop paying their dues. However confident the leaders may be that they can get the men back when they need their votes, this is a condition which makes not only for low membership in the interim, but for a depleted treasury, so the union turns to the coal companies and demands that they do the collecting by holding back part of the men's wages.

Aside from the fact that such a proceeding is unlawful in the State of Pennsylvania, the anthracite operators consider that they have every reason for refusing the demand that they do the one thing most calculated to maintain the strength and aggressiveness of the union—a union which they flatly refuse to recognize as having anything to say about anthracite affairs, and which they look upon as the embodiment of a wrong system. For the labor leaders, of course, it would be a big thing if they could force the operators to accede to this demand—it can be said on high authority, in fact, that could they win their point in this, they would probably be willing to let their other demands pass.

This is the situation at present—a long list of demands presented by the miners and flatly refused by the operators. To the outsider who has no interest in the controversy one way or the other, the question naturally presents itself, Why do the miners choose such a time as this in which to make their demands? Will present industrial conditions help them or hinder them from getting what they want?

The primary reason for bringing up the whole matter at the present time is, of course, the fact that the agreement runs off on April 1st, and that if a renewal for three more years were to be made, the national union would suffer further loss of strength among the hard-coal workers—when there is nothing to fight for the men see little use in paying dues to the union. Furthermore, nothing was gained for the men by Mitchell during the conferences in 1906, and now it is distinctly up to the new president to show what he can do.

In the second place, the miners have had a period of six years of steady work at high wages, broken only by the six weeks' suspension in 1905, and feel themselves in a strong position financially for a trial of strength. In the coal regions the savings-banks all show heavy increases in deposits, and while dues have not come into the union treasury to an extent satisfactory to the labor leaders, expenses have been low and the available fund is undoubtedly large. Furthermore, the men have been working steadily for a long time and many of them want a holiday. If by taking a few weeks off they can secure concessions which will last them through years to come, well and good. If they gain nothing, they have still had their vacation, and in consecutive days instead of a day now and then.

On the other hand, if the miners are well equipped to go into a strike, the same thing is no less true of the coal companies. Immediately after the strike of 1902 they began a policy of accumulation which has resulted in the storage during the past few years of an enormous supply of coal. During 1906 the gross production of anthracite was 73,800,000 tons, a decrease of only 2,000,000 tons from the record year 1907. Considering how the consumption of coal fell off in 1908, it is only necessary to put two and two together to see that a process of accumulation was going on, that the mines were kept running at nearly full capacity in order to get ready for the situation with which the operators knew very well they would be faced. Ten million tons is a conservative estimate of the amount of coal which the companies have on hand.

Then, again with Roosevelt out of the White House and John Mitchell no longer president of the miners' union, the operators realize that in case of a strike there will not be the same pressure brought upon them as they claim forced them into the compromise of 1902 after they had the strikers beaten. Whether or not they are right in their contention, the operators do believe that if trouble does come public sentiment will be on their side. The men, they point out, have had a long period of steady work which has been continued right up to the present time, when in nearly all other lines there have been cuts in wages, suspensions, and heavy reductions in working forces. During 1907 and 1908, when it is estimated that in this country two million workmen became idle, the anthracite industry suffered hardly at all. And not only were the miners kept working, but wages remained high through the operation of the sliding scale established by the Strike Commission in 1902. The anthracite miners have been exceptionally fortunate during the period of depression, and the operators do not consider that their demands are likely to arouse much public sympathy.

So, unless the labor leaders back down on the demands they have put forward, it is hard to see how a strike can be averted, and Wall Street, proverbially "discounating" everything that is likely to happen in the future, is figuring actively on what the effect of a strike would be. So far as the direct effect on the price of the coal stocks is concerned, the Street has looked back at the records of 1902, and finding that the "coalers" were all higher at the strike's end than at its beginning, is not at all worried about what may happen to Reading or Pennsylvania or Lackawanna. During the last big strike the coal companies were all well able to take care of themselves and they are in a good deal better shape now to meet trouble than they were then. Selling on strike news is notoriously an unprofitable operation—it is not from any probable influence on the price of stocks that the coal-strike factor derives its great importance. Why the Street as well as the country at large is so much interested in whether or not there is going to be a strike is because people so generally realize what a serious check to returning prosperity a strike would be. Business is pretty dull now and everybody is looking forward to the spring months as the earliest time at which an upturn can be expected. If the 1st of April is to be marked by a suspension of work on the part of 170,000 men engaged in one of the country's leading industries, he is indeed an optimist who believes that the march of progress will go on uninterrupted.

E. M. C.—Why is it that the United States Treasury will continue gold coins in circulation until they are up to one half per cent light weight? My understanding is that British sovereigns are retired from circulation after they are one-fourth of one per cent. light weight, and that in some of the continental countries the allowed abrasion is even less. The practice in the United States operates to make it very difficult and unsafe to figure on a shipment of gold coin out of the country.

Under the English law the sovereign is legal tender until it has lost three-fourths of one grain (six-tenths per cent.), and Parliament has repeatedly ordered the purchase of worn sovereigns where the abrasion was several times as great. The gold coin in circulation in this country is in excellent shape—worn by use perhaps less than the gold of any other country.

The difficulty in getting full-weight sovereigns for export from the Bank of England is quite as great as in getting new eagles from the United States Treasury.

P. W. K.—I am thinking of putting some surplus money into Missouri, Kansas, & Texas common, or into Kansas City Southern, both of which sell about the same price. What do you think of investments in these low-priced railroad stocks?

Both the properties you mention are developing under efficient management, and, whatever the market may do, are likely to prove profitable to the investor. With regard to these stocks, however, as with a number of other prominent low-priced rails, it must be borne in mind that the advance has already been very great, and that when you buy now you are buying after a long upward swing.

H. P.—Do you consider the Providence Securities 4's a safe investment?

Your question seems best answered by the statement that the bonds are guaranteed, principal and interest, by endorsement by the New York, New Haven, & Hartford Railroad.

J. K. O.—What do the newspapers mean when they quote, "Exchange on New York at Chicago, thirty cents premium?"

It means that if you were in Chicago and wanted to buy a bank draft drawn on New York for $1,000 it would cost you $1,000.30. When the premium on exchange drawn on New York, at inland points, goes much over thirty cents, it is cheaper to ship currency, just as when foreign exchange gets higher than a certain point it is cheaper to send gold.

H. A. B.—Taking the relative value of Great Northern and Northern Pacific and comparing their advance from the recent panic price with that of Atchison, it appears that Atchison has had the larger proportionate advance—and still financiers advise the purchase of Atchison at present prices? Judging from past experience, could not a greater speculative advance be expected from stocks like Great Northern and Northern Pacific?

Between the panic and the middle of the current month Atchison rose thirty-five points, or fifty-three per cent.; Northern Pacific, fifty two points, or fifty-two per cent.; Great Northern, thirty-six points, or thirty-four per cent.

With regard to the disparity between Atchison's and Great Northern's percentage of recovery, it must be remembered that the former stock was beaten down to sixty-six and three-eighths in the panic, while Great Northern held relatively better than stocks of its own class. But even at that, and while we believe thoroughly in Atchison, we think you are right in your conclusion that, judging from past experience, a greater advance is to be expected from Great Northern.

T. B. T.—Would, in your opinion, American Locomotive common be a good hog for a year or two? Any information you can supply will be greatly appreciated.

We are inclined to think that American Locomotive common will sell a good deal higher during the next two years than it is selling now—a contrary opinion would almost presuppose the non-return of business prosperity during the next two years. The company is doing well and the process of filling up the railroads' treasuries, now going on, is something which sooner or later is bound favorably to affect the companies which manufacture railroad equipment.

W. C.—By what are the Interborough 4½'s secured? What underlies the Rock Island collateral 4's?

The Interborough 4½'s are secured by Interborough Rapid Transit (Subway) stock. The old Chicago, Rock Island, & Pacific stock underlies the Rock Island collateral 4's.

The Newest of Great Art Galleries

By LITTELL McCLUNG

One of the most notable events in the history of art in America was the recent opening of the new Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore. This gallery was built by Mr. Henry Walters, of New York and Baltimore, and was in course of construction during a period of almost three years.

As a building the Walters Gallery is one of the finest of its kind in the world. The building is 120 by 130 feet in size, and faces on Washington Place. At present its appearance is marred by heavy electric light and trolley wires in the streets around it, but these will be put underground as soon as Baltimore's new system of subways is finished. The basement story is of Milford pink granite cut in massive blocks. The upper part of the structure is of gray Indiana limestone. This part is divided into two stories by a carved belt course. Large arched windows open from the first story, while the second is severely plain.

As one enters through the massive bronze doors the white beauty of the interior is very conspicuous. In front is a lovely court upon which open all the rooms on the first floor. In its centre stands a magnificent marble fountain. Balustrades of marble surround it, and from these rises a series of twin columns supporting the second-floor galleries.

On the first floor are four private galleries. Rising to the second floor is a superb staircase, back of which is a museum containing relics of the Spanish Inquisition and other historic trophies.

The Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore

The Walters collection, which has been stored in Baltimore, New York, and London, is brought together in the new gallery for the first time. The foundation of the collection was made by the late William T. Walters, and has been added to year by year by his son, Mr. Henry Walters. The only collections in this country of equal importance are those of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, the Chicago Art Institute, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and possibly the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington. The Oriental ceramics alone are worth a great fortune. These bronzes and porcelains, of exquisite color and form, together with the ivories and lacquers, make up the Japanese exhibit at the exposition in Paris in the late seventies.

The Massarenti collection contains some of the most important art treasures that Italy ever possessed. Don Marcello Massarenti, for many years head of the Roman charities, brought these pictures together. He was fifty years completing the collection, housing his treasures in marble in an art gallery near the Vatican, and his thousand or more paintings in a gloomy old palace near by. In 1902 Mr. Walters made a cash offer of $1,000,000 for the collection and it was accepted. Since then art critics have declared that the pictures and marbles are worth $2,000,000. A steamer was chartered to bring this collection to New York, where it was stored in two large buildings. Its shipment to Baltimore occupied several months.

The collection is richest in paintings of the Italian schools. There are a Virgin, Christ Child, St. Joseph, John the Baptist, and John the Precursor, by Bellini. There are several Titians. One shows St. Christopher carrying the Christ-Child over the ford, and in the background a figure in a monk's gown has the face of Titian himself. Titian's portrait of the Duke of Urbino is not very unlike that of his other portrait of the Duke in Florence.

One of the most valuable works in a portrait of Raphael by himself. There is also another Raphael—the *Madonna delle Candelabre*. However, it is thought that the figures attendant upon the Madonna and the Child are not by Raphael, but by one of his imitators. The Mother and Child, the critics say, are certainly the work of Raphael.

Tintoretto is represented by five portraits. Among the most noted Florentine works are a circular panel by Botticelli showing the Virgin, Christ, and St. John, and a panel with St. John as a youth.

A striking work is a portrait of Michelangelo attributed to himself. Andrea del Sarto is represented by a Madonna and a portrait.

The value of the modern paintings is several hundred thousand dollars. Rousseau is represented by his famous *Sappho* and *Winter Solitude*; Meissonier by one or two Napoleons and a half dozen others; Corot by his great work, *The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian*, and several others of less importance; Millet by *The Sheepfold*, *The Potato Harvest*, *Breaking Flax*, and the priceless *Angelus*; Breton by *Returning from the Fields*; Gérôme by *Duel After the Masquerade* and *Christian Martyrs*; and Corot by several of his best works. A score of other modern painters are represented as well.

Among the marbles are the sarcophagi found in an imperial cemetery in Rome in 1884. They bear elaborate and beautiful designs carved by their Greek sculptors for the wealthy art patrons of Rome in the first century. Critics have found difficulty in putting a price on them, so rare and beautiful are they. One of the sarcophagi, it is supposed, contained the ashes of Pompey the Great. Another shows in relief the Triumph of Dionysus, the god of wine, and another the same happy god's arrival on the Isle of Naxos and the finding of that fascinating lady, Ariadne. A Pallas Athene is of heroic dimensions. Others show Roman workmanship, being evidently copies of the Greek works.

Five bronze cists from Etruscan tombs are among the curiosities of ancient sculpture. Some of the most striking bronzes are a bust of the Emperor Augustus, a life-size bust of a young man with the family features of the Cæsars, a statue of Paris holding the apple, a Mercury, a Jupiter, and a Venus at the bath.

A valuable addition to the bronzes, which arrived recently, is Rodin's *Le Penseur*. Prominent Frenchmen tried to prevent this famous work from being taken out of the country, but despite their efforts Mr. Walters bought it and brought it to Baltimore.

Another recent arrival is a magnificent marble statue of Ariadne by the Baltimore sculptor, Hans Schuler. The model of this work won a gold medal at the Paris Salon in 1903. There are scores of other statues that in themselves would make a collection of great value.

It is said that Mr. Walters is preparing to issue, at a cost of not less than $100,000, a catalogue of his great collection that will contain the finest photographs that can be made of his most valuable works. Meanwhile the interior of the Walters Gallery is carefully guarded against anything that bears any resemblance to a camera.

SECRETARY of War Stanton sat in his office in Washington.

"If I ring that bell," he said, "any man, *in the most distant State*, is a prisoner of war!"

The telephone bell has succeeded the messenger bell.

Business has succeeded war.

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FOR MARCH **HARPER'S MAGAZINE** FOR MARCH

Up the Greatest North American Volcano

Mt. Wrangel, in Alaska, the largest volcano in North America, has remained until recently unconquered. ROBERT DUNN, the well-known traveller and explorer, has just made the first ascent. He has written the first account of his expedition in the March HARPER'S.

Apathy and Steel

Mr. W. G. BEYMER has written a vivid and poetic impression of the men and scenes in the great steel-mills of Pennsylvania. His article is illustrated with striking pictures in color by John Edwin Jackson.

A Naturalist in the Tropics

Mr. W. C. BEEBE, of the staff of the New York Zoological Park, recently made a trip up one of the strange rivers of the South. He writes most interestingly of the many curious species of birds and animals which he observed.

What Science Does to Prevent Disease

A strikingly interesting paper on the notable work now being done, both here and abroad, in the field of preventive medicine. Little by little science is discovering how to cope with disease. What has been done and is being done is told by Dr. J. C. TORREY, of the Cornell College of Medicine.

Edwin A. Abbey's Shakespeare Pictures

Mr. ABBEY has made for HARPER'S some striking illustrations of Shakespeare's "Henry VIII." They are accompanied by a brilliant essay on the play by Prof. J. CHURTON COLLINS.

Breaking Camp at Kantara

Another of NORMAN DUNCAN'S delightful pictures of the life in the Orient—full of beauty and color and told with rare charm.

The Household of Felicity

Mrs. GRACE ELLERY CHANNING gives a delightful view of the daily life of an Italian family—a most sympathetic and intimate picture.

7 UNUSUAL SHORT STORIES

These are stories that will be talked about—stories that are out of the ordinary, every one of them.

MORGAN ROBERTSON'S tale, THE GRAIN SHIP, is a story worthy of one of the masters of fiction—a weird, grim tale of one of the most mysterious tragedies of the sea.

By way of contrast comes a deliciously funny story by G. A. BIRMINGHAM, the Irish novelist, a story as original as it is humorous—how a town in Ireland was roused to action.

THE DRYAD, by HARRY J. SMITH, is another tale in a lighter vein—a love-story of to-day, with a little element of the supernatural.

FANNY HEASLIP LEA'S story, FEET OF CLAY, deals with a new situation—a literary man, his wife, and the women from whom he draws his inspiration.

Another love-story of a different sort is ADENA BELLISSIMA, by LEWIS MACBRAYNE—a touching little romance of the steerage on an ocean liner.

MERIEL CAMPBELL DYAR has written a story not unlike Dickens in its flavor—a story that is in the main dramatic yet full of humor.

BETWEEN MEN, by LEO CRANE, is a story of the lives of two strong men—and how one in the end redeemed himself.

The Anonymous Serial

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"A novel exciting more interest than any previous one for many a day.... It is quite on the cards that in these early years of the twentieth century we have seen the dawn of a new novelist of unquestioned power."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*

When Lincoln Moved

THE Hon. William M. Springer, for long a member of Congress, representing the Springfield Congressional District of Illinois, who was for some time chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, knew Abraham Lincoln. From Mr. Springer's lips the narrator heard this story of a time when Abraham Lincoln was a struggling lawyer.

From Kentucky there came to Springfield a man named Speed, who opened and successfully conducted a general store, more than half a century ago; in fact, many years before the name of Lincoln became known outside his Springfield environments. Speed's store contained substantially everything in the way of merchandise, from pins and needles to furniture and buffalo overcoats. Around his big cannon stove there frequently gathered such men as Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, Lyman Trumbull, Richard Yates, and "Dick" Oglesby.

One winter afternoon Mr. Lincoln asked Speed how much it would cost him to "rig out" a back room of his office with a small bed and bedding. He said that times were hard, and he felt the need of saving the expense of room rent.

Speed said that his clerk was going to leave him and go back to Kentucky; that he had engaged the services of a young man in Springfield who lived with his parents. There was a room over the store for which he would charge no rent to Lincoln, if he could be satisfied with its rough condition and scant furniture. Mr. Lincoln ran up stairs, tramped around for a few minutes, came down, and went out. In about half an hour he returned, carrying across his shoulders an enormous saddle-bag. Mr. Lincoln went upstairs again, dropped his burden on to the floor, and immediately came down. Seating himself beside the big stove, he said,

"Well, Speed, I've moved!"

The New Commander of Britain's Home Fleet

ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD is to give up the command of Great Britain's Channel Fleet according to an announcement made by the Admiralty. This statement means that the Admiral will virtually retire from the service when he leaves his fleet on March 24th, although the age limit would permit him to hold his command until 1911.

Vice-Admiral Sir William H. May, second sea lord of the Admiralty, is to succeed Admiral Beresford as the supreme commander of the naval forces, and will be in immediate charge of the main fleet for home defence. It is the intention of the British government to concentrate all of the newest and most powerful of its war ships in this great fleet for home protection, and for this purpose the present Channel Fleet will doubtless give up its best vessels.

Vice-Admiral Sir William H. May, R.N.

WHO WILL SUCCEED LORD BERESFORD AS COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH NAVY

Advantages of Red Tape

THE vagaries of official red tape furnish as many stories as the typical Irishmen. The latest refers to a board of naval officers appointed some months ago to investigate certain questions regarding torpedo-boats, and the measures to be taken in defence against them. In the course of the work, the members of the board desired to experiment with the installations in one of the seacoast forts, and to obtain permission it was necessary to address an official communication to the Secretary of War. This passed through the hands of various officials to the Secretary of the Navy, thence to the Secretary of War, and down the scale again. The usual delay in this case extended over an unusually long period. As the time set approached, no reply having been received, one of the naval officers concerned called on an acquaintance, who was an army officer in the War Department, and explained the case. As a result the army officer wrote a personal letter to the commandant of the fort, asking him to extend the courtesies in advance of the official order. On the strength of this the naval board made the visit, was hospitably received, and spent several days in experiments which involved the services of the whole garrison, and returned to Washington fully satisfied. Several weeks later the original document containing the request was returned with numerous endorsements, the last of which read:

"The Secretary of War regrets that he is unable to grant the within request, as the garrison at Fort —— is too busy at present to permit carrying out the experiments in question."

England's Toy Railroads

MINIATURE railroads, replicas of those frequently seen in American amusement resorts, are being established in many English estates to facilitate transportation between the mansions and the main lines of the railroads. The residences in extensive estates are often at a considerable distance from the trunk lines and horsed vehicles have hitherto been the only means of connection between them; but now several wealthy landowners have installed the diminutive railroad systems. These are especially serviceable in rendering quick access to various points in a manor whose area may be several square miles.

The most prominent of these private miniature railroads are those located at Eaton Hall in Cheshire, the country seat of the Duke of Westminster; Duffield Bank, the manor of Sir Percival Heywood, Bart.; and Blakesley Hall, the home of Mr. C. H. Bartholomew, a retired civil engineer. At Blackpool and Sutton Coldfield similar systems have been installed to supply needed facilities for public traffic.

The railroad system operated through the Eaton Hall estate has a trackage of 4½ miles, including a direct through line between the residence and the trunk line at Balderton, a distance of 3½ miles, and approximately one mile of sidetracks. It has a 15-inch gauge with rails averaging 12 pounds per yard, and the construction of the track, exclusive of buildings and rolling-stock, cost $29,450. The essential purpose of this road is the transporting of freight, although there are some cars fitted for passenger service. It is estimated that this little road carries 6,000 tons of freight annually, so that its utility is apparent.

Where the Panic Brought Prosperity

IT is a mighty mean panic year that brings good to nobody—a statement that is borne out by the rapid settlement of cheap plains land in Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, western Kansas and Nebraska, Wyoming, and the Texas Panhandle. According to despatches from Denver, a great number of men who were driven out of work last year by the closing of mills and factories all over the country were literally driven to take up cheap lands or free government lands in the West, where a large proportion of them are now settled on their own farms or small ranches and are on the way to a competency; as one writer puts it, "Driven to prosperity by seeming misfortunes." The philosopher will see in this apparent paradox justification for belief that things generally even up in this world when one takes them by and large. Prices of food increase because the industrial establishments employ millions who cannot produce food, and therefore create a great demand for it. The mills keep on growing until they have a surplus of production, for which, owing to many reasons, there is no demand when the mills shut down. Having no immediate work, and having to earn an immediate living, a certain percentage of the idle operatives take up inexpensive lands out West and go to farming.

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The Education of Kings

THE children of kings are raised in simpler fashion than the offspring of many a millionaire. Nor is the reason far to seek, since royal parents fully realize how prominent is the example of their children. While there is no royal road to learning, the education of a youthful prince has interest, inasmuch as it is the result of much deliberation.

The Basedow system, made public in book form in 1770, under the title, *A Book of Directions for the Fathers and Mothers of Families*, and applied, in 1800, to the education of the young princes of Prussia, found numerous advocates. Here the fundamental principle is instruction by sight, and the author banishes from practical consideration all instruction which has to be committed to memory. By pictures, which form a leading feature in the book, it is sought to reconcile in the minds of children the actual things they see with illustrations of the same. As a child is incapable of abstract ideas, the teacher conveys instruction orally by pointing out in pictures such connections and resemblances. The system includes physical training, easy-fitting clothes, cold baths, a hard bed, early rising, and manual labor.

Such was the basis of the instruction given to the Crown Prince of Prussia and his brother, aged, respectively, five and four, by Frederick Delbrück, a lawyer's son and a doctor of philosophy. He tried to develop the natural faculties of his pupils according to the theory that nature is not bad, but feeble. In walking with the boys he sought to awaken their attention by remarks on different things, and, after their return, made them look in Basedow's pictures for the objects observed by them out-of-doors. He read them extracts from *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Children's Bible*, proceeding by degrees to extracts from Schiller, and trying to make his charges understand such distinctions as that between courage and timidity, etc.

It was the custom of the royal children every day to visit the Queen mother in the garden or in her private apartments, when they would romp, encouraged by their mother. This harmless play gave offence to the tutor, who, being something of a pedant, scolded and punished the boys—then yielded his point when they showed temper. In short, it may be doubted whether a doctor of philosophy can handle children otherwise than theoretically. In a letter to her "three little gardeners"—Fritz, William (Delbrück's pupils), and Charlotte—Queen Louise writes: "Good day, my dear children. Papa and I have much enjoyed your beets, pease, parsley, haricots, cabbages, and salads from your gardens. 'These are busy people,' said papa; 'I eat to their good health.' I said, 'They have given us these because they knew we should enjoy them' . . . Yes, little ones, we have shown them to every one."

R. HOLT-LUMAX.

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A Bird All By Itself

THE Brooklyn Institute Museum on the Eastern Parkway has placed on exhibition a group of birds whose name the average layman has never heard and whose habits have puzzled even the ornithologists. This species is known as the hoactzin and is an inhabitant of South America, where these specimens were collected in the Orinoco district. The bird possesses so many anatomical peculiarities that scientists actually classify it in a separate order by itself.

Although the hoactzin has large wings, it seldom flies, and probably could not sustain itself in the air for a distance of one hundred yards. The breastbone is very short, seemingly the front part having been cut off, and filling this cavity is a large crop in which its food is digested. The adult birds are about the size of a small hen.

The hoactzin frequents the courses of rivers and small streams, and invariably builds its rude nest of sticks and twigs in the low branches of bushes overhanging the water. Here the young are hatched entirely naked, but in spite of their helpless appearance they are wonderfully active. When they come from the shell there are well-developed claws on each of their tiny wings, and aided by these claws the little nestlings, only a few hours old, crawl about the nest and the adjacent twigs. When alarmed by intruders these little birds drag themselves to the edge of the nest and plunge into the water beneath, swimming to a place of safety in the shrubbery bordering the stream. Remarkably enough, they are not web-footed, nor do the adult birds ever go into the water.

When the quills of the wing feathers begin to grow the fledglings shed their claws, but the peculiar use of the wings in the young birds manifests itself when they are grown. As the hoactzin climbs among the branches of the dense shrubbery, searching for tender leaves and buds, the wings are hooked over the branches and propel the body forward in much the same manner that the claws assisted the young birds.

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Among the records for February are several numbers showing to splendid advantage the beauty of Miss Geraldine Farrar's voice. Two arias from Massenet's "Manon," in which Miss Farrar has made such great success, are included, reproduced in French, in which the prima-donna sings this opera. The arias have a full orchestral accompaniment, which brings out the value of the music and gives the singer the proper instrumental support. "Robin Adair," given in English by Miss Farrar, Mignon's air from Bizet's opera of "Carmen," and the "Voi che sapete" aria from Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro," sung in Italian, show this singer's voice and ability to the very best advantage, as reproduced in these newest records.

There are in lighter vein records by Nat M. Wills, Billy Murray, Ada Jones and Len Spencer, and Alan Turner's voice is heard in a baritone solo, "Kathleen Mavourneen," as is Harry Macdonough's in a tenor number, the "Arab Love Song," with orchestra, from Marie Cahill's new production, "Betty and the Boys." Elsie Stevenson, soprano, contributes to the records, and there are new numbers by the Whitney Quartet, including Spofford's old English glee, "Hail! smiling Morn," and Mendelssohn's "The Cheerful Wanderer." Ralph Herz, whose impersonation of a humorous devil in "The Soul Kiss" has been one of the great features of the production, sings two of the "Soul Kiss" hits, "Very Well, Then" and "That Wasn't All."

Other records in the February offerings include instrumental numbers by Sousa's Band, a violin and cello duet, clarionet and flute selections, etc. These records will prove thoroughly enjoyable to Victor owners and will make others long to possess one of these remarkable musical instruments. —[*Adv.*]

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—From "The Tatler."

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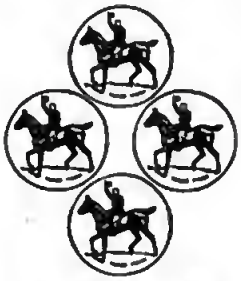

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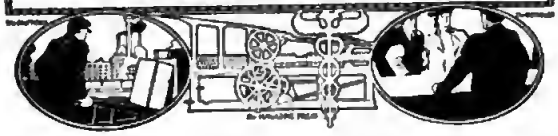
The Piano-Player and the Magazine



THE American piano-player and the modern magazine have grown together from small beginnings. What the piano-player is to-day it owes first to its own artistic worth and possibilities, and second to magazine advertising.

The composer Chopin wrote piano compositions so difficult that musicians of his own period, admitting their beauty, still asked: "But who can play them?" Chopin played some of them himself. Others were beyond his strength — as the great Polonaise depicting Poland's splendor and downfall. Since Chopin's day the development of the piano and the mastery of technique have gone hand in hand. Yet there have always been compositions that seemed beyond the resources of either.

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INAUGURATION NUMBER

HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

Guernsey Moore

March 6 1909 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES

TO POLICYHOLDERS: NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 20, 1909.

The following synopsis of the Annual Statement, as of December 31st, 1908, is submitted for your information:

	1908	1907
TOTAL ASSETS Stocks at Market Quotations of December 31, Bonds at amortized values.	$472,339,508.83	$453,928,775.06
TOTAL LIABILITIES Consisting of Insurance Fund $384,152,880 and $6,919,161.93 of miscellaneous liabilities. The Insurance Fund (with future premiums and interest) will pay all outstanding policies as they mature.	391,072,041.93	379,372,284.59
TOTAL SURPLUS With an increasing number of maturities of Deferred Dividend Policies this sum will gradually decrease.	81,267,466.90	74,556,490.47
NEW INSURANCE PAID FOR This is an increase for the year of nearly 25 per cent. as compared with 1907.	91,262,101.00	73,279,540.00
TOTAL AMOUNT PAID TO POLICYHOLDERS	47,861,542.69	45,305,831.30
DEATH BENEFITS 97 per cent. of all Death Claims in America were paid within one day after proof of death was received.	20,324,002.65	18,992,079.87
ENDOWMENTS	4,830,170.10	4,704,119.32
ANNUITIES, SURRENDER VALUES AND OTHER BENEFITS	14,696,354.16	14,100,855.5
DIVIDENDS TO POLICYHOLDERS 1909 Dividends to Policyholders will approximate $10,000,000.	8,011,015.78	7,508,776.1
TOTAL LOANS TO POLICYHOLDERS	57,053,555.28	49,615,393.(
DIVIDENDS TO STOCKHOLDERS This is the maximum annual dividend that stockholders can receive under the Society's Charter.	7,000.00	7,000.(
EARNINGS OF THE SOCIETY FROM INTEREST AND RENTS	20,636,405.61	19,485,110.
OUTSTANDING LOANS ON REAL ESTATE MORTGAGES Invested at an average rate of 4.70 per cent. as against 4.53 per cent. in 1907.	97,570,767.22	95,008,970.
TOTAL EXPENSES, including Commissions and Taxes	9,758,447.46	9,846,858.

The average gross rate of interest realized during 1908 amounted 4.45 per cent., as against 4.39 per cent. in 1907, 4.26 per cent., in 190(4.03 per cent. in 1905 and 3.90 per cent. in 1904.

PRESIDEI

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LIII — New York, March 6, 1909 — No. 2724

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THE NEW WHITE HOUSE FAMILY

THIS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE ENTIRE TAFT FAMILY — THE PRESIDENT, MRS. TAFT, HELEN, ROBERT A., THE ELDER SON, AND "CHARLIE"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LIII. No. 2724

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THIRTY-SIX PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 6, 1909

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Comment

President Taft

WHEN this paper falls under the reader's eye, WILLIAM H. TAFT will have been installed as President of the United States. We doubt if ever a President's beginning was accompanied by better wishes from all elements of all sections of the country. Everybody wishes him well and the country better. For ourselves, we shall be grievously disappointed if we find ourselves unable to approve his every act as right, wise, and strictly consonant with both the letter and the spirit of the Constitution of the Republic.

Mr. Fairbanks

To CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS: felicitations and gratitude. We cannot recall the name of a Vice-President who has met and mastered conditions so trying with greater dignity and personal credit. Whatever duty has been his to do he has performed conscientiously and admirably. As a presiding officer, his unexcelled record is evidenced by the unanimous appreciation of the Senators; as a representative of his country before the royalties of other nations, he has won distinction worthy of a FRANKLIN; as a high official charged peculiarly with social obligations, he has maintained his position without regard to personal expenditure and equally without ostentation; as one obligated to a great political party, he has faithfully and tirelessly served that party's cause and upheld its principles before the people; as an American gentleman, he has borne with becoming patience unnumbered and innumerable discourtesies from his official superior. In every respect CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS has made good. High honor is his and of the State which loaned him to the nation.

On with the Hunt

The Hunt is still on. At least our esteemed and commonly accurate contemporary, the *Times*, announces that the Wall Street syndicate formed to finance the Expedition has made its first payment of $25,000. The names of the subscribers continue to be enshrouded by mystery, but the active promoter of the great enterprise, according to the *Times*, was the faithful Director WALCOTT of the Smith-sonian Institution. His idea, it seems, was to enlist the co-operation in a pecuniary way of a few earnest patriots, and it was perhaps but natural that in pursuance of his purpose he turned to Wall Street. Anyhow, "to Director WALCOTT," says the *Times*, "was entrusted the collection of the amount needed." Who did the entrusting is not stated, but, horrifying to relate, "one of the men approached refused to contribute." Who could that have been? The *Times* doesn't seem to know, although it darkly hints that "he is a prosaic railroad magnate who [illegible] well as [illegible] man rat[illegible] Director W[illegible] Besides, h[illegible] empty-ha[illegible] upon, "f[illegible] all of t[illegible] tributing, he picked out others to [illegible] and succeeded." Such glowing evidence of resourcefulness surely merited reward, and we can readily imagine the beam upon the countenance of the Director when he returned to the throne and heard the time-honored phrase, "Well done, good and faithful servant." The *Times* tamely confesses its inability to discover the names of the subscribers. Perhaps it is just as well. Some facts are too sacred to be disclosed for the gratification of vulgar curiosity. Suspecting, however, that it is only a question of time when the *Times* will inaugurate a guessing match, we hasten to file our conjecture thus: HENRY H. ROGERS, JOHN D. ARCHBOLD, THOMAS F. RYAN, and HENRY M. WHITNEY, of Boston, for the New England branch of the Ananias Society, by FANNA S. BEECK, atty. The *Times* hints that EDWARD H. HARRIMAN is the fifth, but we have our doubts. The last we heard of that redoubtable citizen, he was still wondering where he stood. In any case the happy fund is raised, and the galloping lallapaloosas are in for a high old time—unless, of course, something wholly unforeseen should happen. Meanwhile, we are happy to record, Major EDGAR A. MEARNS, U.S.A., retired, is slowly but surely regaining health, strength, and hope.

Great Men

GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN, *February 12th*.—At the annual banquet of the Lincoln Club here to-night, Congressman NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, son-in-law of President ROOSEVELT, was a speaker. Interest in the LONGWORTH speech rested on his coupling the names of LINCOLN, ROOSEVELT, and TAFT as the nation's greatest men.—*Associated Press Despatch*.

As to the first two, of course; but has not Mr. TAFT yet to prove? WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, HAMILTON, FRANKLIN, ADAMS, WEBSTER, CLAY, CALHOUN, they too were good men in their little ways.

Mr. McCall Stays in Congress

The Hon. SAMUEL MCCALL decides that he will stay in Congress, and not be President of Dartmouth College. He finds himself devoted by "views not lightly taken" to a certain work in politics, as to which he says:

> I am far less concerned by particular theories than by general methods of government—methods which have been carrying us swiftly toward a condition under which limitation upon governmental power would be done away with and the favoritism and expense of an autocrat would take the place of constitutional restraint. And some chance barbarian as an autocrat might overturn our temples, and do more harm in the direction of uncivilizing the country than all our colleges together could possibly repair.

It is interesting to find a Republican Congressman from an old stronghold of Federalism dedicating himself to the fight against centralization and autocracy. No doubt Mr. MCCALL has made a patriotic choice, and has elected to spend his energies where they are most needed and will do most good.

Senator Root and Governor Hughes

The gentlemen who, having lately interested themselves in the management of Republican politics in New York State, had come to seem reluctant admirers of Governor HUGHES, are said to be disappointed that their reluctance has had so little encouragement from Senator ROOT. The new Senator is by no means the twin of the Governor in mental processes or opinions, but he has first-class powers of vision, and can see what is before his eyes. He has been telling his reluctant friends that the Governor represents some things that the people want, and that they had better recognize it as a fact that one important ground of his popularity, especially in the West, is the belief that he has beaten the politicians. Mr. ROOT finds that the voters are inclined to demand a larger share in the management of affairs. If so, it necessitates that the politicians should be content with smaller slices of domination. To satisfy that aspiration of the people is the purpose of Governor HUGHES' move for direct primary nominations. Mr. ROOT does not commit himself to approve the practice that the Governor recommends, but he does seem to approve the purpose which that practice is intended to fulfil. Evidently he is not inclined at all to be the political rival of Governor HUGHES in New York State, but rather his colleague and co-worker in the leader[illegible] party.

Southern Co[illegible]s in Trouble

[illegible]nded to President ALDER[illegible] of Virginia, and Professor [illegible] f the University of North [illegible] although, we must [illegible]ish a smile. These gentlemen [illegible] found themselves in trouble through rendering a gratuitous service. With President FINLEY, of the University of the City of New York, they acted as judges of the essays in a prize contest open to students in Barnard, the woman's college of Columbia University. The prize was offered by the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the subject was General LEE. Miss BOYSEN, a young woman from the West, won the prize, and we understand the judges had little difficulty in finding her paper the best written and most interesting. But it was published, and though really an enthusiastic eulogy of the great Confederate captain, it did not suit the Richmond Chapter of the D. U. C., who accordingly censured the two Southern members of the committee for their share in the award; and both have thought it necessary to defend themselves in the newspapers.

A Word Gives Offence

We have Daughters with a capital D (no dash, please) in the North; hence our sympathy. Such organizations undoubtedly serve useful purposes, but their point of view is sometimes confusing to the masculine mind. Miss BOYSEN, it appears, got into trouble, and got her judges into trouble, by following Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, who, on the other hand, made himself extremely popular in the South by his laudatory treatment of LEE in his book, *Lee at Appomattox*, and in his address at Lexington, Virginia, on the centenary of LEE's birth. "He was a traitor," says Miss BOYSEN, "in that he sacrificed all to aid the enemies of his country, but so were GEORGE WASHINGTON and JOHN HANCOCK and WILLIAM of Orange"; and she refers to Mr. ADAMS, who adds to these names OLIVER CROMWELL'S and Sir HARRY VANE'S. We should not like to have to find a nobler company, even for General LEE. We suppose it is the word "traitor" which gives offence; but Miss BOYSEN explains: "The real issue was not between patriotism and the want of it, but between two forms of it, and the point to be borne in mind is that those who believed in one conception were as loyal as those who clung to another." This strikes us as well put, and it certainly voices very well the feeling many Northern people now have for LEE and men like him—men of the highest character—who served the Confederacy. We believe it also expresses fairly well the feeling of many Southerners about LINCOLN and others who served the Union. There is no doubt that LEE is fast being accepted as a national possession. This, we suppose, is what the D. U. C. had in mind when they offered the prize. When it is remembered also that the committee was really in the position of judges of a debate, who pass on the performance of the debaters, not on the merits of the question, one can't help finding the censure of the Richmond ladies a trifle harsh. But we offer this only as a very mild intimation. We are not keen for argument with the sex which the ignorant call defenceless. Moreover, we don't wish to get President ALDERMAN and Professor SMITH into more trouble.

Brother Lyman Lectures on New Papers

Editor HART LYMAN, of the *Tribune*, gave the BRIGHAM lectures this year at Yale College. It will be recalled that they were founded in memory of ISAAC BRIGHAM, once of the New York *Tribune*, and co-worker in his labors with Mr. LYMAN. Brother LYMAN told the Yale young men a little about Mr. BRIGHAM, and went on to tell them a great deal about newspapers. We have read his discourse through twice, and have found it edifying both times, and commend it to the attention of everybody, and especially to those of our newspaper brethren who are lucky enough to see it in print. One thing that the lecturer said is that journalism and literature come hand and hand, and that there is nothing antagonistic between them. In defence of that position he cited the contributions of distinguished men of letters in France—BERTHOZ, SAINTE-BEUVE, THÉOPHILE GAUTIER—who were constant contributors to Paris newspapers. Think, he said, of almost any eminent writer in France of the last one hundred years, and you are pretty certain to think of a man who has been in his time a journalist; perhaps a journalist down to the day of his death. Perhaps the connection between journalism and literature is closer in Paris than in New York, but we are not sure of that, and if it is, it is to the advantage of Paris. The appearance of Doctor PARKHURST as a daily contributor over his own name to Mr. BRISBANE'S HEARST paper is a sign of the tendency to copy a practice that in Paris has been found profitable. As yet Doctor PARKHURST would not be described as a man of letters, but he may be before he gets through.

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And Takes a Hopeful View

Mr. LYMAN is pleased, on the whole, with newspapers as they are, and very hopeful of their betterment, and commends the making of them to young men who are game for long hours of work and short vacations and endowed with that "olato and unsubduable spirit which carries a mountain like a feather." He promises them promotions that are worth while, and the joy of living in a larger world than many others know, and intimacy with important events in their earliest stages. Above all, he tells them they will have the advantage of writing clear English and seeing it fairly printed the next day; and that, to be sure, is one of the great compensations of the business.

Lexicography

From "The Lexicographer's Easy Chair in the *Literary Digest*, published by our esteemed friends, Messrs. FUNK & WAGNALLS:

In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

"A. L. S." SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—"Is it correct to say, 'The conductors are instructed *to not accept* them'? Should not this be, 'The conductors are instructed *not to accept* them'?"

The second form is correct, altho there are some occasions *where* it is not only permissible, but also better form to separate the "to" from the verb. Strong censure of the cleft or split infinitive has been expret by grammatical critics; but while *it* must be admitted that *its* employment is a blemish, *it* is to be noticed that *its* occurrence in good literature is frequent. Briefly, then, one may say that *its* use is in general to be avoided, but that *it* is permissible where ambiguity of sense or complexity of structure would result from using the infinitive in its regular form. This, however, does not apply in the sentence cited.

The italics are ours.

A Militant Lady from Swedeo

A Swedish lady with a Welsh name has come to these shores to stir us up on the subject of vaccination and vivisection. In so far as our observation goes, the enthusiastic anti-vivisectionists are also, as a rule, very earnest opponents of vaccination, and of all serums and anti-toxins, and of pretty much all the methods, expedients, and novelties of modern medicine and modern surgery. Scratch any one of them, and the chances are that you find an opponent of all medical science, and a believer in osteopathy or some form of mental healing. Which one of the side-lines of healing is patronized by Madame LIZZY LIND-AF-HAGBY (that is the Swedish lady's name) we do not know, but if the contents of her mind on this and other subjects could be disclosed and examined we presume that many interesting views would be found which would have an explanatory bearing on her anti-vivisection convictions. The same capacities of weighing evidence and the same methods of reasoning which make urgent anti-vaccinationists and anti-vivisectionists produce curious opinions on other subjects. If the entire mental furniture of these cults could be exhibited, it would be helpful in determining how far their judgment is to be respected in connection with the particular reform they may happen to be hammering at. Their hearts are usually kind, and that makes them likable and sometimes gains their heads more respectful consideration than the quality of their judgment deserves. As to anti-vivisection, Dr. DAVID W. CHEEVER, of the Harvard Medical School, said in a lecture the other day:

You may choose between your sick child and a guinea-pig or a rabbit (but that's not all. You've got to have post mortem operations. I know the natural repugnance that exists against this, and as a result autopsies are rare where they ought to be frequent. You should remember that at death the bird has flown and there is nothing but the shell left. The soul has departed and the body which contained it remains. If you want successful surgery the public must be educated to see the necessity of dissection, vivisection, and autopsies.

The New Civic Duty

It would not be easy to say upon just what ground every right-minded man wishes to kill an automobilist, but there can be no question that the universal desire jumps with the sense of a novel duty which the conditions have imposed. In this the rude swain, who stands with his shotgun by the roadside and aims it at the chauffeur whose like run over his chicken the day before, is of one hot blood with the gentle scholar who, [illegible] by his awkward efforts to escape with his [illegible] in crossing the city street before the motor, and [illegible] longs to throw a bomb into the lap of the motorist. Possibly, if we brought the feeling to a microscopic analysis, it would be found in both cases the instinctive belief, with the strength of a reasoned conviction, that the automobilist was in the nature of things a richer man than ourselves, and that his money had been dishonestly and disgracefully come by. It is a mixed feeling, made up of private grudge and of public spirit, but with the public spirit in far the greater proportion; but that it is by no means an intolerant prejudice may be proved by any one who will himself get into an automobile and whirl down the highway at any pace beyond the speed limit that he chooses. He will then realize that automobiling is compatible with many of the softer if not the sterner virtues; but the chance is one that can offer itself to a very few out of the overwhelming majority of pedestrians, and it need not be seriously considered. In fact, it is not with the nature of the common feeling against the automobilist that we have to do here, so much as with the question of his extinction before his multitude is so vast that no measures of justice can prevail against him.

The Injury to Dignity

It is not merely danger to life and limb from the rapidly multiplying machines on all the highways and byways, with the irresponsibility of locomotives jumping their tracks, it is not merely the damage when we fail to escape them, but the sense of indignity which remains with us when we succeed. This has been intimated by an eminent divine, whose courage has been approved in other fields, and who is now temerariously contributing counsels of perfection to an evening paper hopelessly abhorrent to the fearfuller righteous. He tells us that when he has been hooted at by the horn of the chauffeur warning him of danger, and has managed to reach the sidewalk in safety, he feels outraged in that self-respect which should be dear to all and which every citizen has a right to cherish; and certainly we find something to agree with in what he says. It is like being shouted at by a witness who sees you in peril; and it does somehow convey a wound to the sensibilities. But we should not ourselves complain of the chauffeur's sins of commission as of his sins of omission in the matter of warning. He is bound by the law which he outruns and overrides in so many ways to sound his horn at corners and crossings, and in close proximity to the heedless pedestrian; and we do not see how he is to fail of this obligation without grievous and sometimes deadly wrong. His machine cannot signal the passer as does the trampling of horses' hoofs; and without that loathed lasting, you are in danger of far worse injury from him. Without it you find him at your very shoulder, and as you flounder backward, or bound forward, he whirs by you with a sarcastic smile far worse than any hooking or snorting.

Instinctive Hostilities

Too commonly, but not invariably, his passengers partake his gayety, and they all seem to think that you will enter into the joke yourself. But you cannot, and you go away adding in your palpitating heart to the store of hate for the automobilist which must some day burst in fury upon him. It is not extravagant to say that one never goes up or down town without being aware of narrowly escaping unhurt from an automobile, and that it is a constant care to avoid the danger which it is a public wrong to put upon the private person. As yet the law is not alive to the atrocity of this condition of things; but the streets of the city and the lanes of the country should be made and kept safe, so that with the least caution one need not incur injury in them. They have been rendered highly unsafe by the reckless use of machines which may yet be forbidden them; with their immense increase of these the thing has gone steadily from bad to worse; and the eminent divine whom we have not been praising enough could not do the community a better service than by preaching against them in the press or even in the pulpit. The massacre of automobilists has not yet begun, but the hatred of them is present, if latent, in at least all the non-automobilists. There is no horror of which the average person reads with so little unconcern as the crushing of some motorist under his own machine, and this is because the motorist, whether he realizes it or not, is a public enemy. When he has killed or maimed some hapless foot-passenger who was not prompt in flying from him, there is a hunger in every heart for his swift punishment with the extremest penalty that can be inflicted. When very rarely, when most exceptionally, justice forces the reluctant law to some penalty commensurate with his offence, there is but one voice from the public, and that is of praise for the magistrate who has had the courage to stand in its defence.

The Marks of Depravity

It would be interesting to inquire how far an inner depravity bred of recklessness and inhumanity has gone in characterizing automobilists, male and female, with a certain type of expression. They cannot make their private pleasure a public vice without detriment to their moral natures, which must show itself in that air of insolence they all seem to wear. But if this is an illusion, they will not find many pedestrians to allow it. To most people they look the hardy indifference to the rights of others which they may or may not feel, and the time grows riper and riper for their extinction, either by prohibitory legislation, as in the Happy Isle of Mount Desert, or by the outraged populace rising in some Sicilian Vesper and puncturing their persons and their tires at one blow. Few will there be in that wild hour to heed our suggestion that there may be good automobilists as well as bad; that their look of hard defiance may be merely the tense effect of unrelaxed vigilance for the general safety; and that the chauffeur, whom his calling differences from every other driver by a set apathy of regard, is wearing the mask of an adamantine anxiety.

Fund for Bryn Mawr

The alumnæ of Bryn Mawr College are interested in a very practical and effective way in the wages of learning. They recently raised the sum of $100,000 as a nest egg for a fund to be applied to the raising of the professorial salaries. The General Education Board has entered into the scheme, and out of the ROCKEFELLER endowment for higher education has offered a gift of $250,000 conditioned upon the raising of $250,000 more, and the paying off of the college's present indebtedness of $130,000 before June 10, 1910. It is expected that the Bryn Mawr alumnæ will rise to the occasion, and there is no better cause for which to raise money than that of increasing the wages of learning. We look forward to a future when people will be horrified at the contrast between the sums we are willing to pay for material benefits and the sums we deem adequate for our mental and spiritual leaders. Doubtless it can only be excused by the well-founded conviction that learning and virtue are their own rewards.

Wisdom, Also, Grows Common

Even now wealth is not regarded with the same awe as it used to be, and gold is not worshipped with the same devotion as of old.—*Joseph Folk, at Pittsfield.*

We guess that is so. Large masses of money have come to be too common to excite quite as much awe as they once did, and the common, everyday newspaper record of the effect of riches on a considerable portion of its possessors must tend to modify the theory that "swollen fortunes" are the greatest of human blessings. Enough may not be as good as a feast, but it has features that compare pretty well with too much. There is no new light on riches, but more people appreciate them formerly what has always been appreciated by philosophers. The distinctive feature of this age is the diffusion of knowledge. While all people read newspapers, as they do, how can wisdom fail to multiply?

James MacArthur

DEAD? I do not understand!
With your clasp warm on my hand,
With the word I heard you say
Echoing from yesterday—

And the last good line you penned
Scarcely read— You dead, my friend?
You who helped and cheered me so—
Can it be God did not know?

No, I tell myself it seems
But a sorrow that one dreams.
Death had sterner work to do
Than to stop and summon you.

And the word I heard you say
Echoes now from yesterday,
And your clasp yet warms my hand—
Dead? I cannot understand!

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

Doch-an-Doris

Now be the stirrup-cup filled—
Sadly and proudly drain!
He whose last journey is willed
Came of the old Scot's strain.
Alas for the strong heart stilled,—
Faithful, and tender, and fain . . .
Now is the stirrup-cup filled—
Drink—for he comes not again!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WHO RETIRES AFTER SEVEN YEARS IN THE WHITE HOUSE

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To Theodore Roosevelt: Greeting!

Good morning, Mr. President! and, yes—*au revoir!* though not good-by!

It is hard going to the side lines. You yourself never willingly made way for any one—except, perhaps, your successor. We wish we could leave out the "perhaps." But we are speaking candidly—so candidly that we will admit we find it hard to believe that even you never have longed for that which some often supremely desire—obscurity; some indeed so intensely that they would not envy a lion his meal.

The "perhaps" must stay, and with it a thousand doubts. This question of what sort of man you are at heart has been, for years now, probably the commonest single topic of conversation in America. How you have become so conspicuous, so unavoidable, we think we can see. Decidedly you are not lazy. The thought of that incessant, demoniac energy of yours is to the indolent and ease-loving among us like a lash. And in all your activity there is the instinct of success. Although you did not shine at school or college, you won from youth precisely the kind of training that counts in getting on. The very swiftness of your activities explains their success. And this goes deeper than it sounds. You act on first impulses, after a quick glance at situations, but with no more pondering than the average man will give. You thus, as a rule, hit upon courses which the average man—particularly the average man of affairs—is likely to approve. Of course you have not time to ponder; but neither is that your bent. No act of yours has the quality of a work of patient art—as so many of Lincoln's had; nor has your speech the sweetness of meditation. Both suit newspapers better than they will suit books; but your countrymen read newspapers more than they read books.

This quality of your acts we cannot condemn. No mortal could give finish to all you do. But we do condemn the way you belabor us who do not totally approve—and praise—all you do. That is the most exasperating of your injustices. You tell us vehemently how you and your friends value their honor above all things, and yet you freely and violently assail the good names of other men. Many you denounce for lying; yet it is the simple truth that thousands of your countrymen question your veracity.

For a while success threw such a glamour over you that we could only think of you as paragon or as arch-villain. It is curious how that illusion about men lifted up persists—when we know they must be like the rest of us. We do not believe all your opponents have been liars; nor yet that you yourself have been lying incessantly and consciously. It is plain that you put your side of everything too strongly. A whisper in the White House turns to thunder out-of-doors; but you have seemed to think you would not be heard unless you shouted. You are of those who use speech as means to all manner of ends. But even in this respect you may be a sign of moral progress; for even in this respect we must, we think, account you more scrupulous than Napoleon.

You will not wonder that we mention such a name. Many will. But you do indeed set us looking for European counterparts. As a spectacle your career could stand a European, even an Asiatic, setting. In this you may have served us well. Europe seems to find you like her own rulers, to understand and respect your demonstrations of our strength. Nevertheless, you have more in common with Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, than with Tsar or Emperor. He, too, you remember, was violent in loyalties and hatreds. He, too, kept his prestige to the end, and named his successor. Of course you are more than the frontiersman. City-bred and college-bred and travelled, you range beyond his narrow ken—and boldly essay full citizenship of every province your mind explores. But if you are more than he could be, may you not also be less? Can you match his sincerities—or his manners?

He was not a politician; and we long thought you were not. Now we know better. In politics, as in all things, you choose to win, with such devices as winning demands. You are right, we suppose, if life is. Going below these complex relations of men does not bring us to any counterpoising by nature of electrotypes to strife. You despise the negative heroisms and moralities; we will not question whether you could attain them. With your doctrine and life-principle of self-assertion, you have achieved a career in many ways splendid and glorious; we will not ask if you could have accepted a martyrdom, or lived through a life of self-abnegation.

Are there such lives? Sacrifice, humility, sometimes seem to us forms of self-seeking. The stormiest activity may be in truth a kind of yielding, as when Gladstone in agony turned from the church to the senate to work out a mystical consecration. Your ceaseless grasping at every means to achievement is compliance; there is in it what Swift called "the sting of perishable things." You are driven upon self-assertions as spirits equally ardent have been driven to the cloister.

It is yet too early to say what will be the permanent effect of your policies and methods on our actual constitution of government; or whether your party will hold to the course you have set it. The old questions of finance and the tariff you have left much as you found them. A true political instinct and sense of the movement of the popular mind turned you instead to your resounding assault upon trusts, of which there is as yet no clear outcome. You are best out-of-doors. Coming generations will have most cause to think well of you when they take thought of things material: of deserts reclaimed and forests preserved, and the canal, perhaps, and the inland waterways. It is idle to inquire precisely how far these conserving enterprises are yours. You have successfully appropriated them, as you successfully appropriated certain policies of the party opposed to you. Such depredations are the rule in politics. Avoidances such as yours of the tariff are equally the rule. You have accomplished things which Presidents of the older school would not have dared attempt, by methods they could hardly have imagined; and only time can determine which of your innovations will persist. You have excelled rather in the multitude of things done and striven for than in any kind of forbearance. In this, again, there is a kind of reassurance. Institutions which can permit such a man so much freedom, and which he yet does not obviously subvert, must have their roots deep in the popular consciousness. They will long continue to set bounds to personal force in our public men. You have possessed and exercised our government; you could not, if you had desired and dared, have essentially altered its forms. Willingly or unwillingly, you have even respected the more tradition which denied you longer possession. What you have, in fact, seemed to demonstrate is that our system contemplates energy and aggression in its highest office.

Do you wonder that there is so little asperity in all this? We choose to be too serious for irony, or for that ridicule which you so constantly exhaust and so frenziedly resent. Because it is the form of attack you resent least well, we discard it—to *say au revoir*. We can think of no other public man since Andrew Johnson so plainly perilous to gibes. That circumstance indicates, better, perhaps, than any other sign, the sense of you which will go into history. It will leave your eulogists free to compare you with Napoleon and Frederick the Great. It will debar them from associating you with that small group among the famous men of action whom a Voltaire or a Madame de Staël would have found it useless to assail, and who would certainly never have persecuted any man or woman for pen-pricks. Hampden, we should say, was of that group, and Lincoln, and General Lee. For those were of those who have believed—we will not say rightly—that ruling one's own spirit is greater than taking cities; of those who practised the emphasis of quietness. If you were set beside one of that group, before a Greek of the time of Pericles, he would see, better than we your countrymen can, wherein your success is failure.

We make concessions, Mr. President—and we admit doubts. We are trying, in parting, to adhere to an attitude of sympathy. If we do not think we should have done so ill in your place, we are quite sure we should not have done so well. We are willing, if time shall prove your champion, to grow more and more reconciled into admiration. But we remember, or seem to remember, a kind of charm you had in years gone by which this so wonderful fruition of manhood does not yield; and we recall some words spoken by a young man as he parted from those same quiet places where your own youth was nurtured. He also became a man of action—a soldier; he was the very man who fell

> "Tipping with fire the bolt of men
> That rived the rebel line asunder."

This is what he said:

"Apollonius of Tyana tells us in his Travels that he saw 'a youth, one of the blackest of the Indians, who had between his eyebrows a shining moon. Another youth, named Memnon, the pupil of Herodes the Sophist, had this moon when he was young; but as he approached to man's estate its light grew fainter and fainter and finally vanished.' The world should see with reverence on each youth's brow, as a shining moon, his fresh ideal. It should remember that he is already in the hands of a sophist more dangerous than Herodes, for that sophist is himself. It should watch lest, from too early or exclusive action, the moon on his brow, growing fainter and fainter, should finally vanish, and, sadder than all, should have in vanishing no sense of loss."

And yet—and yet—*au revoir*, Mr. President, *Au revoir*—but not good-by.

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WILLIAM H. TAFT

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

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To William H. Taft: Greeting!

Good morning, Mr. President.

To you also we prefer to turn with serious eyes. Solemnities drop less naturally from our pen, we must own, in this greeting than in that tentative farewell we have just been pronouncing. We can imagine you saying what Charles Surface said while Sir Oliver paid his respects to Brother Joseph: "If they talk this way to Honesty, what will they say to me by and by?" And we *could* fall into that mood; for, strange to say, we seem less in doubt about you at your coming in than about this other at his going out. Certainly you do not suggest painful reflections on the mysteries of human nature and life and fate. Rather you invite to joviality and matter-of-fact.

But we are to watch your every act, listen to all your words, to praise and dispraise you, for four years, perhaps for eight. Frankly, we have much hope in you, and it is hard to believe we shall ever feel bound to assail you with bitterness, to taunt, to deride. You have our liking—in common, we think, with that of nearly all your countrymen. But you know how hard it will be to keep from losing this well-nigh universal goodwill. For Lord Russell was right, and the poet wrong. Government causes and cures countless ills. You cannot for a day exercise your vast powers without helping and hurting thousands. Wise or unwise, right or wrong, your acts will cut deep into human lives. We trust that you sleep well.

Frankly, again, there have been some things we do not like. Like your predecessor, you in your youth revolted against that system of so-called protection which, in its present phase, we count an indefensible surrender, first of your party, and then of the government, to greed; and you, like him, have failed to defend in plain words this acquiescence of manhood against that rebellion of youth. When you touched upon your change of heart, speaking to young faces, in the place of your youth, your words went lame. You said then that you still approved of your youthful principles, that you held them still orthodox and sound—"if only the application of them is not carried to such an extreme as to interfere with the public welfare." You certainly cannot believe that free trade or any other *laissez-faire* principles run riot in our present tariff laws. Now that you have declared yourself a protectionist, however, we will not ask you to act as if you had never ceased to be a free-trader. We *should* like you to study the life of Sir Robert Peel. But we will be content for the present if you will merely bring us back to protection—if you will merely insist that Congress shall squeeze the sheer robbery out of the schedules, although the real protection remains. All you have said since Election Day indicates that this is your purpose. Since you have progressed thus far, we have our hopes concerning the next step.

Frankly, again, we could wish there had been, in your campaigns for the nomination of your party and then for election, less apparent dependence on the help and favor of your predecessor. It gave, alike to your rivalry with other leaders in your own party and to your contest with the candidate of the opposition, a character not unexampled in our history. That Van Buren was similarly championed has not been to his credit with historians. But we Americans understand personal loyalties, and respect them, too, when they do not mean disloyalty to principle or to us. Let us feel that in office you hold yourself responsible only to us and to principle, and we will not malignantly keep you in mind of the manner of your elevation. But we do not envy you the difficult choices you will have to make between independence and gratitude. There is but one safe rule, we think. Do the right, and be careless of interpretations. We shall probably understand and approve; but since you are only one man, charged with the interests of millions, it is not quite of the first importance whether we do you justice or not.

Frankly, again, we do not like your apparent participation in an insincerity which your party has too long practised successfully. Every four years it goes before the country with words which can only be interpreted as a demand for interference by the government of the nation between the two races now living together in great numbers in the Southern States; and yet, though in full control of all departments of that government, your party takes no such action as it seems to demand. We could dismiss the practice as harmless, since it deceives few; but lying is objectionable in itself. It is uncomplimentary in this instance to the intelligence of the country, and particularly to that of the unfortunate race most concerned. We believe you will in time set yourself against this practice.

For of the things we like there is none we like better than your impassioned declaration in the heat of your campaign that you did not wish to be President of half your country, and your decision to break all precedents of nearly half a century and go and offer yourself in person to our fellow citizens of the South. We cannot help thinking that your thorough awareness of our place in the world as one great republic prompted you to this manliness and candor. We cannot afford to keep a Poland, an Ireland, in our system. But sheer sentiment played its part. You would be rid of the dominance of "old, unhappy, far-off things." You know already how warmly the South responds to your challenge. We think we can assure you that your course has alienated no Northern friends worth keeping.

Of course the problem of the African in our body politic, as in our industries, our social relations, remains. You do not, we are sure, fancy you have solved it; nor are we ready to tell you how to solve it. We are not at all sure there is any solution, and fancy it may be misleading to use that word, or "problem" at all. What we have to do with is a situation, a condition, desperately permanent, yet measurably changing and changeable. No mere ingenuity will transform it. Evasion and dodging will not avoid it. Violence usually heightens the difficulties inseparable from it. It will always be in your power to stir its embers into angry flames; your power to alter it for the better is doubtful. We commend to you, therefore, the spirit and the methods, the infinite patience and sweet reasonableness, of that one among your predecessors who did, in fact, nevertheless deal with this perplexing situation more boldly than any one else ever did. You are less fortunate than he, in that to him it presented a reasonably plain question of right and wrong. You are more fortunate, in that you can freely take counsel with the true and accepted representatives of both these two great masses of human beings, who find their destinies linked together under our flag. We are confident that at least you will not, by flying in the face of facts, and contradicting racial human nature, aggravate what you cannot alleviate, merely disturb what you cannot change; yet that no force or agency which makes for human progress will find cause to upbraid you for coldness or neglect.

We are glad you have been a judge. Granting you conservatism instead of ambition, we think you will find that to do justice among men will be your most constant function, though you wear no ermine. Our hope is the greater, because you have propounded no theory of life, profess no allegiance to any one principle in your own life, but have merely risen from task to task by virtue of efficiency and good nature. You will not set *obiter dicta* above decisions. The case itself will be your business, and you will wait for cases to come up before you decide them.

In nothing will that habit and procedure serve you better than in your effort, following your predecessor's lead, to make government stand for right as between man and man, class and class, force and force, in all its relations to our appallingly complex industrial system. To proceed from one specific evil to another, to formulate no rules not based on actual experience, to try no mere experiments—to go on step by step—this, simple as it seems, is the sole secret of England's success in free government. She arrives at generalizations only by amassing precedents. Her genius is the distrust of genius, and her caution and foresight consist in keeping pace with the demands of her civilization, not in running ahead to meet them.

It is better to go slowly than to go wrong. You do not possess, we do not think you imagine that you possess, the colossal brains to direct into new channels the immense social forces now contending on this continent as on others, to devise and impose a new plan for producing and distributing wealth. But you have the training and knowledge to correct abuses of the plan now in operation. At many points we have broken with the individualism of the past, though we once thought it the essence of our democracy. Perhaps we are moving toward socialism. If it is the best and final form of society, however, we will attain it without forcing our pace. We do not know our goal, and must yet hold fast to all that has proved soundest in our past experience.

Your limitations, therefore, commend you, Mr. President. Our greeting is the more cordial because we do not take you, and you do not take yourself, for a man of destiny; because we are not moved to make our salutation an obeisance.

Nevertheless, we commend to you all the inspiration to be got from considering the magnitude of your trust, the terrible height to which you are lifted up by our will and choice. Your station is like Cæsar's, or Charlemagne's. It is not less because railroad and steamship, electricity and the press, bring far things near and make the mysterious commonplace. Because you hold it, Europe and Asia are daily mindful of you. Maintain it, then, as we have no doubt you will, with dignity, and be conscious always that the great mass of your countrymen, of all races and parties and creeds, know instinctively the line between that criticism and opposition which a republic permits and that which patriotism sternly forbids.

Good morning, Mr. President—and good fortune!

James Wilson, Iowa
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Jacob M. Dickinson, Tennessee
SECRETARY OF WAR

PRESIDENT TAFT'S CABINET

AS ANNOUNCED IN ADVANCE OF THE INAUGURATION

Can Americans Talk?

By John B. Yeats

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. STROTHMANN

MYSELF an Irishman and, what is more to the present purpose, a portrait-painter, naturally I have been much interested in discovering what facially distinguishes the American from the Englishman. What has impressed me most is that the American frowns a great deal and the Englishman smiles a great deal; also that their mouths are in harmony with this distinction, so that while the American pulls down the corners of his mouth the Englishman turns them upward.

In hotels and restaurants where I have been pursuing my inquiries I find invariably that when people are smiling I hear the English voice—a smooth, unmodulated, high-pitched voice—while Americans will sit together through long meals and not once smile or even exchange glances. You find out that they are talking only by watching their mouths to see if these make any movement apart from what is necessary to take in food. But whether there is or is not conversation, no one smiles, no one becomes responsive, no countenance relaxes; and this tombstone effect becomes itself a sort of comedy when you find that it is most apparent on the faces of the little children in the party.

In hotels and restaurants Americans will sit together through long meals and not once smile

Manifestly this is a very wide generalization to which there are many exceptions: Americans are not always frowning. Englishmen are not always smiling; yet as distinctions go I think it is a sound one, and that on this occasion I am a competent observer.

If it is a sound distinction it will go some distance to account for another fact which I think I have discovered—that the Americans do not know how to converse. Of course they talk and talk a great deal, but it is not conversation. It resembles the efforts of a debating society in which people make speeches and pour out leading articles and essays very logical and rhetorical, and sometimes a little long-winded. Surrounded by countenances which give out no light and no guidance, necessarily people have to nerve themselves as for a great effort and speak as if they stood in front of a multitude only dimly apprehended.

In Ireland we are a nation of talkers as copious as the Elizabethans, though not as great, since, alas! without their bold liberty of speech and their delight in intellect for its own sake. It is natural, therefore, that I, an Irishman, should prize conversation and should constantly inquire as to the conditions which are apt to make it flourish. Now from much experience I would say that the room where talkers meet should be well lighted, that the lamps should not only burn brightly, but that there should be plenty of them. There must be light so that each talker may peruse quite at his leisure the faces of those he is to talk with. Who ever heard a general conversation at a dimly lighted dinner table? Above all, I have observed that shy and diffident men and women will not speak with any frankness, any self-abandonment, if they cannot see clearly the faces of their interlocutors. In conversation, in true conversation, discourse is kept in the right channel by constant vigilance; and the best talker is the one who, having something to say and the courage to say it, has also the largest fund of sympathetic evolution and the deepest store of character knowledge and sympathy. A good talker is like a mariner entering strange, uncharted seas, who will drop his plummet again and again and make his soundings. Above all, he will be careful to make his entry into such seas in broad daylight, shunning night-time, or when thick fog is spread over the water. The tightly drawn lips and impassive eyes cultivated, as I think, so carefully by the Americans are to talkers as alarming and depressing as fog or night-time to the mariner. Of course nothing ever depresses the orator. He rises to his occasion; he is a man of grit and courage; and for that reason it is the orator who at American social gatherings gets all the show. Carlyle would have faced the difficulties manfully like one of his own heroes and hurled forth his denunciations. Macaulay also would have been quite at home because he was an orator, with the orator's physical equipment of a loud, loading voice. But Charles Lamb, "the frolic and the gentle," would have been silent. The true talker has the heart of a child, ingenuous, naive, giving and seeking confidence, looking for friends; and, like a child, is easily rebuffed.

What part in American society can be played by a pretty girl full of intellect and light wit, and, as is the manner with such happily endowed creatures, liking better to talk with bright men than to hear them make love to her? Unless she is an athlete she must either make love or join the suffragettes, or else frequent those wonderful gatherings where women meet together to discuss abstract questions of marriage or occultism or Christian Science. Poor, bright, clever American girl! She must be either a blue-stocking or a flirt, an orator or an athlete. She cannot be one of Shakespeare's women: the play of wit is not for her nor for her generation.

Conversation is at once a display of life and its criticism: and its value from all time is that it stimulates the mind and affords opportunities for the finest wits to sow their intellectual wild oats. Art and literature are the expression of man on his social side, and if solitude is necessary, no less is society. Poets are solitary only to possess themselves and get away from the uncongenial: but they are poets and exercise their art because they seek society, and if men fail them they will address the supernatural. Conversation is an art as painting is, as poetry is, and subject to the same laws, from which nothing human is excluded, not even argument. There is painting which argues and poetry which argues; so why not a conversation which argues? Only argument is a material of such intractable dulness and repulsiveness that of all the elements it is the most difficult to mould into the most blessed shape of art. The fact is that art touches us at all points, whereas life touches us only at some one point. For the function of art is to transmute life so that it touches us at all points at the same moment. For this reason, in conversation argument is included, yet not that it may usurp the whole attention, as would be the inclination of that sulphurous commodity.

Another obstacle to good conversation is the American passion for ideas. Although in all conversation there should be ideas, yet I am certain that these ought not to be made the ruling topic. A philosopher as philosopher, a mathematician as mathematician, cannot be made personally interesting. Conversation exists to amuse, and to amuse by making special appeal to the imagination and sense of wit. Philosophers and mathematicians are here to instruct us and to instruct the world; but I do not enter a room full of pleasant people to gather wisdom. I enter such a circle as I go to see a picture or listen to a song, or as I dance—that I may amuse myself and invigorate myself and calm my natural spirits and learn to understand and love my fellow-creatures, and that I may laugh dull care away. True, there must be ideas, as in all amusements worthy of the name there is a certain seriousness impossible to define; only they must be kept in the background and must preserve a well-bred behavior, not thrusting themselves in our faces, as they do so much when Americans talk. Rather they should be like elderly chaperons in a party of young people, who gossip together and keep the proprieties, but take no part in the dancing.

Ideas are the delight of the immature and the young. The youth who has spent his life under the stimulus of emulation cannot conceive of talk as anything different from argument, for that reason he likes ideas, and, above all, ideas that appeal to the moral sense, since he is full of the moral sense as little corrected by experience as when his mother first planted it in his infant mind.

In conversation the intellect must be humble, and remember that it is the servant and not the master, and conscience must veil her haughty pretensions. What is wanted is the something which is behind both intellect and conscience; affection, sympathy, hope, joy, pity; sorrow also, but in its social dress and on its usual behavior. On the same terms all the malignant passions may enter, even hatred, anger, and contempt. Everything human is welcome, but must abide the rules. Talkers should not be too old, either; old people losing their interest in life become egotists, interested only in themselves. Young middle age is best, while youthful ardor is still present and curiosity has become active curiosity as intoxicating in its aweless daring and bold surmises. Youth is all intellect and the moral sense; it touches life at less points.

Some day a great writer, dramatist, or story-teller will arise, and, capturing the American ear, write about this too much sensuousness, treating it with tenderness, with awe and respect, yet with irony—with irony, since not otherwise could the true literary man preserve that composure and dignity which is traditional with his race. Yet at the same time he must not smile it all away; only restrain it, so that it may take its due place as one of the attributes of the American personality, and not like Aaron's rod, swallowing all the rest.

This is not the only thing I see in the American as contrasted with the Englishman. The English man under his smiles remains an egotist, whereas a deep and true chivalry, easily awakened, is the dominant American characteristic; it is the habit of the nation, and if any man is wanting in it it is not the pure man. The Yankee, as I see him, walks with a stride and as if he loved the ground he walked on. He reaches forward as if he was still on some unclaimed part of the earth and on the watch for adventures. He is still a primitive man on the alert for danger. He knows nothing of the minor emotions, out of which are made drawing-room conversation and *recu de société*; but he is keen for rescues and perils or any other adventure that may by good luck be disclosed to him by a sophisticated civilization. To no other cause than this strange surviving primitiveness can I attribute the extraordinary patience and kindness and quality of humor which is an all-embracing atmosphere here in America, and to my mind the greatest of all American influences. Chivalry, not smartness, is the American characteristic.

The Englishman walks with a conscious strut; whether he smiles or frowns, this strut is never absent. It is because he is occupied with himself. He is benevolent, he is philanthropic, he loves his wife and children; yet he must be careful of himself. This is his first and last thought, and self is sometimes his pocket and sometimes his dignity. All men, even his nearest and dearest, must recognize that he has this duty for his chief care.

For my type of Englishman I have taken the man who travels, the upper middle-class Englishman, because it is the type by which Englishmen themselves wish to be judged. Let Scotland be judged by her peasants, and the great men sprung from her peasants, but England by her gentlemen.

For the reason given the Englishman walks as we all know the Englishman walks, stiffly and consequentially; ever on the defensive, whether his hand is kept in his breeches pockets or held out in open friendship. Such is the Englishman and such is his manner; and such he is because nothing else could result from a civilization where man is against man, and class against class, and where man is admired only so far as he has obtained a power over the lives and well-being of others.

She must make love or join the suffragettes

That the American has preserved himself from falling into this gulf is due to his passion for what is noble in human conduct; in other words, his passion for ideas. England and America have, as we know, many things in common, but not this passion

Talkers should not be too old

for ideas. England is a long settled country that lives under the traditions of law and detests abuse as much as America loves them.

In this article I have called chivalry the predominant trait of the American personality; yet smartness—that is, an exultant spirit of conscious efficiency—is what Americans themselves are most aware of; and chivalry is a latent quality. When I take a flint in my hand I feel how hard it is; here hardness is the predominant quality, and yet the spark is there also, latent, indeed, yet easily excited and potent to explode a magazine. Therefore, never forget, in dealing with Americans, their latent chivalry.

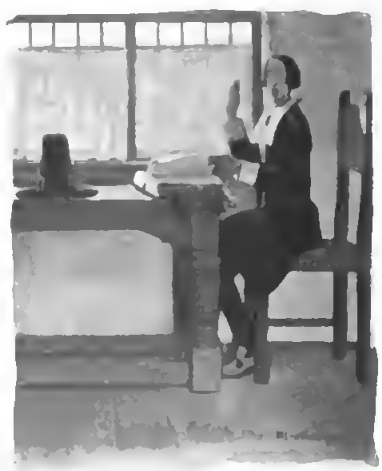
American chivalry seems to me to come from two sources—Protestant Puritanism on the one side, and the Irish Catholic religion on the other. The Protestant Puritans of early American history did not study the New Testament much: they preferred the Old Testament, leaving from it many things dreadful and hateful to contemplate; yet here also they learned many things of enduring value—reverent fear, and awful obedience to right and hatred of wrong.

The Irish Catholic Church, which is a peasant Church, taught the New Testament doctrine of the infinite pitifulness and the infinite tragedy of human nature, and the dignity of sorrow. Out of this combination has sprung American chivalry made up of love, obedience, and reverence.

In France they have, as we know, their world-famous gallantry toward women, which is tenderness and love of beauty, but without reverence and without obedience. In England the Catholic doctrine, particularly in its peasant form, never took hold. Commerce and Puritanism occupied all the ground, so that with the English everything is matter for stern barter, even affection and the most sacred sentiments.

Commerce is the English religion. By force of their history and present circumstances, humanity is the religion of America.

England is bound hand and foot to commerce, her only dream a bigger commerce and a bigger empire.



Learning from it many things dreadful to contemplate

In America stands humanity: an armed figure stern and passionate, desiring to be itself and discerning the future.

New York's Civic Search-light

By Mary R. Cranston

THE rank and file of American citizenship is chiefly responsible for municipal misrule. The average citizen takes about as much interest in local government as he does about what is going on in the planet Mars, and this indifference has left public affairs to the mercy of "machines" composed of professionals. Recent disclosures of corrupt practices, from San Francisco to Boston, afford startling evidence that maladministration is not local.

Characteristic extravagance in American private life is reflected to-day in public life, creating a situation which is avowedly serious, throughout the country.

A fundamental work for municipal betterment has been undertaken by the Bureau of Municipal Research, in New York City, where problems differ from those of other places, only in degree, but not in kind. Through a study of the causes for governmental failure, which goes to the root of the trouble in New York, definite, practical reform is being accomplished there by the Bureau, a non-political, volunteer body, aptly called a civic search-light.

A disinterested desire for efficient administration its sole aim, constructive in practice, the Bureau, during the two years of its existence, has to its credit many achievements for civic betterment. The work it has done to promote efficiency and eliminate graft has been accomplished by the difficult process of searching out facts and making them known, either in its own publications or in the daily papers.

The Bureau originated as a department of the Citizens' Union, a political reform organization in New York City. Three years ago the Union included a complaint department for the investigation of abuses, or negligence, in the transaction of municipal business. In the regular course of work instances of carelessness, and worse, in the handling of the city's money were continually brought to light. Their publication by an association more or less affiliated with politics lent value to the suspicion that investigations were made from political motives. As this was untrue, it was deemed advisable to form an independent organization distinctly free from politics, for the scientific study of New York's government, so the Bureau of Municipal Research was formed in 1906, incorporated in 1907. The three directors, William H. Allen, Henry Bruère, and Frederick A. Cleveland, had long been interested in social work. Frequent contact with various city departments, from whose disjointed records it was impossible to glean information desired, sometimes to the mutual regret of inquirer and officials, clearly showed the effectual arrest of social progress through departmental inertia or unscientific methods of keeping records. Consequently, they became convinced that real social betterment is impossible without efficient government.

The Bureau, financed by public-spirited men of wealth, is governed by a Board of Directors composed of R. Fulton Cutting, Richard Watson Gilder, E. R. A. Seligman, Albert Shaw, Frank Tucker, and John D. Rue, the administrative functions being vested in the executive board of three members, Dr. Allen, Mr Bruère, and Dr. Cleveland. Its distinctive feature as a social reform body is the intensely practical nature of its activities, the results obtained—in the words of the man in the street, it "delivers the goods."

Organized and supported by New Yorkers, the Bureau naturally turned its attention, first, to the affairs of its own city. While no colossal scandal has occurred within the last thirty years, there has been a more or less steady diversion of public funds to private pockets. In all these years many constructive remedies have been suggested, some of them tried. From time to time, exasperated citizens held mass-meetings, nominated and elected honest men to office, believing that a panacea had been discovered at last. But, unfortunately, public opinion does not long remain educated, neither is the mere overthrow of venal leaders permanently beneficial. What good is accomplished by "turning the rascals out" if the rascals' methods remain? Reform officials, "men of known probity," found themselves fatally handicapped by accounting methods that did not account for anything, auditing systems that failed to audit. The periodical breakdown of reform measures clearly pointed out where the trouble lay—with methods, not with men. The best man can do little with archaic methods; with a modern scientific system of accounting and cost-keeping, the worst man cannot go far astray.

Inasmuch as city departments are but business enterprises for the benefit of all the citizens, managed by groups of them, a wise movement seemed to be the application of business methods to government. It has remained for the Bureau of Municipal Research to inaugurate civic reform upon this basic principle. This it does by first asking official permission to study the work of a department, for the purpose of ascertaining where improvements may be suggested, either in the conduct of its affairs, in the clarifying of accounts, or both. Honest men, glad to obtain assistance of this character, grant free access to records, with results sometimes surprising to employees, but always beneficial to the community.

The Bureau's earlier studies were made in the Health Department, the office of the Commissioners of Accounts and the Street-Cleaning Department. Positive results were a better system for health records and accurate information as to the amount of money the department needs to adequately do its work; the resignation of one Commissioner of Accounts, the removal of another, the appointment of capable men, and the reorganization of the departments. All of this was done without sensationalism; it was simply the search-light's effect upon incompetence and "honest graft." Furthermore, the Bureau is not content to leave a task unfinished, for every weak spot uncovered it has a remedy at hand, in better methods, whose application never fails to relieve the situation.

The report which aroused general attention upon both the Bureau and New York's plight was a little book entitled *How Manhattan Is Governed*, containing facts brought out in a study of the streets and paving in that borough. It was filled, from cover to cover, with unassailable proofs of inefficiency and gross neglect upon the part of the Borough President, and led to his removal by the Governor. The publication of irregularities in real-estate deals caused one man to resign rather than face official investigation; a study of the office of a chief resulted in charges of incompetency, and a fourth is about to undergo investigation upon charges of falsifying records.

By far the most notable work of the Bureau, up to this time, is a study of the Department of Finance, the resultant suggestions for entire reorganization and the installation of proposed methods, all done by especial request of the Comptroller, who is of the opinion that New York's Department of Finance has never been organized.

There can be no doubt of the need for reform in this direction. Out of countless illustrations that could be given, but two must suffice. In one of the largest departments, no records, for years, had been kept of purchases; supplies were carelessly dumped into the storeyard, to lie there indefinitely, liable to rust, ruin, and theft. A lawn mower remained there long enough for a paradise tree to grow up between the rollers and twine itself around the handle. And all this time more supplies were being purchased. In another department, excessive quantities of horse feed were bought, unnecessary supplies helping to swell the forage bills, which, at last, are enormous, the annual cost of forage for all departments equalling the total financial outlay of most American cities of one hundred thousand and one hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants.

[illegible] hours wasted in real-estate transactions. [illegible] in connection with the acquisition of land for public uses, have consumed amounts out of all proportion to the value of the property in question. For instance, a certain commission sat for four years, and the city paid it $4,658 to award a claim of $7. Even after this the case was in the courts four years more. Fees to commissioners, at $10 a head, a meeting, in the opening of Jerome Avenue, a distance of two hundred and sixty-four feet, totalled $2,812. The stenographer's records show countless meetings when nothing was done but to record the presence of the commissioners, and five meetings were held to receive a report of the continual absence of a witness. Nevertheless, the commissioners drew their $10 apiece for each meeting. In Staten Island it cost $6,000 to condemn property worth $600. It has cost $1,490 to acquire land worth $100 in the Catskill water region.

In 1900 the total expense to govern New York amounted to $90,778,972. In 1908 the sum was $143,502,230. In 1909 it will be $150,545,148, an average of about $40 for each of its 4,000,000 inhabitants, all of it out of the pockets of the taxpayers, while in proportion to expenditures New York receives less than any other city on earth.

Adhering to the policy of education by turning on the light, the Bureau of Municipal Research, in conjunction with the Greater New York Taxpayers' Conference, held a budget exhibit in October, 1908. When first suggested the public mind appeared decidedly hazy as to what a budget exhibit might be. What was a budget but figures, how could such a thing be exhibited, who would go to see it, how could municipal statistics be humanized enough to attract ordinary men and women, taxpayers who ought to be, but probably were not, interested in what becomes of money they pay into the city treasury? When the exhibit was held, more than sixty thousand of them found it sufficiently vital to attend noonday meetings, listen to addresses by city officials upon the needs and work of their respective departments, and study the one hundred and fifty charts. Precedent wastefulness in departmental administration was graphically set forth in a majority of the exhibits. For cost books that anybody can buy, anywhere, for 6 cents, the city paid 90 cents apiece, 5 cents more for each screw; for Welsbach lights the city paid $20, four times as much as anybody else. Exorbitant prices were paid at times for labor. A chock-catcher received $64 for a job lasting five hours and twenty-five minutes. The payment of $19,707 a year for cleaning a municipal building, which even that sum did not keep in first-class condition, was contrasted with the offer of a window-cleaning firm to keep the same building really clean for $3,600.

In contrast to the large sums thrown away, other charts exhibited figures giving the number of children on part time for want of money to build new schoolhouses, of the need for more inspectors in Health and Tenement House departments, and a hundred other social necessities New York must do without because money for them is not forthcoming.

The saving effected in the forthcoming departmental estimates through the influence of the Bureau amounted to $13,451,852.

The work the Bureau is doing for New York has led to requests for its service from Philadelphia, Buffalo, Louisville, Cincinnati, and Memphis. Money has been subscribed by citizens in Philadelphia and a branch office opened there; in Memphis and Cincinnati committees are raising funds for the same purpose, while in other places research work, patterned after that in New York, has already been organized.

Municipal research bids fair to spread throughout the length and breadth of the land, to become national in scope. It is safe to say there is need for it in every town and city. It not only relegates theorizing to the past, and, from outgrown or deficient methods, constructs a plan commensurate with present needs, but it will do much to check social discontent, due to evil industrial conditions which, in turn, are in great measure the product of misgovernment.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH EVER PUBLISHED OF THE "TENNIS CABINET" IN SESSION

THIS PICTURE OF THE TENNIS COURT BACK OF THE EXECUTIVE OFFICES, ADJOINING THE WHITE HOUSE, SHOWS MR. ROOSEVELT, IN BLACK, PLAYING WITH ASSISTANT ATTORNEY-GENERAL COOLEY, WHO IS "RECEIVING." THEIR OPPONENTS ARE SECRETARY GARFIELD, AT THE NET, AND M. JUSSERAND, THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR, WHO IS HIDDEN BY THE BACK FENCE

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THE YOUNGER GENERATION IN OPERA

THE RETIREMENT FROM THE OPERATIC STAGE OF THREE OF THE LEADERS OF THE OLDER GENERATION OF WOMEN SINGERS—SEMBRICH, EAMES, AND NORDICA—BRINGS INTO GREATER PROMINENCE THE LEADERS OF THE GENERATION THAT IS SUCCEEDING THEM. MISS GERALDINE FARRAR, WHO IS ONE OF THE FOREMOST OF THESE YOUNGER OPERA SINGERS, WAS BORN TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO IN MASSACHUSETTS, AND HAS BEEN ON THE STAGE ONLY SEVEN OR EIGHT YEARS

Linking up the Seven Seas

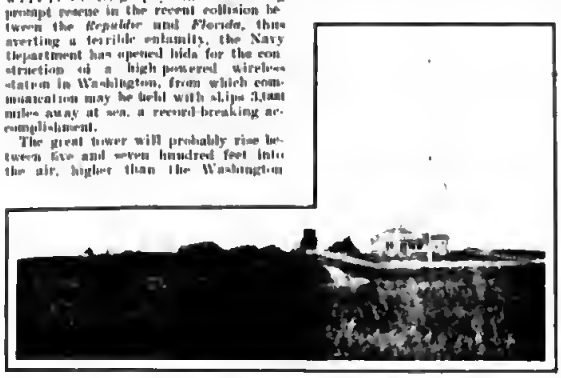
THE PROJECTED WIRELESS INSTALLATION WHICH WILL ENABLE WASHINGTON TO TALK WITH OUR SHIPS ALL OVER THE WORLD

By Walter L. Beasley

THE United States Navy Department has just officially announced plans to surpass all other Powers in the use of wireless telegraphy as a means of communication with ships at long distances. Following closely upon the splendid achievements of wireless telegraphy in summoning prompt rescue in the recent collision between the *Republic* and *Florida*, thus averting a terrible calamity, the Navy Department has opened bids for the construction of a high-powered wireless station in Washington, from which communication may be held with ships 3,000 miles away at sea, a record-breaking accomplishment.

The great tower will probably rise between five and seven hundred feet into the air, higher than the Washington Monument, and will cost, approximately, from $150,000 to $200,000. The power of the station can be estimated when it is understood that the most powerful station now in operation, at Point Loma, can transmit messages a distance of 500 miles by day and 1,500 to 2,000 miles by night. The specifications which have just been sent out by Rear-Admiral Cowles, chief of the Bureau of Equipment, require that the tower or station shall be capable of transmitting messages day and night, at all seasons, along a radius of 3,000 miles in any navigable direction from Washington. One of the strategic requirements is that the messages must be absolutely secret, and another, that they be not liable to interruption by atmospheric disturbances or interference from neighboring stations. This powerful station means the eventual establishment of wireless communication around the globe, as a chain of similar ones is to be built in Hawaii, Guam, Samoa, and the Philippines. Thus, whether in the North Atlantic, North Pacific, the greater portion of the South Pacific, part of the Indian Ocean—in fact, no matter in which of the seven seas the fleet may be cruising—the Navy Department will be able to communicate daily with the various commanders, and guide the ships at all times with the certainty of a man moving the pieces on a chess-board.

One of the important uses of the station will be the flashing of correct Washington time at noon daily to all ships at sea. The Navy Department, in keeping with the elaborate plans laid down for the employment of wireless both at shore stations and on ships, thereby increasing the demand for well-drilled and skilful operators, is just now instructing some two hundred and thirty-five bright young electricians in the New York Navy yard, in wireless telegraphy. The department's electrical school is excellently equipped. It is under the Bureau of Navigation, the various apparatus for demonstration purposes being furnished by the Bureau of Equipment and other departments. The accompanying photographs present some typical scenes in the Navy's wireless school, where the government is training its future experts how to send and receive messages. Few outside the service, however, know anything about it and its fine opportunities. Lieut.-Comt. Phillip Williams, United States Navy, is the executive officer, and he, aided by Chief-Gunner Andrew Dicson, has brought the school up to a high standard of efficiency.



Point Loma, Mexico, the most powerful governmental wireless station

The Navy takes raw and enlisted students who have but little knowledge of things electric, furnishes them with a thorough education in electricity and wireless telegraphy during a period of five months, and pays each man while under instruction from $16 to $31 per month. The government offers generous inducement to obtain the best candidates, giving each free transportation to New York and a new clothing outfit worth $60, with board and medical care thrown in. After the course of five months, a clear-headed, ambitious man, having shown merit and proficiency, can get the rate of first-class electrician, with $51 per month, and, after serving one year aboard ship, is eligible to be appointed chief electrician, at $75 per month. There are no classes, and the course is largely practical, with very little book work, the men getting individual experience with all electrical machinery, appliances, and instruments found on board a modern battle-ship. The wireless section is about the most fascinating and popular branch with the men. One of the striking features of the wireless school is several miniature stations arranged below the ceiling, in normal

Wireless-room on the battleship "New Hampshire"

Government station at Mare Island, California

operation, several hundred feet apart, whereby the men are enabled to practise transmitting and receiving wireless messages in the Navy and continental code.

A novel plan is employed to afford individual practice and to test the speed of the men in receiving, as well as to familiarize them with the official Navy code and others. From a table representing the flagship *Connecticut*, as the floating central station, as would be the case at sea-practice, messages, signals, etc., are sent down the long line of men, who are supposed to represent operators on board the whole of the Atlantic fleet. Thus the real routine method of wireless work as performed on battleships at sea is taught. The average speed of receiving words is twenty to twenty-five per minute, and fifteen in sending. One of the accompanying photographs shows the wireless-room of the big battleship *New Hampshire*, which sailed out and met and escorted the incoming fleet to Hampton Roads, taking along five graduates from the wireless school. The *New Hampshire* has installed the latest system of wireless, invented by a Harvard scientist, Professor Pearce, the day range for messages being two hundred and fifty miles, and at night over one thousand.

From the thoroughly exhaustive and systematic tests carried on by the Atlantic fleet during the cruise around the world with half a dozen or more of different systems, the Navy Department, after the official reports have been turned in, will be able to adopt for service use the one found to be the most powerful and reliable.

Learning to receive messages. The men represent operators on shipboard

Chief-Instructor Rice supposedly sending messages from the "Connecticut"

The Last Night

By John Kendrick Bangs

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER NEWELL

It was very late when he rose up from his desk—indeed, the last day had already begun. He was not yet aware of the fact, for he had applied himself closely to the labors of his office, and his Secretary, with that fine tact for which his administration of affairs will be forever memorable, had not torn the last leaf from his calendar memorandum-pad, so that to his eye it was still March 3d. A brief period of authority was still left him, and he revelled in it, though to the trained observer it was all too plain that deep down in the recesses of his heart were yearnings that might now never find fulfillment. For the first time in the seven years of his occupancy of the chair, he seemed listless and abstracted, and when he had signed the few papers that still awaited his official approval it was in a perfunctory fashion that suggested the prosaic meticulations of a rubber-stamp rather than with that slap-dash, devil-may-care verve and zip that had hitherto characterized all his autographic indulgences in matters of state.

"Well," he said, wearily, as he whirled about in his swivel-chair, after the last paper had been signed and the desk before him for the first time in eighty-nine months was clean and clear, "is that all?"

The Secretary's eyes filled, and his voice held a husky note of emotion as he replied

"Yes, that is all—that is the last paper, sir. There is no other public business that I know of—unless—"

The Secretary's face grew bright as he hesitated to give expression to the thought that had flashed through his mind

"Unless what?" demanded the President, wiping a gathering mist from his eye-glasses.

"Unless you would like to send one parting message

"How I have loved you!" he murmured, softly

to Congress, sir," suggested the Secretary, with an eager glance at his chief.

The President's eye flashed, and the furrows that had wrinkled his brow cleared away for a moment.

"What time is it?" he asked, quickly.

"Half past one," sighed the Secretary, mournfully looking at his watch.

"In the afternoon?" demanded the President, a great wave of cheer seeming to revive his spirits.

"No, your Excellency," said the Secretary. "In the morning."

The air of listless dejection returned. It was later than he thought.

"Half past one!" he mused. "I go out at twelve—there are ten and a half hours still left—one can say much in ten and a half hours, with proper assistance. It is a good idea—one last parting shot. A rousing opportunity to pen a fitting promulgation to my administration. Ah—how many stenographers still remain on duty?"

"Twenty-three," replied the Secretary, thoughtlessly blurting out the answer.

The President shivered as the full import of the calamitous number penetrated his mind. Then he rubbed his hand across his brow and seemed to fall into a deep reverie

"Twenty-three," he muttered. "Having a stenographic power of a hundred words a minute apiece, for ten and a half hours."

A few moments of rapid figuring upon his desk-pad ensued, and then, whirling about once more in his swivel-chair, he shook his head like a baffled lion and rose up.

"It is not enough, not enough," he groaned. "I could not more than begin to say what I have in mind for Congress to twenty-three stenographers in ten and a half hours. If there were seventy-three stenographers and forty-eight hours—ah, then I might manage a brief valedictory, but now it is too late, too late."

He sank down in his chair again, and gripped its arms perfervidly as he gazed mournfully into space

"Besides, it would be crowded out of the papers by Will's Inaugural Address," he added, "or, what is worse, boiled down to a mere stickful. I don't mind being roasted, but I hate like Hellcon, not to use a shorter and uglier word, to be boiled down."

"Then," said the Secretary, blowing out his fountain-pen and dusting off the typewriters—"then, sir, we are through. There is nothing else, except bed."

Again the President shuddered. The idea of bed, with only ten and a half hours of power left! The very thought was repugnant to him, and in every fibre of his being he resented it. Nero might fiddle at the burning of Rome, but would he spend any of those precious hours in slumber? Never!

He turned fiercely upon the Secretary.

"Leave me!" he cried, hoarsely. "I—I—I want to—to think."

The faithful Secretary gazed at his chief anxiously. The suggestion was unusual, and for a moment he feared that he had not heard aright

"You want to what, sir?" he faltered, his voice shaken with the suddenness of the shock

"Think," repeated the President. "You needn't look so strangely, old man. I know how."

"It was not that, sir," replied the Secretary. "But you have a hard day ahead of you, and you must not tire yourself. There will be time enough to think to-morrow afternoon."

A sad but affectionate smile flashed across the President's features as he patted the faithful Secretary on the shoulder.

"Dear, faithful old boy!" he murmured, with a note of tenderness in his tone. "To-morrow? Don't you suppose I know that it is already to-morrow?"

He reached over to the calendar-pad to tear off with his own hands the leaf that should reveal the true state of affairs, but his hand faltered, his fingers refused obedience, and his arm dropped nerveless to the desk.

"I cannot do it! I cannot do it," he moaned. "Send it outside and have one of the Secret Service men pull it off—and burn what's left. And as for you, my faithful friend, you may go. The long vacation has begun. Go to bed, old man, and dream of me."

Making a special effort, he rose up from his chair and led the weeping Secretary from the room. When he had pushed him out into the corridor where the Secret Service men slept, calendar in hand, he returned to his chair, and, throwing himself into it, placed his arms on the desk and buried his face in the folds of his sleeve.

"He must not see me cowering like a meticulous mollycoddle, a weakling," he sobbed.

For several moments he remained thus in silence. The whole course of his administration ran in a quick succession of vivid pictures through his brain, the character of each of which one could gather from the varying turns of expression on his mobile features. Now he was taking the oath of office under conditions of peculiar solemnity. Now a smile flashed across those lips indicating that the retrospect was having to do with the farraging of Poultney Bigelow; now he was penning the letter to "Dear Mama"; now he was living the broad, enduring foundation of that Universal Brotherhood, the Ananias Club, and so on through all the many zeniths of a career which even his most hostile critics have been compelled to liken to a Zenith Trust from its beginnings until—

"Awake, Sire!" he cried. "Awake!"

"Leave me!" he cried, hoarsely. "I—I—I want to—to think"

As the last picture passed athwart the canvas of his mind like the fleeting presentments of a cinematographic lantern, he raised his head and, had there been anybody there to see, it would have been noticed that his cheeks were wet. His eyes were filling anew, and through these upward-marching ranks of serried tears he gazed fondly about the room in which these happy years of his life had been passed.

"How I have loved you!" he murmured, softly caressing the walls with his eye. "What have you not meant to me, O ye loving arms!" he continued, stroking the arms of the executive chair. "And you, my well-beloved desk; and you, ye doors with your morning welcome and your nightly au revoir!"

His roving eye lingered for a caressing moment on the long row of typewriting machines on the other side of the room.

"And you," he apostrophized, "cold bits of mechanism though you seem to others, how much of my big and bursting heart you have conveyed to a listening world! How you have palpitated in unison with the beatings of my heart! I love your every key! Your capitals, your vowels, a, e, i, o, and u; your consonants, your commas, and e'en your periods, though seldom used, are all dear to my soul. The sound of your clicking hammer from dawn to dusk, and thence to dawn again, restless, unceasing, relentless; the merry jingle of your tinkling bell registering true by line the verbal edifice of statesmanship which I have laboriously builded up; the sibilant whisper of your spooled ribbons as they have reeled off the countless leagues of my aspirations and philosophic reflections to the Solar System—these, all these are tender memories to me, music sweeter than the strains of the noblest singers of man's songs, and I love you!"

The room seemed to palpitate with the anguish of that valedictory as he again threw his arms out across the inlaid and buried his streaming eyes in the folds of his sleeve. There he lay strangely quiescent at last, inert, immovable, as the hours slowly ticked themselves away. It seemed almost as if he slept.

Suddenly the door opened and a brilliantly uniformed officer entered the room. If one could judge from the tinkling sound of his epaulets he ranked not lower than a major-general. He carried a large suit-case in one hand, and a smaller affair that looked like a hat-box in the other.

"Pah!" he muttered, as he caught sight of the sleeping Executive. "Asleep at his post, and such things afoot! It is unlike him."

He shook the President by the shoulder.

"Awake, Sire!" he cried. "Awake!"

"Who, I?" demanded the President, raising his head and gazing stolidly at the visitor.

"Yes, your Highness," returned the officer. "The time has come, and sleep is for none of us this day."

"You wrong me, General, you wrong me," returned the President. "I have not slept for seven years. Sleep is the habit of the weakling. I was merely—ah, reflecting."

The General laughed.

"Even that is unlike you, Sire," said he. "This is no time to begin that sort of thing. The word is action, action, action! Are you ready?"

The President grew pale

"You think it can be—can be accomplished?" he cried, hoarsely.

"Can be?" retorted the officer. "Sire, it *is* accomplished!"

An eager flush superseded the pallor

"You mean to say," he cried, leaping to his feet, his whole being quivering with a sudden accession of electric vitality—"you mean to say—"

"I mean to say that everything is in readiness for the proclamation, sire," said the officer, gravely. "The Secret Service, largely augmented within the past two months, have arranged for everything, and in so far as we can rely on their reports all is well. The Army is

here, and is loyal. The Navy is abroad, but your officers on land or sea, placed in command by your favor, are grateful and await your orders. The Medical Staff has unanimously placed itself at your disposal—all will do your bidding in all things. The Senate is surrounded, and will be kept incarcerated in the Capitol for ten days.

The gorgeous robe of state was draped suitably

The House of Representatives has been dispersed. The Supreme Court is under arrest. Thirty-two Governors have sworn allegiance to the crown, and every opposition editor in the country not under indictment has been enjoined from printing anything derogatory to your Majesty's good intentions for six weeks, pending an argument to show cause why he should not be permanently restrained before Judge Landis on April 1st."

"And there remains to be done—" whispered the President.

"Merely your personal proclamation to the people announcing the change to an Imperial form of government," said the General.

"Ah, the people, General. The people—what do they say about this?"

"They are even now awaiting your appearance on the balcony, where, clad in the Imperial robes, with this crown in your hands to be placed in their presence on your brow—"

"By whom?" cried the President, jealously.

"Yourself, Sire," replied the officer, solemnly. "There is no higher power by whom it could be done."

"I am ready," said the President. "Come!"

The gorgeous robe of state was taken from the suitcase and thrown over his massive shoulders, and draped suitably across his broad chest, trailing in its scarlet magnificence for several yards upon the floor. Great jewelled orders were pinned upon his breast, and in his left hand was placed a sceptre. The hat-box when opened revealed a flashing crown of gold, studded with many gems, alongside of any one of which the kohinoor would have paled into insignificance; and even in the dim light of the room it sparkled as though it were lit with a million electric bulbs.

Thus arrayed he walked to the window and peeped out, anxious to reassure himself beforehand as to the size of the audience that awaited his coming, and there he saw stretched out all over the broad acreage within range of his vision a black mass of human beings—men, women, children, in an innumerable multitude, and the eyes of all were fixed expectantly upon the balcony. It was, indeed, evident that he was expected.

"They look smiling and happy," said the President, as he let the curtain fall.

"They are, your Highness," replied the General. "Take them while they are so. It is now or never, Sire."

And, opening the door leading out upon the balcony, he ushered the President, in his brilliant apparel, before the people.

"They are singularly still," muttered the President, as he emerged and noted that no sound came from the vast concourse below.

"It is the silence of approval, Sire," replied the General. "They are awed by the thought of this great historical moment."

The President advanced to the edge of the balcony, and, leaning far out over the rail, he waved his hand benignly over the multitude and began to address them.

"My friends," he said, "it is a delight to welcome you here upon this occasion, and to feel that you are with me in my purpose not to relinquish the reins of authority in this government of ours to-day. I have decided to remain, to devote my whole life to the welfare of my people; to bring to their proper conclusions those of my policies that as yet remain unfulfilled. Much yet remains to be accomplished, and in pursuance of your sovereign will, conveyed to me by my faithful investigators, I have decided to make certain changes in our form of government. The Senate, which has thwarted my purposes of uplift, has been abolished by Executive decree, and with it I have included that wholly superfluous body the House of Representatives. For the Supreme Court I have substituted a General Federal Commission that will administer the laws of this nation under my personal direction from this time forth. The laws that are now to be found upon the statute-books of my domain I hereby repeal, and in their place the unwritten laws will prevail, always more to your liking than those which are written, and hereafter no laws will be made save those which are rendered imperative to meet the emergencies of the passing hour, and even these shall not be considered to be in any degree permanent. Called into being by emergency, they will automatically repeal themselves by the passing of the emergency. In token of all of which I now place upon my brow, in the absence of a higher power to crown me, this—"

He raised the crown aloft as he spoke, but as it reached the level of his eyes he paused, startled by a strange rippling sound in the dim distance.

"What is that noise, General?" he questioned his aide, *sotto voce*.

"It is the people on the outskirts of the crowd cheering," returned the General, impatiently. "Proceed, your Highness. Quickly—there is no time to be lost."

"Are you sure it is a cheer?" whispered the President.

"Of course," said the General, nervously. "What else could it be? For God's sake stop asking questions and finish this job!"

The President turned again to the gathered host and resumed:

"In formal token of my assumption of the Imperial Sceptre," he thundered forth, "I here and now, in the sovereign presence of an people, place upon my brow—"

The distant ripple had now grown into a rumbling roar, like the thunderous growl of artillery, coming closer

They were merely laughing!

and closer with every passing moment, until it burst into a volume of appalling noise at his very feet. The President's hand faltered, and again lowering the bauble he glanced down into the uplifted faces of his people—and saw! They were not cheering, as the General had said, nor indeed were they shouting their disapproval, as he had feared.

They were merely laughing!

The whole sovereign people of the United States,

He stamped upon them in an ecstasy of rage

gathered there in one mighty host, were sending up a guffaw to heaven that shook the earth, ay, even down to the bowels thereof!

The President staggered back into his office, slamming the balcony doors to behind him. He hurled the crown across the room, and it shivered into a thousand pieces against the wall. The Imperial robes he tore from his shoulders and, throwing them to the floor, he stamped upon them in an ecstasy of rage.

"Ah, your Highness, your Highness," quavered the General, as he bowed his head in grief, "one moment longer and you would have been a king!"

"One moment longer and I should have been a joke!" hissed the President, cowering before that dread possibility and again burying his face in his arms on his faithful desk.

The risen sun sent its golden rays down through the windows, and as they danced gleefully across the room they fell athwart the bowed figure of a sleeping man. He was groaning and writhing in the throes of some horrible dream, and as they bathed him in their glow of light he gave one last quivering struggle and snapped the chains by which he was bound to hideous visions.

"Jove!" he cried, as he raised his head and rubbed his eyes, "—I must have been dreaming! Ugh!" Here he shuddered at the recollection of it.

He stretched his arms up over his head, yawned once or twice, and then brought his hand down with a resounding thwack upon his desk-bell. Immediately the door opened and his vigilant Secretary appeared.

"Any mail this morning?" he asked.

"Only one letter, sir," replied the Secretary, sadly.

"Hm!" ejaculated the President. "Only one, eh? That's the smallest mail I ever had."

"It is marked private and confidential, sir," said the Secretary. "Shall I open it?"

"Oh yes," said the President. "With such a mark on the envelope it has probably already been read by everybody at the post-office, and one more reader won't do any harm."

"Very well, sir," said the Secretary. "It is from the President-elect. He says:

"'My dear Mr. President,—If you haven't made any other arrangements I shall of course be delighted to have you stay to lunch at the White House this afternoon after the Inauguration ceremonies are over. I've ordered broiled 'possum.

"'Sincerely yours,

"'W. H. T.'"

"By Godfrey!" ejaculated the President. "Invited to take lunch in my own—"

Here he paused, caught his breath, wiped the back of his hand roughly across his eyes, and without another word stalked out of the room.

Verily the last day had indeed arrived!

As To Epitaphs

By Carlyle Smith

Who cares for fulsome epitaphs—
Cold, stony, staring paragraphs,
In marble letters carved to rear
Their praises in some graveyard drear,
Where none come by save those who weep
For others in eternal sleep?

Who dreams [illegible]
Where worried [illegible]
In brass or bronze, or [illegible]
Set proudly high, aloof, [illegible]
Shrunk from a thing of life and wit
Into insensate counterfeit?

When comes the time that I shall stand
[illegible] the mystic shadowland,
[illegible] to find my name
[illegible] living flame,
[illegible] of striving art
[illegible] heart.

Not on a shaft to pierce the skies,
But in the tears from loving eyes,
Not in some icy marble scroll,
But in some comrade's wistful soul,
Who takes the name and fame of me
And treasures it in Memory!

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"GOOD-BY, BILL, I'VE HAD

DRA

PERFECTLY CORKING TIME!"

. KEMBLE

HIS FIRST WEEK'S SALARY

TAKING THOUGHT

THE daughters of a certain charming old lady in Washington are frequently much upset by the odd social blunders of their parent, whose failings in this respect are, however, more than offset by her kindliness of manner.

Among the callers to the house of this family was a Mrs. Farrell, who, after some years of widowhood, again married, this time becoming the wife of a Mr. Meggs.

"If you love us, mother," said one of the girls, when the newly married lady's card had been brought in one afternoon shortly after the completion of the honeymoon, "don't make the mistake of calling her Mrs. Farrell."

The mother solemnly promised to commit no *faux pas*, and as she went down stairs was heard to repeat to herself, "Meggs—Meggs—Meggs—not Farrell."

At the conclusion of the call, the old lady was met at the head of the stairs by the daughter, who at once observed an ominous expression of despondency on the old lady's face.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "surely you didn't—"

"No, Clara," replied the mother, emphatically, "I didn't. I was so careful to call her Mrs. Meggs all the time."

"Well, what's the trouble, then?"

"Oh, dear!" murmured the kindly old lady, as she sank into a chair. "It was awful of me, I know? When I greeted her I said, 'I am glad to see you, Mrs. Meggs. How is Mr. Farrell?'"

THE MAKE OF HER

"Who made you, little girl?"

"Well, mum, Providence made me that length," indicating the ordinary size of a new-born infant, "and I growed the rest myself!"

TACTFUL

DOROTHY, aged eight years, was very fond of going to church, and when a severe cold made it unwise for her to be allowed to attend services one Sunday morning she was disconsolate.

"Fräulein will read the Bible to you," her father assured her.

"I don't want to hear the Bible read. I want to say my prayers," objected the child.

"God will hear your prayers just the same if you say them at home as if you were in church," she was told.

"But I don't know any without the prayer-book," argued Dorothy.

"Why, you know 'Now I lay me down to sleep,'" papa said.

"But God has heard that so often," she remonstrated.

PREDESTINED TO THE BAR

DR. TOM NOBLE, of Goldfield, Nevada, called his eight-year-old son into the library after breakfast the other morning, and regarded him with a sad frown.

MISSING HIS CALLING

"Harry," he said, "why are you so often late at school?"

"I'm never late, father," Harry responded, promptly.

"Careful, son," said the Doctor. "Try to remember. Haven't you been late at school in the last few days?"

"No, sir."

"Then why has [illegible] left me this letter, saying you were late three times a week?"

"Oh, I'll tell you, father," said Harry, reassuringly. "I don't know what [illegible] they have at our school, but I'm a [illegible] of course, they start school sometimes before I get there, but that isn't my fault—is it?"

"BRIDGE" IN THE COUNTRY.

THE UPSTARTS, WHOSE NEAREST NEIGHBORS ARE TEN MILES AWAY, ARE SOMETIMES HARD PUT TO IT TO MAKE UP A TABLE

THE PRESCRIPTION

THERE is a Washington physician who numbers among his patients his sister-in-law, who is something of a hypochondriac.

Recently she sought out the doctor, to whom she confided her opinion that, in her present condition, she ought to go to Hot Springs for treatment.

"The very thing," agreed the doctor. "I was thinking of that myself. I'll give you a letter to an old friend of mine there, a most skilful physician, and I have no doubt he'll take every care of you."

The next day, as the patient sat in her Pullman thinking it over, it occurred to her that, as long as her brother-in-law had attended her, he had never given her any precise statement of her real ailment. Accordingly she decided to open the sealed letter which he had addressed to the Hot Springs doctor, in order that she might gain the desired information. The friend who accompanied her endeavored to dissuade her from this step, urging that it would constitute a breach of confidence, but this counsel proved of no avail, and the patient proceeded to read:

"Dear Hallett: Keep the old lady a month and then send her back."

HIS SHARE

"So you contemplate entering into a life partnership with Miss Bullion?" the old man said, smiling kindly upon his son. "Of course you are old enough to judge for yourself, but it hardly seems to me—"

"Oh, that's all right," the youth hastened to assure him. "You see, her father will give us a house and lot; her uncle a handsome check, and she has quite a little money of her own—"

"And what do you contribute to the partnership?" the old man demanded, with a twinkle in his eye.

The young man blushed slightly.

"Well, er, principally the name, dad, principally the name," he admitted.

HE WAS A SCOTCHMAN

A worthy tradesman of this city was dispensing optics with a customer the other day, apropos of the latter's appearance with his first eye glasses.

"I've been wearing this pair of spectacles for nearly twenty years now," remarked the tradesman, "and my wife a pair just like them for the same time, and now we couldn't either of us see without them, and we never had anything the matter with our eyes in the first place."

"What did you begin to wear them for, then?" inquired the customer.

"Why, you see," explained the other, in a matter of fact manner, "when my brother-in-law died he left the two pair of spectacles, and we couldn't sell them for anything like what they were worth."

FIRST AID

The *fiancé* of a Louisville girl has been spending the winter in Florida in connection with his father's business interests in that quarter.

"Marie," said the girl to a friend the other day, "Walter has just sent me the dearest little alligator from Florida!"

"Dear me!" rejoined Marie, with affected enthusiasm. "And how shall you keep him?"

"I'm not quite certain," was the reply, "but I've put him in Florida water till I can hear further from Walter."

A LEGAL TRIUMPH

A seasoned old lawyer was cross-examining a recalcitrant witness. The question at issue was the identification of an individual charged with assault and battery. For some time the lawyer endeavored to break down the attempt on the part of the witness to describe the guilty party, and at last, becoming irritated, he put the following question:

"You say the assailant had black hair?"

"I did," calmly replied the witness.

"What is the color of my hair?" continued the attorney.

"It is brown," was the answer.

Thereupon the lawyer rose to his feet, and snatching off his wig, which disclosed a pate as bald as an egg, bellowed out as he glanced in triumph toward the jury-box, "What is the color of it now?"

"I ALWAYS THOUGHT IT COULD BE DONE—A HEAP MORE STYLISH THAN DUCKS, TOO."

CREDIT

The grocer, who was looking over the credit sales slips, almost fainted.

"Did you give Bill Jones credit?" he demanded of the new clerk.

"Sure. I—"

"Didn't I tell you to get a report on any man asking for credit? Why didn't you?" the grocer wailed, and tore his hair.

"I *did*," the clerk retorted, for he was an earnest youth, and the grocer hurt his feelings. "I did get a report. The agency said he owed money to every grocer in town, and of course, if his credit was *that* good, I knew that you would like to have him open an account!"

NEWS ITEM. "The Hayville hose company paraded last Saturday in their new red shirts."

FIGURES OF SPEECH.

"If you care to hop in, Miss Stout, I'll drop 'ou at your door."

EXPERIENCED

While shopping in a department store two young Chicago matrons became interested in the negotiations of a middle-aged man, unaccompanied by any woman, whose progress through the establishment, it so chanced, coincided with their own.

"Odd sight—that of a mere man shopping," said one.

"Yes. I've watched him with considerable interest. He's either a married man or a widower."

"Why that conclusion?" asked the other young woman, surprised.

"I've observed that, as each purchase was made, he would turn his back to the saleslady when he took out his money."

AGAINST THE RULES

There is a certain Pittsburg broker who insists that every clerk in his establishment shall present an immaculate personal appearance.

"If you care to retain your position in this house," said he one morning to one offender whom he had summoned to the private office, "you will have to devote more attention to your toilet. Why, man, you present the appearance of one who has not shaved for a week."

"Beg pardon, sir," said the clerk, "but I am raising a beard."

"That's no excuse," said the boss. "You must do that sort of thing outside business hours."

WHY NOT?

A schoolboy, old enough to know better, after listening to an illuminating talk on elephants, was asked to name some articles made from ivory.

"Well," said he, after due consideration, "soap, for one thing."

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A Modern Moses

By Robert Howard Russell

"For he said: 'I have been a stranger in a strange land.'"

Exodus II: 22.

DRAWINGS BY HOWARD V. BROWN

I FIRST came across him on a winter voyage of one of the big German steamers bound for the Mediterranean. It was the end of the second day out, and the sea, which had been very rough from the moment we left Sandy Hook, was moderating a little. A handful of the hardier travellers among the passengers had gone down to the saloon for dinner. The stewards had taken their orders and were scurrying back and forth from table to pantry, when a tall dishevelled looking old man made his way cautiously down the neutral staircase and paused unsteadily at the bottom of the flight to lean upon one of the dolphin newel posts, where he helplessly awaited the friendly guidance of a steward to bring him safely to anchor at his proper table.

He was a lank, rugged-looking old man with a weatherbeaten white beard, and his dress indicated a well-to-do farmer from some Pennsylvania township. His gray trousers were tucked in the tops of his sturdy cowhide boots, as though in deference to his usual custom, in stormy weather, about the farm. His face was pale and contrasted from his recent and evidently disastrous battle with an unaccustomed element, the sea; but beneath his pallor could be read a grimly determination to negotiate the dinner that he was paying for or die courageously in the attempt. That he was not without wholesome fear as to the immediate consequences was evidenced by a tin receptacle which he held grimly in his hand, until a tactful steward quietly relieved him of it before the spectacle should disturb some supersensitive diner.

The next morning the sea had calmed down remarkably, and the air, tempered by the Gulf Stream, was so inviting that nearly all the passengers had come on deck to enjoy it. Just aft of the smoking room I found the old gentleman, and as there was an empty deck-chair by his side, I sat down.

"I'm bound for the Holy Land," he said. "All my life I've been a Bible man, and all my life I've wanted that I should get to see the land flowin' with milk and honey where the Lord led Moses. I've always figgered that I should come by it somehow, though I didn't know how. You see, when I was a young man as soon as I got a little money together I got engaged to Maria, and then I bought a little farm in Brandford County, Pennsylvania little by little, as Maria and I saved, we bought more land, and then by the time the children commenced to grow up the town commenced to grow too, and finally it spread itself over the biggest part of our farm, and for the last ten years we've been sellin' off city lots for ten times the price we paid an acre for good farmin' land.

Ten days later my dahabeiah drew in

"Well, I'm gittin on in years now an' for a long time I've been figgerin' on how I should find my way to Palestine, so last month, when one of these 'Cook fellers came through the town advertisin' a party all made up to visit the Holy Land, I talked it over with Maria and she was set on my goin', for says she, 'You may never git another chance like this,' and so here I be. I'm on my way! There's one thing bothers me on this trip and that is Egypt. I ain't never took no stock in Egypt, but it's on the ticket an' we have to go, I suppose, though why we should waste three weeks a-sailin' up the Nile to look at tombs beats me. Seems like the Israelites found out thousan's of years ago that it was a terrible poor place to settle in, and was almighty pleased to git back to Canaan, an' they do say that Egypt's changed less than any country on earth, so why in the world we should be goin' there to waste our time now when the Holy Land ain't so much further, if you only kept straight on, beats me!"

At Naples I left the ship, and it was not until some ten days later that I saw the old man again. I had taken a P. & O. steamer from Brindisi to Alexandria and was spending a few days in Cairo before going up the Nile in a dahabeiah. I had driven out to the pyramids, where I was making the customary arrangements with one of the animated Arab catapults who push you to the top of the ancient edifice for a backsheish commensurate with the difficulties of the undertaking.

Suddenly, at the very foot of the Great Pyramid, I heard a familiar voice raised in indignant protest, hurrying up to the little group of Arabs from the centre of which it proceeded, I was in time to see the gray homespun and calf boots of my old friend as he was being dragged, lifted, and pushed up the great stone blocks which form the sides of Cheops.

"I thought I'd take a run out here an' measure it up accurate"

His protests were of no avail and the more violent they grew the swifter became his [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] who [illegible] from [illegible] right [illegible] his [illegible] perforce [illegible]

office for his left. A third brought up the rear, pushing, lifting, shoving, and at the proper moment, on each step, applying a sturdy shoulder to hump the old man on his upward way, while the fourth fluttered around from step to step, shouting, gesticulating, bossing, and superintending the whole job, much in the manner of the world-famous clown at the Hippodrome.

After I had reached the top of the pyramid, I paid ten shillings, in the delusive hope of witnessing his utter destruction, to a particularly noisy and insistent Arab, who said he was Mark Twain and who contracted for this sum to run down from the top of the first pyramid, cross the intervening strip of sand, ascend the second pyramid, and then return to the topmost stone where we were seated, in the apparently utterly inadequate period of ten minutes. Whether he was the original performer of the feat in *Innocents Abroad*, or his heir at law, I could not discover, but it was worth all it cost to see him, in the remote distance scrambling, like a fly on a sugar-loaf, up the stone face of the second pyramid, and to know that I had purchased immunity from his society for ten whole minutes with so moderate a sum. When I descended I found the old man seated in the shelter of the Mena House, resting from his labors. In one hand he grasped the crumpled up length of a yellow tape measure. He had regained his white pith helmet, which had rolled half way down the side of Cheops, and had been sadly damaged by the trip. The perspiration stood out upon his forehead and there was such a look of fear and apprehension in his face as can hardly have been seen in that ancient land since the days of Pharaoh's oppression.

He greeted me with the profound enthusiasm which he felt at that moment was due to any representative of an English-speaking nation, and after telling me of his relief at getting on shore, even in Egypt, and how he had last night enjoyed the first hearty meal since he left Pennsylvania, managing to eat the "whole set," as he described the table d'hôte, he proceeded to relieve his mind as to the first plague of Egypt which he had encountered.

"I had me idee of climbin' to the top of that stun-

From one button hung a cheap thermometer

beap," he explained, indignantly. "You see, I was out [illegible] the rest of the folks on the [illegible] last night after dinner, we got to talkin' over [illegible] here biggest one they call 'Chops.' [illegible] at the hotel who had his readin' some book [illegible] he knew a lot about it, and that each side of it was seven hundred and fifty-five feet long [illegible] it was four hundred and fifty one feet high. [illegible] that it contained eighty-five million cubic feet of stone, weighing nearly seven million tons. Well, I ran [illegible] and a good deal of tall talk, but that rather beat me, so when the rest of 'em went off to the bazars to-day, where they was goin' to see some of them dancin' wimmen they calls mosques, I put my tape-

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measure in my pocket an' thought I'd take a run out here an' measure it up myurate an' have the laugh on 'em to-night at dinner.

"I hadn't measured more'n about ten yards along one side when a crowd of these black fellers come along an' commenced to jabber away in some foreign language and point to the top of the pyramid. I sorter smiled at 'em an' nodded my head, as much as to say I agreed with 'em, an' in a minute they had all grabbed hold of me an' was pullin' me up the side for dear life. I shouted at 'em to let me be, but it seems like these Arab fellers make it a point not to understand any Christian language, an' the more I told 'em I didn't want to go the more they pulled and hauled, an' now I've been an' done it in spite of myself, consarn 'em! An' what's more, I'm afraid now to go near the thing to measure it, for fear they'll pull me up again."

I could see that the terrors of Egypt were multiplying in his estimation, and that, as he looked forward to the possible plagues and trials of the next three weeks, the Holy Land, which he pictured as literally as flowing with milk and honey, took on still brighter colors in his eager imagination, and he could hardly await the time when he should see the cattle of a thousand hills grazing in luxuriant herbage and drinking from the cooling streams of the Promised Land.

Ten days later my dahabeah drew in, late one golden afternoon, to Asyût, the "wolf city," where the jackal headed Anubis, god of the dead, was once worshipped.

Drawn up beside the town was one of the large Cook's steamers that make the Nile trip. As we came nearer I saw that the tourists were still on shore, without doubt on a visit to the ancient tombs which lie in the hills to the west of the town. A lonely figure stretched in a lounging-chair on the forward deck caught my eye, and as we approached more closely I saw that it was my friend the pilgrim.

When we had made a landing I went on board the steamer to see him and to hear of his experiences. He arose as I came forward, and greeted me. The pith helmet which had marked his first conformation to tropical usages was now supplemented by a long, bedraggled-looking yellow duster. He was gradually becoming acclimatized. From one button of the duster hung a cheap tin-mounted thermometer which I subsequently discovered he consulted frequently during the day, entering the registration in his diary, evidently under the impression that Egypt was experiencing an unprecedented spell of heat and drought, which he proposed to record faithfully for the benefit of the sceptical at home.

"Well," he said, in answer to my inquiry as to why I found him alone, "I've about had enough of tombs. When the folks go ridin' off on donkeys to see tombs, I generally stay right here on the boat, where it ain't near so hot and dusty, an' wait for 'em to come back.'

"Isn't it rather lonely sitting here all day?" I asked. "What do you find to do to pass the time? Do you read?"

"Well, no," he answered, "I ain't much of a hand to read, exceptin' my chapter every day in the Bible. Sometimes I take a walk in one of these little villages, an' then I come back to the boat an' write down what I see in my diary. You know, when I left home the boys on the paper in my town says to me: 'Write, write! Tell us what you see an' we'll publish it in the paper every week for the whole town to read.'

"'I sha'n't make no fist at writin',' I says, 'as I ain't never bin away from home before an' so ain't had no call to write.' But they insisted as how I should: an' finally before I come away I promised to send 'em a letter every week, tellin' 'em everything of interest. So every day I write down in my diary an' at the end of the week I write it off into a letter and send it to 'em."

I was curious to see the notes, so I inquired, "What did you find to-day for your diary?"

The old man drew a well thumbed little account book from his waistcoat pocket, and, adjusting his silver rimmed spectacles, turned to the latest entry. It read:

"March 5th. Asyût. Thermometer 98. No rain yet! Cattle poor an' thin. Fleas thick an' busy."

"Well," he said, in answer to my inquiry, "I've about had enough of tombs"

Shades of Aaron who "smote the dust of the earth and it became lice throughout all the land of Egypt"! Here was an ingenuous man with his heart so fixed on the Promised Land of story that all the tombs of Egypt could convey nothing of mystery to him nor did its temples suggest to him either beauty or grandeur! Unhappy town of Asyût to have struggled through more than five thousand years of existence only to be thus transfixed by a fountain-pen and definitely summed up in two such terse and homely lines.

"I'm a Bible man," he repeated, "an' the Holy Land's my holt. I wish this Egypt was all through with an' we was in 'Jerusalem the golden, with milk and honey blest.' I don't wonder the Children of Israel rejoiced when the Lord said: 'I will bring you up out of the affliction of Egypt unto a good land and large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey; unto the place of the Canaanites.'"

And so I left him journeying on to the Promised Land with his child-like faith in the wonder and beauty he was to find there. I did not have the heart to disillusion him by telling him of the dry, arid landscape, of the squalid little towns, and of the thousand and one things that would disenchant his mind and forever blot out the glorious land that his imagination had pictured for him all his life. He would find it all out soon enough and there was something almost pathetic to my mind in the thought of shattering the simple lifelong ideals, which the old man had clung to so tenaciously, before the time.

Some ten months later, on my return to America, I found a letter from Bradford County, Pennsylvania,

"March 5th. Asyut. Thermometer 98. No rain yet! Cattle poor an' thin. Fleas thick an' busy"

awaiting me. The old man had promised to write me on his return, and the letter was in fulfilment of his promise. He had found the Promised Land and his disillusionment at the same time. I can do no better than to quote his own words:

"Dear Friend,

"Well, you have no idea how glad I was to get home or how good the old town looked to me. The neighbors had all turned out to meet me at the depot and the next night they held a meeting for me at the church. It was all decorated with flowers and bright evergreens, and a big banner with 'Welcome Home' on it hung across the aisle. The choir sang 'Home Again from a Foreign Shore' and 'Could We but Climb Where Moses Stood and View the Landscape O'er.'

"Then the minister made an address of welcome, and I found that he had read some of my letters each Sunday in the church while I was away and every one of them had been printed in *The Leader*. My! I had no idea, when I was sending them letters, that I was turning the world upside down to home. Then he called on me to tell them all about the Holy Land, as it was Christmas week and, as he put it, the thoughts of all the Christian world were turned toward far away Judea, where so many centuries ago the three wise men had journeyed before me. So of course I couldn't do nothing but respond. The choir had just been singing:

"'Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stood dress'd in living green.
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood
While Jordan roll'd between.'

"Well, you have been there, and you know what a parched, desolate, arid waste of sand it is, and you know how different it all was from what I had expected. Well, before I got up I kind of repeated to myself the words of the tune:

"'O could we make our doubts remove
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes.'

"But it was no use; when I stood up I had to tell them what a God-forsaken, unwholesome looking corner of the earth it looked to-day, with its miserable farming land, its flies and its fleas, its beggars and its thieves, its dirty towns and dirty people, that had upset all my dreams.

"And when I looked around and saw the boys and their wives and grandchildren, and all my good neighbors that had been living clean lives in their clean farmhouses in one of the prettiest green valleys that God ever made; and when I looked down in the front pew and saw Maria sitting there with her eyes fixed on my face—I commenced to think that perhaps, at my age, it had been a kind of foolish thing to do, to leave her alone for the first time since we had been married and go travelling off thousands of miles across the seas to find and see what had been right here all the time, and nowhere else, for, as I once read somewhere, 'there'er we roam—the first, best country ever is at home.'"

"Investigating" the Canal

By Forbes Lindsay

The second of two articles by "Harper's Weekly's" Special Correspondent at Panama

IT is a remarkable fact that the average American exhibits less understanding of the conditions involved in the canal enterprise than does the Englishman or German one encounters casually in a railroad carriage or hotel exchange abroad. This is because our people have not become habituated to taking an intimate interest in things and affairs viewed at long range. Most of our foreign possessions are of recent acquisition, and extensive travel is still a matter of extraordinary occurrence among us. We are even yet diplomatically provincial.

The majority of Americans entertain the idea that we are building the Panama Canal in the face of the greatest difficulties, and a considerable number harbor the suspicion that we shall never complete the task. As a matter of fact, the undertaking is now reduced to one of comparative simplicity and exact calculation. Provided they are not side-tracked, our engineers on the line ran go right ahead and finish up the job in good time and thorough fashion.

The back plan of the Walker Commission was the *grand* of the *Comité Technique* as depicted in a relief map hanging on the walls of the Administration Building at Culebra. Our present plan is the same, with the single modification of an enlarged lake, to be contrived by placing the main dam at Gatun instead of at Bohio. The recent change of location of the Pacific lock from Sosa to Miraflores is in conformity with the conclusion reached by our predecessors, who altered their plan in the same manner before abandoning the enterprise.

All this is worth bearing in mind because there are agitators who would have the people believe that our engineers are acting on their own theories and proceeding largely at haphazard. Be it understood, also, that the French slipped up on a sea-level project, and the lock plan to which they ultimately turned would have been feasible enough if they had had the money to put it through.

Likening the task to a hill, we have hitherto been toiling up the slope. We are now on the summit with the down grade before us. There are no longer any problems to be attacked. There is a large amount of work to be performed, it is true, in the excavation of the Culebra cut and the construction of dams and locks, but we know exactly how it is to be done, we have the means at hand and can calculate to a nicety when it will be finished, barring setbacks. It would be a circumstance unprecedented in the annals of engineering if an undertaking of the magnitude and complexity of the Panama Canal should go through without the impediment of some untoward occurrences. They must be expected and should not be allowed to create panic and hysterical alarm among our people at home.

Unforeseen difficulties may arise in the engineering work, and it is not impossible that obstructions will grow out of other sources. There has not been a case of yellow fever in the zone during well-nigh three years past, and the men are beginning to cherish a conviction that they have secured entire freedom from danger of it. This pleasant sense of security may be shattered at any time. Panama cannot be exempt from liability to the disease until it is banished from the American continents. An outbreak on the Isthmus would doubtless be held in check and soon stamped out, but, coming like a bolt out of a clear sky, it would surely create a scare and a stampede. The greatest latent menace to the progress of the work lies in the labor organizations. Should the locomotive engineers or the steam shovel men go on a strike they would tie up the operation instantly and it would be difficult indeed to fill their places. They have by aggressive action more than once given evidence of their appreciation of the strategic position they occupy. Secret societies are not the most desirable adjuncts to the work. Such a one is the "Kangaroos," having a membership of upwards of one thousand, a number representing a large proportion of the gold employees. It is conceivable that, by concerted action, this body might cause the commission serious trouble.

Gauged by physical magnitude, the biggest part of the canal work is the removal and disposition of the spoil. Our people are reconstructing the landscape of the Isthmus. They are literally moving mountains. Gauged by physical magnitude, the biggest part of the canal work is the removal and disposition of the spoil. Our people are reconstructing the landscape of the Isthmus. They are literally moving mountains.

At the Miraflores dam site

THIS IS THE NEW LOCATION FOR THE LOCKS THAT WERE TO HAVE BEEN PLACED AT SOSA

Along the course of the canal, and in the process upward of one hundred thousand yards of material are dislodged every day, and it has to be disposed of as fast as it comes out of the ground. You can't chop up a hill into shovelfuls and litter it about along a canal line. If you do, it is going to get in your way and slide into your cut and mess things up generally. It needs to be put in some out-of-the-way place, in orderly fashion, and doing this represents a good half of every day's work.

Three hundred miles of track are devoted to the dirt-trains, and from seven to eight hundred of them, each composed of no more than twenty flat-cars, are moving continuously during daylight of every week day. They must be run with the regularity of clockwork, because if a train stops it ties up so many shovels, not to mention blocking a track that is in constant use. The dirt-trains take precedence over everything on the line. To paraphrase Kipling

> Oh, the special freight must learn to wait,
> And the colonel's car go hang!
> The steamer express must be held no less
> When it's way for the dirt train gang—Ta ra-ra!
> Way for the dirt train gang!

The Panama Railroad acts as a clearing-house for the I. C. C. construction trains, receiving them loaded upon its tracks and sending them back empty. This is the busiest railroad in the world. Last year it handled 280,000,000 tons of freight and spoil, being at the rate of nearly one million tons for each working day in the twelve months. No other fifty miles of railroad ran show a movement in any degree comparable with this.

And all the ramifications of this great work extend from one common centre. Colonel Goethals is the Great Pooh Bah of the canal zone. His control is complete, personal, and direct. He is the chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, the chief engineer of the canal, and president of the Panama Railroad and the steamship company. "The Colonel," as every one calls him, from the Jamaica black to the Governor, is a man of marvellous executive ability, and his dominating influence over the other members of the commission is what would naturally be expected of a genius who radiates force at every pore. In his masterful hands the extreme centralization of an autocracy is probably the best arrangement that could be made. It seems to work with admirable smoothness. There is no hitch; there are no sore spots—at least, among the technical force. Orders are received without question and acted upon without hesitation.

One department of the work has gone forward from the beginning without hitch or halt. That is the sanitary improvement, for which Colonel Gorgas has been responsible since we took over the canal. With a knowledge of the conditions that prevailed at that time, one can appreciate the wonderful transformation that has been wrought at the Isthmus by the world's most famous yellow-fever expert. The mortality among Americans in the zone compares favorably with that of any of our cities, and the health of the common laborers is immeasurably better than it was when the French held the field. I am quite serious in saying that the canal zone is a distinctly pleasant place of abode during the dry season—that is, the first four months of the year—and that it should become a winter resort of our tourists. Far from seeing any evidences of sickliness, I was strongly impressed by the unusually healthy and vigorous appearance of the men engaged on the work. In the course of a two weeks' stay I saw fewer than half a dozen mosquitoes, and only encountered one victim of malaria.

The significance and importance of the sanitary accomplishment cannot be overestimated. It is a factor essential to our success and, more than any other one thing, has made the enterprise practicable. The French could never have completed the canal. Lacking the knowledge of the sources of yellow fever and malaria, the death rate in their force must have proved an insuperable barrier to success. We would have been balked none the less by the same obstructions, had they not been removed.

Like every other division of the work, the department of labor and supplies deals with enormous quantities and big figures. Apart from the material used in the actual construction, which runs into one million dollars a month, tons upon tons of stuff are required for the subsistence of the twenty-five thousand laborers and Americans on the pay-rolls. The commission operates twenty hotels for the accommodation of the latter; twenty-five mess-houses for the Gallegos, Portuguese, and Italians; and thirty kitchens for the Jamaica negroes. The single item of food involves a monthly disbursement of $175,000. Nor is it merely a question of quantity. Each foreign element is supplied with the peculiar kind of food to which it has been accustomed at home, and this necessitates considerable importation.

The commission also carries in its stores for the benefit of the employees an extensive line of such things as it considers necessities. These embrace clothing, shoes, edible delicacies, etc., but not tobacco nor liquors. On this point we have come into conflict with the Panamans. Their merchants recently made formal complaint to the President of what they consider unwarranted infringement upon their trade. It is a nice question in which considerations of strict justice conflict with the practical exigencies of the situation. There is no doubt that the commission's construction of the term "necessities" has been somewhat elastic. It has handled articles that should properly come under the head of "luxuries," and it has placed orders in foreign countries, in contravention of the agreement with Panama as to duty-free importations. On the other hand, the merchants of the country have raised their prices to such an extent since the American occupation that the canal employees declare that they will not stay on the Isthmus if they are forced to trade with them. The fact remains that the equities demand that we should give the Panamans some sort of *quid pro quo* for the loss they suffer on account of our extensive shopkeeping in their territory.

The candid observer is forced to the conclusion that nothing will help the canal enterprise so much as the maintenance of a *laissez faire* policy at home. Special boards and commissions are worse than useless. They confuse the public and disturb the workers on the spot. More to be feared than anything else, however, is meddlesome legislation, conceived in ignorance. Things magnificent in themselves sometimes have important bearing on the greatest issues. Beef and pork stand in the way of the nationalization of India, and it is possible that the progress of the canal may be seriously impeded by some trivial political measure introduced by some statesman of the soap-box type. The less we interfere with the work the better prospect we have of getting it well done and speedily.

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Telepathy on Canvas

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF A GOLDSMITH WHOSE HAND IS ALLEGED TO BE GUIDED BY THE SPIRIT OF A DEPARTED ARTIST

By Gustavus Myers

To know nothing of the technique of painting, never having taken a single lesson in the art, and then, when approaching middle age, to turn out suddenly the most exquisite canvases in the exact and characteristic style of a notable artist who passed away a few years ago—that is the extraordinary experience of Frederick L. Thompson, a New York goldsmith.

It is not the personal aspects of this remarkable case which are of the greatest interest, although they are interesting enough. Their real importance lies in what they mean. One of the most keenly debated problems of the world to-day is that which deals with psychical phenomena. Leading scientists in every country are closely investigating it. Is it possible that the human intelligence does survive bodily death? Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, and many other famous scientists believe that the fact has been scientifically proved. And can the spirits of the departed communicate with the living? This, they also assert, has been established. In painting after the precise style of the well-known artist R. Swaine Gifford, have Mr. Thompson's mind and hand been guided telepathically by Gifford's surviving intelligence? Is Gifford continuing his work through Mr. Thompson?

After painstakingly investigating every phase of the case, Prof. J. H. Hyslop, of the American Society for Psychical Research, has reached the conclusion that the hundred or more paintings which Mr. Thompson thus far has executed have been inspired by Gifford's spirit. That all of these paintings down to the minutest detail are in the typical, individualistic style of Gifford is certain, according to the judgment of competent art critics. "When Mr. Thompson brought me in that painting," said Mr. James B. Townsend, editor of the *American Art News*, pointing to the canvas on the wall, "and said that he painted it, I thought at once that he was lying. If ever a painting was full of the character istic touches, mannerisms, and particular style of Gifford, that was one. Gifford's style is so distinctive, so much in a class by itself, that you can tell it at a glance. And no other painter has ever had the same peculiar style.

"Mr. Thompson told me his story. I was very much amazed and inclined to think him crazy. But I investigated, and found that in his home he had dozens of paintings, all in Gifford's unmistakable style. I found his story to be true in every particular; and I bought that painting. Certainly the whole matter is very astounding."

Mr. Thompson is now nearly forty years old. At his trade of goldsmith he has worked all of his life. Painting was absolutely foreign to him: he had never taken a lesson, and was not attracted by it.

"Three years ago," he related, "I was working at my trade with ——," and here mentioned a well-known firm of jewellers on Fifth Avenue, New York City. "It was at that time that I first began to see distinct visions of landscapes and faces, and an irresistible impulse overwhelmed me to paint them. I could not understand it all. I thought that I was going insane. I kept at my work, but the visions persisted, and the impulse grew so strong until it tortured me to obey it. I couldn't get any peace of mind until I did.

"In my trade I had to use water-colors in mark the jewelry. After fighting the impulse for some time I finally gave in. I would secretly stop work or sneak out to the wash room to paint the visions." Here Mr. Thompson showed a considerable number of very small water-color sketches. These were his first productions, and it is not hard to see that none but a master mind could have produced or inspired them. From these miniatures the large canvases were later painted.

"First," Mr. Thompson went on, "there came the vision, and the colors would work out into concrete form. Within a few moments from the time the visions first appeared, I had my sketch ready; I was

F. L. Thompson, the painting goldsmith

compelled to paint at once by some unknown force. The paintings are finished entirely by feeling. A large number of artists have since then volunteered points in technique, but as soon as I try to apply their advice I get very much confused. I must go entirely by feeling. This is what I have done from the start. Some time after I began painting, an exhibition of Gifford's work was held here at the American Art Galleries. An irresistible force prompted me to go to it. While I was looking at Gifford's work, I heard a voice distinctly say: 'You see what I have accomplished? Why not go on with my work and finish it?'"

At the suggestion of Dr. Isaac K. Funk, who has written extensively on psychical phenomena, Mr. Thompson called to relate his experiences to Professor Hyslop. "I talked with him about two hours," says Professor Hyslop, in a written statement, which summarizes a fuller account to appear in the April number of the *Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research*. "He told me that he had been constantly haunted by visions or apparitions of gnarled oak trees, accompanied by a very strong impulse to sketch and paint them; and that he had, in fact, painted a great many of them, and had sold some of them on their merits. He said he often felt as if he were influenced by a certain deceased artist, and that these visions came to him six or more months before he knew that the artist was dead. The first knowledge that he had of the death of this artist was on or about January 26, 1906."

Gifford had died on January 15, 1905. It was when he was unconsciously urged to go to the exhibition of Gifford's paintings that Mr. Thompson felt a stronger impulse than ever before to sketch and paint; and the visions persisted. Further questioning by Professor Hyslop brought out these facts: Mr. Thompson had known Gifford very slightly. He had seen Gifford sketching on the marshes near New Bedford, Massachusetts, when he, Thompson, was out hunting, and he had perhaps engaged in a few minutes' talk with Gifford. After this Mr. Thompson had seen Gifford but once. The occasion was in New York, when Mr. Thompson had taken some jewelry to show him.

"After my two hours' conversation with Mr. Thompson," Professor Hyslop relates, "I came to the conclusion that his case was probably one of disintegrating personality or incipient insanity. He had feared this himself, and had therefore come to me that I might aid in settling the question."

Professor Hyslop, however, determined to subject Mr. Thompson to various rigid tests. Four different mediums or psychics were consulted. All described Gifford, and gave the most distinct details of his life, home, and surroundings. Then Professor Hyslop and Mr. Thompson went to Nonquitt, Massachusetts. There it was ascertained that Gifford had done most of his work on the Elizabeth Islands. Vision after vision kept coming to Mr. Thompson, which he described to Professor Hyslop, telling him that these visions were of scenes which would be found on the Elizabeth Islands. "Before we left Nonquitt," says Professor Hyslop, "we went to Gifford's home. The widow took us into the studio; and there on the easel was a picture of a group of trees exactly representing one of the sketches that Mr. Thompson had left in my hands.

"The imaginary telepathy between the living about which people talk will not account for Mr. Thompson's visions," Professor Hyslop concludes. "The result is that our alternatives lie between fraud and the influence of the departed. Mr. Thompson's visions seem to be clear illustrations of the process by which the departed may be able to transmit their thoughts occasionally to the living, when conditions are favorable.

"It has been found at times that in telepathy between living persons the thoughts of one person may give rise to hallucinations in the person who obtains them telepathically. But in this case, not having any reason to believe that the living could give rise to these visions, we take the process assumed in telepathy between the living and apply it to the dead to account for Mr. Thompson's experiences."

Whether this explanation be true or not, the fact remains that Mr. Thompson, in some mysterious way, has painted a large number of canvases in Gifford's own personal style, and with a skill that dumfounds artists who have critically examined them, and who know that Mr. Thompson has never taken a single lesson in art. Gifford seems to have come to life again through Mr. Thompson: all the charm and beauty of his paintings, the bold lines, the subtle touches, the fine color, and the atmosphere done in Gifford's strikingly distinctive style, are produced, and by a man who understands nothing of the art of painting.

"October Afternoon," a painting which distinctly recalls a dead painter's work

"Sheep near the Coast," the product of a totally untrained hand

"LUNCHEON 12-3"

The Richest Woman in the World, Her Daughter, and a Wedding

Miss SYLVIA HOWLAND GREEN, the daughter of Mrs. Hetty Green, who is reputed to be the wealthiest woman in the world, was married to Matthew Astor Wilks, of Galt, Ontario, and New York City, at St. Peter's Protestant Episcopal Church, in Morristown, New Jersey, on February 25th. Mr. Wilks, who has a fortune of his own, is a great-grandson of the first John Jacob Astor.

Mrs. Hetty Green (on the left) and Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Astor Wilks, immediately after the marriage of Miss Green to Mr. Wilks

The Gentler View

The Decency of Time

By Florida Pier

A SENSE of the decency of time is more or less inherent in all of us, and it is the desire to remain true to this ideal that makes loosening the hold on an emotion a matter for such delicate manipulation. To be sure that the proper amount of time has passed is desirable, yet a natural leaning toward comfort and easy relations with oneself necessitates a smothering of any exaggerated ideas on the subject of time, and a pretty close clipping at it off. To know the exact moment at which one can cease to be angry with retained dignity for oneself and no lessening of the effect on others intimates an alert ear turned toward the public voice. We do not wish to hang on to anger, have it grow stale and obnoxious on our hands, only at last to be unable to get rid of it and so drag the cumbersome thing reluctantly about, feeling a shade ridiculous as we hear it bumping along behind. To let go of it too quickly is bad, for one then runs the risk of its being thought of little value, a worthless imitation of anger, and a thing to be got rid of lightly. These two extremes must be sedulously avoided and a medium course chosen that is for some reason called natural. This in spite of the fact that one only made up one's mind to it after the most laborious weighing and uncertain leaning toward first one side and then the other. The middle course may be and, as a matter of fact, is wise; but natural is the last word to be applied.

If we cease to love, or begin to, or rebegin, with a speed that we know will be regarded coldly, there is nothing for it but to pretend that a seemly amount of time has elapsed. Not that the world objects to any of these or other moods as detached happenings. A second marriage, a change of politics, a forgiven heir—these things, if performed in a cleared space, plenty of hours and weeks and months to be seen stretching on all sides, are looked upon favorably, and no one loses prestige because of them. But if a shock is too quickly recovered from, or new surroundings with any suddenness grown accustomed to, the world bristles its back and lowers with an antagonistic eye. It is all very amiable and sweet-tempered to become resigned after ten years, but to bear up a suspicion too bravely, at the end of, say, six months—that is a thing to lower voices and set whispers going. The world is surprisingly finicky about these matters, and is squeamish as to what it stomachs. The inevitable must be fared, yes; but here a case that you do not face it in any precipitate manner. Everybody knows what you will do when you are freed from the particular bond you at present publicly strain at. They sympathize with you, sail the head with the dust of their tongues; but when you are finally freed they quiver with anxiety for time which is in danger of being disregarded. An obeisance must be made to suplacable time no matter how much of an interruption you find it. The world refuses to meet your eye and wheezes, "Of course we know that you are singing for joy, we are delighted to hear of your happiness; only, for a month, a year, we beg of you a decent silence; if you cannot manage tears which we admit would be insincere, at least have the delicacy not to laugh."

The bubbling-up of emotion that teases, but they want to feel that it naturally grew cold at the removal of the fire. Equilibrium was regained, a sane calm experienced, before the bubbling began a second time and mounted to the furious boil which caused their nervousness. And they—indefinite, adamant they are quite right. If you react quickly, in Heaven's name do not admit it. Jumble dates, rearrange the sequence of things so that to all purposes you will have made a gradual ascent and come down the other side at anything but a breakneck pace before scampering up the second hill which was almost indiscreetly close at hand. It is the leaping from peak to peak that shocks persons of scheduled life. They hate the air of pained fields through which an express rushes. They stare in stalmonty reproof, and murmur, "Don't tell me that, going at such a speed, you haven't failed to stop at a great many stations?" The regard for this attitude has become so general that many of us, in our desire to imitate it, sit unhappily on a station platform which we feel no sympathy with and, if left to our own devices would not even have whistled at in passing. We sit on the bare edge of the seat and, at the faintest intimation that time and the public are willing, we leap from our place and tear down a track clearly marked by forerunners.

A change, if it is not to throw disrepute on your preceding actions, must be conducted under cover of a trip abroad or the visit of a passing revivalist. If a proselytizing friend wishes you to admit him to the right he should take into consideration your ticklish position. You want to be converted, but at what point of his argument shall you go over to his side? If you do it too soon he will think you were with him from the beginning and so get little enjoyment out of your arrival. If you wait too long and then give up he will think you either did it from exhaustion or to stop his haranguing arguments. The natural indecision of the situation pushes one close to dementia.

Half the awkward complications of the minor class are caused by an uncertainty as to when we ought to let a mood or sentiment go. The feeling it was sincere and simple, it gave us no trouble at all; but when to stop feeling it, there lies the difficulty. How can one be sure that it is proper ever to cease feeling a thing that it was pre-eminently proper at the time to feel. If you have done something wrong you regret it. So far your position is a comfortable one. You can not help regretting it, and every one encourages your regretting it. You are staunch in your remorse and at peace with the world. After a while you become interested in newly gathered impetus, and you do not care two cents whether you did that wrong thing or not. It bores you to death and you cannot be bothered with it, yet—well, it is not quite time to throw it away, at least not all of it, and you are obliged, when no one is looking, to throw off small amounts, which, if caught sight of, have to be explained by a hurried avowal of an incapacity since early childhood to keep in step with the calendar.

The lyric chirping of young married people so expresses their happiness that they would not like to have others think they no longer feel it, though for some time they have both been longing to use a more colloquial note, something contented, in fact delighted, but a shade less trilling, with fewer grace notes. The difficulty is for both to take it at the same moment, feeling that they have done their duty by the early note and have not shed it sooner than any one else. On these balancings and waverings hang tiny tragedies. To loosen one's grip on a thing that was good to hold, to straighten from a weight that should keep your head bowed indefinitely—here is a matter for careful reckoning. It is a thing to test the value of a stop-watch, the exact moment at which you ceased to miss the departed comrade, when you stopped saying thank you and became absorbed in enjoyment, forgetting who made it possible. So much importance is attached to the number of minutes and years involved that it is considered an exposure of one's character, and consequent care for one's reputation amounts for the phases held on to long after they were meaningless. It is so much better to err on the safe side that sustained moods have become marks of honor, and we issue from them as slowly, by stages as clearly defined as those that govern the laying aside of mourning. The black and white, the gray, the mauve, are so many warnings to the public that they had best prepare themselves, as we are about to act as formerly. The even calm of our way is to be resumed, and our first thought is to break it gently to our stern, inexorable nurse, the public.

A thing that cannot be made transparent by explanations (there is hardly anything human that can, though never will we admit this) will obviously be made possible by the convenient method of separating effect and cause with a goodly amount of time, and time, having helped us out on so many occasions, deserves all the consideration that is shown it.

In Bagdad

In Bagdad, dad, when sinks the sun,
And fantasies and shadows dun
On mosque and temple wall are spun,
Men do not go to bed
But be they low or be they high,
Or rich or poor or bold or shy,
The custom is for them to tie
Themselves in bags instead.

In Bagdad, dad, the bed's a bag
Abdul and Selim and Sahag
Consider it a thing to brag—
A cog bag to command.
And men sleep equal in the bag;
Condition ties no tell-tale tag
On it, and fame no flaunting flag.
Repute no damning brand.

Oh, you who press a downy cot,
Or bed that folds when it should not,
No pity waste upon their lot.
And be not overawed.
For since none knows the good from bad,
If in a bag his bones are had,
The bad of Bagdad say, "Begad,
"A bag is not so bad!"

WILLIAM F. MCCORMACK.

The Dog Came Back

A REMARKABLE example of the "homing" instinct, which is possessed in varying degrees by many birds and animals, was the return to his Arkansas home of a dog that had been lost in Bourbon state of Kentucky.

In the latter part of November there was held at Oak Orchard Springs, Kentucky, the division field trials of the National Fox Hunters Association, and prominent among the competitors was the famous foxhound, Hemmole, owned by Judge A. Floyd Huff, of Hot Springs, Arkansas. During the meet, in some unaccountable way, this hound disappeared, and all attempts to locate the valuable dog were unsuccessful.

However, on January 28th word was received from Judge Huff that Hemmole had returned to his kennel. The dog was nearly dead from starvation, and his feet were torn and bleeding from his long journey overland. In making this trip from Kentucky to Arkansas, the hound must have covered at least six hundred miles, in addition to swimming the broad Mississippi and Arkansas rivers.

Although several instances are recorded where foxhounds have reached home after traveling a distance of two hundred miles, the performance of Hemmole eclipses all others. One need not be a lover of dogs to admire the grit and courage of this foxhound in his persistent search for his home during two long months, and with scarcely enough food to keep him alive.

MOTHER, BE CAUTIOUS

In selecting a food for the baby, don't experiment. Baby can't stand much experimenting. Scott's Emulsion Brown Cod Liver Oil Emulsion is used upon the infant stomach substantially the same as mother's milk. For fifty years a big trade has been built on and enabled thousands of babies on life's journey with health and happiness. a.*.

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"Several years ago we suffered from coffee drinking, were sleepless, nervous, sallow, weak, and irritable. My wife and I both loved coffee, and thought it was a braver." (delusion).

"Finally, after years of suffering, we read of Postum and the harmfulness of coffee, and believing that to grow we should give some attention to new ideas, we decided to test Postum.

"When we made it right we liked it, and were relieved of ills caused by coffee. Our friends noticed the change—fresher skin, sturdier nerves, better temper, etc.

"These changes were not sudden, but relief increased as we continued to drink and enjoy Postum, and we lost the desire for coffee.

"Many of our friends did not like Postum at first, because they did not make it right. But when they boiled Postum according to directions on pkg., until it was dark and rich, they liked it better than coffee, and were benefited by the change." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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Mr. Roosevelt's African Outfit

WHEN Mr. Roosevelt sets out from Mombasa, on the coast of British East Africa, for the "big hunt," he and his party will be equipped with an outfit which is said to be more compact and complete than any other hunter has ever carried into African wilds. He has availed himself of the advice of several noted African hunters, particularly that of Mr. F. C. Selous, and his equipment is the result of their suggestions as well as of his own knowledge of a sportsman's needs.

In the first place, the outfit has been limited to what would be one large van load, as the upper picture on this page will show. All unnecessary weight and bulk have been eliminated, and the native porters will not be called upon to bear unusual loads. The outfit, save for certain guns, revolvers, and the like, has been purchased in England and shipped to Mombasa to await the party.

Mr. Roosevelt will make his "home" in the African wilds in a tent twelve feet long by ten feet wide, and seven and one-half feet high. It is of stout, flexible canvas lined with turkey red twill and has many pockets, or "boys," attached in the flaps, where any odds and ends may be safely stowed away. Since this style of tent is double-ridged, a second canvas may be stretched for greater protection from the rain or sun, and furnish a "fly" under which the carriers may sleep. A veranda may be attached to the front, and a bathroom is easily tacked on at the back, where a canvas on a folding frame serves as a tub. A water cooler and buckets of this same material are also provided.

From the contents of a bag, which resembles the ordinary contrivance for carrying golf-clubs, and which, when full, weighs about twenty two pounds, may be constructed a bed fitted with mosquito curtains. Owing to the cold of the high altitudes the bed is provided with woolen sheets and camel's hair blankets. Other furnishings for the tent include a folding table, a canvas hanging wardrobe, a folding mirror, a dressing roll, and a green canvas ground sheet. Wind-proof "hurricane" lamps illuminate the interior of the tent at night.

A large party of native bearers, about fifty or sixty at least, may be needed to carry the outfit and the provisions. Although the native cooks often contrive ovens in the ground, the "cook's box" is indispensable. About two feet and a half long and fifteen inches wide, it is divided into compartments which hold the cooking utensils, in addition to the day's rations, not exceeding twenty-eight pounds. Kettles, frying-pans, a griddle, saucepans, tea and sugar canisters, knives, forks, and aluminum plates and dishes, are found in this wizard's box. Telescoping handles and other ingenious devices aid in the conservation of valuable space. "Chops," which are boxes of general provisions such as flour, bacon, tinned meat, and other dry goods, and weigh sixty pounds each, are in the equipment of every sportsman in Africa, for a single "box" can carry one of these loads.

Mr. Roosevelt has been carefully selecting and testing the firearms which he is to use, and a varied assortment of "shooting irons" has been assembled, for this arsenal must be supplied with weapons suitable for large and small game. Since this expedition intends to furnish the Smithsonian Institution with specimens of rare birds and animals, and since the guns must be adapted to the size of the game, light shot guns are as important as the powerful rifles necessary for despatching an elephant. For the larger deer and lions a .303 bore Mannlicher rifle is to be used by Mr. Roosevelt, but for the really big game, such as the rhinoceros, with its hide-like armor plate, a high velocity cordite rifle of .400.500 bore is practically a necessity. Our American revolvers are considered to be fully adequate in an emergency at close quarters. Of course the most powerful revolver would be of little value even in stopping an infuriated elephant or rhinoceros, but for the smaller animals, such as the lion and leopard, a heavy side arm might easily check their charge when the rifle would be too clumsy for quick action. However, a well-directed shot from a .400.500 bore cordite rifle, which fires a cartridge between four and one half and five inches long, may generally be depended upon to drop the mightiest of the big game.

Aside from the weapons to be actually used in the hunt the sportsman in Africa must go heavily armed to repulse any attack of sickness which is always lying in wait to overwhelm the unacclimated hunter when he least expects its approach. A most complete and well-equipped medicine chest is therefore indispensable. Fevers lurk in the dank undergrowth of the jungles, and judicious doses of quinine are necessary to ward off their assaults. Supplemented with various tabloid remedies which may be selected without the aid of a physician and which pack into a small bulk, Mr. Roosevelt should be moderately certain of escaping any serious illness. In addition to the medicines surgical bandages are of the greatest importance, not merely in the doubtful emergency of being clawed or bitten by a wild beast, but to properly dress all accidental wounds such as scratches from thorns and the like.

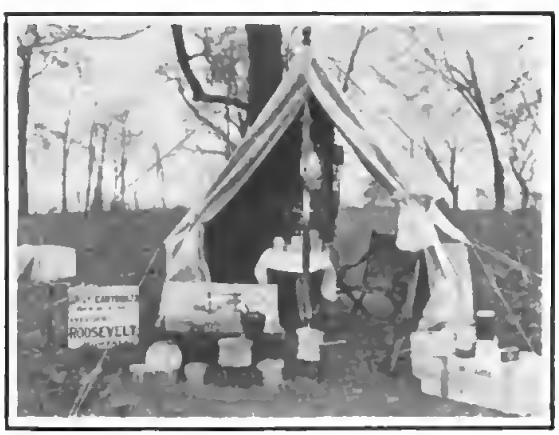
There are many contrivances which make for the comfort of the traveller or hunter in the African wilds, and most of them can be packed into a remarkably small space and be easily transported. A particularly useful implement is a combined folding spade and pick. In the case of a heavy rain the value of this tool will be greatly appreciated in digging a trench about the tent and preventing the flooding of the interior. Nothing is so disagreeable as to be compelled to use a tent the floor of which is a mush of water and mud.

When camp is pitched where the only supply of water is thick and muddy a patent pump filter is practically necessary unless all the drinking water is boiled and allowed to stand. Several alarm clocks are in the "kit" to awaken the party when an early start is intended to escape the distress of travelling in the blistering sun of morning when the heat is unbearable for any one but a native.

The entire equipment packed on a van

Mr. Roosevelt's "bathroom" set up in the back of his main-camp sleeping-tent

Interior of the large sleeping-tent. The bathroom is to the right at the back



The dining-tent's compact equipment, which was selected with especial reference to weight and bulk

A mosquito-proof sleeping-chair and a light tent for one-night excursions from the main camp

The Historic Ball upon Inauguration Day

PROBABLY no feature of the inaugural ceremonies at Washington is of such interest to visitors as the inaugural ball, where the most humble citizen having the price of a ticket may, in theory, meet upon a social plane the incoming head of the nation. The term "ball" is hardly an exact description of the affairs that have taken place in recent years, and dancing is almost out of the question, but there is always a great demand for tickets. To correct a very popular mistake, it may be mentioned that this ball is not official in the sense of being arranged by the Federal government, but is under the control of the Inaugural Committee, composed of citizens.

Since 1885 the Pension Office building has been used for these recurring events, there being in Washington no auditorium or other building suitable for such a gathering. This use of the building necessitates the stoppage of work by the clerical force for ten days or two weeks, and this has caused much opposition to the ball being held in this building; but as no other is available, and as the building of a sufficiently large temporary structure for this purpose is not feasible, it will be held there as usual upon March 4th next.

The first inaugural ball was held in honor of Madison, just a century ago, in 1809. This, which appears from the records to have been in reality a ball, was a very brilliant affair, and took place at "Long's Hotel." Madison was attended by ex-President Jefferson, and all the foreign ministers were present. Madison's second inaugural ball, in 1813, was held at Davis', now the Metropolitan Hotel, and was quite as successful as the first.

The ball given at the first inauguration of James Monroe, in 1817, is claimed to have been the occasion for the gathering of the most distinguished company ever assembled in Washington, but for some reason there was no ball to celebrate his second inauguration. The Monroe ball, also, took place at Davis'.

John Q. Adams was a most delightful host, and his inaugural ball, held at the Assembly Rooms at Eleventh Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, in 1825, is recorded as having been a very pleasant occasion.

There was no ball upon the occasion of Andrew Jackson's first inauguration, his wife having just died, though there was one of much brilliancy at his second inauguration, all the foreign ministers, the Board of Aldermen, Mayor of Washington, and many other prominent people being present. This ball was at the Central Masonic Hall, on Pennsylvania Avenue near Four-and-a-half Street.

Two balls were held in celebration of Martin Van Buren's inauguration, in 1837, one, an exclusive affair, taking place at Carusi's, the other at the Assembly Rooms. Van Buren attended only the first mentioned. Gen. W. H. Harrison attended all three of the balls which took place at his inauguration, dancing with the fairest women present.

It is not of record that James K. Polk attended either of the two balls given in celebration of his inauguration in 1845, one of which was held at the National Theatre, the other at Carusi's. The tickets for the ball at the latter place were ten dollars each, regarded at the time as an enormous price.

Zachary Taylor's inauguration was marked with three balls, all of which he attended with the Vice-President. These balls took place in a temporary structure erected in Judiciary Square, which had been given the imposing title of Grand Salon. No ball was held for Pierce in 1853, his son having been but recently killed in a railway accident, and his wife severely injured.

A temporary building was again utilized in 1857, for the inaugural ball of James Buchanan, and old citizens still speak of the decorations, which consisted of the flags of all nations looped and festooned, the ceiling being concealed by a white cloth over which gold stars were scattered.

There was a ball in Judiciary Square at the time of President Lincoln's first inauguration, but as the President did not attend, it was a good deal of a failure, in striking contrast to that at his second inauguration, which was a most brilliant affair. For the first time a government building was utilized as a ballroom, the event taking place in the model-room of the Patent Office. General Grant's ball—the first—in 1869, was a great social success, and was held in the north wing of the Treasury building. The ball at his second inauguration was a sad failure. It had been planned on a most elaborate scale, and a large building erected in Judiciary Square, but the weather was intensely cold, the building of flimsy material and unheated, and the price of tickets had been advanced to a price unheard of at that day—twenty dollars. Few people attended, and these left early.

There was no ball when Hayes was inaugurated in 1877. When Garfield took the oath, four years later, there was a very successful and beautiful ball held in the unfinished museum building of the Smithsonian Institution. The President and his family attended, and the building was crowded with the largest concourse that had assembled in Washington since the Civil War.

President Cleveland was the first to have his ball in the Pension building, and more than eight thousand citizens attended, as many more being refused tickets.

The Pension building is particularly adapted for occasions of this nature, being extremely large, and built about an open, glass-roofed court, the floor area of the court being about two-thirds of that occupied by the entire building. Wide galleries on all four sides of the court permit many to be present who do not wish to mingle in the crush upon the floor, and there is unlimited opportunity for effective decoration. These decorations, consisting of banks of ferns and flowers, festoons of electric lights, and drapings of bunting, have not varied strikingly in recent years, except in the colors used. Five thousand persons may be present in this building without crowding. The proceeds from the balls of recent years have been large, and have been devoted to paying for fireworks and other expensive features of the celebration not provided for by Congress.

The "Maine's" Flag Given to the Government

ONE of the flags which had been flown in Havana Harbor by the ill-fated *Maine* has just been presented to the government by an American resident in Havana, and

The "Maine's" Union Jack

has just been placed among the relics of the Navy Department at Washington.

Among the other things saved from the wreck of the battleship is an anchor. This

The "Maine's" Anchor

has been placed in the National Cemetery at Arlington, Virginia, to mark the spot where a number of the bodies of the men of the *Maine* are buried.

Color Treatment for the Insane

CHROMOTHERAPY—the treatment of disease by color—is being tried at Bartonville, Illinois, where eight solariums are in use for the benefit of the insane.

Dr. Zeller, the superintendent, is known as an opponent of the straight-jacket, the cell, and other means of repression in cases of insanity. He advocates the use of the four colors, ruby, violet, amber, and opal, and these are in use at the Bartonville hospital. The incandescent lamps, the glass shades, everything through which the light filters, is in one of the colors, and the influence upon the patient becomes perceptible as soon as he enters the room.

Dr. Zeller reports that the insane display a certain gayety in the red room. The violet rooms produces an appeasing effect, and the opal and amber solariums are especially efficacious when the alienation is accompanied by tuberculosis.

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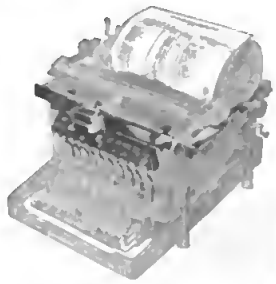

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THE CUT IN STEEL PRICES

By Franklin Escher

So wide is the distribution of the United States Steel Corporation's securities and so vast the army of its stockholders that any development bearing decidedly on the market value of its shares may be said to be of national importance. Announcement of the abandonment of the "official schedules" whereby steel prices have been so long maintained and the inauguration of an "open market" in the steel trade forms what is in many respects the most important economic development since the panic of 1907.

Frightened at first into selling their shares by the idea of a disastrous price war to come, investors all over the country are now beginning to realize that there are two sides to this question of lower steel prices, and that under the new order of things it is possible that the progress of recovery will be more rapid than under the old. True it is that at first sight there seems to be but little ground for optimism in the cutting down of prices which manufacturers were able to maintain even through all the depression of 1908; and yet in the change to "open market" conditions at the present time there are a number of favorable features worthy of serious attention.

For a clear understanding of what the reduction in steel prices means, it is necessary to bear in mind what the course of the steel market during the past year has been, and the reason why steel prices were held up as they were. Judging from E. H. Gary's formal statement, the much-criticised maintenance of prices was a matter of necessity rather than of choice. "Following the panic of October, 1907," the statement reads, "the iron and steel industry was in jeopardy, jobbers and consumers throughout the country had purchased large stocks at prices prevailing when conditions were favorable, and these were undisposed of. Pending contracts for construction which involved large purchases of iron and steel were extensive. Contracts for new furnaces, mills, and equipment, and for raw and semi-finished material, had been made by large numbers. An immediate and radical reduction in prices would have meant bankruptcy to multitudes." The statement then goes on to show how, through a series of conferences, but without any regular agreement, prices were maintained. But finally there came a time when "for one reason or another, including particularly the tariff agitation, many of the smaller concerns, who have not been disposed to co-operate during the past year, have become more or less vexatious and demoralized, and have been selling their products at prices below those which were generally maintained."

The necessity for the maintenance of prices formerly existing having been thus modified, the leading steel manufacturers come out with the statement that from now on they intend to protect their customers by meeting competition. That this will result in big price reductions in many directions goes without saying, and price reductions are considerably more than large earnings nor increased dividends. But under the old order of things the Steel Corporation's mills were being run at only fifty-eight per cent. of their capacity, and earnings were far from satisfactory. Consumers realized fully the artificiality of market conditions and held off with their purchases. The great question now is whether the substantial reduction in the price of steel will make them come in and buy.

Only once since the formation of the Steel Corporation has a similar situation existed. That was in August, 1904, when, after a long period of scant business at high rates, prices were suddenly cut. Almost immediately business began to pick up, pig iron leading the way with a sharp upturn in price ($13.10 in October, $14.85 in November, $16.65 in December) and finished steel rising in price steadily, though not quite so fast. By the end of the year (1904) unfilled orders on the books of the United States Steel Corporation had run up to 4,090,203 tons as against 3,245,123 at the year's beginning. And 1904, it must be remembered, was the year which saw the lowest prices for iron since the formation of the Steel Company.

According to precedent, consumption should be largely stimulated by present reduction of prices, but it is by no means alone upon the expectation that history will repeat itself that the hope of better things to come has to be based. With conditions as they are—an intrinsically sound business situation and plenty of money—there are at least two great reasons for thinking that the Steel Company's abandonment of its stand pat policy and the inauguration of a free market in steel will result in a radical improvement in the trade. The first of these reasons is that the reduction in prices now anticipates the prospective tariff reductions which have proved such a check upon buyers; the second is that the abandonment of the fixed schedules means nothing less than the breaking up of the industrial deadlock, an open offer to all to sell at a price warranted by conditions.

Up to two weeks ago an enormous aggregate of orders for steel was being held back to await the change in the tariff. With all the reduction which had taken place in other lines, steel prices had been cut hardly at all. And yet there was the practical certainty that before the summer was over cuts would be made in the steel tariff which would mean decided lowering of prices all along the line. Naturally consumers kept off—but with the abandonment of the high-price policy everything is changed. The consumer no longer feels that he is paying a high price for something which is bound to be cheapened inside of a few months. By lowering prices now the necessity of lowering them later on when the tariff reductions are announced is done away with. And among consumers of steel there is more than an idea that the big producers know pretty well what the changes in the tariff will be and are able to make present prices accordingly.

Whether or not actual new business—construction work, for instance, not contemplated before—will be created by lower steel prices, may be open to doubt, but of the fact that orders which would have been held back for months are now being rushed in, there can be no question. In the interval between the commencement of the special session on March 15th and the time when the new tariff legislation goes into effect, it would not be surprising if there were to develop a really large volume of business. At lower prices of course—but nobody questions the ability of the Steel Company to make good profits out of business taken at lower rates than it has been getting for a good while past.

The other reason why lower steel prices are likely to stimulate consumption at the present time is, that with the removal of the official price schedules there is broken what amounted to little less than a deadlock between producer and consumer. As Judge Gary pointed out, the maintenance of the high-price policy for so long a time was largely a matter of necessity; but whatever its cause, it was enough to drive the consumer out of the market for anything more than his urgent needs. Aside from any question of waiting to see what would be done to the tariff, there were large users of steel in every part of the country who figured that the price of steel had not had its proportionate decline, and were willing to sit down and await the working out of the economic law which they felt would in the end be stronger than the Steel Corporation policy. The working out of that primary law has now been vindicated, and the way cleared for purchases of steel not only for immediate use, but for stock account. In other words, it will be possible for a dealer, from now on, to lay in a supply of steel without feeling that he is paying an exorbitantly high price for it after a long period of slack demand.

There is further to be considered the fact that this abandonment of a position economically untenable is sure to result in economies of operation making it possible for steel manufacturers to earn a larger profit from the same volume of business. It has been the history of the steel industry that it is during times of low prices for finished products that cost reducing contrivances are invented and brought into use—when there is a pressure of business at high prices managers are too busy seeing that orders are taken care of. The same thing is true of wages. When prices are high, even though business is slack, the mills seek to run short time, but reduction in wages is out of the question. Just what will happen in this regard now that prices have been put down, steel men say it is still too early to tell. In a general way, however, they agree that an open market for steel and the present high range schedules are an anomaly which can last only during the life of the present agreements with the men. After that, wages will have to come down; and here, again, is another influence tending strongly to reduce operating costs and to make it possible to earn good profits from steel sold at lower prices.

Re-establishment of the export markets is a further probable result of the cut in steel prices. That is what has happened before, and that is what is apt to happen now. With prices on the high basis of the past few years it has been impossible for the American manufacturer to do much in the foreign field. But given a condition where the manufacturer here is confronted with the problem of making money out of steel sold at low prices, and no stone will be left unturned in the exploitation of the foreign markets. The "American invasion" of Europe's markets following the bad times of 1893 is typical of what our manufacturers are capable of doing under the spur of necessity. The lower prices are driven by domestic competition, the easier it will be to lay hold on the foreign markets again—should that outlet prove to be necessary.

For no one seems to believe that, whatever the steel situation may develop in the way of a price-slashing contest, such conditions are going to last for any length of time. So strong is the position of the Steel Corporation that it can make the fight as sharp and decisive as it likes, and well afford to stand the consequences. And no one but the most confirmed pessimist will argue that with the general business of the country sound, as it is, and capital to be had in plenty, a greatly depressed condition in the steel industry is likely to last very long.

Price-cutting contests are disconcerting, to the holder of steel stock there is nothing pleasant in the idea of the abolition of fixed prices and the plunging in after business at a price to *get it*. But such an episode is the natural consequence of the period through which we have been passing. Criticism of the conduct of the Steel Corporation during the first few years of its existence has given way to world-wide admiration of the company, and the results which have been achieved by the enterprise and acumen of those who have its affairs in charge. To them, in this hot juncture, it seemed best first to maintain prices and then when reductions had to be made, to make them all at once. Indications are not wanting that when the history of the steel industry in 1909 shall come to be written, it will appear that the policy which was followed was in the best interests of shareholders as the United States Steel Corporation.

J. Z. N.—I am going to put some money either into Atlantic Coast Line, Louisville and Nashville collateral 5's at 90, or into Louisville and Nashville—Atlanta, Knoxville and Cincinnati division 5's at 95. Which do you favor?

Both issues are well secured, the former by a majority of Louisville and Nashville stock and the latter by a mortgage on an important division of the same road. Why not divide your investment between the two issues?

C. V. C.—Who controls Chesapeake, Ohio? Do you consider the stock worth what it is selling for and what is likely to be done with the road?

Control of Chesapeake was recently acquired by a syndicate headed by Mr. Edwin Hawley. The property is in excellent physical condition and declared by its friends to be easily able to pay four per cent. Countless rumors are afloat as to the disposition of the road, but no statement has been made by those in a position to know.

F. K. C.—I see that nearly $15,000,000 in gold was has been sent from here to Argentina. Why does that gold not go to London direct?

These shipments are being made for London account. London owes Argentina the money in payment for wheat and hides. Instead of sending the gold from England direct, the English bankers find that it is cheaper to have the gold sent from here and the cost charged to their account. The new Argentina loan is also an influence in drawing gold.

R. L. B.—In your last article, "Wall Street Under Fire," you do not say anything about brokers charging their customers high interest. Is it true that they sometimes charge their customers more than the banks charge them?

On odd lot accounts, and small accounts containing stocks on which it is hard to get banks to lend a high interest rate is often charged for the reason that the customer is making use of the broker's own capital. Interest on large accounts is usually a matter of individual negotiation.

C. L.—In case of a coal strike is the price of coal to the consumer apt to be raised?

Towards the end of the great coal strike in 1902, anthracite in New York was selling at anywhere from $12 to $20 a ton. So great is the supply on hand at the present time, however, that the strike would have to be of long duration before any such prices would be reached.

J. N. C.—The recent decision against the Consolidated Tea Company has made me think of selling some New Amsterdam Gas 5's which I recently bought. Do you think they ought to be sold?

Unless you have some good reason of your own, we do not see why you should sell your bonds. At present price they net slightly better than five per cent. and are a reasonably secure investment.

R. W.—Do you recommend the purchase of the preferred railroad stocks for a man with surplus money?

So far as steadiness of income is concerned, you can hardly go far wrong in the purchase of such stocks as Union Pacific or Atchison preferred. Stocks of this kind are liable to fluctuate in price, but are a good deal better investment than many bonds yielding less income.

J. C. J.—As applied to the United States Treasury's finances what is the "net available balance," and the "working balance"?

The working balance may be found as follows: Add together the cash held in the Treasury and the cash on deposit in the banks, and from this total subtract the liabilities. That will give the net available balance. That, less deposits in the banks, is the working balance.

A Woman Who Was "Governor" of Oregon

When the eloquent Senator Chamberlain, who held the office of Governor of Oregon left that State for the national capital until he was sworn in as Senator in Washington his stenographer, Mrs. C. B. Shelton, acted as Oregon's chief executive. That such unusual powers were conferred upon a woman was the result of a peculiar political situation.

Mrs. C. B. Shelton,

Who acted as Governor of the State of Oregon

There is no Lieutenant Governor in Oregon and, during the Governor's absence, his private secretary was supposed to fill that position. However, a few days before the departure of Governor Chamberlain his secretary was appointed to a judgeship and therefore the stenographer acted as Governor.

The Experiences of a Piano-tuner

The piano-tuner was in a reminiscent mood, and the "story of his life" was in order. The many peculiarities of the trade were discussed, and the conclusion reached that a good piano-tuner is born, not made. A most acute sense of sound vibration is absolutely indispensable, for no ordinary mortal would ever be able to detect a variation of one-tenth of a tone in a piano, and yet no expert tuner can do this.

Frequently pianos grow discordant very suddenly, and in many such cases obstructions are discovered to have lodged among the strings. Some of these finds are extraordinary.

"If I had kept and converted into money all the articles of value that I've found in pianos I've tuned it would make a very neat sum for me to fall back upon in my old age. This is especially true with reference to grand pianos in the homes of the wealthy.

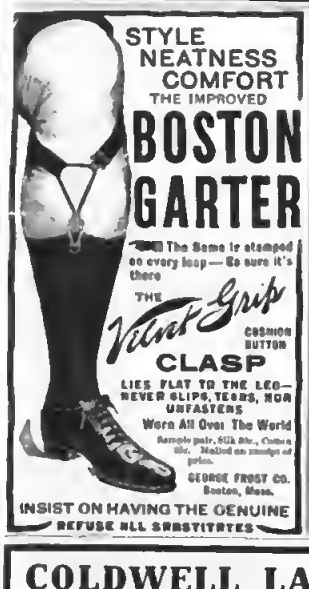
"A few years ago I was summoned to tune a triangular piano in the residence of a wealthy family here, and on making a preliminary run over the keys I instantly detected an odd jangling in the upper register. This jangling, it seems, had also been detected by the young women of the family, but none of them had taken the trouble to investigate the cause of the unusual sound.

"It didn't take me very long to pick out from beneath the strings a diamond and ruby bracelet. A servant of that household was even then languishing in the Tombs on the charge of having stolen that bracelet.

"When bangle bracelets were fashionable I used often to find, between the piano strings and even sometimes underneath the keyboard, small coins and medals that had been lost from the bracelets. A famous Chicago woman, prominent in society in this country and abroad, suffered such a loss while visiting at the home of a New York family.

"It was a small gold Roman coin, with the head of Domitian, valuable from the numismatic point of view, but of many times greater value to the Chicago woman because it had been given to her by Carmen Sylva, the Rumanian Queen. She had lost it from her gold bangle bracelet of antique coins.

"I found the coin underneath the keyboard of the grand piano in the house at which she had been visiting here several months after she had missed it. When the coin was restored to her the lady sent a most heartfelt letter of thanks and a substantial check."



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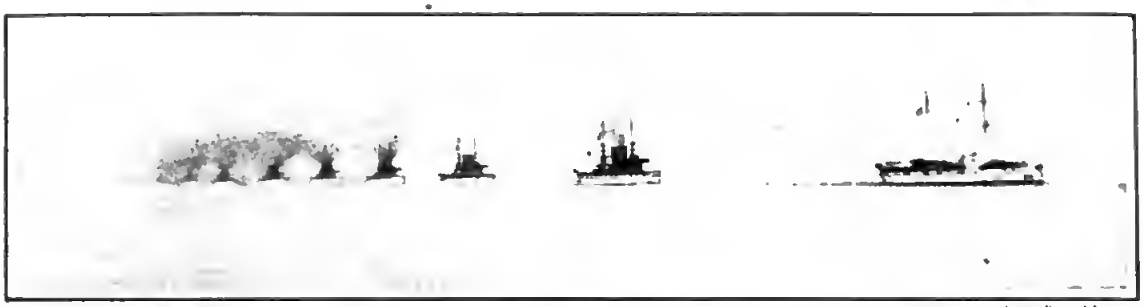

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The flag-ship "Connecticut" leading the battleships into Hampton Roads, Virginia, and saluting the President's yacht "Mayflower," from which Mr. Roosevelt welcomed the fleet

The President's address of welcome to the crew on the quarter-deck of the "Connecticut"

Photograph by Levick

President Roosevelt's visit to the flag-ship "Connecticut." His flag is flying at the mainmast

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Rear-Admiral Sperry receiving the congratulations of the President and Secretary-of-the-Navy Newberry

Photograph by Levick

The crowd of wives, relatives, and friends of the men in the fleet on the wharf at Old Point Comfort waiting in the drizzle to visit the ships

WELCOMING THE BATTLE FLEET HOME

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THE FLEET HOMEWARD BOUND

The Prudential Insurance Company is issuing an artistically beautiful picture of the American battleship fleet steaming away from Gibraltar, homeward bound. The picture is in colors, and gives a splendid idea of the beauty and power of the American warships. The scene presents the *Connecticut*, flying the flag of Rear-Admiral C. S. Sperry, leading the first division of the fleet past the Rock of Gibraltar. It will inspire even the veriest landlubber who doesn't know a belaying-pin from a marlinespike.

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The Prudential has also published, for free circulation, a most interesting booklet containing separate pictures of each ship in the fleet, and giving tonnage, speed, armament, number of crew, etc. A copy of either this booklet or picture may be had for the asking. Write to The Prudential Insurance Company of America, Newark, N. J., stating which is preferred; or, if both are desired, state so in your letter.—[Adv.]

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The Death of Geronimo

By W. M. Oliver

The death of Geronimo, the famous Apache chief, on February 18th, marks the passing of one of the most cruel and bloodthirsty Indians that ever terrorized the settlers on the Western plains. The old chief had been confined on the Fort Sill Military Reservation since October, 1895, and there he died from an sudden attack of pneumonia at the age of seventy-five years.

It was the murder of one of his wives by a wandering band of Mexicans that first aroused Geronimo from his peaceful farming operations in Arizona, and caused him to organize a hostile band of Apaches and seek revenge. Northern Mexico, Arizona, and Nevada were the

Copyright, 1901, by Oliver Lawton, Oklahoma

Geronimo, who died and became a "good" Indian

principal districts to suffer in this savage warfare, which only terminated with Geronimo's surrender to General Miles in 1886. With nearly three hundred of his followers he was a prisoner of war at Fort Pickens, Florida, and at Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama, before he was transferred to the Military Reservation in Oklahoma. Here the old chief gained a comfortable livelihood by selling bows and arrows and photographs of himself to tourists passing through Lawton. He learned to print his name in English on these articles and thus enhanced their value.

Three years ago Geronimo, accompanied by Quanna Parker of the Comanches, went to Washington to plead with the President that he be allowed to end his days in his Apache Pass country, but this request could not be granted. The history of Geronimo is free from sentimentality, because he was typical of what a really "bad Indian" might be, and his attachment to his old home was apparently the only human attribute he possessed.

Strong Drink in Hawaii

The natives of Hanaii are addicted to the use of alcoholic beverages and manufacture a number of different kinds of intoxicants, but it was not until after the discovery of the islands by Captain Cook, in 1778, that spirituous liquors became known to the Hawaiians. Since the early part of the nineteenth century, American missionaries have been struggling to crush out this evil, but have only reaped temporary successes at times when they have been able to influence the reigning monarch and have him sanction their efforts.

For centuries the Hawaiians have used "awa," which is a plant possessing strong narcotic properties, and whose effect when drunk habitually is to injure the eyesight and cause other serious troubles. The root is either steeped in water or it is first macerated and water then poured over it and the liquid finally drained off. The Territorial government levies a tax of from fifty to five hundred dollars annually on the sale of this drug, according to the size of the community; Honolulu, of course, paying the maximum figure. At the present time tons of this "awa" root are used in this country for the manufacture of a certain proprietary medicine.

Another beverage which our revenue officers are endeavoring to suppress is distilled from a number of starchy and mucharine roots, chief among which is the "Ti." This drink, called "okolehao," is nearly pure alcohol, and its effects may easily be imagined. "Swipes," another fermented mixture of anything that will yield alcohol, is also made in small quantities, but it is becoming exceedingly difficult to dodge the officers of the law, and these vicious liquors are gradually being stamped out.

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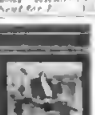

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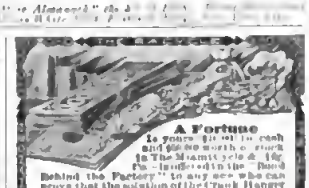

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Howe[illegible] always getting the origi[illegible]

[illegible]do is to make a mental note of [illegible]

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If you like good whiskey and are willing to take pains to get it, we'll make it easy for you to test Old James E. Pepper.

Every good dealer in the United States has the genuine Old James E. Pepper Whiskey in stock, or he can get it for you without trouble.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LIII | New York, March 13, 1909 | No 2725

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PRESIDENT TAFT REVIEWING THE INAUGURAL PARADE

The newly elected Executive viewing the pageant from the Court of Honor in front of the White House. On his left stands Vice-President Sherman; on his right, the head of the Inaugural Committee of Arrangements, Mr. E. J. Stellwagen

HARPER'S WEEKLY

VOL. LIII — No. 2735

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THIRTY-SIX PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, MARCH 13, 1909

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Comment

WASHINGTON, *March 8th.*

The Inauguration of President Taft

DESPITE the blizzard and its accompanying annoyances, the new administration began its work blandly. It was fitting that the growing influence of American women in public affairs should receive tacit recognition through the recording of greater prominence to the wives of the President and Vice-President in the ceremonies. The administering of the oath and delivery of the inaugural in the Senate Chamber, instead of outdoors before a vast concourse of people, made for popular disappointment, of course, but seemed, nevertheless, to harmonize with the calm dignity of the new as contrasted with the blaze and blare of the old. Mr. ROOSEVELT'S conduct was wholly admirable. He kept as far in the background as possible to avert distraction of applause from his successor, and slipped quietly out of his beloved limelight with perfect composure and apparent satisfaction. President TAFT'S bearing was all that could be desired by any one who perceives in a blending of sincerity and simplicity the true American spirit. Kindly, even jovial, at all times, he never for an instant appeared to fail to appreciate the magnitude of the responsibilities he was assuming or the proprieties which should attend their acceptance. There was no sign of prospective domineering and no exhibition of undue humility. From the beginning on Tuesday to the end on Friday, under the most trying conditions, it was a fine and commendable performance, impressive and worthy of the Republic.

The Kidnapper

A Tariff for Revenue

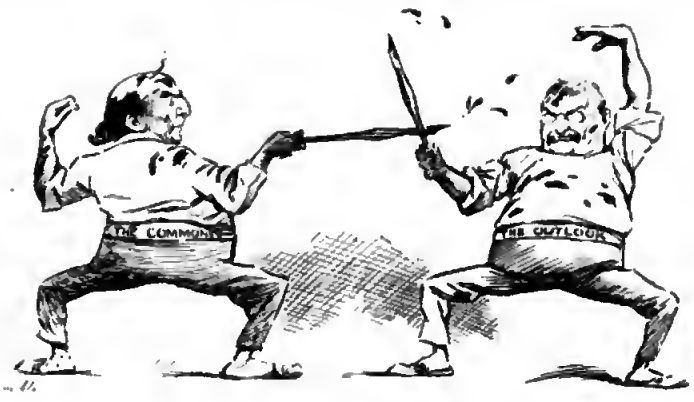
President TAFT'S versatile predecessor was accused many times of stealing Democratic policies and incidentally getting—some one wittily observed—Democratic results. But we will not concern ourselves with a discussion that could be only academic at this time. Let Brothers BRYAN and ROOSEVELT fight it out in the leisure which happily is to be theirs for some time to come. The curiously interesting fact is that President TAFT has calmly appropriated the only really vital policy the Democratic party has possessed since TILDEN thought he was elected. He does not declare for a "tariff for revenue only" in so many words, but he comes so near doing so that one is not disposed to split straws. The primary purpose of the revision which he demands, he says plainly, is to "secure an adequate revenue." It should also, of course, though secondarily if not indeed incidentally, as TILDEN put it, afford protection to capital and labor to the extent of the differences in producing costs here and abroad. He thinks further that a measure can be drafted in conformity with this principle that will "permit the reduction of rates in certain schedules and require the advancement of few, if any." To the ridiculous declaration in the Republican platform that manufacturers must be guaranteed "reasonable profits" through the tariff, he wisely pays no attention.

"The prime motive is taxation and the securing thereby of revenue." Those are the true and golden words destined, let us hope, to blaze the way of the Republican party out of the morass of greed and special privilege. And if 'twere done, 'twere well done quickly. President TAFT does not adjure or adjurgate or command. But he does speak plainly and convincingly, as he should. Regarding tariff uncertainty as the chief obstacle in the way of returning prosperity, he would concentrate all forces upon its prompt removal; and yet—"I venture this as a suggestion only, for the course to be taken by Congress, upon the call of the Executive, is wholly within its discretion." And with the prerogative goes the responsibility and accountability to the people. That is what Governor HUGHES has been saying effectively in Albany, but in Washington it is like a breath of fresh air in a dungeon cell.

Senator ALDRICH will, as usual, we assume, construct the tariff act. We do not look, therefore, for any very radical revolutions, but if many very material ones shall not be made promptly, we shall have to revise our estimate of the sagacious Senate leader's capacity to read the handwriting on the wall. The omens for complete industrial revival in the autumn are favorable.

A Government of Laws, Not of Men

While dealing chiefly with the uppermost subject, President TAFT takes proper occasion to renew the pledges which he made during the campaign. He wants to "clinch" the inchoate ROOSEVELT policies by general legislation, not by arbitrary and partial enforcement; he would reorganize the Department of Justice, the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the Bureau of Corporations so that they may operate more quickly and effectively; he recognizes the advantages to all of proper and legal combinations formed to achieve "the highest economic efficiency"; he draws a sharp line between such combinations and others made to control prices "artificially"; he would maintain careful government supervision to the end that existing laws be observed and abuses eliminated; and he will ask for legislation "to prevent excessive issues of bonds and stocks by companies owning and operating inter-State commerce railroads." Specific recommendations will follow at the regular session in December designed to accomplish these results, and "at the same time to secure freedom from alarm on the part of those pursuing proper and progressive business methods." He summarizes them briefly now because this "is creative work of the highest order and requires all the deliberation possible in the interval." All of which, we submit, is not only unobjectionable, but distinctly commendable. Clearly, President TAFT does not propose to act first and think afterward, if at all; but he does propose to act whenever the doing has stood the test of reconsideration; and that is what the people want, or at least what they ought to have, whether they prefer futile screaming from the housetops or not.



Let Brothers Bryan and Roosevelt light it out

Good News for Charleston

So long as the statutes of the States meet the test of this amendment and are not otherwise in conflict with the Constitution and laws of the United States, it is not the disposition or within the province of the Federal government to interfere with the regulation by Southern States of their domestic affairs.

It may well admit of doubt whether, in the case of any race, an appointment of one of their number to a local office in a community in which the race feeling is so wide-spread and acute as to interfere with the ease and facility with which the local government business can be done by the appointee, is of sufficient benefit by way of encouragement to the race to outweigh the resentment and increase of race feeling which such an appointment is likely to engender.—*President* TAFT.

We do not seem to recall these as being among the gleaming policies now waiting to be clinched.

Evading the Constitution

Much as we should like to commend the initial acts of the new President, we cannot view the installation of the two highest Cabinet officers through plain evasions of the Constitution without regret and misgiving. That the titles of both Mr. KNOX and Mr. MACVEAGH are clouded, there can be no shadow of doubt. Article I., Section 6, Clause 2, of the Constitution declares

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"Do be careful, Senator, and don't upset us"

explicitly that "No Senator or Representative shall, *during the time for which he was elected*, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased, during such time." Now, the time for which Mr. KNOX was elected does not expire until March 4, 1911, and during that time the emoluments of the Secretary of State were not only increased, but were increased with the aid of Mr. KNOX's own vote as Senator. True, Congress has repealed that portion of the act relating to the salary of the Secretary of State, but the fact that it repealed *only* that portion affords conclusive evidence that its action was taken for a specific purpose, which, of course, was avowedly to remove the ineligibility of Mr. KNOX. Accepting as correct the somewhat dubious assumption that technically the object was accomplished, there can be no question of the fact that the appointment of Mr. KNOX was not only an evasion of the letter, but a flat violation of the spirit, of the Constitution.

The installation of MR. MAC VEAGH as Secretary of the Treasury is even more serious. The eighth section of the Act of September 2, 1789, establishing the Treasury Department, provides that "No person appointed to any office instituted by this act shall, *directly or indirectly, be concerned* or *interested* in carrying on the business of trade or commerce." That MR. MAC VEAGH was so concerned and interested directly and actively a week before his appointment is admitted. To rid himself of the disability, he disposed of his interest in the business to a corporation formed to take it over, of which his son became the head. Payment was made in the form of shares of stock. Whether such shares were issued directly to the actual owner, Mr. MAC VEAGH, or to his son or to some other member of his family, we are not informed. If to Mr. MAC VEAGH himself, he accessarily continues to be "concerned" as directly as before in the business. If to MAC VEAGH's son, the transfer was either purely nominal, leaving the son in the position of trustee and Mr. MAC VEAGH, the real owner, still directly concerned, or it was a passing of actual ownership—virtually a gift. Assuming the latter, then it is clear that the son supplants the father as the party immediately in interest, but could the proposition that the father, in consequence, ceased to be "indirectly concerned" be maintained successfully in a court of competent jurisdiction?

When ALEXANDER T. STEWART found himself in a like predicament, he proposed in a letter to President GRANT to "promptly transfer to the hands of gentlemen in whom the public have felt confidence *every interest in the gains and profits* that could possibly accrue to myself in the business of my house during my official term." It will be seen that MR. STEWART proposed to go much farther than Mr. MAC VEAGH is reported to have gone in divesting himself of income from his business, and yet "differences of opinion" as to whether even this procedure would "satisfy the requirements of the law" seemed so serious to Mr. STEWART that, while regretting that the plan proposed was "deemed inadequate to relieve me from legal and, as it seems to me, *technical* disabilities," he reluctantly declined "to accept the position in disrespect of law." This episode, we believe, constitutes the only precedent in our history bearing upon the present situation. It seems to leave no room for doubt respecting the common opinion of that time.

We now perceive wherein the question of the eligibility of Mr. MAC VEAGH assumes a gravity not possessed by that relating to Mr. KNOX. Whereas both procedures are obvious evasions of our organic law, there seems to be little question that *technically* Mr. KNOX's *disability* was removed by act of Congress. Whether as much can be safely asserted respecting Mr. MAC VEAGH is extremely doubtful. It is comfortably assumed that the point will never be raised, but is such an assumption safe? When we consider the vast powers of the Secretary of the Treasury in the issuance of bonds and both specific and general conduct of national finances, it is not without grave misgiving that we can contemplate even the remotest possibility of the validity of any of his acts being questioned. Of the pre-eminent fitness of both Mr. KNOX and Mr. MAC VEAGH there is no doubt. Neither, probably, would there be of the qualifications of Mr. TAFT if he had happened to be born in England instead of in Ohio, but that fact would hardly be considered to justify his election as President. It was bad enough to evade the law in both of these cases, but the possible consequences of ineligibility of a Secretary of the Treasury are so tremendous that it certainly would seem advisable for President TAFT to consider the advisability of devising a plan to obtain from the Supreme Court a judicial determination of MR. MAC VEAGH's technical qualifications—and that as quickly as possible.

Governor Hughes

There was a significant spontaneity in the applause which greeted Governor HUGHES at every turn. Our people admire a dashing, smashing chap, and feel most kindly toward a big-hearted, broad-minded man, but we are by no means sure that the old-time regard for the old-fashioned statesman of high ideals, great moral courage, absolute personal independence, and a hundred brains does not continue to be the strongest. Somehow everybody seemed to feel *proud* of Governor HUGHES. We know we did. He looked the part, too—a fine figure of a man on a horse, straight, easy, dignified, and altogether gracious in his bearing. Four years ago HUGHES and PLATT stood for New York; this year HUGHES and ROOT; and the New-Yorkers present seemed to recognize a difference that was gratifying.

The Class of '78

President TAFT made much of the members of his class at Yale. He seemed to regard them as logical successors of the Rough Riders, and missed no opportunity to whack them on the back and call them by their first names. Out of ninety-six now living only twenty-one were missing. Probably they have satisfactory jobs already. Those present were greatly pleased by the spirit of comradeship manifested by their most distinguished classmate. When he told them at their smoker that he was going to do his best to earn his $75,000 a year and "make good" generally for the sake of Yale, they cheered. They also approved his expression of hope that he would derive profit from "just criticism" and "not care a dern for unjust criticism." Still, it didn't mean much, because nobody can help regarding criticism of his own acts as unjust. And he oughtn't to have said "dern." If he was going to emphasize the point in that way at all, he should have said damn. It is a much better word, and not suggestive of unworthy compromise.

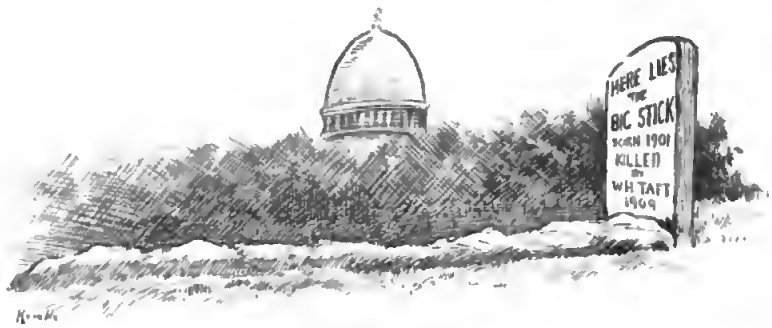
Beveridge and Bailey

Senator BEVERIDGE made a very handsome and quite effective defence of Mr. ROOSEVELT on the last day. It almost always happens that the galleries are full when the Senator has occasion to speak. His reference to the fact, as bearing upon the present situation, that the names of the detractors of WASHINGTON, JACKSON, and LINCOLN are forgotten was apt and timely. Senator BAILEY's sneering rejoinder that the names of their eulogists likewise have been lost to memory was cheap and silly.

At the Ball

The ball was not a ball; it was a sort of promenade concert; and the big band certainly did play to beat itself. The people were interesting. More women in the thirties wear eyeglasses than formerly. Very few know how to do their hair becomingly. All dress most decorously. Two inches' off the top of a waist constitutes a low-necked gown and open-work stockings are rare; but perhaps that was because it was so cold. The number of red-headed women was disappointingly small. Most of the girls looked as if they had come from normal schools. The wholesomeness of their appearance afforded partial recompense for the awfulness of their voices. Manners were generally pretty bad even among those in high places, who kept getting in

The writing on the wall



Here lies the big stick

front of the President. Mr. HITCHCOCK is a good dancer. He will probably get married during his term.

Collector Crum's Gracious Act

Doctor CRUM, the colored Collector of Customs at Charleston, did a proper and manly act when he resigned. We cannot say as much of President ROOSEVELT, who obdurately reappointed Doctor CRUM and so left his successor in the traditionally awkward position between the devil and the deep sea. What President TAFT would have done we have no means of knowing; possibly he doesn't know himself. But we are unfeignedly glad, and we guess he is, too, that Doctor CRUM has graciously relieved him of the necessity of doing anything. Incidentally, Doctor CRUM pays a high tribute to the proud white folks of Charleston when he testifies that "during all these years I have been treated with kindness and courtesy by all those who have had official business with the office and have not had unpleasant contact with any one in the city." It is proper also to observe that nobody seems to have questioned Doctor CRUM's ability or attentiveness to his duties. One fact is certain: his last public act should raise him to a high position in the esteem of his countrymen in and out of Charleston. We take for granted that a capable white man will be appointed as his successor.

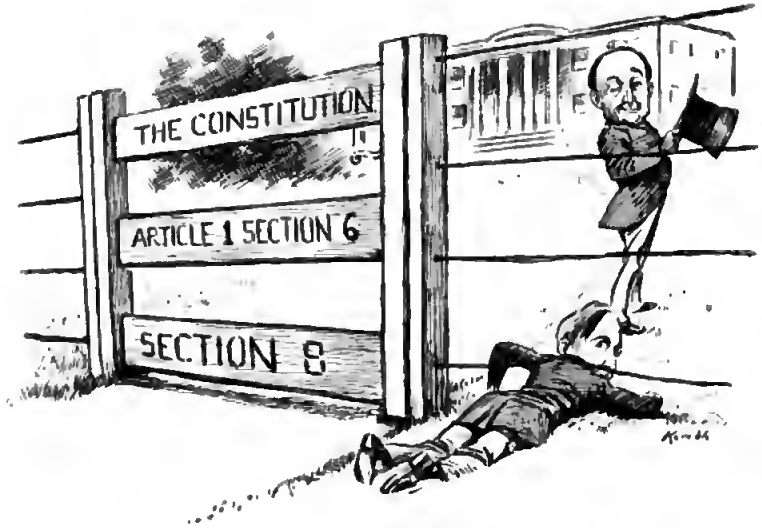
The Ungracious Conduct of Journalists

We are mortified beyond measure by the conduct of the leading journalists of this town with respect to the advent of Brother ROOSEVELT in their midst. Not only have they failed to extend glad hands in fraternal greeting, but their very attitude, as illustrated by their comments upon the initial article on Journalism and Her Attitude toward Me, is critical, to say the least. Brother MILLER laments to the extent of a column or more in the *Times* the publication in the *Outlook* of what he clearly regards as platitudinous buncombe, but he does have the grace to plead extenuation for defects in style and the like which invariably characterize the work of a novice. Doctor MITCHELL does not extend even this consideration through the *Sun*. "The short and ugly truth about such writings as Mr. ROOSEVELT's in the *Outlook*," he declares, passionately, "is that it would not pass the toy-terrier watchdogs of amateur journalism. The kindergarten of any adult newspaper would reject with ridicule Mr. ROOSEVELT's clumsy figures of speech and frenzied rhetoric. His 'vapid fields' and 'deified cults' and 'asset reporters' and the rest of the long catalogue of verbal misdemeanors to which we called attention yesterday could by no accident escape the police of any self-respecting literary establishment. No editor worthy of the name—least of all Doctor MABIE under normal conditions—would tolerate these enormities and inanities which Doctor MABIE is receiving so reverently from his new Contributor and sanctioning and passing unmitigated to the composing-room." Then Doctor MITCHELL proceeds to pick flaws in the diction of the new Associate Editor in a manner which we unhesitatingly pronounce unbecoming, if not indeed unkind, winding up with the blunt assertion that "Doctor MABIE would perish at the stake rather than give his approval to this enormity of confused thought and nonsensical diction: 'Removed as far as the poles from the apostles of that hideous yellow journalism which *deifies the cult* of the mendacious,'" etc. What to do about it Doctor MITCHELL doesn't seem to know. He foresees, however, that, if anguish continues to tear the soul of Doctor MABIE much longer, either he or the new Associate will have to give up his job.

"Talk about your Crum of comfort!"

The True Position of Doctor Mabie

Now, we cannot believe that the situation is as serious as Doctor MITCHELL depicts it. It is true, as he says, that evidences of the interdiction of Doctor MABIE's use of his exquisite blue pencil are manifest in what should, we suppose, be termed the finished product. But there is no occasion for Doctor MABIE to suffer. His feelings were thoughtfully and adequately safeguarded by Brother LYMAN ABBOTT in his introductory note entitled "By Way of Welcome." We have seldom seen consideration extended with greater delicacy than is done at the very outset of this enthusiastic greeting in these words: "It would be a singular affectation to introduce to the readers of the *Outlook* its new Associate Editor, THEODORE ROOSEVELT." The significance of this peculiar phrasing seems to have escaped Doctor MITCHELL's ordinarily acute discernment. If the paragraph had begun, "It would be a *plural* affectation," etc., we grant that Doctor MABIE would have ground for concern, if not complaint. But clearly it was the purpose of Brother LYMAN ABBOTT, who signs the welcome, to assume individual responsibility. Moreover, Brother ROOSEVELT, in his pellucid exposition of what the *Outlook* was, is, and hopes to be, accords to the name "Doctor ABBOTT" the grandeur of solitariness. Doctor MABIE is relegated to the bunch of the "men and women he [Doctor ABBOTT] has gathered around him." He is, to be sure, if we may be permitted to use the terse definition now sanctioned by the latest authority, an "asset," but only an atomic asset, and we must insist with great reluctance that Doctor MITCHELL is only deifying the cult of the mendacious upon a vapid field, and ought to be ashamed of himself for trying to stir up dissension in a sanctum that has now become a sanctuary.



One way of getting in

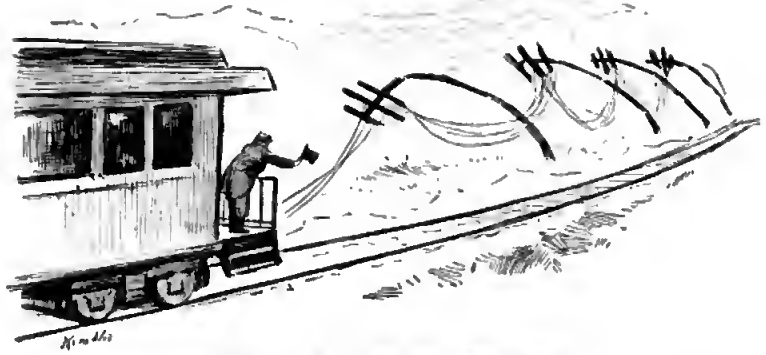
A Praiseworthy Beginning

We have read the editorial in question and find in it much that is not only uplifting but edifying. What could be sounder or more to the point than the firm declaration that the "first

duty" of an editor is "inflexible adherence to the elementary virtues of entire truth, entire courage, entire honesty"? How much higher and better it is to adhere inflexibly than to "habitually and consistently practise a malign and slanderous untruthfulness which, though more refined than, is at least as immoral as, the screaming sensationalism of any representative of the journalism which it affects to despise"? We never thought of it before, but we now perceive clearly that only those who "sit in cloistered aloofness" could possibly act upon the infamous theory "that decent and upright public men are as properly subjects of foul attack as the most debased corruptionist." But we may rest assured that such malignors have their punishment. We have never happened to see anybody seated in cloistered aloofness, but it sounds like a most chilly and uncomfortable place, from which would naturally issue pitiful cries which, though more refined than, are at least as immoral as, screams from the housetops. We cannot feel certain that a "foul attack" is ever justified, but if it be, there can be no question that it should be made upon the wicked and not upon the virtuous, who are indeed "as far removed as the poles from the apostles"—an almost immeasurable distance.

Welcome to Our City

No, we find no just ground for the hypercriticism of this resolute article manifested by Brothers MITCHELL and MILLER. This is not the first time a Bowdoin or Dartmouth man has pecked at a Harvard graduate's grammar, but do let us hope it will be the last. We commend to the prayerful consideration of Doctor MITCHELL and Brother MILLER—we guess he is a Doctor, too, but we are not sure—the sage remark of President HADLEY to the effect that "you can always tell a Harvard man—but not much." Moreover, is grammar of any greater consequence than the frazzled Constitution between friends? What can be the motives of these able journalists whose fairness of spirit we have been accustomed to respect? Does Doctor MITCHELL point a significant distinction when he admits that he borrows the adjective "Brother," as applied to Doctor ABBOTT, "from the Franklin Square vocabulary of affection," while personally he uses it "in a purely complimentary sense"? Or is that only an unwitting admission of innate depravity? Perhaps they are jealous. It looks that way. Anyhow, here is a bit of information that will fetch the green of envy to their pallid cheeks. On this very day—Saturday, March 13th, hereafter memorable—the Messrs. COLLIER, with characteristic thoughtfulness and generosity, have arranged a luncheon at which Brother ROOSEVELT will receive the cordial greetings of his fellow craftsmen. The suggestion of the function, it will be remembered, was ours, but we were too busy to attend to the details, and the Messrs. COLLIER kindly volunteered. It promises to be a fine and enjoyable occasion. Doctors MITCHELL and MILLER have *not* been invited. Let them imagine a picture of the festive board surrounded by the happy countenances of Brothers LYMAN ABBOTT, MABIE, SHAW, RUS, PAGE, and the rest of us, all feeding on solid hard-tacks of wisdom and quaffing inspiration to nobler thoughts, and see how they like it. We can behold them now shivering in their cloistered aloofness and chewing the rag. And all we have to say is that it is good enough for them. From the rest of us: Welcome, Brother, to our city!



A citizen en route—the salutation of the big stick

Correspondence

WENT WEST TO LEARN

VIENNA, VA., *February 4, 1909.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your editorials of this week you speak of the possibility of Massachusetts boys being sent to the Middle Western schools to imbibe the spirit of the West. This has begun, as the following incident shows.

About five years ago one of the editors of a Boston paper, whose home was in Brookline, sent his son to the University of Wisconsin as an institution capable of giving him the broadest education. The boy, entering as a freshman, endeared himself to his college-mates by wearing University of Michigan's maize and blue instead of the Wisconsin cardinal before the Wisconsin-Michigan football game. Naturally, the upper classmen took the matter in hand, and called on the young Bostonian to serve as an escort to the Lake shore, where he was expected to take a public bath for the good of his education. A mêlée followed, one of the boy's classmates, who came to his rescue, was shot in the leg with the revolver which the Bostonian had provided *to defend himself from Indians and Western bandits.* The Bostonian left Iowa, and the Badger boys packed the freshman's trunk and expressed it to Brookline, Massachusetts, prepaid.

Would it not be well to give the Massachusetts boys the change in education somewhat earlier?

I am, sir,

STEPHEN CONRAD STUNTZ.

TRUST-BUSTING SCHOOL-BOOKS IN TEXAS

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, *February 5, 1909.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Texas has become justly celebrated for her trust-busting proclivities. Recognizing its duty to protect the morals of the rising generation, a recent Legislature passed a measure prohibiting the use of school-books "published by a trust." This morning's papers announce that rather than defend itself against the assaults of the State's attorneys the American Book Company has submitted to a fine of several thousand dollars and withdrawn from the State. A remark made by one of the attorneys during the preliminary argument is significant, "the vice was not in the reduction of price, but in the agreement to reduce the price"—*i.e.,* of school-books. Last fall in commenting upon the actual effects of this law, one of the dailies of San Antonio stated editorially that the parents of school children in that city alone would be subjected to an expense of $50,000, and that the price of books forced upon the public would average sixty per cent. more than the price of the books repudiated. *The comparative merit of the text-books is a matter of an consequence.* Shall the youth of Texas be contaminated by being taught their letters from books published by a trust? Never! How long, O Lord, how long will the level-headed men of Texas permit themselves to be exploited by the demagogues who have already driven out effective competition in various fields, have compelled the withdrawal of all of the larger insurance companies, have checked railway construction because of unfair and oppressive regulations, and who now threaten to entirely prevent the development of territory constituting an empire in itself by advocating the passage of a law requiring the railways to haul passengers through such waste places at two cents per mile?

I am, sir,

H. N. M.

ACKNOWLEDGED

"THE SUN," PHOENIXVILLE, PA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Some time ago we wrote HARPER'S WEEKLY for an advertisement in exchange, but for some reason it was not accepted. Enclosed please find my check for $4 for HARPER'S WEEKLY for one year. Please permit me to say to you that as an editorial writer you are without a peer in this country. I am sending this business letter to you in order that I may say this to you, and you will please turn the business part of the letter over to the proper department.

I am, sir,

C. W. METCALF.

JEWS AND THE CONSTITUTION

BALTIMORE, MD., *February 6, 1909.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your editorial, "Is this a Christian Country?" will probably appeal to the masses, who have come to think, like you, that "they (the Jews) are pretty comfortable here, in the main, as it is, and in so far as our (Christian) laws go." It is against the attitude that you naturally fall into, namely, that the Jews ought to be thankful to some one else for the opportunities they enjoy in this country, that the Jews desire to protest, even if they arouse "the sleeping dog." We know that this is a pretty good country and we want to keep it so.

The approach to your attitude has been subtle, but none the less real. Bible readings and Christmas entertainments in the public schools, Sunday laws, an *obiter dictum* by a judge of the Supreme Court, all conspire to encourage the feeling that certain religious beliefs create a special kind of citizen, more American than other kinds. The Jews oppose this idea in the open, telling why they think it is wrong and against the fundamental law of the country. They take their stand where your cartoonist has placed "A Solid Man on a Solid Foundation"—on the Constitution. The figures you quote do not disturb the Jews. They know the futility as well as the tyranny of majorities. There are Christian denominations which will take your statistics more to heart than will the Jews. The homer may find it easier to put Christianity into the Constitution than it will afterwards be to make the Constitution operate in favor of their particular group. The Jews simply say, "Come let us reason together." They ought to have the courage to continue their campaign of quiet argument in spite of a possible show of teeth. You yourself, Mr. Editor, have not been overawed by the show of teeth in the White House in recent years. If it be treason to discuss and expound the Constitution, the Jews deserve to be bitten. But they are used to such things.

I am, sir,

LOUIS H. LEVIN.

MR. FLAGLER AS A PANAMA ADVISER

ROCKASTON, N. C., *January 25, 1909.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have been much interested in your allusions to the necessity for a competent adviser in the present crisis in the construction of the Panama Canal, and your suggestion of Mr. E. H. Harriman as a man experienced in construction work. Mr. Harriman has always been associated with the transcontinental railroads, the very agencies which have been accused of causing much of the delay in prosecuting the work, and is it to be supposed that he now will lay aside whatever hostility he may have, and give his attention to furthering the project which, it is expected, will relieve his roads of a very considerable part of their income? This is not his record. Then, too, I disagree with you that Mr. Harriman is the fittest man. In my mind he has always been associated with the stock ticker rather than with the steam shovel. True, he built the Lucin cut-off, which was certainly a notable undertaking, but his genius is more comparable to that of Jay Gould than that of James J. Hill. He went where other people had already been, and his greatest achievements have been in finance rather than in construction.

Again, Mr. Harriman might naturally hesitate at helping along an enterprise which is indelibly stamped in the public mind with the name of Roosevelt. The President has, it is true, treated the standard Oil Company with some little brusqueness, and with this industry is associated the name of Henry M. Flagler, the man I would suggest, but, as I recall, Mr. Flagler has not been brought before the public in connection with any of the investigations, and is neither an Ananias nor an undesirable citizen, as yet?

If Mr. Flagler be objected to on the ground of his age, his chief man, Mr. Parrott, is close by, and on him rested the great responsibility of the monumental work that is drawing to a close in Florida, a piece of construction which was undertaken, it is said, in view of the immense possibility in the opening up of Cuba, and a road which cannot fail to profit by the opening of the canal.

To Mr. Flagler and his lieutenants, it should be remembered, is credit due for much of the growth in Florida, the clearing of jungles, and the accessibility to new fields which have had so much to do with bringing Florida before the world as a centre of fruit culture and winter resort.

It seems to me that on this point alone the Floridians qualify. They blazed the way in a new country, set about an achievement which was hedged by circumstances without parallel, and, above all, accomplished it triumphantly in the face of ridicule!

Mr. Harriman's verdict at Panama might be the best, or it might not. The only way would be to go ahead and find out later. But in Mr. Flagler we have a man who has built a masterpiece and reclaimed a jungle, who has contended with the problems of construction in the tropics, who has faced errors with no precedent to guide him, and come out victorious. Surely he is as able as any, and he certainly could be relied on to obtain competent advice for an undertaking which must so largely affect his own interests.

I am, sir,

ALVIN C. BIRDSALL.

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MR. TAFT, ESCORTED BY MR. ROOSEVELT, ASCENDING THE CAPITOL STEPS IN THE SNOWSTORM ON HIS WAY TO THE SENATE CHAMBER TO TAKE THE OATH AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Photograph by Levick.

THE FOUR HORSE CARRIAGE, ESCORTED BY THE "BLACK HORSE TROOP" OF CLEVELAND, BEARING MR. TAFT AND MR. ROOSEVELT FROM THE WHITE HOUSE TO THE CAPITOL THROUGH WASHINGTON'S SNOW AND WIND SWEPT STREETS

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EVEN THE BLIZZARD WHICH RAGED THROUGH WASHINGTON DID NOT DETER THOUSANDS FROM WAITING HOURS ABOUT THE CAPITOL TO SEE MR. TAFT

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THE SLUSH-COVERED GRAND STAND FROM WHICH MR. TAFT WAS RELUCTANTLY DRIVEN BY THE STORM TO DELIVER HIS INAUGURAL IN THE SENATE CHAMBER

MR. TAFT RIDES INTO OFFICE ON A BLIZZARD

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BY THE TIME MR. TAFT HAD FINISHED HIS INAUGURAL ADDRESS THE SKIES HAD CLEARED SUFFICIENTLY TO ENABLE THE PRESIDENT AND HIS WIFE TO DRIVE IN AN OPEN CARRIAGE TO THE WHITE HOUSE

THE NEW PRESIDENTIAL SUITE WHICH WAS DISPLAYED TO THE WAITING MULTITUDE

Photograph by Levick

MRS. TAFT (LEFT) AND MRS. SHERMAN ARRIVING AT THE CAPITOL BEFORE THE CEREMONIES

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THE INAUGURAL PARADE STARTING FROM THE CAPITOL STEPS. PRESIDENT AND MRS. TAFT DRIVING OUT AMID THE CHEERS OF THE FROZEN CROWD

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MR. TAFT, A NEW CHARGE TO THE SECRET SERVICE MEN, WHO ARE DRIVEN ABOUT, ENTERING HIS CARRIAGE TO BE DRIVEN TO THE WHITE HOUSE

THE INAUGURAL PARADE ENTERING THE "COURT OF HONOR," ERECTED IN FRONT OF THE WHITE HOUSE, TO PASS IN REVIEW BEFORE THE PRESIDENT

THE STORM WRECKED TELEGRAPH LINES LEADING OUT OF WASHINGTON, WHICH PRACTICALLY ISOLATED THE CITY DURING THE INAUGURATION

WASHINGTON GREETS THE NEW PRESIDENT

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Hunting Ahead of Roosevelt in Africa

By John Jay White, Jr.

THE WRITER OF THIS HUNTING DIARY WAS ACCOMPANIED BY DR. W. S. RAINSFORD, FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, NEW YORK, ON AN EXPEDITION THROUGH THOSE REGIONS OF AFRICA IN WHICH MR. ROOSEVELT WILL PROBABLY HUNT

A Masai guide

THE author of this, the first of a series of four articles, has recently returned from an extended and successful hunt for lions, rhinoceroses, giraffe, and other game in those regions of East Africa which will probably be traversed by Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. White started for Africa in the spring of 1908, landing at Mombasa, on the east coast. He went up the Uganda Railway some three hundred and twenty-seven miles to Nairobi, which is about half-way between Mombasa and Lake Victoria Nyanza. He organized his expedition and outfitted at Nairobi, and set out for the N'yeoa River platean country accompanied by his friend, Dr. W. S. Rainsford, formerly rector of St. George's Church in New York, and a "safari," or caravan of hunters, servants, and porters numbering about one hundred men.

From the spring until nearly the end of the year Mr. White camped and hunted in the heart of Africa. His party killed no less than ten lions, together with elephants, giraffe, hippopotami, rhinoceroses, and other big game. Mr. White was several times at close quarters with lions, and one of his porters was badly mauled by a charging lion.

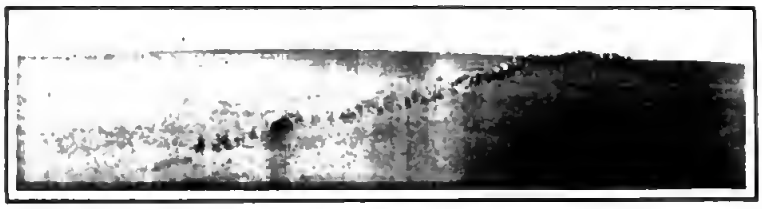
Mr. White's personal bag included two lions, one a magnificent black-maned brute which charged him, a giraffe eighteen feet in height, rhinoceroses which involved many exciting experiences, waterbuck, eland, zebras, bushbuck, impala, kongoni, oryx, Colobus monkeys, and other game. Many elephants were seen and some were secured by the party, although a touch of sunstroke while stalking prevented Mr. White from obtaining one by his own gun.

Since Mr. White's object was sport and observation, and the securing of only exceptionally fine specimens rather than slaughter, he spent much time in studying and photographing wild animals, the natives, and various phases of natural scenery, such as the extinct craters among which he hunted for a time when after Chanler's reedbuck and klipspringer.

A native village near Eldama ravine

The tent in the wild

WE left Mombasa by train on Monday, May 4th, at 11 A.M. The run of 327 miles to Nairobi takes twenty-four hours. The afternoon of Monday was an interesting trip, and we began to see game about four in the afternoon. They were principally tiny deer, standing about a foot high. I thought at first they were rabbits, but when I saw some close to the train discovered my mistake. We passed through typical African scenery such as one sees in pictures—natives in the scantiest of costumes, tending flocks of funny-looking goats and queer humped cattle, their huts of woven sticks daubed with clay and thatched with reeds. There were strange trees with long creepers hanging from them, and in parts thick jungle that a person would have to cut his path through. Next morning the scene changed and vast plains, in some places dotted with trees, and in some bare, were seen on all sides. Shortly before coming to Nairobi we passed the Athi plains, celebrated for their game. People are not allowed to shoot near the railroad, so one sees herds of zebra and hartebeests, gnus, looking at a little distance like our buffalo, ostriches, pea deer, steinbuck, Grant's gazelle, and tiny "tommies" (Thompson' gazelle). These have very pretty horns and a black line running from the rump to the lower part of the shoulder, and little black tails, which they whisk incessantly.



The departure of the caravan for the interior

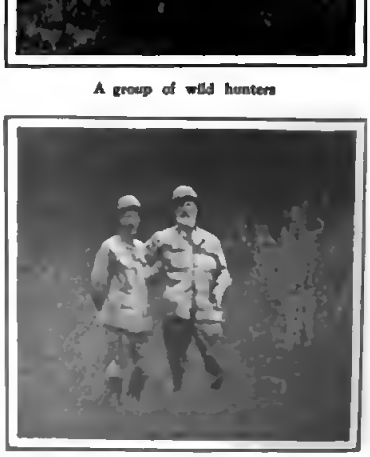
Nairobi is a new city only six or seven years old, and quite a lively and flourishing place, very different from Mombasa. We started at once to get our outfit into shape. We left Nairobi on Friday, taking porters, mules, and everything on the train to Nikuru, a distance of a hundred miles up the railroad, as by so doing we saved a week on foot. We arrived after dark and found the place crowded, owing to a big cattle sale.

Here I stop for a moment to describe two Masai men who are standing in front of my tent trying to sell a native spear. They are smeared from head to the knees with greasy red clay. Below the knees they have black, zigzag lines running down to the ankles. Each wears around his bare waist a belt and native sword, and one has a bow and arrows with queer, spoon-shaped heads. Around their necks are many beads and charms. One has a broad bracelet of blue beads on his arm. His hair is plaited in a quantity of tiny braids, and from a hole in the top of one ear is a chain with a little arrow-shaped charm in it. The other has a plug of wood three inches long and one and one-half inches wide in the hole in the lobe of his ear. Their only garment consists of a small bit of cloth stretched over one shoulder and tied under the other. The Masai were great warriors years ago, but now live on the products of their sheep, goats, and cattle. The hotel was crowded and we had to sleep in the railroad cars, and next day camped some miles from the town.

It is quite interesting to see an outfit like ours get started. The porters' loads, which by law should not exceed fifty-six pounds, are ranged in a row. The porters line up, and the loads are balanced on their heads, each man making a sort of turban out of his red blankets, which, together with water-bottle and jersey, each man receives as part of his outfit. The askari, or native soldiers, of whom we have two as guards, armed with rifles and dressed in khaki, start, one at the head and one at the end of the caravan. A few notes are blown on a native flute made of waterbuck or other horn, and off they go. As they enter the place where we are to camp the music strikes up again, the head man bustles around, pointing out where the masters' tents are to go, and the cook's fire to be, the askari see to the masters' tents, the porters put their loads in a pile where they can get at them when wanted, and in a few minutes fifteen little tents have sprung up in a half-circle behind the big ones. Some porters are detailed to go after wood, and as night comes on two big fires are lighted, and the askari relieve each other every few hours, mounting guard with their rifles, as there is always danger to our mules from a prowling lion or leopard. The little porters' fires begin to twinkle in the half-circle, and, if we have shot game, the meat is distributed among the men, and until late in the night there is great feasting and snuff-taking. The marrow bones and tenderloins, of course are reserved for the *bwana*, or masters. The natives are given other names. Doctor Rainsford is called the "Lion Master," because he has a big leopard [illegible] and I am known as the "Little Master," [illegible] much smaller than Doctor Rainsford, who is six feet four inches, and weighs over two hundred pounds. We have a guide. Doctor Rainsford and I have each two gun bearers. The duty of these men is to stick to us if any danger arises, and they have our spare guns ready. We each have a mule and a syce, or man to look after it. We each have a tent boy also. These boys look after our comfort. When the tents are pitched they put up our bedsteads, arrange the blankets, and hang the mosquito-netting. They get out our soap and towels, fill our baths, see that our drinking-water is thoroughly boiled and cooked, keep the keys of our boxes where our money is, wait at table, wash our clothes, etc. The gun-bearers carry no loads except our guns, field-glasses, and water bottle. The guide has his own gun-bearer and tent boy, so that we have the following list: One head man, two tent boys (one each), four gun-bearers (two each), the guide and two men, one cook, two syces (grooms), two askari (native soldiers), and about seventy porters, eighty-five men all told.

Eldama Ravine Station, May 12th.—We leave tomorrow for Sargoi Rock. The beasts of prey are there in such numbers that frequently there is not room for them, and some have to live in the trees and caves. I have just heard a lion story which I append. I had it from the gun-bearer himself. He was carrying a gun for one of two Englishmen a few weeks ago when they saw a lion. They fired and made a clean miss at forty yards. The lioness, which was in a patch of reeds near, charged, and the two Englishmen and the

A group of wild hunters



Dr. W. S. Rainsford and the writer in the jungle

other gun-bearer ran. This boy stood, and the lion caught him by the right arm at the elbow. He grabbed it by the ear and pulled its head away, picked up his master's gun, and shot it. The others came back, and his master *clavered the lion-skin and took it.* He also *sent his gun-bearer away because he was wounded and of no further use,* and did not give him money to pay for having his arm dressed. Doctor Rainsford had this man as gun-bearer last trip, and found him perfectly truthful. If we can find the names of the Englishmen we are going to make the story known (if, of course, we find it is true). Another fearful story is of a hunter who was charged by two lions. These awful beasts of prey bit several large steaks out of his legs, made a sort of map on his body with their claws, and then sat down side by side with their tails stuck straight out behind, waiting for him to wake up and wiggle. His gun-bearer, who had prudently retired into a brier patch at the beginning of the festivities, now crawled cautiously up and tied the lions' tails together in a true lover's knot. Then he retired again into space. The hunter finally wiggled and the lions sprang, but, arrested in mid-air by the knot in their tails, each thought the other was holding him back. A frightful struggle ensued, in which the lions' tails pulled like molasses candy, but they finally became exhausted, when the gun-bearer again crawled out and cut their throats with his penknife. You may think I don't tell you anything about Africa, and perhaps that is so, but really the queer flocks and herds, the strange trees, the naked natives with pendent ear lobes full of plugs of wood and wire rings, carrying swords belted round their bare bodies and ferocious looking spears, their clay and grease covered women with huge gourds decorated with cowrie shells, which they carry milk in, the little fat children, like brown monkeys, and as many other strange sights would take hours of dictation to a stenographer to get any idea of, so I hardly try. I may be able to get out a letter by carrier in a couple of weeks.

Tuesday, May 19th—camped between Ravine and Rasgoi Rock.—I mailed my last letter at Eldama Ravine on May 12th, I think. Up to that point we had been following one of the old caravan roads by which, in days gone by, slaves and ivory were brought down to the coast. What tales of cruelty and bloodshed that narrow road could tell! But we all know of the horrors of the slave trade. We only got a start on the 13th, as travelling is regulated by the distance from water to water, and very poor water it is, too, by the way. All that we drink has to be boiled carefully. So a two-and-one half-hours' journey was all we could do (about six miles). We had steep hills to climb and descend, made slippery by the rain of the day before, and most of the way lay through dense forests. It would be practically impossible to force one's way through, except by following the path. Next day we had a six hours' pull (sixteen miles), mostly through dense forests. Huge cedars, bamboos, thick vines, tall ferns, and strange plants obstructed our path. Once the creepers came so low that we had to dismount, take the saddles off the mules, and crawl. It was fearfully hard on the porters, who carry nearly sixty pounds, and who get ten rupees ($3.35) a month. We camped on the summit of the Mau Escarpment, and heavy rain fell in the afternoon. Shot a few green parrots for supper, but saw little else in the way of game.

Next day, Saturday, 16th, off as usual at seven. Grass very high, and such heavy dew that you get wet nearly to the waist as soon as you get out of your tent. Doctor Rainsford opened the shooting by knocking over a kongoni, I got a couple of quail, and our guide, a steinbuck. On Sunday, the 17th, we did not travel, as I went out and skirmished round after reedbuck. I was making a beautiful stalk, with every chance of success, when I was surprised to see the animal bound away, looked around to see what was the trouble, and found a half-dozen porters standing behind me. They had come out to see the bwana shoot. I went back and told them I would use the *kiboko* (hippopotamus-hide riding-whip) on them if they did it again. Put I didn't get another chance at reedbuck that day. The country is very hard to travel in. Your feet twist and slip on little tussocks of grass, and the entire ground is covered with old ant hills, and cup-shaped depressions ten to twenty feet deep, cut by deep ravines. Last night we had hyenas around our camp, which frightened the askari who was on guard and thought they were lions. Very cold at night, and rain as usual. Yesterday off at seven again, and camped at 12.30. Saw steinbuck, reedbuck, kongoni, oribi, and other game. Doctor Rainsford shot an oribi, which is a tiny little deer. Shortly after we camped a band of Lumbwa natives came in to visit us.

Mr. John Jay White, Jr., the author

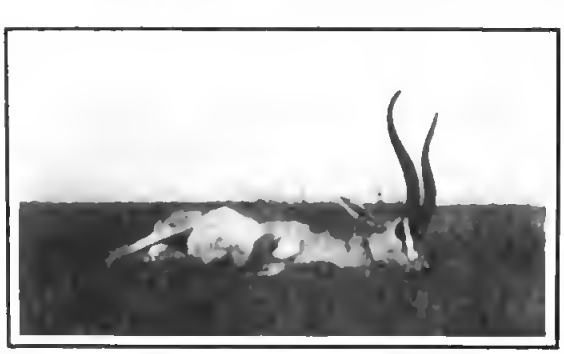
They wanted us to give them some cloth, but what they wanted it for I don't know. Each man had a belt and, hanging down behind, a bit of skin which he sat on when he squatted on the ground. That was all, if you except a few beads, bracelets, and big wooden plugs in their ears. They had bows, arrows, big knives, and knob-sticks for weapons. In the afternoon I went out hunting, and though I saw oribi, kongoni, and waterbuck, I could not get to them. Got back to camp tired out, and had to run to escape a heavy thunder shower. To-day we decided not to break camp, as we are expecting the donkeys loaded with rice for the porters, and are afraid we may miss them. At 7 A.M. I had finished breakfast and was off to shoot meat for the men. I had four men with me: my first (or chief) gun-bearer carrying my light rifle and my double-barrelled express .450; my second gun-bearer carrying my shot-gun and cartridges; one porter carrying my camera and raincoat; and one man to bring in news of anything I might chance to shoot, so that porters could come out from camp and bring in the meat. A short distance from camp we saw a kongoni, and, while studying how we could make the best approach, saw a fine waterbuck. We left the kongoni, and after a long hands-and-knees crawl through the wet grass got to about one hundred and forty yards off. It was an easy shot. I broke his fore leg, and, as he turned, finished him with a shot through the body. We went up very cautiously, for a waterbuck when wounded is dangerous, and has been known to rip a person open with his long sharp horns. But he was dead, and my gun-bearer was too late to cut his throat before he died. This place is beautiful and very fertile, but sixty years ago the Masai came down and "stamped out" the inhabitants. When the Masai started in to clean out a country they did it thoroughly, and the country has been almost without inhabitants since. A few whites have crept in, but very few. They have a kind of ant here which approaches its victims noiselessly (presumably with rubbers on), and, getting a good grip on you, lets itself be pulled like a cracker motto, and with about the same result—viz., it comes in two—and the head is then pried out of you with a pin or other pointed instrument. How this animal acquired this habit I have never ascertained, and as you rarely see it before it is in two parts, I don't know quite what it looks like. Its prey generally jumps on it after the motto process and grinds it to powder. It must be some hereditary instinct, as no intelligent animal like the ant would acquire the habit from observation. We are going to stay here a week and hunt like anything for lion, and then will fold our tents and sneak off to pastures new to dig pitfalls for elephants. By the way, I nearly fell into a game pitfall (made by the "wild men") a few days ago. Some of them have a sharp-pointed stake in the bottom to hasten the mortuary process. I did not stop to observe too closely, and now have a slave to walk in front. I want to see the performance, which must be on the mouse-trap principle and highly entertaining to the observer.

In camp on an unnamed river three days from Nandi Boma, Wednesday, May 27th.—We are sending sixteen men into Nandi Boma (settlement) to-morrow, hoping to be able to get rice or meat for the men, so I take this chance of getting off a letter, though I had not expected to be able to for some time when I last wrote. On Friday (25th) we left Sargoi Rock camp, and travelled seven miles, passing many strange stone ruins. My syce (groom) asked me if the spirits had made them. We had to cut down the posho for the men a little to make it last till the donkeys came back, consequently there was some grumbling, but we pacified them with promises of plenty of meat. Saw old elephant and rhino tracks, and lions roared not far from the camp.

May 26th—Doctor Rainsford saw a bunch of seventeen giraffe yesterday while out "scouting" after making camp, so the guide and I started after them today. Worked hard, but without success, and came back to camp to find Doctor Rainsford had seen the bunch again, also a leopard, some eland and topi. We saw many of the old ruins. One man said "the old-time wild men lived in them." Mombu, the guide's gun-bearer, on being shown an illustrated book on elephant-hunting with the cover printed in stripes like a zebra-skin, said: "The white men are like gods, they can do anything they want to."

Sunday, May 28th.—No rain last night, for the first time since we left Nikuru. Did not move camp, it being Sunday, but hunted all day. Worked all day long after the giraffe, but did not see them. Doctor Rainsford got a kongoni for the men, so I didn't have to shoot "meat."

Tuesday, May 30th.—To-day was rather exciting. The guide and I left camp at 6.30, and when we had gone about one and one half hours heard a lion grunt, seemingly at quite a distance. We left our mules and approached cautiously. We passed a little ridge covered with long grass and saw two lionesses about two hundred and fifty yards off. They disappeared in the



Grant's gazelle, common in parts of British East Africa

long grass. When we reached the jungle we went in three abreast, the guide in the centre, Nurr-Gama (my gun-bearer) on his right with my .350, and I on the left with my double-barrelled elephant gun to cover any shots from the lighter guns that might bring the lion out. One hundred yards in we came to a little swampy opening, and just across it we could hear one of the lionesses snarling at us as a cat will if you try to take its food away from it. The jungle was thick. We couldn't see ten feet into it. I don't think I was afraid, and certainly was perfectly steady, but every detail of the scene seemed to photograph itself in my brain so that I can still see it—every bit of high rank grass and tangle of plants and small trees. Mombu, the guide's boy, who had come in to see the fun, was dancing around with a happy smile on his face and a sandal in each hand, his long slit ears flapping like carriage as he turned his head. I suppose we stood that way for five minutes trying to locate her by her growls, but they seemed to come from all parts of the tangled brush. Finally the guide thought he saw the brushes move and fired into them, hoping to wound her and provoke a charge. A great snarling followed, and I felt a lively curiosity to know just what I would do if a charge followed; but nothing happened, and the snarls gradually grew more distant. Then the syces whom we had left with the mules began shouting, and we went out to be told that four lionesses had broken from the brush at the shot and gone over the hill, and an old, black-maned lion had come out and gone back again. I doubt if we could have gone in quite so bravely if we had known there were seven lions in front of us. Nurr and the guide went in again, and I waited with the big gun to try to stop him if he came out. But he didn't, and they did not dare crawl after him much. So, after a while, back to camp again, rather anxious because the syces said they had heard about twenty shots fired very fast, and I was afraid Doctor Rainsford might have gotten in with the four lionesses and had a bad time. But he had only shot a few times at a waterbuck. Our men came in from our other camp and said they saw the giraffe. We went out later in the afternoon and shot green parrots for supper. They are very good eating. Later three vagrant Wandorobo came into camp, and we traded some old blankets for arrows and fire-sticks. These "wild men" wear absolutely no clothes, live in caves, and do not know the use of matches or money.

The scramble to cut up a carcass for dinner

China for the "Country Trade"

By John S. Lopez

DRAWINGS BY DAN BAYRE GROESBECK

The Student

THE plaintive cadence of the Serious Student's voice fairly made the telephone throb.

"I always depend upon you," he cooed; "and no other night will suit the Doctor. Mr. 'Pink' Sweeny, the famous Chinatown character, is obligated to him and will show us life as it actually is among the denizens of the colony. It is my only opportunity for intimate observation, and to think that you—"

I met them at the Chatham Square station of the "El" and from there the Doctor led us to the café where Mr. Sweeny made his headquarters. He rejoined us on the sidewalk, with disappointing news and a picturesque individual. Pink was away, he announced; but the person with him was "Happy Collins," another famous guide, who would show us the real sights because of his friendship for Pink. And he would charge only $5 and expenses, although the regular price was twenty.

The Native

None could have mistaken Mr. Collins for anything but a real Chinatown guide. His short, thick body was crowded into a suit of velveteens set off with braid and white pearl buttons. His head was topped, not covered, with a small, squat derby of Weber-Fields design. The thick cigar which he wore uptilted from the corner of his mouth was also an article of attire, it was never lighted and it never left his mouth.

Mr. Collins was affable and capable. Within a minute he had accepted his fee and we were off. He set a rapid pace, nodding frequently to Chinese acquaintances grouped about the doorways of the rookeries and shops. As the Student observed, in an enthusiastic whisper, our guide's boast of "standing in" seemed well founded. And the relations must have been pleasant, to judge from the chattering and bursts of laughter that marked our progress. Mr. Collins seemed unconscious of the demonstrations. Perhaps it was modesty. At any rate, he kept talking, *forte*, about the mysteries of the Joss House and the jealous exclusion of foreign devils, unless they came under his guidance.

We identified our destination at a distance. There over the doorway, beside a Chinese restaurant, swung a sign bedecked with banners, reading: "Joss House—The Best in Chinatown."

This seemed somewhat at variance with the exclusion policy. But before we had time to comment, Mr. Collins herded us in with mysterious gestures intended to enjoin silence and caution. Up the groaning stairway we labored, and on the third floor stopped before a tattered door.

"Don't git scar'd," said Mr. Collins, soothingly. "You're safe wid me. Now den, I'll give de signal."

He pushed a button and immediately there was the sound of scurrying feet inside. While we waited we learned that members of the warring "tongs" always came secretly to the Joss to have their pistols, knives, and hatchets consecrated, and that it might not be pleasant to disturb a warrior at his sanguinary invocations.

No such worshippers were in evidence when the door was opened by a corpulent Chinaman of meditative visage. It was unnecessary for Mr. Collins to inform us that he was the "Main Josser." His gorgeous vestments were evidence enough. Apparently we had interrupted him at devotions; his robe was disarranged as though he had hurried into it. The flapping tails disclosed a pair of light tweed trousers.

The Main Josser was a dignified person. Beyond a paternal nod to Mr. Collins, not the slightest recognition did he accord our party. He made it so painfully evident that we were there only on sufferance that we hardly dared follow our guide to the elaborate altar at one end of the long room. Not that our presence seemed to annoy the priest. He was prostrating himself before a huge painting of the Joss, and was obviously in a state of unseeing exaltation. Presently he seized a bunch of Joss-sticks and began to wave them so that the pungent smoke wreathed about the hideous features of the idol. Then his eyes fell upon us and we saw inspiration surge over him. In a moment he was pressing bundles of incense upon us. The significant wink from Mr. Collins was warning enough that we must not give offence by refusing. As we stood in line, waving the sticks like Roman candles, the Student was emboldened to expression.

"Wonderfully impressive," he said. "I now understand why so many benighted millions cleave to this picturesque religion."

"It's because it's made easy for 'em," explained Mr. Collins. "Religion is a cinch for Chinks. Say, wan't to try de prayer wheel? It sez more every turn than you kin spiel in a year, an' it eatin de knees o' yer pants."

We had been told the Main Josser understood no English, but he seemed to know by intuition what was required. Before we could decline, he had dragged over what looked like a wagon wheel wrapped in brown paper covered with Chinese characters. We took two turns each, making wishes at the suggestion of Mr. Collins. This gave him a maudlin thought.

"Say," he said in a confidential undertone, "maybe I kin get his nobs to let us t'row at de Joss. If you hit him square you gets yer wishes."

The Student beamed with enthusiasm. "Do so, by all means," he said. "I have heard that Orientals invoke success in that way. It will be intensely interesting to take part in such a ceremony."

We stood in a row and rolled up the pieces of sacred brown paper the Main Josser furnished. Then one by one we hurled them at the Joss. Luck was with the Student. His was the only ball that hit. It struck a lower corner of the picture and clung to the frame. Even in his delight he did not forget the proprieties.

"I will remove the marring object from the sacred picture," he said. "I would not like to offend the religious sensibilities of the priest."

As he poked gently at the ball with his cane he overbalanced, and the end of the stick tore aside the drapery that bordered the picture. He peered to see what damage he had done, and then gave a sudden ejaculation of delight. The reason was obvious. Where the drapery had rested was an inscription in small black characters.

"Hieroglyphics!" he cried, drawing near and bending down: "inscribed there centuries ago by the priest who painted the Joss."

He drew up suddenly with a look of acute distress. One glimpse over his shoulder furnished the explanation. The centuries-old inscription read, "Bernstein, Signs, Chatham Sq."

For a moment the Student looked bewildered. Then he noticed the Doctor's unguarded expression.

"You are unduly suspicious," he said, with a flash of defiance. "Bernstein probably varnished it."

The Doctor sniffed, and we started after Mr. Collins and the Main Josser, who had withdrawn to the further end of the room. They were at a counter examining fancy goods.

"Rather old, eh," commented the Doctor, with suspicious politeness, "to run a department store in a sacred temple?"

"Not at all," contended the Student. "I have been in Christian cathedrals abroad where religious goods are sold to visitors."

But he would purchase nothing, not even post cards, despite suggestions of Mr. Collins that souvenirs would be valuable.

"No," said the Student, preparing to lead the way out; "but I hope you will assure this kind priest of our extreme gratitude."

The Main Josser came out of his trance.

"All life, all life," he said, blandly: "just please two dollar twenty cents."

Mr. Collins interceded with a glance at the Student. He turned on the [illegible] with odious resentment. "What for?" [illegible]

"Four pa[illegible]s, two cents," purred the Main Josser. "Alle same, four bell to Joss, one dollar. Four prayer-wheels, twice, eighty cent."

Mr. Collins took his cue from our protests and worked himself into a state of arm-waving indignation.

"Yer an old grafter," he shouted. "But you don't sting no friends o' mine. I'll pay it myself." He dug his hand into his pocket.

But before he was able to locate his money the Student had fished out a handful of silver and, with a hasty glance, thrust some of it into the hand of the Josser.

"No, no, Mr. Collins," he said, "that would be importation."

Our guide felt the matter deeply. Half-way down the stairs he became suddenly so incensed that he insisted on going back to give the priest "a couple of short arm jabs for luck." He returned in a few moments, but his indignation did not abate until long after we reached the street. In fact, so obsessed was he with plans of vengeance and his influence with powerful Highbinders that he hurried us by all the pretentious shop windows. The Student protested in vain. Our guide did not seem to hear until once he stopped to admire some Chinese gongs. Then Mr. Collins exhibited acute alarm.

"Six," he said, "not there. I got a tip the longs is on the warpath an' they're liable to shoot up that joint any minute. I'll take you to a safe place—I gotter take care o' yours."

The "safe" shop was the dingiest we had seen, but they had plenty of gongs. The Student and Mr. Collins began to examine these while we others strolled about the place. When we returned the shopkeeper was about to wrap up a brass gong covered with age-old tracings.

"He wanted five dollars," hoasted the Student, "but I got him down to three. Such a bargain! A friend of his got it at the looting of an ancient temple. Mr. Collins vouches for everything he says."

Just then a gust of wind blew the original wrapping of the gong from a shelf behind the counter. I swooped it in advance of Mr. Collins and the shopkeeper, both of whom seemed exercised. Before the latter grabbed it, I glimpsed a printed line which read in part, "—sole in Meriden, Conn., U. S. A."

When the Student came to pay he passed a Pekin half-dollar that he valued as a pocket-piece. Our guide was for going back to the Josser and paying a premium for its return. But the Student would not allow this, it was not of so much importance as that, he explained.

Mr. Collins insisted on our going to the Chinese Theatre. What if we had been there? Here was the one best chance of a lifetime. They were putting on a special production of extreme gorgeousness in honor of the début of a famous Peking star. And, anyway, it only cost a quarter.

The door opened and in trooped the party of ruralites we had met in the theatre

On our way in Mr. Collins displayed strange forgetfulness.

"How much, *to-night?*" he demanded, as we stepped down into the entry.

"Half dollar, *to-night,*" announced the doortender.

The Doctor's protest was hushed by the Student.

The inscription read: "Bernstein. Signs. Chatham Sq."

"No, no," said he; "this is an unusual opportunity. I should always reproach myself if I allowed the slight extra charge to interfere with what will be a memorable experience."

Mr. Collins took it upon himself to pay and collect later. As we filed in the Student, who was last, jostled against his arm and the entrance money jingled to the floor. The Student was apologetic and insisted on joining in the search. This disturbed our guide greatly. Not so the door-tender; he seemed selfishly amused by all the trouble. Although there were no hidden corners only a single coin could be found. The Student picked it up.

"Look!" he shouted, waving it before us. "What a marvellous coincidence! A Columbian half-dollar just like the one I lost."

Mr. Collins suddenly decided that the rest of the money must have bounced up the steps and out on the pavement. He would hurry out and look. But this was unnecessary. The Student was so delighted at securing another pocket-piece that he insisted on making good for the whole loss without further delay, saying he was to blame anyway.

To our surprise, we found inside the same old familiar show.

Mr. Collins was even more disappointed than the Student. He must have got the dates twisted, he explained, with so many lamentations that none thought of inquiring about the extra admission charge. But, anyway, he said consolingly, this was the best show in the company's repertoire. To the accompaniment of squeaky fiddles, gongs, and tom-toms, he explained the play as glibly as though he had written it.

The prancing of the actors did not quite fit the story according to our ideas; but this, the Student explained, was simply due to the conflict of the Oriental and Occidental points of view.

Just before we left we were interrupted by the advent of a large party of verdant rustics, passengers on a sight-seeing wagon. The guide they had was an awful faker. Mr. Collins drew our attention to this when the newcomer began to interpret the play so loudly that we could not help overhearing. The proof of the faking was that his story of the play, while also reminiscent, differed radically from that of Mr. Collins.

"Now we'll go to a real Chink restaurant," announced our guide.

The Student seemed glad that the Doctor and I declined.

"Come on," coaxed Mr. Collins, obviously disappointed; "you'll get some fun Chink grub. They don't serve nothin' but the richest chunk."

"That is just it," explained the Student, bashfully. "I should have gone rather than spoil the pleasure of my friends. But I fear I would have been tempted to eat something that would disagree with me."

"Chink grub," protested Mr. Collins, "is different. It's rich, but it wouldn't hurt no baby."

But the Student was firm.

"No," he said. "It is not the cost. Show us something typical of the race. I will stand the expense. Could you possibly use your influence to get us in an opium den?"

Mr. Collins could and would as a special favor. It would take trouble and cost a little money, but we would see a joint where none but habitués were ever admitted. And, he reassured the Student, it would be entirely safe—with him. Then he led us to the middle of a block and told us to stand around carelessly so as not to attract attention. This hop joint was hidden in an almost inaccessible place, and we would have to proceed with extreme caution. Presently he gave a signal and ducked into a dimly lighted entry. We followed him through a dimly lighted hall and out into a back yard. From there our way led through a narrow alley, so dark that we were only guided by the sounds of Mr. Collins' stealthy footsteps. Once the Student fell behind, and, making a spurt to catch up, slipped and crashed against a fence. This drew forth a rebuke from Mr. Collins and another lecture on the necessity of caution. Finally we came to another back yard. A door opened into this and we passed through and up a creaky stairway. Mr. Collins left us under a smoky oil-lamp while he went to "scout." Then I had a good view of the Student. He was pale, but obviously thrilled.

"Do you think there is danger?" he said; and then before I could reply: "This is very nerve-racking; but still I suppose we are favored in being permitted to witness a phase of life that needs such guarding from the world."

A penetrating hiss interrupted us, and looking up the hallway we saw Mr. Collins with an emaciated Chinese. As we drew near the latter knocked on the door—one—two, one—two—three.

"I fixed dis lookout fer two bones," whispered our guide; "haew you gents 'd settle it."

There was a low answering whistle and the lookout pushed open the door. In a moment we were in a very comfortable opium den. Against one wall were two rows of chairs laid out with the exactness of a theatre parquet. They faced a handsome couch on which reclined two Chinamen, picturesquely garbed. Between them was a small lamp burning peanut oil, and a finely carved opium pipe. Now was the to-be-expected "atmosphere" lacking. On the walls were Chinese pictures; Oriental costumes littered a teakwood table, and the spell was enhanced by the flickering rays of a red lantern.

Mr. Collins voiced our desire to see them smoke. Would they? They would if we would furnish the hop. The Student passed another two dollars to Mr. Collins, who excused himself and left with the lookout. Before the Student had fairly launched into a cross-examination regarding the sensations of opium smoking, Mr. Collins returned alone with a playing card on which was a dash of dark brown gummy material.

"Hop," announced Mr. Collins; then he passed it to the smokers.

Immediately they began to take turns rolling pills for each other, cooking them over the lamp on a long pin, and then pressing them into the tiny bowl of the pipe. It was very artistically done; and the opium was unusually potent. Scarcely had each smoker inhaled two or three whiffs than he seemed transported into fairyland. With one accord they began to hum.

"Ain't it wonderful!" suggested Mr. Collins. "Them Chinks is in heaven. Their thoughts is boosted so high they don't see or think nothin' cheap like what's connected wi' earth."

"Yes," said the Student, coughing; "but I am afraid I can't stand it longer. It is the opium. Do you notice the pungent smell?"

"Pungent, yes," snapped the Doctor. "But it smells to me like burning molasses and tobacco."

Just then there was tramping of feet outside, followed by knocking. Mr. Collins seized the interruption with obvious relief.

"Beat it," he said, excitedly. "More Chinks or cops raidin'."

One of the Chinamen who had been soaring amid celestial delights came back to earth and sordid considerations with remarkable suddenness.

"Pay first," he shouted at Mr. Collins.

While a dollar bill was being handed over by our guide with apologies, the door opened, and in trooped the party of rustics we had met in the theatre. As we filed thoughtfully out a door opposite the one we had entered, Mr. Collins burst into a whirlwind of talk.

"I'll take you a short cut," he announced. It was very short compared with the incoming route. We went down a dozen steps to a well-lighted entry. Opening the door we found ourselves directly on the Bowery.

Before we had time to recover from our amazement, Mr. Collins inaugurated another thrill. Grabbing the Student's arm, he pointed to a man leaning against an "elevated" pillar.

"It's the Chinatown Terror," he said, cautiously. "Never heard o' him? Why, he's killed three men, besides knifin' a hundred. Liable just to see a guy on the street an' take a sudden grudge an' come up an' give it to him. Don't let him pipe you rubberin', 'cause I can't protect you. Come on, beat it."

The "Terror" looked worse than his reputation. He was tall, with long arms that swung loose jointed like those of a giant baboon. His bullet head hugged his shoulders, and his poise suggested a panther about to spring. But it was the face he turned toward us that was most fascinatingly repulsive. Ferocity was writ upon it. The sandy, cropped hair and the protruding ears were by comparison decorative. His cheek bones were so high they almost met his lowbrow. From the caverns peered one burning orb, the other being screened by an eyelid that drooped. The crooked mouth bared awry, exposing an interrupted row of yellow fangs.

The Student had drawn a step forward to observe the better.

"A valuable lesson in physiognomy," he whispered over his shoulder. "There is criminal instinct properly labelled. Who shall ever scoff at the theories of Lombroso or other criminologists?"

Then a terrifying thing happened. The Terror swept us with his cruel eye and finally rested it upon

"It's the Chinatown Terror," he said, cautiously

the inoffensive face of the Student. A peculiar expression came over him. With an owl muscing step that the Doctor whispered was "catlike," he drew toward his obvious victim. The Student fell back and clutched my arm until it pained. And then the Terror came before us and paused. The ferocious mouth opened, there was a toss of the head, followed by a meek voice of high soprano pitch:

"Excuse me, gents, but could you oblige me with the price of a lodgin'?"

The Dew and the Rose

By Sam Davis

Where you are the rose and I am the dew,
I will come when the twilight dims the west,
And seeking no other flower than you,
Will make your petals my couch of rest.

I will rise on the rays of the morning sun,
And fly with the winds o'er the fog-swept sea,
And when the sunlight its course has run,
In the hush of the evening I'll come to thee.

I will come in the gloom of the blackest night,
Scenting your fragrance from afar;
For love will show me my path aright,
Without the gleam of a single star.

How I have hated the pitiless day
That severs me from your pure embrace;
And how I have longed for the kindly night
That shows me your beautiful face.

Jealous of every wandering bee
That from your heart its sweetness sips;
And raging at every wolfish wind
That pauses to prey on your petaled lips.

The thought that you lie in a shroud of snow
In sackcloth and ashes to my soul;
While I am one with the sullen seas
That surge round the icy pole.

You will drift back to the earth again
On the tide of the rippling years;
And I will come in the enrolling spring,
To drench you with love's tears.

What anguish of spirit to think of the day
When life and love are gone;
You in the sheltering arms of death,
But I must live on, and on.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MRS. CLARENCE H. MACKAY

Mrs. Mackay has been an influential factor in bringing the question of Woman Suffrage into general prominence. She recently delivered an address in New York advocating an extension of the franchise on the ground that woman constitutes the chief moral force in civilization, and that this force should be allowed to express itself in political life

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Campaigning for Equal Franchise

By William Hemmingway

IT is impossible for any one with a reasoning mind to deny that American women will soon have the right to vote as freely as American men. The most casual glance at the history of the agitation for woman suffrage discovers a wonderful growth in its power and influence from the first solitary and unsuccessful petition by a woman in 1647 to the wide-spread, powerful, and insistent demand of to-day. And of all the influences now at work in the cause, already triumphant in several Western States, none is more significant of its irresistible advance than the organization of the Equal Franchise Society.

Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay is the moving spirit in the society, and she was unanimously chosen as its first president when the institution was organized, at her home, a few weeks ago. It is the object of the Equal Franchise Society to unite in a single body the various associations throughout the United States, which are working for the same purpose but have lacked hitherto any national organization. By a union of these individual forces, and the concerted action thus made possible, it is hoped to hasten the coming of the day when women shall vote as freely as men — as they already vote in Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and Idaho. The society will aid in every way possible the promotion of legislation favorable to women, and it will conduct educational campaigns among schoolchildren and young working girls.

The officers of the Equal Franchise Society are Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, president; Mrs. Richard Aldrich, first vice-president; Mrs. Frederick Nathan, second vice-president; William M. Ivins, third vice-president; Col. George Harvey, fourth vice-president; Mrs. Phillip Lydig, treasurer; Miss Ethel Gross, secretary; and a board of trustees consisting of Mrs. Richard Aldrich, Mrs. Stanton Blatch, Mrs. John Branan, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Mrs. W. Bourke Cockran, Prof. John Dewey, Mrs. Robert Goelet, Col. George Harvey, William M. Ivins, Mrs. Philip Lydig, Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Howard Mansfield, Mrs. Henry Miller, Mrs. Frederick Nathan, Hollo Ogden, Mrs. Simkhovitch, Charles Sprague Smith, John Stanchfield, Mrs. Henry Villard, Mrs. Egerton Winthrop, Jr., and Dr. Stephen S. Wise. Among those who have become life members in the association is Clarence H. Mackay, and an active interest is manifested by other men of business and social prominence. Mrs. Paul Morton, who was formerly an anti-suffragist, has recently become a member of the new organization. Mrs. Ernesto Fabbri, Mr. and Mrs. George Gould, Judge Barlow, Mrs. Victor Sorchan, Mrs. Forbes-Morgan, and Mrs. Russell Sage are among the members of the society.

The history of the organization of this society, which includes so many persons of prominence in the social, professional, and financial worlds, vividly illustrates the rapidity with which the movement for woman suffrage is spreading. Mrs. Mackay has served for years as a school trustee in her home district at Roslyn, Long Island, and she has given freely of her time and money to make the Roslyn school one of the best in the country. Her interest in improving the condition of girls and women who work in factories and elsewhere has long been enthusiastic and practical. It was not, however, until she made a long journey in the West a few months ago that her eyes were opened to the great betterment in the condition of women effected in those States which have given them the right to vote on the same terms as men. In those States it seemed that the women whom she met were more alive to the questions of the day than the women of the same social station in the East. They were vitally interested in maintaining honest and efficient government — national as well as State and municipal. They were as well informed as the men upon all public questions, and quite as well able to argue and vote upon them with intelligence and effectiveness. Inevitably the query arose: Why should not the women of the East apply their intelligence and their force to this movement for the benefit of all mankind by granting the complete franchise to women? Why should they not aid in the advancement of humanity?

Mrs. Mackay studied the subject with care and at great length. She read all the available books and addresses that treated on woman suffrage. She brought up the problem as a subject of discussion at several of her dinner-parties. She caused able suffragists to talk to the school-children of Roslyn on the advantages of giving votes to women, and offered prizes to the children who should prepare the best essays on the topic of women and the ballot. She often absented herself from social functions in order to attend suffragist meetings. During this time she was only a diligent student, never making a speech, or accepting an office, or sitting among those on the platforms at the meetings, or in any way taking a prominent part in the agitation.

When at last Mrs. Mackay felt that the time to act had come, she called a meeting at her house, and there on December 21st the Equal Franchise Society was organized, with the officers whose names have been mentioned. Although it was Mrs. Mackay's intention to remain in the background as much as possible, and to aid the cause by organization rather than by oratory, she has already made one public address—at the luncheon of the International Woman Suffrage Council at the Hotel Astor on January 15th. On that occasion she said:

"I am convinced that this country needs the woman's vote, and I want to do what I can to interest the women of our own State in a question so important to the future quality of our municipal and State government.

"Government among men is really in its infancy. People make a mistake in thinking this world is old and cold. We are just beginning. Hitherto the function of government has been a police function. Man has been a fighting and governing animal, keeping away with club and spear other fighting animals from his home. Little by little, men have changed from government by brute force to government by thought and morality. Little by little the man has allowed the good moral element in him to take its place in government, but he has always persistently kept the good moral element in the race, namely, woman, from having any place in government at all. The process by which man has gradually allowed morality, decency, and altruism to share in the government has been slow and reluctant. Yet of recent days, since the printing-press enabled men to talk to one another all over the world, progress has been relatively rapid.

"Modern legislation shows man's willingness to allow kindness and generosity a share in public affairs. The laws giving care and protection to helpless old age, free education, and even free public-school food to children, indicate the share of man's better nature in government. We women demand that the real step be taken, that morality itself, the moral, the ethical half of the human race, be admitted to government on equal terms. Every part of our country's life is changing, and it needs all the energies ready to be used in order to direct the stream of habitual life into a mighty current of achievement. Surely the living shall not be led by the dead to retrace the footprints of those who have gone before, seeing only what they have seen, doing only what they have done. We must learn to make what has been worked out and thought through by our predecessors the foundation of our future development.

"Our Pilgrim fathers and mothers, who lived near enough to nature to do without superfluities, who had to toil unceasingly to preserve the fertility of the fields against the aggressions of the all-devouring forests, planted many seeds in their children's spirits. For the greatest educators are children; the mother retains the beauty she has seen, the wisdom she has heard, the affections which she has enjoyed, in order that her maternal instinct may crystallize her experience into simple expression, through which she may touch the imagination of her children. She learns unselfishly, because she learns to give. Each question is answered so as to stimulate further inquiry. The child's mind probes into every recess of the mother's heart, and instinctively she gives her all, the very essence of her spirit, because she wants her child to grow stronger in every way than she herself is able to do. It is this spontaneity, this ambition to teach better than she lives, which gives instinctive

Mrs. Philip Lydig, treasurer of the Equal Franchise Society

Mrs. W. Bourke Cockran, one of the trustees of the Equal Franchise Society

mable value to her gift. Women's energy has been devoted to physical and mental protection of children.

"Let men, by their individual achievement, develop the commercial instinct to its utmost selfishness, let them make the United States the market of the world,

Mrs. Helen Wise Miller, a trustee of the society

for the mothers have entered into the struggle for intellectual growth, quietly, unobtrusively, from their own firesides.

"Women's influence has been felt in all the various channels of our life. But it has been an influence without responsibility, and no nation is the better for what must be an immoral factor in its structure. Influence without responsibility is immoral.

"It has been said that men and women may be equal, but that there is no trait more essentially woman's than man's, no trait which would be sufficiently powerful to give her the right to enter actively into the civic life of the nation.

"Is there any father in this country who will deny the exclusive quality of the mother instinct?

"Surely there is nothing peculiar to the mental and spiritual characteristics of man equal in complete and beautiful development to motherhood.

"By bringing the mother's vote into our political life, we enlist a progressive force full of promise for the future of the State. The mother will consider far more even than the father what sort of a man shall be put in office to make and enforce the laws under which her sons and daughters shall live. It is impossible for the half to express the whole.

"The vote itself would not mean additional work, for the time it takes out of the year to cast the ballot can be counted in minutes. The vote would, however, open many posts in municipal work which are now closed or only grated as a favor to non-voters.

"Women can serve, and serve well, on school boards, and as tenement-house commissioners, as factory inspectors. There is a great deal of municipal housekeeping to be done which women can do far better than men.

"Equal suffrage, the vote for all, is demanded, not so much for the sake of the women as for the sake of the children. Surely laws are made not only for to-day, but for the future. The children are the future, and nobody will deny that women know what the children need; women are fit as guardians and understanders of the children to legislate for their future.

"It seems unreasonable to assume that women would stand up and demand the offices for which they are physically unfitted. We know our limitations, each of us, and we only want to use those tools which we are able to handle. The more we delay making our right heard throughout this land, the more difficult it will become for us to secure it. Accepted custom is a barrier which grows more and more impassable with each accumulating year.

"Our country needs our work; we must reach out to the limits of our possibilities. Woman's training through the centuries has developed her instincts so that she is able to analyze, to discriminate, to feel upon the good, passing to the evil. Centuries have come and gone and each generation has learned to nourish their brains more intelligently.

"Woman's mental hunger has been the inspiration of the greatest conquerors of the kingdoms of thought and action. Every one knows that Voltaire wrote his greatest work, *The Essays on Morals*, to teach Mme. du Chatelet real history. Before that book histories were the stories of kings, and those in the immediate surroundings of kings, and of the great ones of the countries. Another point of view was revealed by that book. It suggested that real history was the story of the masses of those great crowds who pass over the earth with unwritten records, and yet who are the foundation in the world of man's mental, moral, and practical structure upon it.

"Voltaire's book was the inspiration of men like Buckle, Lecky, Lewis, and many others. That book was written because of a woman who wanted to know.

"Women accumulate facts which feed their thoughts without the gluttoning of ignorance, because they have learned self-control, unselfishness, and the instinct of the next generation.

"How many mothers have used the magic key to unlock the gate through which the sons and daughters have passed into living gardens of the great dead.

Mrs. George Gould, a prominent member of the organization

"The establishment of equal suffrage in America will be conclusive evidence that the human race is no longer to be governed with the bludgeon, the club, and brute force; but by the highest element in humanity, the spirit of justice, fairness, generosity, and unselfishness.

"Shall not we, the women of our State, in our generation make a medal record for ourselves by helping our State by our energies, through our labors, with our leisure, to be great beyond all others, because it is using all its individuals, women with men alike?"

The Fastest Ship Afloat

The latest addition to England's navy is the *Swift*, which is designated as an "experimental" destroyer, and whose special business in time of war will be the destruction of torpedo-boat destroyers. She is twice the size of an ordinary destroyer, and her remarkable speed should enable her to overhaul any war craft afloat, according to the record she made during a trial trip upon the Clyde, on February 19th. Equipped with her new wing propellers the *Swift* steamed at the rate of thirty-six knots, and when put under extra pressure she registered thirty-eight, equivalent to forty-three land miles an hour.

The new British torpedo-boat-destroyer "Swift," which has the speed of an express train

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Revising Forty Thousand Food Labels

By Barton W. Currie

It is a significant and striking fact that in every State in the Union associations of wholesale grocers have taken up the work of promoting pure-food legislation and harmonizing the various State statutes with the National Food and Drugs Act. The National Wholesale Grocers' Association is working quietly and industriously to smooth out all of this legislation, so far as such a thing can be accomplished by suggestion and counsel; and so all of the separate laws will be commercially practicable.

There has been nothing flashy or in the manner of grand-stand endeavor in the carrying forward of this work. No new gunpowder plots have been revealed in the manufacture of tea, nor have those organizations of food distributers made any sensational discoveries. But then, it is to be hoped, the days when we thrilled at such announcements as, "Cheese compounded out of Mississippi clay and glucose!" "Extra—Strawberry jam made out of mouldy turnips!" are become hollow rumblings of the past. The men who actually make and distribute the food are themselves doing the great bulk of the reformatory work now, and quietly building up a pure-food commerce that will dovetail smoothly with the pure-food laws.

The wholesale grocers, through their national organization and their State bodies, have, as a matter of fact, worked in hearty sympathy and almost perfect accord with the Department of Agriculture since the passage of the pure-food law. The National Wholesale Grocers' Association has led in the task of revising forty thousand labels, taking up each food label separately with its own experts and then with the experts of the government, and to-day they are able to proclaim that every food article that is legitimately distributed is honestly branded. The housewives of the nation are buying compounds for what they are and can read on the labels the ingredients contained.

This one thing, indubitably, has made impossible the practice of many frauds. Some sensation-mongers would have one believe that frauds of this character were universal. That such a conclusion had no basis in fact is established beyond peradventure of doubt by the attitude of the wholesale grocers toward the pure-food law. Had frauds been common or universal the new law would have been a hardship. Instead it has proven itself a boon.

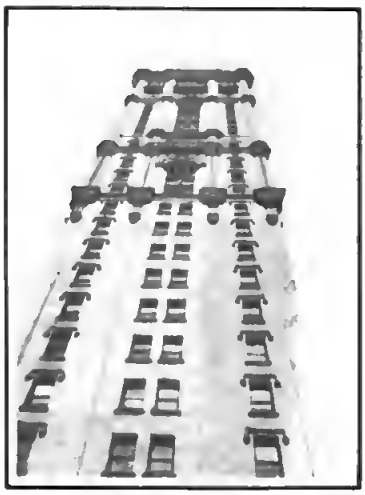
It has long been a popular fancy that the manufacturers of food products and the wholesale grocers of the country sought to hamper the Department of Agriculture first in the enactment and later in the enforcement of the pure-food law. This belief was fostered by ignorance of the true conditions, and for the reason that whenever a ruling of the Department of Agriculture was objected to, or the opinions of Doctor Wiley, chief of the department's bureau of chemistry, controverted, a sensation was made of the opposition.

The truth of the matter is that the National Wholesale Grocers' Association championed the food law since it became a possibility as a law. The association urged its passage and rendered to Doctor Wiley all the assistance in its power at the time he was fighting for a drastic statute to compel the honest manufacture and distribution of food products. When the law was passed the association had a membership of only 183, but since the passage of the law it has drawn to its membership almost every wholesale grocer of any importance in the United States. They entered this organization not to fight Doctor Wiley and his law and shield the manufacturers of spurious food products, but to help the enforcement of the law and drive spurious food products from the market.

The secretary of the National Wholesale Grocers' Association, Mr. Beckman, and the attorneys for that organization, have thus far assisted in securing the passage of food laws that are in practical harmony with the national law in the following States: Arkansas, Colorado, Delaware, Georgia, Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri, New Hampshire, North Carolina, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Utah, Virginia, Vermont, California, Connecticut, Florida, Illinois, Kansas, Maine, Nebraska, New Jersey, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Dakota (some marked differences), Texas (act includes most of definitions of national law, but goes much further), and Washington. The statutes of Iowa resemble the national food law in some respects, but there are many important differences that require harmonizing. Some of these laws were passed before the national law. New York was one of the few States to pass a food law before the national statute, and a law that resembles it quite as closely as some of the acts passed after the national. In the remaining States, that either have no food laws, or laws that are at variance with the national law, the National Wholesale Grocers' Association is carrying the work ahead vigorously and experts within a few years to secure the passage of harmonious laws throughout the country.

Of course, eternal vigilance will always be the price of pure food as it is of liberty; but with the combined forces of the government and the vast majority of producers and distributers working toward that end, the consumer should feel well content with the status of food products in this country and forget some of the harrowing revelations that, a few years ago, seriously disturbed our appetites and our dreams.

THE SINGER BUILDING (LEFT), AT BROADWAY AND LIBERTY STREET, WHICH IS 612 FEET HIGH



THE "TIMES" BUILDING, AT BROADWAY AND FORTY SECOND STREET, WHICH IS 356 FEET HIGH

THE METROPOLITAN TOWER, AT MADISON AVENUE AND TWENTY FOURTH STREET, WHICH IS 700 FEET HIGH

THE FLATIRON BUILDING, AT BROADWAY AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET, WHICH IS 310 FEET HIGH

THE CITY INVESTING BUILDING, BROADWAY, AT CORTLANDT AND CHURCH STREETS, WHICH IS 480 FEET HIGH

THE PARK ROW BUILDING, ON PARK ROW AND ANN STREET, WHICH IS 390 FEET HIGH

LOOKING UPWARD IN NEW YORK

HALF A DOZEN FAMOUS SKYSCRAPERS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE SIDEWALK

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MR. TAFT'S FIRST J

THE PRESIDENT, ACCOMPANIED BY MRS. TAFT, ON HIS WAY TO THE WHITE HOUSE TO
THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE STREETS HASTILY CLEARED OF THEIR UNTIMELY SNOW

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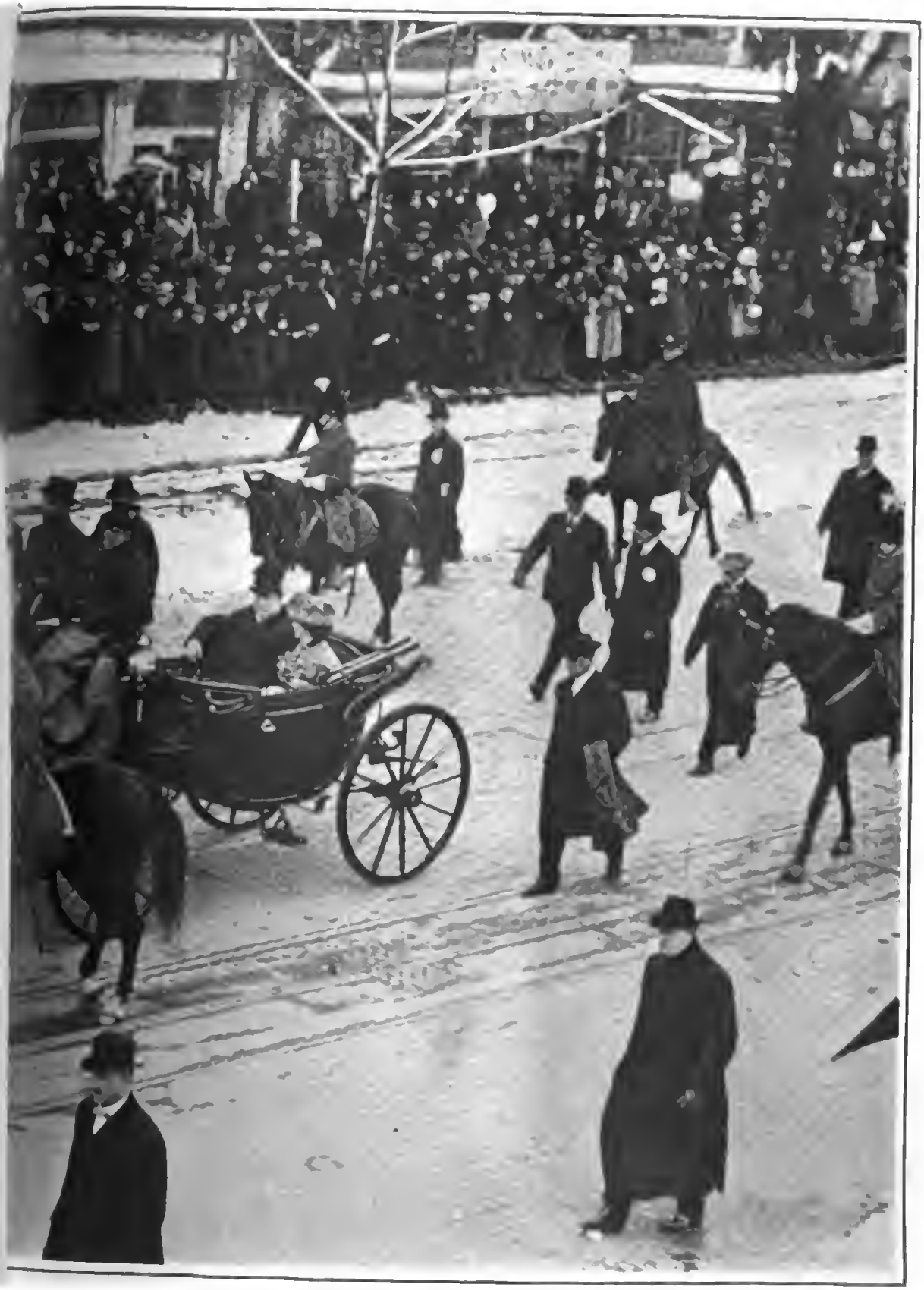

JRNEY AS PRESIDENT

EW THE PARADE, AFTER BEING INAUGURATED IN THE SENATE CHAMBER AT THE CAPITOL. SUSH, AND THE PRESIDENTIAL CARRIAGE SURROUNDED BY VIGILANT SECRET SERVICE MEN

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ILLUSTRATED BEST SELLERS — "THE SPOILERS"

RISKY

"ONE of the funniest incidents in court I have ever witnessed," says a Kansas City lawyer, "occurred in a petty court of our city.

"An old offender had been haled before the magistrate. After a conference with the clerk of the court, his Honor began sternly to address the culprit as follows:

"'I gather that you have already been sentenced ten times for violent assault, disorderly conduct, attempted—'

"Whereupon, to the amazement of all in court, the prisoner hastily interposed with:

"'I beg your Honor's pardon, but would you mind not speaking so loud? My intended mother-in-law is in court, and it might damage my prospects.'"

DRAMATIC REALISM

AUGUSTUS THOMAS, the playwright, enjoys chaffing the newspaper men, especially newcomers, with reference to things theatrical.

One night at a club a young man from Boston, just entering upon the duties of dramatic critic for a New York daily, had invited Thomas's attention to the entrance just then of a player known for his enactment of "villains."

"He always gives one a touch of stark realism," observed the critic. "You should see him do that part—"

"Yes, yes, I know," interrupted Thomas. "Why, I understand he played that part so realistically that, one week after the production was put on, his wife sued for a separation!"

HIS COMFORT

A LADY fell into a river. A boy on the bank dived in and succeeded in rescuing her. The lady's husband was effusive in his thanks, and presented the boy with—a dollar! The bystanders showed their astonishment at his niggardliness.

"Oh, don't blame the gentleman," said the boy. "Maybe, if I hadn't saved her, he'd have made it a five-spot!"

TRULY LITERARY

JINKS, "Darkins doesn't strike me as literary. Yet he declares that he never feels so comfortable as when he is snugly settled in his library."

BINKS, "Oh, that's not surprising. His bookcase is a folding bed."

INGENUITY

A RAILWAY man tells of an incident connected with construction work of a railway being built in Virginia. The Italian laborers so employed had their wages reduced. Instead of striking, they hit upon a novel means of getting even with the company. Each cut off a piece of the blade of his shovel.

When the foreman observed this he inquired, in pro-

NEVER

MRS. NOOWEDD. "THE ONLY BAR TO MY HAPPINESS, DEARIE, IS THE THOUGHT THAT SOME DAY I MAY BE A WIDOW!"

NOOWEDD. "DON'T WORRY, PET; THAT SHALL NEVER HAPPEN WHILE I LIVE."

fane terms, what it meant. Whereupon one of the Italians, with a smattering of English, replied:

"Nota so mucha pay, nota so mucha dirt lifta. All ri'—jeh lasta mucha more long. Italianio man no fool lika Americano; he no strika."

A SURE SIGN

A WILMINGTON woman recently reached the conclusion that the attachment of a certain policeman for her cook must be investigated, lest it prove disastrous to domestic discipline.

"Do you think he means business, Mary?" she asked.

"I think so, mum," said Mary. "He's begun to complain about my cookin', mum."

INVITING

RECENTLY two well-known Washington society women making calls arrived at the house of a certain friend, and, after ringing the bell, waited. No answer. They rang again, and after considerable delay the door was opened by the new cook, who asked,

"Phwat do you want?"

Upon being told of the nature of the call, the girl replied:

"Oi! Stick yer cards between me teeth. Oi've been making bread."

MRS. JUST-GOT-IN. "I WANT SOME PAINTINGS FOR OUR TOWN HOUSE." DEALER. "ANCESTORS OR LANDSCAPES?"

HEADS FOR CENTS

THE proposition to remove the Indian head from the cent is meeting with considerable opposition, but it is hard to see why an ancestor of Sitting Bull should be honored on our coinage when none of our Chief Magistrates has ever had that distinction conferred upon him. The coinage would be in a measure educational if it set forth the heads of our chiefs during the period of their incumbency of office, the President representing heads, the Vice-President the tails of the coin. Who, for instance, without such an aid to the memory, will recall fifty years from now that Mr. Charles Warren Fairbanks was Vice-President of the United States at a time when all the other offices in the land were occupied by the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, the famous African explorer?

HOW IT HAPPENED

"So you've been fighting again, Dick!" exclaimed the employer of a little darky of nine years, as the latter reported for duty one morning bearing the evidences of a sanguinary conflict.

"Yassah," responded Dick.

"And, I suppose Pat, as usual, your brother Henry has given you that black eye?"

Dick's countenance gave expression to a sickly grin. "No, sah," he added, derisively. "I done hail de eye already; but Henry he done lay on de color, all right!"

IN THE HEAVYWEIGHT CLASS

TENDERFOOT *(watching a funeral procession)*. "Do you always have four horses to the hearse?"

ALKALI IKE. "Not always. The passenger in there came out to this country bragging that he was the champion lightweight of the world, and one night when he got too pert, One-Eyed Bill pumped him so full of lead that it took the extra team of horses to pull the hearse."

UPLIFT THAT WOULD LIFT

THE question of farm uplift is still exciting a good deal of discussion in various parts of the country; but the general conclusion seems to be that the kind of uplift the farmer needs most is not the one that will provide every farmer with a circulating library to be attached to the plough, or cozy corners for the cows to chew their cud in, but the more practical sort that will lift the mortgage off the roof of the farmhouse.

"AH, SCORCHER, SO THIS IS YOUR BOY. HE'S THE IMAGE OF YOU"

WHAT BOTHERED HIM

"WHAT is the trouble? What in the trouble, my good man?" said the minister, entering the house of a parishioner who was laying down the law somewhat emphatically to his family circle.

"Tr—tr—ou—ble? t—r—o—u—b—l—e?" said the man. "Why, hang it, little Jennie here just set herself on fire, and blamed if the old woman didn't go and put the fire out with the last can of beer I had, and me dead broke, too!"

THE RUBAIYAT OF BRIDGE

By Carolyn Wells

NOW THE NEW RUBBER HOUSING NEW DESIRES,
THE THOUGHTFUL SOUL TO DOUBLING HEARTS ASPIRES.
WHEN THE RED HAND OF DUMMY IS LAID DOWN,
AND EVEN HOPE OF THE ODD TRICK EXPIRES!

AH, MAKE THE MOST OF WHAT WE YET MAY TAKE,
BEFORE WE LOSE THE LEAD, AND LET THEM MAKE
TRICK AFTER TRICK! WHILE WE THROW DOWN HIGH CARDS,
SANS LEAD, SANS SCORE, SANS HONOR, AND SANS STAKE!

The Gray Wolf

By Chauncey C. Hotchkiss

DRAWINGS BY OLIVER KEMP

As the cold of the heights penetrated Sheriff Slater's body his spirits fell and he began to realize the risk he was taking. At a ranch twenty-five miles back he had left his deputy with a dislocated shoulder, the result of a heavy fall from his horse, but with the dogged tenacity of purpose which characterized the man the officer had determined to pursue his journey, and the object of it, alone.

On the summit of the divide he let his benumbed frame slide from the saddle. For a moment he stood on the trail and looked around, then, as though perfectly satisfied as to his exact whereabouts, he whipped his arms over his chest to regain the feeling that had fled from his fingers.

Mr Slater's was not a prepossessing face. His square jaw, covered by a week's growth of coarse white stubble, was repellant in its set, and his small blue eyes, placed too close together, did nothing to soften its expression. Gray-haired and thin lipped the man's cruelty of nature was as plain as the ledge on which he stood; and so consistent with his expression of feature was his mentality, his persistency of purpose when once he was aroused, that among his confrères he was known as the Gray Wolf. He did not resent the soubriquet: it was one of which he was rather proud and he exerted himself to live up to its justification.

As he felt the blood creep into his fingers he took one stride which brought him to the edge of the trail, and, throwing himself flat on the fact of a wind-swept rock, looked into the narrow valley beneath him. Winter comes early among the high passes of the northwest Rockies. The trail was already white in places; the giant shoulders of the mountains from timber line to peak were deep with snow and the leaden sky indicated another lull. In the deepest part of the valley winter had not more than arrived; the bottom lands were only powdered and the cold had not yet locked the thread of silver that wound its way through feather mass, forest, and thicket.

The awful grandeur of the solitude made no impression on the intensely practical nature of the sheriff as he peered over the edge of the stupendous declivity and sent a searching glance along the valley until his keen blue eyes lighted on a wisp of drifting smoke; then, without shifting his gaze, he moved his gloved hand to the rapacious side pocket in his coat and felt for his binoculars. But the hand was not sensitive and the glasses had become entangled with something and resisted his efforts to remove them. After a moment of vain fumbling the sheriff uttered an impatient oath and with an equally impatient tug tore loose the binoculars, the energy of the jerk bringing out a pair of old-fashioned handcuffs which flew six feet away, struck a slanting rock, and fell clattering into the depths below.

As Mr. Slater saw them disappear and realized what their loss might mean he sat up and swore volubly, then he drew out the now useless padlocks. In his rage he was about to throw them after the irons, but something stayed him; he dropped them back into his pocket and turned to inspecting the valley through his glasses. Presently he arose to his feet.

"He's shore thar," he muttered between his tobacco-stained teeth. "I kin git up to him easy, but I'd like that Quibble hain't hauled his shoulder at this stage of the game. If it war anybody but Wire Bradley I wouldn't care a cuss, but he's a tricky devil and sayeys what it means to be took back. As fer them irons— Great thunder!"

His soliloquy was interrupted and the exclamation caused by a flake of snow that struck him on the cheek. "Dullo, Bess!" he said, turning to his quiet horse. "Me an' you had better get out of this before two minnits or there'll be hell to pay! I'll rather face Wire with bare hands than a snow storm up here—and there's one shore a-comin'."

Something more than an hour later he was on the bottom of the narrow valley and almost under the point from which he had taken his observation. It was now snowing, the flakes falling steadily through the windless air, and distances were becoming obscured. Halting at the edge of a thicket, he tied his horse to a bush, then, taking his Winchester from its sling, threw a cartridge into its chamber, and made his way down the bank of the fall stream. Progress was difficult. Once he stepped into the water to avoid an obstruction, halting a moment to listen, and when he attempted to start on again he found his feet held by quicksand. With an oath he grasped an overhanging bough and tore himself loose. After that he stuck to the land.

Crouching, and as alert as an Indian, the man bored his way through timber and thicket until he had gone a quarter of a mile. There the stream widened to a pondlike expanse of more than fifty feet, its voice was stilled and its cleared banks stretched into something like meadow.

The sheriff slid stealthy behind a bush, letting his little eyes play rapidly over the vicinity. He was near his quarry. A fine barrael in front of a lean-to shack, or open camp, on the edge of the opposite forest, hardly two hundred feet away, and that its owner was near was indicated by the rifle leaning against a tree hard by. The sheriff's face lighted as his eyes fell on the figure of a giant of a man who was near the water and bending over something at which he was working. As the officer caught sight of his intended victim his yellowed teeth came together with a snap.

"Alone, by G—d! If it wa'n't that I'd lose the reward I'd plug him right now. It would save a heap of trouble."

Having staked the first ebullitions of hate for the man he was after, the sheriff withdrew and made a wide detour through the thinned timber running up the mountain, cocking his Winchester as he went. When he again approached the clearing he was near the shack and his victim was still working by the bank of the stream.

In costume the man was a trapper; in character he was typical of the lowest order of his class in the Northwest. But he was hardly a foil for the sheriff in facial attractiveness, for the brute stood out on him as plainly as cold-heartedness marked the face of the officer. His coarse features were distorted in an ulcerlike attempt at whistling as he bent over a broken beaver trap, and his gross body indicated great strength. He was warmly dressed, his legs below the knees being encased in heavy felt boots with rubber feet.

"He's shore thar," he muttered

The sheriff looked at him fixedly a moment, then he stepped softly to the rifle leaning against the tree, and, seizing it by the muzzle, whirled it around his head and flung it far out into the pond. At the heavy splash the bending man started up to find himself facing the levelled barrel of the sheriff's Winchester, and over it a pair of eyes shone wickedly.

"Throw up your hands, Wire Bradley."

With the instinct of those of his social status and an intimate knowledge of the man he at once recognized, the trapper's arms went aloft.

"Why, hullo, Wolf! What's the row?"

"Damn your innocence!" was the return. "Where's your partner?"

"Oh! It's him ye wants, is it? He's gone over the range an' won't be back till to-morrow night, I take it."

"No, it ain't Tim I want, and you know it cussed well. Walk over to the fire an' don't you turn around."

The man obeyed without protest, but as he slouched past the sheriff and got his back to him, thereby exposing his unarmed condition, his face grew black with ferocity.

"Set down?" commanded the officer, as his prisoner reached a stump near the shack. Bradley seated himself, then with a suddenly changed expression and an air of nonchalance he spat a stream of black saliva into a leach and looked at his captor with a smile on his hard countenance.

"Roy Baxter didn't die as sudden like as you wanted him to," said the sheriff, seating himself some twenty feet away. "He lived long enough to tell who shot him in the back, and there's sure some excitement down to the settlement. The boys will welcome you with open arms, they will."

"I reckon you're jest plumb, b'lin' glad n' the whole business. Ain't ye?" with an air of insolent carelessness. The sheriff scowled.

"As it gives me and you a chance in creation, you back-hearted thief, you can bet I'm glad of it. Will you go along peaceable?"

"Say," said the other, "it ain't the reward, is it? It ain't me what ye hate like pizen because I won out on yer gal an' beat ye at the pelt deal an' the claim deal an' cleaned ye out at poker? No, it can't be me! It sure is because ye are only pizen mad because the settlement is some upset an' its peace shook up like hell's centre. Ain't it, Wolf? Come now, ye penny pincher."

"For just two cents I'd plug you right now, you blaggaard. Answer me: will you go back peaceable?"

"Naw, I won't. Shoot an' be damned to you! I killed Roy Baxter. I'course I did. It was me or him—but that don't make no difference, with his father as judge an' the hull settlement lickin' his boots. Ye can do what ye cussed please with me, but I won't go back."

"You will, by thunder!"

"Nary a cent—so put that in yer pipe. What show would I have?"

"What do you cal'late to do?"

"Cal'late nothin'. I jest set here or hereabouts until ye shoot or get tired an' quit, or I get a chance to do ye." The outlaw clasped his hands over his crossed knees, rocked his great body to and fro, spat again, and smiled cheerfully in the face of his captor.

Mr. Slater was dumbfounded at this unexpected attitude of his prisoner. He had looked for trouble, but not of this kind, and he became sharply conscious of the obvious fact that though he had his man, in a sense his man had him, and the problem of returning with his prisoner had grown to large proportions. How was he to handle this giant without killing him? Bradley was far his superior in both size and weight. All the advantages the sheriff possessed were his firearms and the moral power of the law, for the latter Bradley cared not a fig. The two sat looking at each other in silence. Finally Bradley spoke.

"Well, Wolf, what do ye cal'late to do about it?"

"Why, I rather think I kin tame you into my way o' thinkin'," answered the sheriff, trying to keep the rage from showing in his voice. "Where's your hoss?" he demanded, suddenly thinking of his own animal.

"Up to the cabin."

"And your six-shooter?"

"It's there, too. Ye got me dead to rights, Wolf, but me an' you are both here, sonny. Say, I'll make a bet, givin' odds, that ye dassent come near enough to iron me; an' I'll make another that ye don't sleep fer quite a spell unless ye shoot, for just as soon as ye nod I'll be on ye. I give ye fair warnin'—I'd be on ye now if ye wa'n't backed by a gun. Ye war a fourth fool to come down here alone." He expectorated again and laughed the hard, mirthless laugh of one who holds life carelessly.

It was no balm to the exasperated sheriff to realize the truth of the last remark. Here was a situation unparalleled in his wide experience as an officer of the law. Without arms he would have been helplessly in the power of the brawny villain he was guarding, and even with them unremitting vigilance was absolutely necessary. Inwardly he cursed the misfortune that had deprived him of his deputy; he cursed his own stupidity in attempting to do alone what he might have known was impossible and he thought concisely; and, most of all, he cursed his heavy visaged prisoner who had got him into a situation offensive to both his comfort and his dignity.

But Mr. Slater was a person of resource, else he would not have been enjoying his present office. He had established a reputation for infallibility in tracking and bringing in criminals, and, as he had "killed his man" in his day, he usually had but little trouble in escorting back to justice the malefactor whom he once overhauled. But this roll of circumstance was one out of which he saw it would be difficult to draw with either profit or glory to himself. It looked as if he must shoot the man in cold blood or give him his liberty, the latter being out of the question, as it would place his own life in jeopardy. He thought, and thought hard, his keen eye always on his prisoner, and finally the solution of the problem came to him. It meant only a matter of patience and watchfulness. Tim Pell, Bradley's partner, would be back in a few hours, and as he would not dare to abet the criminal,

the sheriff would press him into the service of the law. The rest would be comparatively easy. But it would be still easier if Mr. Bradley would commit some overt act which would justify his being shot offhand. Mr. Slater had the will, but there was the reward for taking him alive—a large one—and the sheriff was hard put for cash; moreover, his reputation would suffer if he returned empty-handed.

As he adjusted the fixture to his own satisfaction the officer arose to his feet. It was growing dusk and he felt there was a chance to at least improve the comfort of his present situation, but he was not hopeful.

"Well, Wire, suppose we hike out for the cabin—and you can walk slow."

The other laughed silently, but made no movement to obey.

"Get a wiggle on you."

Bradley looked up, his face bearing a look of crafty malice.

"I won't budge a peg—leastways, not beyond goin' into the shack. I'll go there."

"You have a gun there, you sneak. I know you."

"There ain't nothin' there but some pelts an' a gun. Go an' see fer yourself."

It was not a case for argument. The sheriff was again checked, and he knew it. With anger raging within him he stepped backward toward the bark-roofed structure, and had just reached its shelter when he stumbled and almost fell as his foot caught in a chain. In an instant he recovered himself, and a glance showed him that one end of the chain was attached to a heavy wolf-trap, set and partly hidden by dead leaves, the other extremity being fastened to the centre support of the rough hut.

Bradley laughed, but there was a ring of disappointment at the outcome of his expectations. "I wish to Gawd ye had stepped into it," he said.

"What did you set such an infernal thing in here for?" demanded the sheriff, blazing with wrath and shaken by his narrow escape.

"Mebby to land a sheriff," was the careless reply. "Ye was in luck; but I'm after one of your sort, really. There's a kind o' beast of a big gray wolf—a monstrous feller—snoopin' around these parts. He's gnawed up about fifty dollars' worth o' pelts for me, so I set the thing, calkilatin' to have him to-night if her shot at that answer a dozen times, him standin' an' lookin' at me, an' never even chipped his bark—an' you know my shootin'. I'm fair afeered of him. He's a devil on four feet same as ye be on two, but I'd rather face you than him, gun or no gun."

The sheriff cast a quick eye about the place. There was absolutely nothing in it save an old lantern and a couple of small bales of skins corded for packing to the distant cabin. With a glance at the rapidly growing storm and another at the dying fire, he drew one of the bales toward the end of the shelter and ordered his charge into the shack. Bradley at once obeyed and threw himself down in a corner, increasing the rage of the sheriff by at once pulling from his pocket a thick slab of coarse bread and some bacon, which he proceeded to eat as though the officer was miles away and nothing nearer troubled him. To Slater this quiet ignoring of his presence seemed like an additional insult; moreover, it brought sharply to him the fact that he had elected to go cold, hungry, and without sleep for four and twenty hours, if not longer.

"You goin' to stay all night?" asked Bradley, easily, as he swallowed his last mouthful, wiped the grease from his lips with the back of his heavy hand, and proceeded to fill and light a pipe. His guard vouchsafed no answer. "'Cause if ye be," continued the outlaw, stretching his immense figure into a comfortable position, "I take it ye will stay longer. There'll be two foot o' snow by morgin' an' I sorter guess Tim will hev to camp where he happens to be; the drifts in the pass will be a mile high."

Still no answer, but, nevertheless, the barb reached home. The sheriff needed but little more. Bradley felt it and subsided. The longer he lived the better for his chances.

As the dusk deepened and the officer realized there would be danger in darkness, he managed to light the lantern, the prisoner making no disturbance. The rough shack had just been brightened by the light when down on the mindless air there drifted the sound of a barking yelp, long drawn out, and to the sheriff a familiar sound. It was the cry of a wolf.

"That's him!" exclaimed Bradley, raising himself to his elbow in an attitude of listening. "There's yer twin brother woke up, an', by the piper! he's after something, mark!"

The sound grew nearer, and in a moment more, through the rapidly waning light, the sheriff, who had jumped to his feet, caught a glimpse of his horse tearing into the clearing, while a rod behind him a great wolf bounded over the snow, his figure but half seen through the cloud thrown up by the fleeing animal. The terrified horse made straight for the pond, into which he plunged and wallowed through, disappearing in the shroud of falling flakes on the other side. The wolf halted on the brink.

To the sheriff the situation was plain; a new dilemma confronted him, for without his mount he would be in a terrible predicament. Jumping into the open he raised his rifle and with a quick sight fired at the gaunt, gray animal as it stood looking over the water. It had hesitated to attempt. The shot missed. The wolf whirled around and faced the man, his green eyes gleaming, then with exasperating deliberation he dropped his tail and slouched back into the shelter of the already black forest. The sheriff swung around, pumping a fresh cartridge into his rifle, but Bradley had not attempted to take advantage of the momentary diversion; his position was unchanged.

"Ye couldn't hit him if he war as big as a balloon," he said, sinking back. "I tried it often enough." The other, who had adopted the tactics of silence, made no reply and resumed his seat near the fire he dared not attempt to replenish. For a time absolute silence prevailed.

"Say, boss, I'm goin' to sleep," said Bradley, after a long interval of quiet and speaking with exasperating *sang froid*. "Wake me up gentle when it's time for breakfast, will ye? Hope ye have a pleasant night an' rest well." He folded his arms, tucking his hands into his heavy coat that the wrists might not be exposed, and rolled over on his side.

The night came down like a blanket; the hours sped, the snow still falling steadily. The prostrate man did not stir and his sonorous breathing indicated he slept, or pretended to. The sheriff kept his eyes upon him until he grew dozy. How long was this state of things to continue? In the morning the outlaw would be fresh and vigorous while he himself would be correspondingly stale and unfit. Would he not finally lapse in his vigils? Even now he felt a heavy drowsiness induced by the long silence, the lack of incident, the fatigues of his hard journey, and an empty stomach. His pack of provisions had gone with his horse, though he had no fear that the latter was lost or would even stray far. But should another day and night go by without his getting Bradley into his complete power the result would be disastrous—even tragic to himself unless he deliberately shot the man before him. Another night! The oil in the lantern would be gone, and in the darkness he would be at the mercy of the brawny villain who had bested him since the day they first met. Kill him he felt he must—but not just yet. He would wait. Many things might occur; for the sheriff argued, and argued truly, that it is the unexpected that happens.

The outlaw lay with his great, booted legs toward the front of the shack, but in a position whereby he had but to open his eyes to see what was going on. Was his sleep real, or was he trying to lure his watcher into a sense of security? It was a point to be determined. Slater drew his revolver and stepped toward his prisoner, even bending over him, but the man did not move. It was four o'clock; the time when tired Nature most strongly asserts her rights. And now Bradley's bared wrists were thrown out in the abandon of genuine slumber and lay fully exposed. The sheriff apostrophized the loss of the handcuffs. With them the solution of all his troubles would have been easy. A rap on the head of the unconscious man would have stunned him long enough to have made it possible to iron him, but now there was nothing to be gained by the blow.

Silently Slater returned to his seat and as he did so his foot touched the chain he had stumbled over. The light clank of the iron did not disturb the sleeper, but the sound bore a sudden suggestion to the hitherto baffled officer. With the padlocks he still had in his pocket he might make an effective shackle of the links, but hardly had he formulated the idea when a new and diabolical thought entered his brain. It was typical of the man; it made his blood bound and put fire into his weary eyes.

Cautiously reaching for the end of the chain, which was only passed around the post and hooked into a link of its own length, he carefully unfastened it and drew the trap toward him, making no sound. When within reach he grasped the shank of the great jaws, and lifting it, brought the bait-plate down on the projecting foot of the outlaw. There was a muffled snap as the steel crescents sank into the heavy felt boots and gripped Bradley just above the ankle; then the sheriff sprang back.

The giant started up with the roar of a tortured bull and attempted to get to his feet, but fell heavily. Mr. Slater was on him in an instant. Bringing the stock of his rifle down on the uncovered head, he followed up with a terrific kick in the stomach of his captive, his long-pent rage venting itself in a series of awful oaths. For the moment he was a maniac, and blow followed blow. "Time for your breakfast, ye bull-necked son of a coyote!" he roared, driving his thick boot into the face of the helpless man, who had grasped his head with both hands in an effort to protect it. "Ye won't go peaceable, won't ye? Eat, will ye? Sleep, will ye? Wanted me to step in it, did ye? Ye dog! Ye got two gray

(Continued on page 30.)

He let out a long-drawn howl

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Laying the German Spectre

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

London.

A T last there is a rift in the clouds that for a decade and more have overhung the relations between England and Germany. King Edward and Queen Alexandra have visited Berlin, have been received with the extreme of splendor and cordiality, and have returned, by all accounts, thoroughly delighted with their welcome and completely reconciled to their Imperial nephew. That in itself is a fact of some importance, for there can be no question that the personal estrangement between the two courts lent a sort of royal sanction to the bitterness of popular invective. The leading journals, again, in both countries are ceasing to gird at one another and are cultivating courtesy and restraint. More important still, France and Germany, after more than three years of incessant bickering, have come to terms in Morocco. This last, indeed, the crucial development Great Britain has made friendship with France the keystone of her European policy. The Anglo-French agreement practically gave France a free hand in dealing with Morocco. But both London and Paris had forgotten Berlin. The Wilhelmstrasse suspected, for one thing, an anti-German point in the Anglo-French *rapprochement*. For another, it could not admit that a question in which Germany had some real, if only insignificant, interests could be settled without Germany's participation and behind her back. As soon as the battle of Mukden had registered the impotence of Russia, and had deprived France of the effective aid of her European ally, Germany woke to action. She intervened in Morocco and completely checkmated the French policy of pacific penetration. She had all the appearance of threatening war unless France agreed to an international conference for the adjustment of the affairs of the Shereefian Empire. She brought about the downfall of M. Delcassé. She converted the question of Morocco into a question of France and Germany; and, while the Algeciras Conference eliminated the possibility of an actual rupture in Anglo-German relations, Germany during the past three years has hardly let a moment relaxed her pressure, has magnified and confused every Moroccо "incident," and has steadily pursued a policy of pin-pricks. Throughout this ordeal Great Britain has stood unswervingly by France's side, and there can be no doubt that had war broken out the Anglo-French *entente* would have instantaneously developed into an Anglo-French alliance. There is no talk of perfidious Albion in France nowadays. On the contrary, the firmness and constancy of British support throughout the whole Moroccо entanglement have won the repeated acknowledgments of the French government.

The royal meeting which helped to allay Great Britain's fears

A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF KING EDWARD AND KAISER WILHELM TAKEN DURING THE FORMER'S RECENT VISIT TO HIS GERMAN NEPHEW—A MEETING WHICH, IN MEASURE, HAS THE RESULT OF MODIFYING THE PERSISTENT DISTRUST WITH WHICH THE ENGLISH REGARD THE GERMANS

But it is clear that so long as this situation endured, so long as Germany continued to prod France, and Great Britain joined with France in resisting the proddings, there could be no improvement in Anglo-German relations. Sir Edward Grey, indeed, bluntly laid it down as an axiom that the state of Anglo-German relations would have to be governed by the state of Franco-German relations. He made it, in other words, a condition of cordiality between London and Berlin that Germany should cease to harass and browbeat France. Germany has at last accepted that condition. The Franco-German note that was published on the day of King Edward's arrival in Berlin makes it clear that Germany renounces all political ambitions in Morocco, recognizes the preponderant interests of France, and is henceforward content to confine herself to the ordinary rivalries of commerce. So far, therefore, as one can see Morocco has now ceased to be a bone of contention between Germany and France, the relations between the two countries are proportionately improved, and the path is at length partially cleared to an Anglo-German *détente*. I say partially instead of wholly, because while the Franco-German question has had a powerful reflex influence upon the Anglo-German question, it has not been the sole or even the greatest factor in keeping England and Germany apart. What has done that has been more than anything else, suspicion; and the workings of this suspicion, the effects it has produced, and the consequences to which it has led have been more suggestive of a hypnotic séance than of the behavior of two civilized and presumably rational peoples. If international sympathies and aversions were determined by facts and reasoned probabilities instead of by unthinking impulses, baseless conjectures, and ignorant perversities, the Anglo-German bond could never have attained one twentieth of its present intensity. At no specific point are great Britain and Germany in conflict. At very few points are they even in contact. No accommodation between them, such as has been effected between England and Russia, and England and France, is necessary or possible, because the material for such an accommodation does not exist. That, I think, is the first thing to be borne in mind when Anglo-German relations are approached from the standpoint of common sense. And it gives at once a certain air of unreality and facetiousness to the war of brickerings and imputations and scares and counter-scares which has been waged between London and Berlin for the past decade and a half. From first to last there has been in this warfare scarcely anything that was tangible, that could be made the subject of a diplomatic bargain, that lent itself to a give and take compromise, that could be stated in black and white and solved by a matter-of-fact negotiation.

But all this, while it has invested the Anglo-German feud with many elements of egregious absurdity, has by no means diminished its seriousness or shortened its life. On the contrary, it has heightened the one and prolonged the other. Nothing in the world is so hard to counter as suspicions that cannot in the nature of things be disproved or brought to the test of fact, that relate less to the present than to some indefinite future, and that lend themselves through infinite repetition and by their very elusiveness to acquire a certain credibility. It is suspicions of this kind that have poisoned the public mind of England and Germany. With little or nothing definite to quarrel about the two nations have bombarded each other with conjectures and innuendoes. In default of facts they have made an issue of tendencies, motives, and possibilities. Neither has been able to bring the other to book, because each has professed to be thinking of the year 1950 or thereabouts. The German Anglophobe regards King Edward as an unblushing monster of craft and cant. The British Teutonophobe regards the Kaiser as the embodiment of every diplomatic black art, a ubiquitous agent provocateur, the sleepless plotter of anti-British coalitions, the external compositor against British power and policies. And so it goes on. Something of the kind has happened before. England and Russia, England and France, were for years on very much the same sort of terms as England and Germany to-day. But there is this difference—Anglo-Russian and Anglo-French antagonisms had a clear relation to questions of politics, to concrete and pondérable issues. But in the case of England and Germany no such issues exist. The difficulty between them is not one of politics, but of psychology. If the Hague tribunal were called in to diagnose Anglo-German relations they would send not for a diplomatist, but for an alienist. Their judgment would be that the two peoples have lost all touch with actualities, are seeing specks and mistaking them for each other, and that, while there is little in their material or political interests that needs adjusting, their state of mind demands instant inquiry.

Any one who examines the phenomenon of the Anglo-German ailment will see at once that its outstanding symptom is a fusillade of almost identical charges, an exchange of endless insinuations. All the schemes and ambitions that are imputed by Englishmen to Germany are imputed by Germany to England. Great Britain, for instance, sends a squadron to visit the Baltic and multitudes of Germans look upon its advent as scarcely less than a declaration of war. Germany increases her navy, and at once a little and undignified clamor arises among the Teutophobes in England who warn their countrymen to prepare for an immediate German invasion. Great Britain settles her old-standing difficulties with France, and Germany proclaims that Downing Street is aiming at her isolation and humiliation. The King makes a journey, and there ensues a panic of apprehension and resentment in Berlin. The Kaiser makes a journey, and London is similarly perturbed. Trouble breaks out on the Egyptian frontier, and Great Britain is instantly assured that Germany has instigated it. The British Prime Minister proposes a scheme for the limitation of armaments, and Germany detects in it a preposterously crafty and hypocritical plot against German interests. The German Chancellor says something complimentary about England and it is scoffed at as one more move in a game of calculated duplicity. And the curious part of it is that the English and German peoples are, on the whole, serious, sensible, and pacific folk who, though narrow, have never been without a capacity for seeing and thinking clearly, and who in their saner moments are perfectly well aware that a war between their respective countries would be a pointless crime. Yet for nearly fifteen years, ever since the Kruger telegram, they have allowed themselves to be lashed by the extremists in their midst into a state of mental confusion and suspiciousness in which facts and realities almost cease to exist. Extremism at one end of the argument leads inevitably to extremism at the other; and in England, at any rate, the pro-German has been just as prodent as the anti-German, and the sentimentalism of the one school has been not a whit less unreasoning than the venom of the other.

I believe, however, that there are three possible causes of an Anglo-German conflict. The German Empire was made by diplomacy, war, and spoliation. These processes are not yet exhausted, and it is not unconceivable, though it is, of course, extremely unlikely, that Austria, Belgium, or Holland may eventually share the fate of Silesia and Alsace-Lorraine. Looking to Germany's past and to her present strength and needs, nobody would care to hazard the prophecy that the era of German expansion is definitely closed. The German Empire is an imprisoned empire, and to burst her bonds must be a permanent temptation. She can yield to it only at the risk of bringing England and all her neighbors in Europe down upon her. She may never yield to it; the Pan-German dream may remain forever unrealized. But it is an axiom of European history that whenever any single nation reaches an undue height of power the other nations combine by instinct against her. No one can positively say that Germany will do nothing to arouse that instinct. On the other hand, to imagine England involved in a war for the protection of Belgium or Holland against German aggression is to look forward far beyond the bounds of political common sense. For the present, at all events, we may safely dismiss it from our calculations. The second cause of a possible Anglo-German conflict has lain hitherto in Germany's relations with France. That cause, as I began by saying, is now at an end. There remains, therefore, merely the menace of the German fleet. The menace of the German fleet is not that it will equal the British fleet or that Germany will ever venture to fling it against Great Britain single-handed. The menace of the German fleet is this—that its growth is gradually undermining British capacity to sustain the two Power standard; that a turn of the diplomatic wheel may leave the balance of European sea power in German hands; and that, if British relations with France or Russia were to return to their old state of animosity, the German fleet would serve as the spear-head of an anti-British coalition. That, I believe, is exact essence of the Anglo-German situation, so far as it is one of tangible facts and not of mere sentiment. What then should be Great Britain's policy? There is every need for vigilance and vigilance, but none whatever for excitement, still less for bickerings. Germany has as much right to have a big navy as Great Britain has to have a bigger one. Great Britain cannot prevent her from building ships, and to rail at her for doing so is to all proceedings the least sensible and impressive. There is no present danger; there is no certainty, there is only a vague possibility, of future danger. The British policy under these conditions should be to say little, to see everything, and to provide all possible guarantees—firstly, by maintaining her supremacy at sea intact, and secondly by entering into friendly relations with the Powers without whose co-operation an anti-British coalition would be impossible. This is a policy that is perfectly compatible with vigilance, foresight, dignity, and good manners—qualities that of late years have not been conspicuous on either side of the North Sea, but that promise at last to have a chance of reasserting themselves.

The World of Music

PADEREWSKI'S SYMPHONY

By Lawrence Gilman

THOSE who are attracted to problems in what might be called musical economics have sometimes wondered how Mr. Paderewski the composer would have prospered be born the public had it not been for Mr. Paderewski the virtuoso. For Mr. Paderewski in his function of music-maker occupies a singular position on the stage of the world. It is not likely that any one seriously disputes either his transcendent ability or his transcendent eminence as a pianist. When, one has said that, in this capacity, he is in a class by himself, one has spoken only the unadorned truth. But Mr. Paderewski has not, as we all know, been content with his unassailable fame as a virtuoso; he has aspired to the guerdons of the composer—he has sought after the more substantial immortality of the creative musician. His opus numbers bove by this time mounted up to twenty four; and in the list of his works are an opera,—*Manru*,—a piano concerto, a violin sonata, a sonata for piano, a "Polish Fantasia" for piano and orchestra, a fugue and variations for piano, various smaller piano pieces (salon music, for the most part), and some songs. Now the interesting and exceptional fact is that Mr. Paderewski, in these activities, has not had to suffer the uncomfortable experience of being assessed purely on his merits as a music-maker—as a composer *per se*. A gracious destiny has so contrived it that the halo which he has so long worn in his capacity as virtuoso has been accommodatingly enlarged until it is now capacious enough to crown and glorify not only Mr. Paderewski the virtuoso, but Mr. Paderewski the composer. An impatient and not too heedful commentator upon the fact might choose to state the case more briefly by saying that Mr. Paderewski the composer has been borne into prosperity and repute upon the coat-tails of Mr. Paderewski the virtuoso. For the simple if ungracious truth is that Mr. Paderewski has yet to prove to cannlid and detached observers that he has any justification for asking the judicious to take him seriously as a composer. "At bottom," wrote Huysmans, "there are writers who have talent and others who have not; let them be Naturalists, Romantics, Decadents, what you will, it is all the same to me: I only want to know if they have talent." That Mr. Paderewski has been fairly industrious as a composer—that he has written in "the larger forms" so gravely esteemed by the upholders of the musical law and the prophets, is to some a matter of indifference. They persist in asking: "Has he talent?"—meaning, of course, creative talent in that finer sense which implies a veritable and individual gift of inspiration. The fact that Mr. Paderewski's most ambitious undertaking, his opera *Manru*, long since sank into the most lamentous kind of desuetude, and that his lesser works are seldom, if ever, performed save by himself, is not a convincing proof of their unimportance; yet it is nevertheless significant. The extent of the indifference of the musical world to Mr. Paderewski's music after it has become acquainted with it is only equalled by the measure of its curiosity and eagerness in advance of that event.

A case in point, and the occasion of these observations, is furnished by Mr. Paderewski's new symphony, which had its first performance in New York on February 18th, and its first performance anywhere a week earlier in Boston, through the agency of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

The interest displayed in this work in advance of its production was remarkable. Its completion and forthcoming performance have been promised at the beginning of several successive seasons, and interested gossip and curiosity concerning it have been rife almost since the time when it was first proclaimed that Mr. Paderewski was at work upon the score. There are three men in the contemporary world of music whose future plans are provocative of wide and genuine interest—Strauss, Puccini, Debussy; and to this company Mr. Paderewski might almost have been said to belong during the days when his symphony was meticulously and portentously nearing completion, so large was the interest manifested in its progress. And now at last it has been displayed and inspected. It will soon have been performed by most of the principal orchestras in the United States; it will go the round of a number of the European concert-rooms; and will it then be shelved and forgotten, as *Manru*, the piano concerto, and the "Polish Fantasia" have been—leaving, as before, only the little salon pieces drifting upon the surface of the tide of contemporary popularity!

Let us consider the work itself. The symphony has been in the making since the summer of 1904, it was completed last December. It stands in B-minor, and its opus number is 24. There are three movements: (I.) *Adagio Ma non troppo—Allegro con fuoco;* (II.) *Andante con Moto;* (III.) *Allegro vivace.* The symphony is not yet completed, for Mr. Paderewski contemplates a fourth movement—a *Scherzo*. Yet it is said upon the authority of the composer that the work is complete in its present shape. It would seem, therefore, that any number of the projected movements of a symphony may stand alone as a finished and satisfying whole—whether two, or three, or four; and so there is at last, perhaps, justification for those who have asserted that the symphonic form is not the ideally logical and successful thing its upholders have claimed it to be: that there is not of necessity any more organic a connection between the various movements of a symphony than there is, to employ the immortal comparison of Mr. Henry T. Finck, in the case of a train of cars. Mr. Paderewski's symphony is put forward as "complete in its present shape"; yet avowedly it is *not* complete, since it lacks one of its ultimate number of movements. It is a puzzling case, and we may well leave it to the formalists to adjudicate.

As to the nature and contents of the symphony, it will be best, under the circumstances, to let Mr Paderewski speak for himself. The following exegesis may be regarded as accurate and authoritative, since it is put forward as "based on information furnished by the composer":

The symphony "is written as a patriotic tribute to his native country [Poland], directly inspired by the fortieth anniversary of the revolution of 1863-64. There is no absolute programme for either the first or second movement. The first movement is free, but

A recent portrait of Mr. Paderewski

classical in form, and seeks to celebrate Poland's great heroic past. The themes, although racial in character, are not based on popular melodies. The same is true of the second (slow) movement, in which the composer tries to express the lyric nature of his race.

"In the third movement Mr. Paderewski has followed a sharply defined programme. It is in effect a symphonic poem, and is peculiarly a memorial to the revolution of 1863-64. In the opening of the movement one feels the spirit of social and political unrest which fills the country prior to the outbreak of war. It is the unrest of the young hot-heads. The youth of the nation who long for independence. Older heads, conservative age, counselled patience and caution, urged the impossibility of a successful issue. This despondent feeling is expressed in a treatment of the national anthem, from which all buoyancy and joyousness have been taken. It is treated not unlike a dirge, appearing in a subdued and sad mood. The youth refuse to listen. The atmosphere of restlessness subdues the remonstrances of the elders, and the spark of revolution ignites with the appearance of the second theme, a theme of brilliant chivalric character, which has been heralded by faint, distant trumpet calls—the summons to war. Light-hearted, gay, and confident, the youth of Poland depart for battle. The first conflict is characterized by the use of surmusphones, which, with their dark, heavy coloring, express the weight and overwhelming strength of the oppressing force. Again is heard the Polish anthem, this time strong, vigorous, and battling—yet, as the conflict progresses, it is gradually overwhelmed by the gloom of defeat, finally disappearing in an atmosphere of utter despair. Then a funeral dirge celebrates the heroes that are gone. The themes of unrest heard in the first movement reappear, but are divested of their substance. They are shadowy and unsubstantial as the heroes that have passed away. They are bitter memories of defeat. Upward they soar, higher and higher—the laments for the fatherland ascending to heaven. A quick transition of mood follows, from gloom to brightness. Hope returns, and in the recapitulation and climax one hears again the splendid buoyancy of the theme of chivalry from this third movement, the theme of the heroic past from the first movement, and a third theme, on which will be built the fourth movement yet to be written."

Mr. Paderewski's symphony is, then, in its subject-matter, a commemorative tribute to his native and inlored fatherland—a tribute passionate, loving, and, beyond question, deeply felt. Now it is a strange and not easily explicable fact that patriotism, surely one of the most ardent and virtuous of the emotions, has never, as an inspirational force, been productive of music of the highest kind. However differently it may have operated in the other arts—in poetry, for example—it has seemed to fail of producing any very memorable issue in music. It is difficult to think of any symphony, symphonic poem, opera, song, having patriotic emotion as its basic impulse, which has taken rank among the supreme things in music. Mr. Paderewski's symphony certainly fails to supply an exception. No one would think of questioning the genuineness of its feeling: this music is beyond cavil profoundly felt—obviously and indisputably it springs from the depths of the composer's soul. There is here no factitious sentiment, no pumped up emotion, no bombast, no attitudinizing. For his perfect and touching honesty of feeling in this music let Mr. Paderewski be given unreserved praise. But unfortunately it requires something more than honesty and intensity of feeling to produce memorable music; were it not so, we might all of us, after learning the rules of the game, confront the world, upon occasion, as consummatingly eloquent music-makers, and mere inspiration would be an entirely dispensable thing. But, since as no completely equipped dilettante may, as Mr. Meredith remarks, set sail without pathos, so no maker of music who would achieve a masterpiece may set sail without inspiration. It is no doubt a trite observation; but it is just such trite and elemental homilies which we need to hold before our minds in these days, when unrecognized masterpieces are either sneered at or ridiculed, while mediocrity that is respectful of the traditions is hailed with delight and manifest relief, or applauded with indulgent reservations. Mr. Paderewski has been praised by the admirers of his music because in his symphony he exhibits "profound sincerity" and "aspiration." He has just been praised in this place for precisely those traits; but the appreciators whom I have quoted appear to regard Mr. Paderewski's "sincerity" and "aspiration" as proving the possession by his music of some extraordinary and valuable quality. Sincerity and aspiration, however, are not at all uncommon æsthetic virtues: if they were, we should have to acclaim as masters dozens of respectable and high-thinking English doctors of music (of what has been admirably called "the cathedral school") and hundreds of German Kapellmeisters soberly striving after The Ideal. What has not been recognized in Mr. Paderewski's case (and is so many other cases that one grows weary of reiterating the same truth), is that sincerity and aspiration count for nothing unless they are transmuted into eloquent and communicative utterance—into heightened and beautiful, or forceful, speech. If it were not for just that unpredictable and mysterious heightening, that obscurely sprung and miraculous flame, there would be no vital difference between Mr. Paderewski and such a symphonist as—well, let us say Brahms, who also had both "sincerity" and "aspiration."

The deficiencies of Mr. Paderewski's symphony are, to come to details, these: it lacks melodic and harmonic saliency, it lacks individual profile, and it lacks originality of idea. It is ingeniously devised and smoothly articulated—its workmanship, that is to say, is abundantly skilful. It proves conclusively Mr. Paderewski's ability to handle securely large and intricate designs. Nor is his music wanting in a kind of spurious impressiveness: it knows the trick of being "effective" without true eminence, of being, in a manner, impressive, where impressiveness can be obtained through a use of deftly prepared sonorities and an ingenuous application of tone-color—for the orchestration of the symphony is at times admirable, though there is much in the scoring that seems tentative and inexpert. The prime defects of the music are the anæmic quality of its ideas and its utter lack of individuality. There is no moment in it which seizes upon the mind and lives afterward in the memory: its actual substance is flaccid, amorphous, invertebrate. The only passages which stand out from the general banality and flatness are those which are derived from a phrase which has almost a precise analogy in the work of a contemporary whom Mr. Paderewski no doubt heartily despises—Pietro Mascagni who ten years ago employed in his opera *Iris* the antecedent of the theme of which Mr. Paderewski makes profitable use in the second movement of his symphony. It is altogether likely that Mr. Paderewski has never heard a note of *Iris;* but the obstinate and surprising fact remains that the most vivid idea in his symphony had been appropriated in advance by the author of *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Of individuality, personal savor, character, the symphony, as has been observed, has nothing.

Mr. Paderewski is a superb—a magically gifted, pianist—as an interpretative artist he seems at times, as Villiers de L'Isle Adam said of Jules Lafargue, "one of those who come into the world with a ray of moonlight in their brains." He is an alert and acute intelligence; he is, all in all a remarkable personality. As a composer he is negligible and unimportant.

Drawn by Walter J. Bass

THE AUCTION

Ohio's 50,000 Travelling Books

By S. T. Dial

Member of the Ohio Teachers' Reading Circle

DAY by day there is a fuller appreciation of the fact that the variety of interests in the complicated life of the present day makes success and happiness dependent upon a broader education. The specialist, whether college-trained or not, finds that those ahead of him are specialists and something more—something more—by reason of their companionship with books. We are all striving to be specialists in some degree, and something more. We all read books. We encourage every effort that promises to increase the number of books within our reach by a saving in cost or time in the securing of books.

In Ohio the youth is spurred on by the thought that more reading—more knowledge—will increase the chances given him by the stork to become President of Ohio and the rest of the United States. Ohio has a larger population living in cities of 5,000 and over than any other State, which condition brings the greater part of her readers in close touch with a city library. This subdivision of the population of the Buckeye State into cities gives the average citizen the greater variety of interests due to close contact with city life. This subdivision of population makes the problem of providing free library books somewhat different from that in other States.

The distribution of general books by State officials, with a view to furthering education by the selection of good books and the placing of emphasis upon lists of good books, is carried out in three channels—the public libraries, the State library, the Ohio Teachers' Reading Circle, and the Ohio Pupils' Reading Circle.

The city libraries voluntarily co-operate with the public schools in selecting and placing books in the school-rooms, and in selecting and listing books on special topics, and in placing these for handy reference in special rooms in the public library.

The State library cares for the travelling libraries which reach the rural districts by express and by mail, the borrowers paying transportation both ways.

Ohio is not the first State to take up the systematic work of the travelling library, but the work has so increased that the small travelling libraries at present reach nearly one thousand communities, and the number of volumes totals practically 50,000 books.

Statistics which have been gathered show to what organizations and to what classes of people the books of the Travelling Library Department have been sent. For the year 1897, there were 62 libraries issued, containing 1,334 volumes distributed as follows: to women's clubs, 37; to schools, 10; to granges, 2; to independent study clubs, 7; to religious organizations, 1; to libraries, 4; to men's clubs, 1. When we turn to the year 1907 an enormous increase is apparent. There were 1196 libraries issued which contained a total of 38,159 volumes, and the distribution was as follows: to women's clubs, 197; to schools, 517; to granges, 111; to independent study clubs, 125; to religious organizations, 90; to libraries, 55; to men's clubs, 51.

It is fitting that the State should do this mission-

Stephen T. Dial, a member of the Ohio Teachers' Reading Circle

ary work. Where the patrons cannot go to the books the books are sent to the patrons. If it is the duty of the State to educate, it is likewise its duty, within reasonable limits, to furnish the means of education.

One special feature of the travelling library work may be added to what has already been said, namely, while it has furnished a high grade of supplementary reading to the schools, and been the means of multiplying men's and women's clubs in general, it has been especially helpful to the farmer. Many of the stand-

Saluting the flag in a boys' debating club

ard works on agriculture have been placed in his hands, giving a new impetus to the work of the farm, throwing a new light on garden and field, bringing

Exchanging books in the reading-room

forth an increased product, and producing an *interest* from a surplus he had not dreamed of before.

Such helps in general education will not only keep the boy on the farm, but will bring him back from the sweat-shop, even onto his own.

THE CINCINNATI PUBLIC LIBRARY

The use of general books in education is unique—in a sense complete—as shown in methods of work and distribution by the Public Library of Cincinnati. During the year 1907-08 there were forty-two clubs in Hamilton County, representing every department of reading from that of the Boys' High School Club to that of Psychical Research.

That nothing may be left undone to cultivate an interest in good books a lecture-room has been fitted up, in which, afternoon or evening, may be found the debating clubs of the Y. M. C. A., or of the law schools, or the University Club. The shelves on three sides of the room are filled with reference books, and revolving stands at your elbow invite you to reference works of a larger kind. And as if this were not enough, and that *entertainment* may be combined with *instruction*, ten thousand lantern slides and the stereopticon are at hand. An attendant is constantly present whose business it is to prepare and exhibit these slides.

The work of these clubs is further enhanced by the library assistants somewhat after the following plan:

In the spring the club reports to the library the work it wishes to do the following year. It may be that of a country, as China; special work in some department of science; a series of papers on political economy. In a few weeks special helpers in the library, experts in this line of work, will have prepared an outline, placing scores, even hundreds, of books at the disposal of the club. Not only the books themselves, but special articles are cited from out-of-the-way places, the more completely to *instruct* and *entertain* all who choose to read. Lecture engagements for this room have already been made to July 1, 1909.

The circulating department of the library is complete in itself, and reaches almost every village and school in Hamilton County.

One feature, possibly not found elsewhere in the State, deserves mention. If any school in Hamilton County desires supplementary books as aids in the departments of geography, or history, or literature, *and the library does not have them*, you need wait but for a few weeks at most, and these books are bought by the library and are loaned to you for weeks, for months, if you so desire, and all this without a penny's expense to the school so favored.

THE CHILDREN'S READING-ROOM

This room is filled with eager readers from three to five o'clock, and it is here the children revel in all that is best for the growing mind.

'Tis the Fairy Story, as *Scudder's Folk Stories*, or *Anderson's Fairy Tales*. Or the Fable is uppermost—a fictitious story designed to enforce some moral precept, as *Æsop's Fables*. Or 'tis the Myth, representing the first steps of a nation in the evolution of its literature, as *Johonnot's Stories of the Olden Times*. Or 'tis Heroic Deeds in Real History, as, *Indian Stories*, or *Stories of the Revolution*, or *Stories of the Scottish Chiefs*.

By these agencies, to say nothing of the branch libraries throughout the city and on the hills, as many as 5831 volumes have gone out from the Main Building alone in a single day.

If we compare for a moment the following table of the whole circulation from the Main Building in several cities, we shall get an idea of the work being done—the use of general books in Cincinnati. The statistics are the most recent:

Pittsburg	222,910	Cleveland	347,418
Boston	272,547	Cincinnati	515,798

The great use of the Main Building, however, is possibly to be attributed to its fortunate location, in the very heart of the city, where it is most accessible.

THE BLIND-ROOM

In 1900, following the request of Miss Georgia Trader for books for the blind, a room was fitted up in the library building and filled with books for both blind adults and blind children. In addition to the books, arrangements were made to give instruction to the blind, and through Miss Trader and the Ohio Library Association the work of the blind was later taken up in Cleveland and in Dayton.

OHIO READING CIRCLES

At a meeting of the Ohio State Teachers' Association at Niagara Falls, July, 1882, Mrs. D. L. Williams, of Delaware, read a paper on "Young Teachers and Their Calling." The paper closed with this question: "Would an Ohio State Teachers' Course of Reading meet a need of the young teachers all the State, and incite them to self-improvement; and if so, is such a course of reading practicable?" This was the beginning of a movement where "results" are State reading circles in a number of the States of the Union, including Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, and Michigan.

The work of the Ohio Teachers' Reading Circle and the Ohio Pupils' Reading Circle is carried out by a board of eight members, who give their services without pay, and a salaried manager, who gives his entire time to the sale and distribution of the books selected each year by the board. Some of the members of this Board of Control have served more than a dozen years, some of us more than twenty years; yet this service has always been a joy, though it means the free-will

Dr. J. J. Burns, for twenty-five years corresponding secretary of the reading circle

offering of many hours of time in the examination of books, in attendance upon the meetings.

This Board each year selects three books covering three of the following fields: Pedagogy, literature, history, science, agriculture. Each year one of these books is intended to be a definite study-book, and the

teachers are given credit by the State for the study of these books.

Previous to 1905–06, the books were sold through dealers, often passing through two or three dealers

C. B. Galbreath, Ohio State Librarian

before reaching the teachers. This added to the cost very materially. The expenses of the Board of Control were paid by a membership fee of twenty-five cents.

In 1906–07, the Board of Control assumed charge of the distribution of the books and placed the matter in the hands of W. F. Kershner as business manager. Mr. Kershner brought to the work an intimate knowledge of school affairs in the State gained by a long experience as teacher and superintendent. The result of the new arrangement was a large increase in the sales, and a marked decrease in the price of the books. In 1905–06 the total sales amounted to 16,250 books. In 1906–07 it was increased to 26,442, and in 1907–08 to 30,682. The total receipts in 1907–08 were $30,411.09. The business manager paid the publishers for books $25,647.15. The total expenses, including the salary of the manager, were $4698.78. Basing the comparison on the prices at which the books were sold in 1905–06, the saving to the teachers on the cost of the books in 1907–08 was over $13,000. In addition to this saving, the *membership fee* was *abolished*, making the total saving to the teachers over $15,000.

In each county a county secretary of the O. T. R. C. is elected by the members of the annual institute. This county secretary appoints a local secretary in each town and township. The business manager arranges, usually through the county secretary, to supply all the teachers with books at the institute who wish to buy there. Teachers who do not buy at this institute club together in each town and township and send their orders direct to the manager through the superintendent or local secretary.

Two thousand certificates were issued to members of the Teachers' Reading Circle at the close of its first year, and doubtless many other members read the books, but requested no certificates. The work has steadily increased; and, for the year just closed, July, 1908, the report gives an enrolment of 12,080 members out of 26,000 teachers of the State.

CERTIFICATES AND DIPLOMAS

A certificate is given for the reading of the three books listed each year. Four certificates are counted as a course, upon the completion of which a diploma is given. Many teachers have continued the work through the years, and some are now the proud possessors of eight and twelve year diplomas, seven teachers prize sixteen-year diplomas, and two twenty-year diplomas. The certificates and diplomas are furnished free.

The Teachers' Reading Circle course has thus been building up in teachers' homes throughout the State private libraries. Each volume is not "a borrowed book, which is but a cheap pleasure and unappreciated and unsatisfactory," but a book which has been carefully read and discussed; and in many cases used by the State officials as a basis for examination questions in the issuing of teachers' certificates.

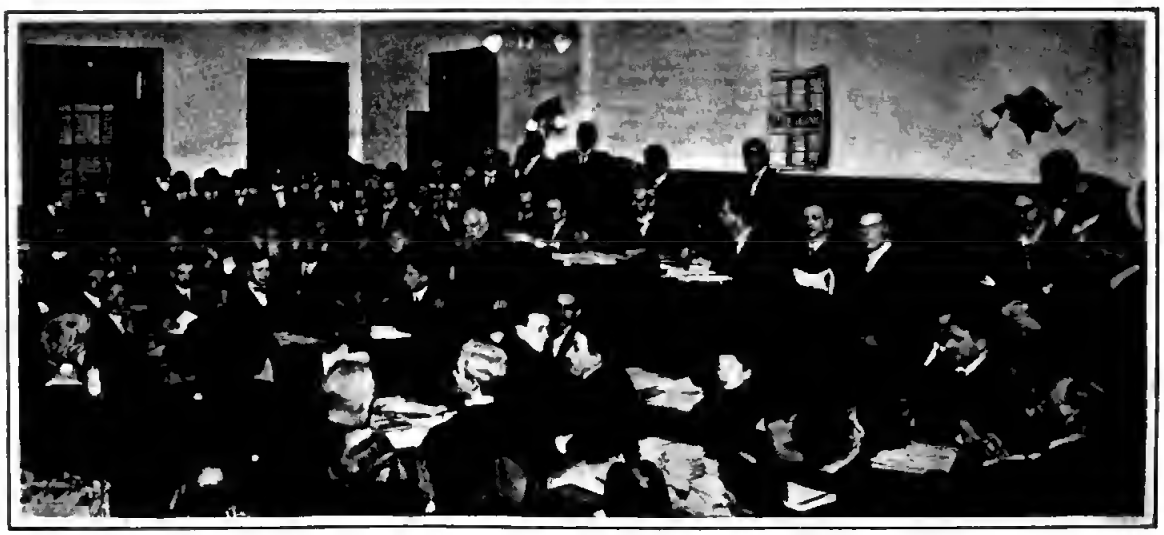
The following is the Teachers' Course—twenty-sixth year. (Adopted April 4, 1908.) Blackmar's *Elements of Sociology*; Jordan and Kellogg's *Evolution and Animal Life*; Putnam's *Representative Essays*.

OHIO PUPILS' READING COURSE

The first course of reading was planned for the pupils of the public schools in 1888. The work has not been as extensive as the Board of Control has desired, and has not been as successful as the work in some other States. This is partly due to the fact that the larger number of the pupils in the schools of Ohio are city residents who have the privileges of the city libraries; and also due in part to the fact that the school system in Ohio does not provide for county superintendents by whom the work of the reading circles in other States, particularly Indiana, is carried out. However, there has been a satisfactory increase in the number of books sold each year, and more than 50,000 pupils read the course for 1907–08. The lists of books selected by the Board for the use of the Pupils' Circle are much used by library officials and others charged with the duty of selecting books for young readers.

Certificates are given for each year's work. Diplomas are given upon the completion of the work in the primary grades, the grammar grades, and the high school. The Board, in the selection of books aims to keep in mind, among other matters, the words of Robert Collyer, "Give a boy a passion for books, and you give him thereby a lever to lift his world, and a patent of nobility if the thing he does is noble."

In the lecture-room of the Public Library at Cincinnati, Ohio



THE MURDER TRIAL THAT IS STIRRING THE SOUTH

A SCENE IN THE COURT-ROOM AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, DURING THE SENSATIONAL TRIAL OF COL. D. E. COOPER, ROBIN J. COOPER, AND JOHN D. SHARP, WHO ARE CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF EX-UNITED STATES SENATOR EDWARD W. CARMACK. COLONEL COOPER IS SHOWN ON THE WITNESS STAND IN THE CENTRE

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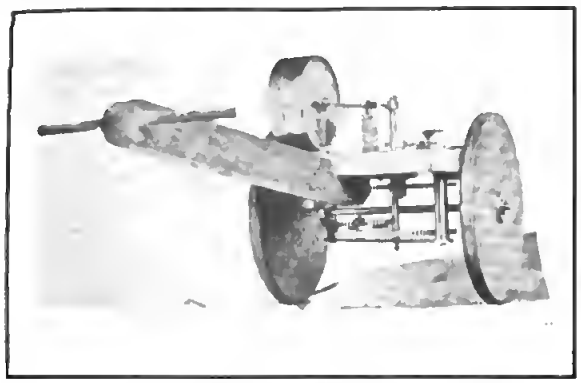
The First Taxicab

We are accustomed to regard the taxicab as an invention of recent years, but the idea dates back more than sixteen hundred years, and originated in China. Professor Giles of Cambridge has discovered in the dynastic histories of the Celestial Empire a full specification of a taxicab of the year 265 A.D., and the arreigns from A.D. 815 to 987, further discuss the appearance of the "taxicabs":

"They are painted red, with pictures of flowers and birds on the four sides, and are in two stories, headsomely adorned with carrings. At the completion of every 'li' the wooden figura of a man in the lower story strikes a



This was the "measure-mile-drum-carriage" of the Chinese sixteen hundred years ago

companying photograph shows a model of the chassis made by Professor Hopkinson. This history describes the vehicle as follows:

"The measure-mile-drum-carriage is drawn by four horses. In the saddle of it there is a wooden figure of a man holding a drumstick toward a drum. At the completion of every 'li' (the Chinese mile) the man strikes a blow on the drum."

Other records, covering the Chinese drum, and at the completion of every ten 'li' a man in the upper story strikes a bell. There is a pole with a phœnixlike head, and a team of four horses. Formerly the chariot held eighteen soldiers, which number was increased to thirty by the Emperor Tsi-Taung."

The popularity of this peculiar carriage, even as late as the fourteenth century, is attested by a poem entitled "Ode to a Taxicab."

Is the American Man Not Interesting to Woman?

By DAVID F. ST. CLAIR

THERE are cultured American women who are finding serious fault with the average educated man in this country. They tell us that he is not interesting to woman. He has lost many of his old romantic emotions, and is therefore a dull, poor love-maker. He is so ignorant on many of the subjects that absorb modern women's minds that he is socially dumb and stupid. But, worst of all, he lacks something more than mere knowledge and development; he lacks temperament. He lacks a state of mind and consciousness that woman is hungering more and more for in man. It is a psychic state of mind; a spiritual intelligence; a comprehension and sympathy; an appreciation and patience that know how to speak and, above all, how to inspire.

No, the American man does not interest and charm woman as men does in most of the countries of Europe, notably in France and Italy. But why does he not? There are acute foreign observers who visit us and declare that American life has evolved a man and a woman who live in two separate worlds. Our men and women are fast becoming complete strangers to each other. They actually know less of each other and enter less into each other's innermost life than men and women in those lands where woman goes veiled or communicates with man by means of a fan in church, or steals a glance at him through a window. The familiarity and equality of the two sexes in America have built a stupendous wall of ignorance between their souls. Woman has become commonplace to man. He thinks he knows her only too well. While to woman man has lost all the mystery of his power. He is a thing of clay, and most inferior clay at that. Therefore, man prefers to associate with man and woman with woman. In no other country in the world are there so many exclusively men's and exclusively women's clubs.

These two distinct worlds of the American man and woman are separated by walls of adamant in education, in business, and in society. Woman in the middle and upper classes goes her way with her leisure for culture, her charities, her clubs, and balls and society. She investigates history and science, and she writes and reads. Her mind becomes critical and analytical. She is restless, she travels.

Man, on the other hand, flings himself with all his mind and soul into that modern maelstrom—business. In this world he forgets woman's heart, for it is a world without sentiment, without romance, without love. It is a world of producers and accumulators. The American business man is, in his mental state, like a ship leaving port. His mind is always going out. His occupation, his complete absorption in the things before him, and his general attitude of mind carry him as far away from woman's world or in opposition to woman's world as the east is from the west. He loves business as a gambler loves his game or a miser his bag. He soon neither knows nor cares for anything else.

There are innumerable exceptions, but this is the tendency and spirit of business. When man steps into woman's world, it is like a whale floundering on the shore or an elephant wading into the deep. He is timid, and his timidity is that of conscious ignorance, and it is often mingled with a feeling of repulsion toward himself. He perceives at a glance that his own spirit has tended to harden and make artificial woman's spirit.

The late Mrs. Astor said of the modern American man, "Socially, he does not interest or please woman because he is not socially developed." He has no leisure for society, and that caste organization called society is in too chaotic a condition in most places in this country to develop him if he had the leisure. The American of importance is, as a rule, not at home in an assembly of women. He is a poor listener to things that do not directly appeal to him, and he looks impatient and bored on formal social occasions. His range of knowledge outside of his own profession is astonishingly limited. Ten representative men—politicians, business men, manufacturers, lawyers, bankers, insurance officers, brokers, etc.—were asked the question, "Are the men you meet and know interesting?" The instant reply was, "Outside of their own work—no."

The raconteur of extraordinary gifts abounds in this country, but good story-telling is not conversation. The French, the finest conversationalists in the world, do not, in what they call their chanter-munie talks, allow protracted anecdote. Conversation, according to the French art, is rapid, animated, lightly tripping and turning speech without argument, without difference of opinion in the company of about a dozen aptly selected men and women. In one of these companies a Frenchman is as near heaven as he ever expects to get on this earth. Seldom do men and women in our own country have a real taste of this rare social and intellectual experience.

In lever conversation, in which Napoleon, Victor Hugo, and Gladstone shone like stars, and in which the present German Chancellor is at times an adept, the American makes a rather poor showing. The levees at the White House are generally crushes, and bon mots are absent. The President is delighted to see everybody, but we have had in no modern President a brilliant talker; and there are no three men in our public life to-day who have the breadth of culture of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bryce, and Mr. John Morley.

A New York business man packed his son off to Harvard, and the last instructions he gave him were that he should try to be "sociable." But the boy protested that he did not care for society. His only passion was athletics. When he had been at the university a few months the father visited him, and saw in his room the pictures of a number of beautiful women and slippers and soda-pillows that had come from scores of feminine admirers.

"Well," said the millionaire, looking around, "they seem to have found out who your father is."

The young man smiled with just the slightest suggestion of derision and said:

"Don't know. I have not informed any one, and I have never visited any of these women. These pictures and other things have come to me because these women have seen me win on the gridiron."

The millionaire father reflected for a moment, and then said:

"My son, what I see and what you tell me reveal to me a great truth. If you had made a million dollars in Wall Street the fact never would have produced this evidence of woman's admiration. Plenty of women would like to have your money, but not one would think the more of you for having the money."

And in this age of money-making that is the chief virtue of athletics. Woman to love man requires, as a rule, the exhibition of the heroic in him.

In Europe educated men live more within themselves than we do, and they have constantly evolved from the inner spirit a world of thought and art that renews life. They are sustained by a tradition and history, in whose rich, mysterious atmosphere we behold them as far more interesting than ourselves. They endow language and speech with an exoteric meaning that is absent from the written and spoken words of America. Woman is not herself a creative artist, but she does create art through the soul of man; and she does in turn breathe the interpretation of it physically into the hearts of men.

The majority of women are not by nature democrats, and Europe still possesses those ranks, distinctions, and spectacular shows of royalty and nobility that appeal to the feminine heart. European courts have a glamour for certain of our women that is not to be found in anything else. The throne is a social power and centre, such as no republic could or would ever build. "Don't ask me," remarked a patriotic, intelligent American woman, "which I had rather do—ride with the President of the United States to his inauguration or with the King of England to his coronation. I fear that I might confess something that would greatly shock you."

Nor are the striking virtues of the American man attractive to woman. He possesses great common sense, he loves facts and direct motion; and, above all, he loves good-humor and humor. He is a servant in the house. He is the most indulgent of men alive. He will let his daughter read the story of his bankruptcy and financial disgrace in the newspapers before he will cut off one dollar of her remittance. Woman admires his virtues and generosity, but they do not command her soul. To her there is nothing heroic in them. They do not dazzle her. Her thirst of curiosity in man remains unquenched. She will fall in love with a stranger disguised across the footlights, or she will elope with her father's coachman in her efforts to satisfy this curiosity.

Vaccination to Prevent Typhoid Fever

ONE of the most important discoveries in the science of hygiene has just been announced at Washington—the prevention of typhoid fever by vaccination. The Medical Corps of the United States Army has adopted the new system, with the approval of Secretary of War Wright. Bacteriological laboratories for the preparation of the serum will be established at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, the Presidio, California, and at Manila.

Vaccination against typhoid will be entirely voluntary. No officer or enlisted man will be required to submit to the process against his will; but efforts will be made by means of lectures, etc., to induce as many as possible to take the treatment voluntarily. With the recollection of our Army's heavy losses by typhoid in the Spanish war fresh in the minds of the soldiers, it is believed that thousands will remain volunteer.

The adoption of the vaccination method was recommended by a board made up of such eminent scientists as Dr. V. C. Vaughan, of Ann Arbor; Dr. W. T. Councilman, of Harvard; Dr. J. H. Mussey, of the University of Pennsylvania; Dr. Alexander Lambert, of New York; Dr. S. Flexner, Director of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research in New York, and Dr. W. S. Thayer, of Johns Hopkins Medical School. In its report the board declares that fifteen thousand men already have taken the treatment without a single instance of untoward result. It adds:

"Very fortunately, the experience in India and in South Africa among the British troops, and in Southwest Africa among the German colonial troops has shown that there is now a means of protection against typhoid for at least as long a time as any modern war is likely to last. It is possible to vaccinate a man with an anti-typhoid vaccine, and to give him almost as much protection by this measure as is given by an attack of the disease. It has long been recognized by every one that a person who has once had typhoid fever is practically insured against a second attack. The medical profession has now found in anti-typhoid vaccination a simple and harmless way of artificially inducing almost this same amount of protection.

"A man receives a few drops of the prophylactic material by means of a hypodermic injection into the arm, and after a few hours he will probably have a little fever or headache and a tender spot on the arm, and to this extent this procedure is like that used for preventing smallpox. It has, however, the great advantage over vaccination against smallpox that the tender spot on the arm never becomes a sore, but after the expiration of two or three days disappears for good and all, and no shields or bandages are necessary. It is, in fact, a very simple, clean, and harmless affair, and a mere trifle compared to the danger to life or the long illness and expense of an attack of typhoid fever."

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Real "Daughters of the Revolution"

By Emmett Campbell Hall

HOW brief, comparatively, has been the history of the United States, in how few generations the British colonies along the Atlantic coast have grown to a great nation, challenging the strength and wealth of kingdoms that were old ere it was conceived, is strikingly illustrated by the fact that there are still alive three daughters of men who shouldered flint locks at the command of Washington. They are Mrs. Jerusha Haywood Brown, who resides at Canton, South Dakota; Mrs. Sarah C. Hurlbutt, of Little Marsh, Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Phoebe M. Palmiter, of Brookfield, New York.

Mrs. Brown is the daughter of Samuel and Sarah Young Bliss Haywood, who married in Strafford, Vermont, in 1815; her father died in 1837 and her mother in 1861. During the War of the Revolution her father, Samuel Haywood, whose name appears on the muster rolls as Samuel Howard, served in Bliss' company of Connecticut militia, Colonel Ledyard's regiment. He enlisted on July 17, 1777, and served until February, 1782, thus giving nearly five years of his young manhood to the cause of his country. His daughter, the present Mrs. Brown, was born at Strafford, Vermont, June 21, 1823.

Mrs. Sarah C. Hurlbutt was born January 6, 1817, and was the youngest child in a family of eleven children. Mrs. Hurlbutt's father was Elijah Weeks, who for two and a half years, from the fall of 1776, fought for the infant republic in Captain Josiah Smith's company, Colonel Thomas Marshall's regiment, of Massachusetts troops. Her mother, Miss Sarah Batchelder, was married to the soldier on March 4, 1795, at Ashfield, Massachusetts. The soldier died January 25, 1834, and Mrs. Weeks on December 29, 1853. Mrs. Hurlbutt is pensioned under a special act of Congress on account of her father's Revolutionary War service.

Mrs. Phoebe M. Palmiter, the third of the women who can claim the distinction of a father who actually faced the red-coats of England, was born in Windham County, Vermont, December 5, 1821. Her mother's maiden name was Anna Gates, and she was married to Jonathan Wooley in 1816. Jonathan Wooley served with the New Hampshire volunteers for eighteen months during the Revolution.

The last widow of a soldier who saw service in the field under George Washington was Mrs. Esther Sumner Damon, who died at Plymouth Union, Vermont, November 1, 1906.

Miss Rhoda Augusta Thompson, who died last year, was the daughter of Thaddeus Thompson, who was a descendant of Anthony Thompson, one of the first settlers of New Haven, Connecticut, and a signer of the Davenport Compact of 1637. Thaddeus Thompson first enlisted in the Revolutionary Army as a drummer boy, but later, on May 20, 1777, he became a "bombardier" in Captain Jonathan Brown's company of the Second, or New York, Artillery. He was discharged in June, 1783. Thaddeus Thompson was one of the heroic band who passed through the terrible winter at Valley Forge and, under the immediate command of General Washington, was severely wounded in an assault upon the British works at Yorktown. In 1789 he was commissioned a Lieutenant of Grenadiers in the United States Army. This gallant soldier died June 16, 1829, at the age of sixty-eight. To the day of her own death, one of Miss Thompson's most prized possessions was her father's certificate of discharge, signed by George Washington, and a "Badge of Merit" given for six years' faithful service.

Mrs. Sarah C. Hurlbutt

Mrs. Jerusha Haywood Brown

THE GRAY WOLF

(Continued from page 23.)

wolves after ye now, but ye had rather face me than the other, hey! I'll show ye, ye whipsnake—ye big, overgrown devil! Lay there—or, no, by G—d! I'll fix ye for fair!" There was a kick with each expletive.

By then the outlaw had been beaten into a state of semi-unconsciousness, and extreme violence had taken the edge from the sheriff's fury—but not from his brutality. To test the grip of the iron he seized the chain and jerked the powerless man from one side of the shack to the other, but the serrated jaws of the terrible trap did not slip; then, as though his victim were a log, he hauled him out and over the snow to a tree, where, with deliberate fiendishness he wound the chain around the trunk and secured the end with a padlock.

"There, damn you, sleep an' eat an' laugh, if ye can! It's my turn, now! Be you satisfied?" Bradley only groaned. Mr. Slater smiled grimly, lighted his pipe, and proceeded to kindle the extinguished fire; it was all he could do. Then he lay down where the giant's body had warmed the earth. The revolver in its hanger troubled his ease, so he took off the belt, keeping the firearm under his hand, and stretched out in comfort. He was happy. He had won.

Without meaning to, he slept. When he awoke with a start it was livid dawn, and the snow had ceased falling, though a full foot of it covered the earth. The sheriff's first glance was at his prisoner. He was safe. Bradley, with blood-stained face, bruised and swollen beyond recognition, was on his feet, trying to rid himself of the encumbering trap; but in the deep snow and from the position of the heavy iron he was unable to get his weight on the shank, and fingers were useless against the powerful springs, nothing but a wrench with which to loosen the nut would have availed him. As the officer picked up his rifle and stepped out his prisoner snarled like a trapped beast—as, indeed, he was.

"Ye won't go peaceable, hey?" mocked Slater, laughing easily in brutal satisfaction. "I take it you'll go somehow, won't ye?"

"No, by G—d!" was the return. "You jest come within reach o' me an' I'll show ye. Ye look for Tim to help ye; well, he'll see ye damned first."

"Is your leg broke?" demanded the sheriff.

"No, 'tain't—no thanks to ye; but the feelin's all gone. Goin' to keep me chained up here to starve an' freeze?"

"That's about what," was the answer; "leastways until Tim comes; then we'll pack ye back somehow. There's no hurry. If Tim don't help, I'll lay him out on the start. I'm law, I am!"

Bradley glared at him. He was beaten. Agony of flesh might come later, but it was not yet present. The bruises he had received were hardly serious to such as he, for the outlaw is a Spartan at standing physical punishment. But the future looked dark for Mr. Bradley. Could he have placed his hands on the sheriff, he would have torn him limb from limb, had his own life paid for it.

Mr. Slater stood looking at him with a sardonic smile, but his attention was suddenly drawn from his victim by the sound of a shrill whinny, and, wheeling, he saw his horse, with trappings intact, standing on the opposite edge of the black pool. The sheriff's hard face lighted. Here was a solution of the food problem which was already troubling him. Leaving his prisoner, he advanced to the edge of the stream and with voice and gesture attempted to coax the animal to cross to him; but with the stupidity common to most of his genus, the horse did not stir, and his impatient awner, with an oath on his lips, saw the necessity of going after him; the mount itself was not in immediate demand, but the food it carried was.

The sheriff stepped into the water. It was only knee-deep by the shore, but its sandy bottom shelved gently and offered no obstruction in the way of boulders. As he got to the centre of the expanse the horse whinnied again and Bradley shouted something. Thinking his prisoner had suddenly freed himself, Slater swung around and brought up his rifle, but Bradley was still fast, though working furiously at the iron. The sheriff watched him a moment, then attempted to turn and go toward the waiting horse, but, to his consternation, he could not take a step; his feet were lead. With a quick realization of his danger he struggled frantically and managed to free one foot, but the exertion drove the other deeper, and before he was aware of it the water had reached his waist. But its icy coldness he did not feel; the sweat of sudden terror sprang to his face, and as his freed foot again sank into the maw of the quicksand, he looked about in wild despair and let out a shout of desperation that rang up and down the valley like the cry of a lost soul.

Bradley caught the ring of horror in the shout, and, desisting from his hopeless efforts, looked up. In an instant he saw the character of his tormentor's trouble and his jeering voice joined the echoes of the other's. It was a wild laugh that greeted the engorged man, but nothing his prisoner could do was possible to inflame him now. In less than thirty seconds he was absolutely helpless and ceased to struggle, thereby sinking less slowly. His first shock of horror past, he began to use his wits. He rallied to his horse to come to him; he pleaded, coaxed, cursed, and threatened, but the animal only whinnied and looked curiously at him. In vain the sheriff's eye sought for some floating log to grasp and save himself from being drawn to a sure and horrible death. The sky, brightening with the coming day, was all there was above him; on one side was a senseless brute, on the other the man whom he had rendered powerless to help him.

It was then that the sheriff's spirit broke. He would sooner face death at the hands of Bradley than be drawn into the black horror beneath him. The weakness of the moral coward came to the surface and bore him down; perhaps his abused prisoner might relent if he were freed, but he must hurry. He felt in his pocket and found the key of the padlock. Shouting to Bradley that he would throw it, and begging that for the love of God he would help, he flung the key toward the tree with all his force. The bit of steel cut a bright curve through the air and buried itself in the snow a dozen feet from the chained man.

At the failure of the cast Bradley let forth a string of frightful oaths and the sinking sheriff groaned aloud; his exertion had sent him down several inches. Presently the water reached his armpits, and he began a series of desperate struggles that only hastened the end. Suffocate? God! He was past all help and he knew it. He felt for his revolver, that he might end his mental agony, but the revolver was not in its place; he now remembered leaving it in the shack. Then he became passive. Thus the minutes passed.

Bradley watched him, silent now, as though he pressed by the ghastly face turned toward him, but he had not become silent on account of the tragic situation of the sheriff, whose end he clearly foresaw, nor had he let slip his volley of oaths at the loss of the key because it made him powerless to help. It was the appreciation of his own situation that impressed him. He was chained and powerless, the pass would be blocked; Tim could not get to him but hunger and cold would come, and the wolves—

Bradley uttered an involuntary cry. The only being who stood between him and death was perishing within five rods of him; the water was now lapping at his square jaw and the small blue eyes were staring over the surface of the pond like stones. Practically, the sheriff was already dead. Even as Bradley looked the head, thrown back, was gradually sucked under, and in a moment only a few dark bubbles marked where the man had disappeared.

Bradley gazed stupidly at the spot, then shifted his eyes and saw a sight there that caused his heart to lift. There had been no sound; but like a shadow the gaunt form of a great gray wolf loped out of the timber and into the growing light of the clearing. As if he knew his immunity from danger, the brute trotted toward the captive, circled the tree with a slouching, sneaking gait, then planted himself in front of the man, sat on his haunches, and lifting his pointed nose to the warming sky, bared his fangs in a lupine grin, and let out a long drawn howl. At the sound the horse threw up his head and fled.

For an instant the helpless outlaw was paralyzed—but the comfort of mental numbness was denied him for long, for he came fully to his senses on he heard an answering yelp, and in a few moments another wolf trotted into the open and took up a position by the side of its mate.

There was not the slightest indication of fear in either animal; instead, an infernal intelligence seemed shining from their greenish eyes, and, as though enjoying the terror of their victim, they refrained from immediate attack.

The helpless man grew frenzied. Had there been but one wolf he might have bested him with his iron hands; but two—it was hopeless. In his unreasoning desperation he flung burning matches at the brutes that sat like twin Nemeses over a life of crime. He cursed them and cajoled them by turns. He dared them to come. He threw at them every movable thing in his pockets, even making balls of snow, sending out a blasting oath with each. In ferocity he was their full equal for a time, but finally he became exhausted by his own violence. As he subsided at last, covering his face with his hands that he might blot the horror from his sight, the great wolf got to his four feet, yawned like one who was bored, and turned his head toward his mate. The next instant there was a snarl, a tangle of bodies, the terrible, heaven-rending cry of a man in sudden agony; and then silence settled on the valley.

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Wesley Hunt Tilford

A GREAT man of business passed away with the death, on March 24 in New York City, of Wesley Hunt Tilford, one of the vice presidents of the Standard Oil Company. For over thirty years he had been in its service and had held its highest posts; yet few outside the oil business knew him, so unobtrusive was he by nature. He was of few words, but of great grasp of affairs, particularly strong in organizing qualities, and gifted with fine judgment. In addition, he was a man of wide information and reading. He was courtly, kind-hearted, and charitable. Born in 1850 in Lexington, Kentucky, the son of John B. Tilford, a banker of that town, he removed in early boyhood with his family to New York, where his father took up the banking business again. Young Wesley did not follow his father's occupation, but turned to that of his elder brother, John B. Tilford, Jr., entering as clerk in the oil business of Bostwick & Tilford in Pearl Street. When that firm

Wesley Hunt Tilford

dissolved he formed with his brother the partnership of J. B. Tilford, Jr., & Co. which continued until they entered the Standard Oil Company. Those were busy formative times in the oil business, and the recruit proved his mettle by the splendid success of his visit to the Pacific slope, which took place in 1878—over thirty years ago. He organized the trade in California, Colorado, Oregon, and the surrounding States. On his return East he was welcomed to a high place in the home office, taking charge of the transportation problem with vigor and effectiveness. In 1892 he was chosen a director. In 1899 he was elected treasurer, and last year was made a vice president. To say that he held the esteem and confidence of his associates would feebly express the estimation in which they held him. He was a member of the Chamber of Commerce, and belonged to the Metropolitan and Tuxedo clubs. A brother, Henry M. Tilford, a director of the Standard Oil Company, survives him. He never married.

A New National Anthem?

SHOULD we change our national anthem, discard "The Star-spangled Banner," and substitute a song which shall be suitable to the voice of the average person? This question has repeatedly been put forward during the last few years by patriotic persons, who, in a moment of enthusiasm, have attempted to sing our national air and have felt their voices suddenly break when trying to reach the high notes. Unfortunately all of us have not finely cultivated voices, and practically none but those who are so blessed can hope to strike both the highest and the lowest notes that occur in that tune.

There seems to be no valid reason why "The Star-spangled Banner" should hold its exalted place in the affection of a nation, in spite of the many objections offered to it. For a national anthem, the words are almost obsolete and too restricted for broad application. Francis Scott Key composed the stanzas in honor of the defenders of Fort McHenry when the British were attacking Baltimore in 1814, but they have always been sung to the music of "Anacreon in Heaven," which was written in England between 1770 and 1775 by John Stafford Smith. A criticism frequently heard is that the tune is in three-quarter time, like a waltz, and in order to march to it the *tempo* has to be doubled.

Various suggestions have been offered as to a method for selecting or composing a national song, but the difficulty is obvious. A congress of our most prominent composers and lyricists was proposed to jointly turn out a song, but this cannot satisfactorily be done to order. The National Song Society believes it has finally arrived at the correct solution of the problem. A thorough comparison of all of our modern patriotic songs was made by the society, and its 5,000 members voted unanimously for "My Own United States." Although this song is comparatively unknown to Americans, the National Song Society hopes by means of a systematic campaign to influence the entire country to adopt its choice for our national air.

Protecting the "Big Trees"

THE recent passage of the bill for the creation of the Calaveras National Forest in California has finally rewarded the efforts of those persons who for nine years have been striving to interest Congress in the need for the preservation of the "big trees," and by this act the most famous grove of trees in the world is to be saved from the sawmill. No appropriation is necessary to carry out the provisions of this bill, for it simply requires an exchange of government timberland for that land containing the Calaveras grove, and which is owned by Robert B. Whiteside, of Duluth, Minnesota.

Two sections of land are to be acquired by the government, according to the bill; for it includes 960 acres in the north Calaveras grove in Calaveras County, and 3,040 acres in the south grove in Tuolumne County. The former contains ninety-three of the giant sequoias, and the latter has 1,380 of the "big trees." To be considered in this select number a tree has to possess a girth of at least eighteen feet, or be six feet in diameter. Besides the sequoias in these two tracts, there are many sugar pines, yellow pines, white firs, and incense cedars, some of the pines ranging in height to 275 feet and with a diameter of eight to ten feet.

The fame of the "big trees" has spread over the whole world, and justly so. There are ten trees in the north grove each having a diameter of twenty-five feet or more, and more than seventy have a diameter of between fifteen and twenty-five feet. Most of the trees have been named for famous Americans generals, for statesmen, and for various States. In his *Resources of California*, Hittell estimates that the "father of the forests," now down, must have been 450 feet in height and have had a diameter at the ground of more than forty feet.

Fortifying an Extinct Volcano

THE United States Army is fortifying the city of Honolulu, Hawaii, and the extinct crater of the great Diamond Head volcano is the centre of the operations. This crater lies to the east of the city, and its bowl, some twenty acres in area, is enclosed by abrupt cliffs from fifty to two hundred feet in height. Through this rim of cliffs, on the side farthest from the ocean, our Army engineers are boring two large tunnels which lead from the great twelve-inch mortar batteries on the outer slope to the great cavity within the old volcano. Inside the mountain will be constructed ammunition magazines which should be exceptionally secure from chance of explosion. Erosion has deposited a layer of about six feet of earth over the floor of the crater, while a small lake forms at one side during the greater part of the year. Probably barracks for troops will be built in this enclosure, and a garden to furnish an adequate supply of vegetables for the soldiers might easily be planted in the fertile soil.

The strength of this novel scheme of fortifications may be recognized when we realize that the Diamond Head stands between the batteries and the sea, and would render effective battleship fire in an attack almost impossible. Since the mortars simply drop their shells upon the object of attack, the necessity of firing over the mountain does not interfere in the slightest with their accuracy. Electric indicators situated at some suitable point of observation will direct the aiming of the mortars.

Banking upon a Gold Basis

THERE is under construction in Colorado Springs, Colorado, a seven-story bank building whose foundations are composed principally of gold ore. Of course this ore is of a low grade and has no shipping value for the mineral it contains, but, when mixed with cement, it forms a concrete which is exceptionally strong and durable.

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When in civilization

in East Africa, and is now at Mombasa making preparations for the start. He is an experienced naturalist, has guided

When on the veldt

numerous parties in Africa, and has collected specimens for the British Museum in various countries.

The Mammal in Congress

[The following highly instructive debate, which recently occupied the time of the House of Representatives, has been brought to light by the Washington correspondent of a Western newspaper, Mr. W. C. Hardee. Doubters may find the debate immortalized on page 2284 of the *Congressional Record*.]

The participants were Robert Bruce Macon, Congressman from Arkansas, who had given notice that he didn't propose to let anything go through the House that he did not understand, and Asle J. Gronna, Congressman from North Dakota, who was industriously engaged in trying to pass a provision for an appropriation to create bird preserve in his own State.

"Mr. Chairman," said Mr. Macon, "I would like to be recognized, as I desire to ask the gentleman a question."

"I shall be very glad to answer a question," said Mr. Gronna, amiably.

Then ensued the following debate:

Mr. Macon. "I notice here some mammals that you want to preserve there. What are mammals, and of what use will they be to the government?"

Mr. Gronna. "So far as I know, there are no mammals on the islands. The species of birds we have I have mentioned. We have also the white pelican—"

Mr. Macon. "Are these mammals birds?"

Mr. Gronna. "We have on those particular islands birds that are found nowhere else in the United States. I will say to the gentleman from Arkansas. We have the white-winged scoter that is not found anywhere else in the interior of this country."

Mr. Macon. "But I want to know about the mammals."

Mr. Gronna. "I am not discussing or referring to mammals."

Mr. Macon. "But I want to know about them."

Mr. Gronna. "I am talking about birds."

Mr. Macon. "I have understood they are something like cats, gophers, or something of that kind."

Mr. Humphreys (*of Mississippi*). "Or raccoons. (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Macon. "Oh no—"

Mr. Gronna. "I will say in reply to the gentleman from Arkansas that if there are any mammals there of any value, we will be very much pleased to preserve them."

Mr. Macon. "But what are they good for?"

Mr. Gronna. "I say we have none that we know of."

Mr. Macon. "What are they good for, or what would they be good for if they were there?" (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Gronna. "I will say to the gentleman from Arkansas that my reply to the gentleman was this: that if there are any mammals of any value we would desire to preserve them."

Mr. Macon. "I am trying to get at what they are good for, but it seems that the gentleman cannot inform me."

Mr. Gronna at this point decided to ignore the gentleman from Arkansas, and launched out into his own carefully prepared bird preserve argument, and Mr. Macon was left in the dark as to mammals, their uses, and their characteristics.

A New Industry for the Farmer

Our government has undertaken to teach the farmer how he may derive an additional profit from the by-products of his farm, and this is to be brought about by the converting into denatured alcohol of all refuse vegetable matter. Frozen potatoes, rotten apples, stale watermelons, corn stalks and cobs—in fact, any vegetable that is unfit for consumption is yet good enough to yield alcohol.

The Department of Agriculture has erected a model still, and has opened a school in Washington for instruction in the method of manufacture and in the use of denatured alcohol. The distilling plant is the smallest practical outfit which can be operated profitably, and it has a daily capacity of twenty-five bushels of corn which produce seventy-five gallons of alcohol ninety-five per cent. pure. Such a plant would cost at least twenty-five hundred dollars—too great an investment for the ordinary farmer, but easily made possible and profitable if erected jointly by a number of farmers living in one community.

Comparatively few farmers are able to personally inspect the model still at Washington, but the Agricultural Department has planned to offset this disadvantage. The experimental stations in each State will send experts to this alcohol school to become thoroughly acquainted with the plant itself, and to take a course of lectures on the subject. When these men return to their respective States they will be fully qualified to teach the local farmers the best methods for producing denatured alcohol.

At the present time in France there are twenty-seven thousand farmers who operate distilleries for producing alcohol used in industrial purposes, and there is no reason that the agriculturists in this country should not turn their attention to this profitable business. Many of our farmers use gasolene for running pumps, corn-shellers, saws, and other machinery; and there would be a great saving were alcohol, manufactured from the vegetable refuse which ordinarily is wasted, to be substituted for the expensive oil.

The Ear-Sounding Steamboat Whistle

Have you ever wondered what sounds travel the farthest? If you live in a great city you are constantly enveloped in such a multitude of noises that it is very seldom that any particular one attracts the attention unless it be unusually sharp or strident, and although piercing, such a sound is not likely to carry any great distance. The higher notes are exceedingly penetrating for a short radius, and unquestionably more startling than the lower ones, but the latter are much more far-reaching.

The ability of a sound to carry depends upon its vibrations, and any one who has listened to the deep notes of a pipe organ in a church will admit that he could almost feel the air vibrate. But probably a steamboat whistle, such as are common on the Ohio and Mississippi packets, can be heard as far as any sound that may ordinarily be met with. The deep resonance of its tones, floating steadily out into the air, seem to stretch away indefinitely into space, especially in the stillness of a night in the country. It is a sound that cannot be mistaken for any other, and when once its acquaintance has been made you will never forget it.

Major Mearns's Photograph

In the issue of Harper's Weekly for January 30th there was published a photograph of Major E. A. Mearns, U.S.A. (Retired), and inadvertently the copyright notice was omitted. Harris & Ewing hold the copyright.

Some Facts Concerning Coal

The commercial interests of the country have suffered acutely during the past eighteen months, owing to the interruption to business caused by the October, 1907, panic, which prevented many manufacturing enterprises from operating at anything like their normal capacity.

The depression in the great iron and steel enterprises of the country caused railroad tonnage to fall off to an appreciable degree, which in turn caused a reduction in purchases of these great consumers of coal; the coal industry therefore suffering a setback, its actual percentage of coal consumed as against the high point, never before experienced. The result has been a temporary distrust of some coal securities as an investment.

However, notwithstanding the present conditions and recent gloomy outlook, the fact remains that well-selected and properly financed coal properties have a history of satisfactory profits, averaged for a term of years, that few industries can excel.

The coal consumption of the United States has doubled every ten years.

Coal in the ground, with few exceptions, has increased in value at a greater rate than the legal rate of interest on the money invested.

The exhaustion of the available coal of good quality and cheap development is more rapid than is generally recognized.

These facts give a basis for a semi-speculative investment, and should prove inviting for a study of the merits of any well-managed coal property. In normal times, opportunities now afforded for the purchase of coal securities and coal properties would not be open to the general public.

This is evidenced in the present offering of the unsold portion of the 7 per cent. *cumulative convertible* preferred stock of the JED COAL & COKE COMPANY, amounting to $132,000.00.

This property is located in the heart of the Pocahontas Region, in Mardowell County, West Virginia, on the line of the Norfolk & Western Railroad.

The capital stock of this company is $300,000.00 Preferred Stock and $300,000.00 Common Stock. Of the Common Stock, $273,000.00 is outstanding; $253,000.00 of which was paid for in cash at par and $20,000.00 was given for the lease of the property, which consists of 1,200 acres of the best quality Pocahontas coal. Of the Preferred Stock, $168,000.00 is outstanding, and the balance is in the treasury of the company, and is now offered for sale at par, the proceeds to be expended for the completion of necessary equipment and to furnish working capital. This stock is preferred in dividends to the Common Stock, and is convertible into the latter stock any time within four years from January 1, 1909. Before the convertible period expires we confidently believe that the Common Stock should earn and pay dividends of not less than 20 per cent.; so that the option to exchange gives the holder an opportunity to participate in all the profits of the company.

The officers and directors of the JED COAL & COKE COMPANY are all experienced and successful coal operators, and the offering of this stock to the investing public affords an opportunity for investors to become associated with successful coal operators in what promises to be a very profitable enterprise.

A letter addressed to T. H. Watkins & Company, Incorporated, Room 1503, Empire Building, No. 71 Broadway, New York, or Republican Building, Scranton, Pa., requesting full particulars regarding this enterprise, will receive prompt attention. a°a

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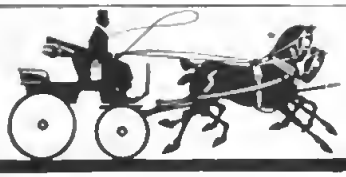

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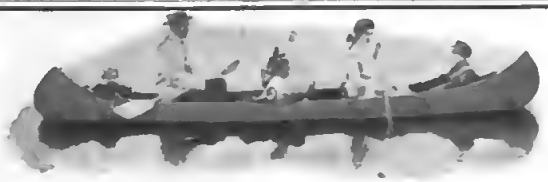

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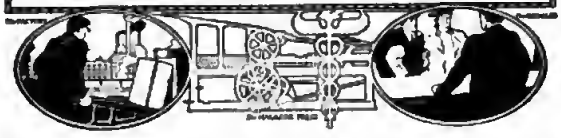
The Piano-Player and the Magazine



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Remember that it took nearly two centuries of progress to give the piano-player its present commanding position in the world. Remember that the piano-player was more radical in principle, and not only had to be explained, but in many cases this latter work could only be accomplished by revealing the true possibilities of the piano at the same time, and it is at once apparent that without the magazines, backed by the vigorous educational work of the manufacturers, the American piano-player could hardly have been placed where it is to-day in so short a period.

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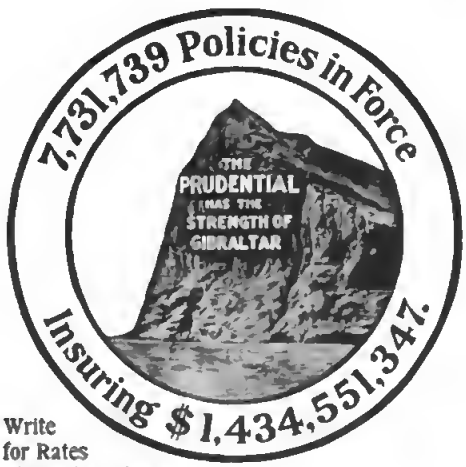

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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Comment

Mr. Taft, the South, and the Negro

To those of us whose thoughts run backward as well as forward, who keep the past in mind when we try to look into the future, hardly anything in President TAFT'S inaugural address can have deeper significance than his words about the South and the negro. Had a Democrat been speaking, they would not have seemed so remarkable, nor would they have such weight. Coming from the lips of a Republican President, the leader of the Republican party, they seem to stand for the final adoption of a new party policy; they reflect a change also in public opinion; and they may mark the beginning of a new period in our political history.

We can hardly praise enough the spirit of these paragraphs. Take the candor of the admission that the Republican party's policy in Reconstruction and in the numerous force bills, which was in essence "to give him [the negro] the suffrage as a protection, and to enforce its existence against the prevailing sentiment of the South"—that this policy "proved a failure." Add the expression of the President's ardent desire to make the Southern people feel "that this government is their government, and that its officers in their States are their officers"; join with these declarations his words of sympathy and friendship and encouragement to the negroes, evidently quite as sincere, and all the more sincere for not being violent or inflammatory—and there is displayed such a general attitude on the Southern question as we have not seen matched in any President since LINCOLN. We say this in the full consciousness of what President ROOSEVELT did—and he did much—and of what MCKINLEY and CLEVELAND did in their time, to make it possible for President TAFT to take such a stand as he has taken.

Appointments and the Suffrage

His position in reference to appointments of negroes to public office seems to us particularly well chosen. He declares that the just policy of encouraging them by recognizing their worthiest men shall be continued; but he questions the wisdom of putting them in office in communities where outbursts of race feeling are likely to ensue. These two sentences, which come together, show how closely he apprehends the situation he is dealing with: "Therefore, the Executive, in recognizing the negro race for appointments, must exercise a careful discretion not thereby to do it more harm than good. On the other hand, we must be careful not to encourage the mere presence of race feeling manufactured in the interest of individual political ambition." We would add, "or of party"; but here, surely, is a pilot who sees both the Scylla and the Charybdis between which he must steer.

We are not sure that he does not understand the suffrage question fully as well as he does this of appointments. "So long," he declares, "as the statutes of the States meet the test of this amendment [the Fifteenth] and are not otherwise in conflict with the Constitution and laws of the United States, it is not the disposition or within the province of the Federal government to interfere with the regulation by the Southern States of their domestic affairs." Not only is this right, but it was also wise to say it. Yet what a progress it marks from the LODGE force bill, which the Republicans had to defend in the campaign of 1892!

Too Hopeful Perhaps

The only fear we would express is that in two respects the President may be a trifle too optimistic. He holds that if nothing is done to excite the race prejudice, a better feeling toward the negroes will continue to grow among the Southern white people, and adds: "The exercise of the political franchise by those of his [the negro's] race who are intelligent and well-to-do will be acquiesced in, and the right to vote will be withheld only from the ignorant and irresponsible of both races." We agree with the President (and with Principal WASHINGTON) that this acquiescence, when it comes, will not come by any forcing from without. But we fear it will come more slowly than the President hopes. It would come all the sooner if the South had no Reconstruction régime and no force bills to remember.

We fear also, on the other hand, that the President may be putting the cheerful view a bit too strongly when, after pointing out that laws restricting the suffrage can be made—as, in fact, they have been made—to square with the Constitution, he says, "The danger of the control of an ignorant electorate has therefore passed away." As regards the State governments, this is probably true. That is why so many Southern white men have come to feel themselves free to vote Republican. But is it quite so true of the town and county governments? Is it quite true, for that matter, of all the local governments in the North? In certain counties of the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta, for instance, the negroes are to the whites as ten to one, even as fifteen to one; and they have enough males of voting age, who can read and write, to outvote the whites. Southern people hold, therefore, that so long as the negroes stand solid in politics, and low white men can be found to play the part of the carpet-baggers and scalawags of Reconstruction times, there is still danger in such quarters of the recurrence of the conditions of those times. They argue, therefore, that the negroes must divide before the whites can; and they further point out that the mere ability to read and write, which can be acquired in a few months, does not endow the negro with that capacity for self-government which the white man has acquired by centuries of experience.

A Lightening of Gloom

But what is this doubt—this shadow as of a single cloud—to the darkness that lay so long over the entire South? No American of ripe years, who loves his whole country, but has shared that gloom. Is there any who is not now cheered with the brightening of the landscape? Were ABRAHAM LINCOLN alive, his heart would surely be gladdened because his countrymen, North and South, seem at last fully entered upon the way of understanding and good-will and mental forbearance in which he strove to set their feet.

Charleston's New Collector

President TAFT has closed the Charleston incident by appointing Mr. E. W. DURANT, Jr., collector, and the folks down there seem to be pleased. Senator TILLMAN says that, although "not exactly one of us," having been born in Minnesota, Mr. DURANT is "one with us" and he "looks well in a dress coat, saws lumber, plants potatoes, strings beans, hunts deer, rides horseback, drives out in a carriage, runs an automobile, and plays golf." An admirable choice, obviously.

The Rules of the House

The question of the rules of the House, which is the occasion of a lively and important dispute as we go to press, is really a question whether the people of the United States are represented by the members of Congress or by the Speaker of the House. Under the present rules the Speaker, through his power to appoint committees and send bills to them, and to recognize members or refuse to recognize them, has a control of legislation in the House which is very nearly absolute. What the so-called "insurgents" are after is to secure a new Committee on Rules which shall represent the House and all parts of the country, rather than the Speaker. Also to invent a new method for the consideration of bills, which shall not be absolutely dependent on the Speaker's will. The Speaker of the House must have great powers, because the House is a large and unwieldy body, and must submit to strict discipline if it is to do business. But the Speaker's power can be too great, and in our opinion it has been too great during Speaker CANNON'S six-year tenure of the Speakership. Unless Congress is permitted to legislate according to the will of the majority, something will drop.

The Freedom of the Press

The able weekly and monthly journals—excluding, of course, one—may after a while realize the true inwardness of the libel question as raised in the Government's prosecutions. It may even be that the religious weeklies will ultimately get at the truth of the matter.—*Brother* DELAVAN SMITH, *in the Indianapolis News.*

Don't worry about us religious weeklies. We understand the situation perfectly and will get excited when anything happens to justify alarm. Meanwhile, don't mind our finding a little sly amusement on the side.

In Cloistered Aloofness

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR, I quote:

"A newspaper which avoids vulgar sensationalism, which appeals to people of taste and intelligence, may nevertheless do them grave harm and be within its own rather narrow limits an element of serious mischief, for it may habitually and consistently practise a malign and shameless untruthfulness which, though more refined, is as immoral as sensationalism."

The above from Mr. ROOSEVELT'S editorial in the *Outlook* very accurately describes your attitude toward people who are opposed to the interests you represent. The extract below is from the same editorial. He probably had you in mind.

"A cultivated man of good intelligence who has acquired the knack of saying bitter things, but who lacks the robustness to feel at ease among men of action, is apt, if his nature has anything of meanness or untruthfulness, to sit in cloistered aloofness and to endeavor by an unceasing output of slander to bolster up his own uneasy desire to be considered superior."

F. A. BRADY.

PITTSBURG, PA.

What nonsense, Mr. BRADY! He didn't mean us at all. We do not know positively whom he did have in mind, but we shrewdly suspect that Brother ROLLO OGDEN is the man. How much "robustness," we wonder, must one possess to "feel at ease among men of action"?

A Joyous and Recherché Affair

The Hunt Breakfast graciously tendered by the Messrs. COLLIER, in response to our suggestion, to Brother ROOSEVELT was the most notable and pleasing social event of the season. All of the distinguished journalists, sociologists, muckrakers, and other literati of the upper world had gathered when at high noon the guest of honor entered the room with firm, elastic tread. The presentation of those previously unacquainted then took place, each receiving a warm, heartfelt shake of the hand, while those requiring no introduction remained standing. With easy grace Mr. COLLIER, junior, escorted the guest to his place of honor. That was the only grace there was. The costly viands were then attacked with the resolute robustness which characterizes the deeds of men of action. Course after course was served in rapid succession, although at no instant were the proceedings marked by the slightest confusion, such as often arises from the falling of a plate from a nerveless hand. Napkins were provided for all. The conversation was sparkling from the beginning. The guest of honor had made no particular intellectual preparation, preferring to rely upon whatever might leap from the spur of the moment. But no hesitation was manifested in choosing a topic. The Preferability of Doing Right to Doing Wrong was the first subject. There was no discussion. All present were immediately won over to the affirmation by a singularly eloquent and convincing discourse which fairly teemed with terse, ungrammatical truths elucidated with vigor such as is seldom beheld within doors. Brother RICHARD WATSON GILDER seemed to be particularly impressed by the blunt, fearless declaration that it is darker at night than in the daytime. Brother CHARLES SCRIBNER also betrayed symptoms of being uplifted by the plain intimation that Practicalism is the twin sister of Idealism, while Realism is a bad little brother addicted to swimming without permission during recess. Nothing was said about lying. By tacit assent and with the greatest delicacy all of the gentlemen present avoided any topic that might prove disagreeable. The names of Brothers MUTZ and MITCHELL were not even mentioned. The guests had been quietly informed that invitations to those persons had been sternly repressed, and it was considered best to leave them undisturbed in their cloistered aloofness. The deified cult of the mendacious, on the other hand, as personified by Brothers

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JOSEPH PULITZER and DELAVAN SMITH, was freely and firmly vivisected. The brief but pointed remarks of the guest of honor upon the Desirability of Cultivating Literary Style received the closest attention, especially from POETS BUNKER and CARMAN. The only sporting-man present was Brother CASPAR WHITNEY, who was being rewarded for getting a warmed-over article from the guest of honor for the Messrs. COLLIER on What and How to Kill and Why and When to Kill It. Editor CLARENCE MACKAY, of the *Telegraphers' Home Companion*, got in by mistake. He was to have breakfasted next door. As a fellow craftsman, however, he was made heartily welcome, although many felt somewhat distrait when they realized that of the great number of swollen fortunes his is one of the swellest. A more detailed account of the interesting proceedings could hardly be presented with propriety. Suffice it to say that it was a most uplifting and joyous occasion, and, on behalf of the other guests as well as of spirited journalists generally, we return hearty thanks to the Messrs. COLLIER for responding so promptly and generously to our kindly suggestion. But two familiar faces were unfortunately missing. Brother MARK wasn't there because, so it was reported, of a slight indisposition arising from his inability to digest the Harvard dialect. It was also rumored that he had said that he couldn't stand it, but this we can hardly believe. Brother ARTHUR BRISBANE also was noticeable by his absence. But it wasn't because he was not invited. He received one of the very first cards engraved, but had to go to Chicago or some place like that on business for Brother HEARST.

Cannot Learn to Love Mr. Root

"Will Mr. ROOT give up his Business?" ostentatiously inquires our neighbor the *American*, and darkly prophesies that he won't, but will continue, as Senator, to serve "his corporation friends." The *American* never forgets a speech that Mr. ROOT made at Utica, in which he disclosed his own and President ROOSEVELT'S defect of confidence in Mr. HEARST. Neither should any one who reads anything that the *American* or the *Evening Journal* says of Mr. ROOT forget that Mr. ROOT made that speech.

A New Copyright Law

Somehow, while Congress was passing bills on March 3d, it made a new copyright law; a considerable improvement on the one now in effect. The new law, in sixty-four sections, leaves the first term of copyright to last twenty-eight years as it does now, but gives a renewal term of twenty-eight years, instead of fourteen years as at present. That secures to an author fifty-six years of protection for each of his writings. If he begins to publish at twenty, he can draw royalties on works then completed until he is seventy-six years old. If he lives to be a hundred, he will still have a property in everything he published after the age of forty-four. That is better for him than what used to be; but, after all, what is apt to concern the writer when he gets to be eighty or ninety years old is not so much his own maintenance, as that of his grandchildren, and the law, even with its present improvements, has not placed the grandchildren of a successful author entirely beyond the reach of want. The law does not yet enable him to create with his pen a literary property which he can hand down to his children's children. A law that so provided would be important only to one or two authors in a million, but for them it would be very valuable.

The President's Salary

There has really been no increase in the President's salary. The bill affecting it did not finally pass till March 3d. The Senate wanted Mr. TAFT to have $100,000 a year. The House reduced that to $75,000, and refused assent to the Senate's desire to give the President $25,000 for travelling expenses. Since Mr. ROOSEVELT had this allowance, Mr. TAFT'S salary is practically the same as his predecessor's, but nothing hinders Congress from adding to it such an allowance for travelling expenses as was made for Mr. ROOSEVELT, and that can be done for Mr. TAFT while he is in office.

Whiskers

Only one member of TAFT'S cabinet is smooth shaven. What pain this must give Editor HAMLIN HARVEY of HARPER'S WEEKLY.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

A distressing fact, to be sure; but we should not bear too heavily upon representatives of a past generation addicted to barbaric customs. Moreover, the pulchritudinous exception is more than compensatory.

Mr. Meyer and the Navy-yards

Of the navy-yards that have been under criticism as unprofitable, two—Pensacola and New Orleans—were ordered closed by Secretary NEWBERRY just before he quit work, that economy being in accordance with the directions of the President and the recommendations of the General Board of the Navy. On what grounds they were reopened the next day but two, by Secretary MEYER has not yet appeared. Mr. MEYER'S qualifications for the important post that Senator LODGE, or some one, has got for him, are under careful inspection by many observers. He is a clever politician and has been an acceptable ambassador. Whether he is fit to be Secretary of the Navy remains to be seen.

Shall We Abolish March 4th?

The inaugural blizzard was a strong argument for taking inauguration day out of the month of March. Arguments of various force to the same intent accompany about three inaugurations out of every five. WASHINGTON was first inaugurated in New York on April 30th, and the usual suggestion is to go back to that day, when the weather, as a rule, has acquired spring habits and settled into a measurable docility. The objection is that from the first or second Tuesday in November to the last day of April is very nearly six months, and much too long a space to elapse between the election of a President and of new members of Congress and the induction of them into office. Even four months, from November 10 March, is often, and not unreasonably, held to be too long. A good deal tonight be said for bringing inauguration day nearer to election; having it, say, on the 4th of January, and having the new Congress begin on the same date. At present Congressmen elected in November often see more than a year elapse before they get to work. This year it won't be so because of the extra session to deal with the tariff; but very often a member of Congress, elected in November, does not get a chance to take his seat until December of the following year. If every new Congress began on January 4th, the new Congressmen would be earning their salaries two months after election. There would be no certainty of good inaugural weather on January 4th, but the Weather Bureau will probably be able to compute from its records that the chances for good weather are much better on January 4th than on the 4th of March.

Comparisons

He is no more proud to know ANDREW CARNEGIE than to know BARNEY or LINCOLN STEFFENS.—*Pittsburg Leader.*

Pray, why should He be? Is the acquaintance of even a laird more desirable than that of a human gem or a missing link?

A Maker of History

A news despatch from Washington briefly records that an old man named HINTON ROWAN HELPER died the other day, by his own hand, in a wretched boarding-house on Pennsylvania Avenue; the cause, disappointment because Congress would not take up the project he has long advocated of a railroad from Bering Strait to Cape Horn.

HELPER? Have you ever heard the name before? If you had lived half a century ago, you would almost certainly have heard it. In the winter of 1859-60, almost the only other name heard so often was old JOHN BROWN'S. For in 1857 this same HINTON ROWAN HELPER, a Southern poor white, published a book called *The Impending Crisis*, which helped to precipitate the crisis it predicted. It was an assault on slavery, not from sympathy with the negroes, but in behalf of the slaveless white men of the South. It was the voice of that class—a majority, in fact, of the Southern people—who later called the Civil War "A rich man's quarrel, but a poor man's fight." When Congress met in December, 1859, no party had a majority in the House. The Republicans put forward JOHN SHERMAN, of Ohio, for Speaker, and would probably have won if some one had not discovered his name in a list of persons who had endorsed a cheap compend of HELPER'S book. That defeated SHERMAN and threw the House into a bitter struggle which lasted two months. Nearly every member went armed. Meanwhile, *The Impending Crisis* sold like *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—and with like results. There were two classes it did not reach—the negroes and the people whose cause it pleaded. To sell it where negroes might get it was made a crime; and it did not reach the Southern poor whites because the mass of them did not read books, and a great proportion of them could not read at all. But it did reach nearly all who counted in the control of events. If it did not precisely make history, it hurried it up. The end of the man who did this—and more besides, for he wrote other books and had a curiously inventive mind—seems to show that if it is easy to rise from obscurity in a republic, it is easy also to sink back into it.

As Alibi

A Swedish lady with a Welsh name has come to these shores to stir us up on the subject of vaccination and vivisection.—*Colonel* HAMLEY.

Oh, Colonel! Why confound "Ap" with "Al"?—*Evening Sun.*

Not guilty! Emulating the example of Brother JOSEPH PULITZER, we had gone cruising and left a Harvard man in charge of the preparations.

Mr. Billups Reads Brother Roosevelt's First Article

"Now, boys," said Mr. BILLUPS, drawing up close to the evening lamp and taking up his copy of *The Outburst*, which had just arrived, "I will read you Mr. ROOSEVELT'S first article in this paper. He is a great man, my children, and I want you to pay especial attention to his words."

The children grouped themselves about their father's chair and Mr. BILLUPS began.

"'Every owner, editor, or reporter of a conscientiously and ably conducted newspaper or periodical,'" he read, "'is an ass—'"

"Hush dear, before you go any farther," said Mrs. BILLUPS, "won't you please tell me what time you want breakfast in the morning?"

"Seven sharp, MARIA," replied BILLUPS. "Please don't interrupt me again. I consider this paper of the ex-President's a very important contribution to modern letters. Now, boys, be quiet. We will begin again. 'Every owner, editor, or reporter of a conscientiously and ably conducted newspaper or periodical is an ass—'"

"Excuse me, Mister BILLUPS," said the hired man, appearing in the doorway. "But wan of the horses is off his feed, and oi t'ink we'd better send for the veter'nary, sorr."

"All right, MIKE," said Mr. BILLUPS, looking up from his reading. "Send over and get him. Now, kiddies, we will resume. Mr. ROOSEVELT says, 'Every owner, editor, or reporter of a conscientiously and ably conducted newspaper or periodical is an ass—'"

"Ting-a-ling-a-ling," went the telephone.

"Mercy me, MARIA, go and see what that infernal bell is ringing for!" said Mr. BILLUPS. "At this rate, I shall never be able to finish this article."

Mrs. BILLUPS went to the 'phone, while BILLUPS resumed:

"The article says, my little dears, that 'every owner, editor, or reporter of a conscientiously and ably conducted newspaper or periodical is an ass—'"

"It's the Rev. Mr. MOSELY, father," said Mrs. BILLUPS, returning from the 'phone. "He wants to know if he can see you about painting the Sunday-school this evening."

"Oh—er—tell him—tell him yes," said BILLUPS. "Let's see, where were we? Oh yes. The paper says in Mr. ROOSEVELT'S words that 'every owner, editor, or reporter of a conscientiously and ably conducted newspaper or periodical is an ass—'"

"He'd like to speak with you himself before he comes over, JOHN," said Mrs. BILLUPS, coming back from the 'phone.

"Oh, ding-bats!" ejaculated Mr. BILLUPS. "Confound these clergymen! There's never any let up to their wants."

Throwing down *The Outburst*, Mr. BILLUPS left the room, and for the next five minutes was absent on church business, at the end of which time he returned.

"There, by Jingo! that's over, and we can resume," he said, seating himself again. "Where did we leave off, WILLIE?"

"Where Mr. ROOSEVELT called all the newspaper people an ass," said WILLIE.

"*What?*" roared BILLUPS, eyeing the lad fiercely. "What do you mean?"

"That's what you said," sobbed WILLIE, very much frightened.

"MARIA, have we brought a member of the Ananias Club into this world?" demanded BILLUPS. "If we have, it is your doings, not mine, and I must request that you will send your son to bed. He is not fit for human society. The rest of us will remain and hear the goodly words of our great ex-President."

Whereupon the unfortunate WILLIE was led off to bed, sobbing like a meticulous mollycoddle, while Mr. BILLUPS continued:

"'Every owner, editor, or reporter of a conscientiously and ably conducted newspaper or periodical is an asset of real value to the whole community.'"

The Initiative in Nominations

THE party-primaries question brings us pretty close to the root of the difficulty of popular government.

Democracy requires that the candidates for public office preferred by the greatest number of the voters shall be elected. In most cases they are, although the balloting arrangements of most States, including New York, give an unfair advantage to the candidates of the two great parties. Democracy also requires that the men favored by the greatest number of the voters belonging to a particular party shall be nominated as that party's candidates. To enforce that requirement, in face of the ceaseless activity of the politicians and the apathy of the mass of the voters, is anything but easy. The movement for primaries must be regarded as merely the latest of a long series of efforts to enforce it.

In the colonies, and for some time after the Revolution, there being no well-organized parties, "unofficial coteries of leading and kindred spirits" simply submitted names directly to the people. When the Whig and Federal parties had defined themselves, this function passed to legislative caucuses in the States, and Congressional caucuses named candidates for President and Vice-President. Candidates for local offices were proposed in various ways.

Nominations by legislative and Congressional caucuses continued until 1824. Had the means of travel and communication been better, they would not have lasted so long; for the growing spirit of democracy had set itself against them. Counties and towns represented by one party in a State Legislature found they had no voice in the other party's nominations. States not properly represented in both party caucuses in Washington had the same grievance. A few leaders, in fact, controlled the caucuses, both Congressional and State. Finally, in 1824, when a rump Republican (Democratic) caucus at Washington, really representing only a faction of the party, nominated WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD for President, the friends of other candidates, particularly ANDREW JACKSON, refused to acquiesce, and kept them in the field.

Both parties soon turned to the suggestion—first made, apparently, by the Tammany Society of New York City—that party conventions be held to nominate candidates. The plan, once adopted, was quickly perfected into our present elaborate nominating machinery. It was an American invention, and no doubt most people thought it a final solution of the whole problem. The people themselves would now say who should be nominated for office as well as who should be elected. But after a while it appeared that a set of professional politicians were exercising almost as great a control over convention nominations as the old Whig and Federalist leaders—a set of men far superior to the more modern type of leaders—had exercised over the action of the legislative caucuses. We are all familiar with most of the devices by which this is accomplished. Pressure of all sorts is brought to bear on delegates. Votes for one office are traded for votes for another. In the preliminary campaign, favorite sons are brought out in various counties or States, as the case may be, in order that their followings may in the end be combined against the popular favorite. State and national and county and district committees having the authority to pass, in the first instance, on the credentials of delegates, use it in favor of one faction or candidate and against others. In these and still other ways the voters are deprived of that initiative in naming candidates which now seems to us the *ne plus ultra* of democracy.

Will they secure it through the primary plan? Governor HUGHES has found an obstacle in the way. Names must be submitted to the voters in a primary, as to a convention. Who shall select the names? There is the trouble. Governor HUGHES would permit the party committees—national, State, district, county, etc., as the case may be—to make a list and put it on the ticket. But the committee, it is at once pointed out, is simply the old machine. You are bearing the initiative where it was, say the objectors; here is an gain whatever. The objection has force—particularly as concerns cities, where people do not know about one another as they do in towns and villages, or even as they do in the country. The men who make politics their business will, we doubt not, contrive ordinarily to have more influence in primaries than men who give to politics only a small part of their time and thought. Primaries will not, therefore, land democracy at its goal.

But will they not bring it appreciably nearer the goal? That is the practical question. In every plan proposed, as we understand it, there will be an opportunity provided, if a reasonable number of voters so desire, to put on the ticket names not chosen by the committee. The committee, for that reason, will have to be cautious about the names it submits. Wherever the committee is distrusted, opposition is likely to develop. We doubt if any plan ever will be found that will force voters indifferent to good government to do their duty. All that can be done is to make things easier for those who do wish to do their duty. If the primary plan shall accomplish that—and we are not without hope that it will—it will be worth while. We do not understand that Governor HUGHES or any other of its advocates offer it as a complete substitute for eternal vigilance.

Elinor Macartney Lane

THE tragedy of life cuts to the quick in the death of ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE. All that makes life worth living she had—achievement, charm, and friends—a personal quality that made the world her own. And there was also a sweet unselfishness which found constant expression in kindly deeds of which others than her intimates never knew. In the past few years her genius has gained a recognition which left her even more zealous for higher accomplishment, since hers was a true artist's reverence for her art. Endowed at birth with marvellous gifts, there have come from the riches of her imagination creations which will hold a lasting place in the memories of readers. But the sorrow of this poignant loss, as untimely as the death of KEATS, is the controlling thought with us as it will be with thousands to whom Mrs. LANE's beautiful personality was unknown.

Correspondence

SENATOR PERKINS DEFENDS THE MARE ISLAND NAVY-YARD

WASHINGTON, D. C., *February 25, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

SIR,—In the issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY of February 20th, reference is made to Mr. TURNER'S article in *McClure's Magazine* criticising me for securing appropriation for the Mare Island Navy-yard, to which you say that author states no battleships can be brought. Permit me to say that the facts do not bear out Mr. TURNER in this matter, as the following extracts from a statement made by me in the Senate, February 16th, clearly show:

"Even with the present depth of water, which the board which examined the question last year states is about twenty-three feet over Pinole Shoal at low water with six or eight feet tide, the navy-yard at Mare Island could undoubtedly be now used by every vessel of the navy now afloat. During the past year two armored cruisers, each drawing twenty-five feet of water, went up through San Pablo Bay to Mare Island. Of the thirty-one battleships constructed or authorized, only four have as great a draught as the *Tennessee* and *Washington*, referred to. Only two draw 24 feet 8 inches; eight, 24 feet 6 inches; four, 24 feet; one 23 feet 11 inches; one, 23 feet 10 inches; five, 23 feet 9 inches; one, 23 feet 7 inches; five, 23 feet 6 inches. The four top-gun battleships of 20,000 and 22,000 tons will draw when in commission 26 feet 6 inches, and 24 feet 6 inches, respectively. It appears, therefore, that of the battleships built or building only these last four have a greater draught than the two armored cruisers which went up to Mare Island last summer. Three battleships visited the yard last year, namely, the *Delaware*, drawing 24 feet 6 inches; the *Rhode Island*, 23 feet 10 inches, and the *Vermont*, 24 feet 11 inches.

"There also went to the yard the armored-cruisers *Maryland*, *Colorado*, *California*, *South Dakota*, *West Virginia*, and *Pennsylvania*, drawing 24 feet 1 inch; each of these drawing more water than seventeen of our first-class battleships. Besides this, there were four protected cruisers that went to the yard—the *Charleston*, *Chicago*, *Milwaukee*, and *St. Louis*; four third class cruisers; besides three supply-ships, hospital ships, and smaller craft, such as coast-defence vessels, gunboats, etc. It is worthy of note, too, that the supply ship *Glacier* draws 25 feet 4 inches. There is no doubt whatever that if there had been a large enough force at the Mare Island yard, most, if not all, of the battleships of the Atlantic Fleet which needed repairs could have had these repairs made at that yard, and that they would have found no difficulty in getting there, for the largest vessels of this fleet draw six inches less water than the *Tennessee* and *Washington*, which found no difficulty in passing Pinole Shoal."

COMMANDANT'S OFFICE, MARE ISLAND NAVY YARD,
November 25, 1908.

HON. GEORGE C. PERKINS,
24 MARKET STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

MY DEAR SENATOR,—Replying to your letter of the 23d instant requesting the draught of the largest naval vessel that has been to the yard since I have been commandant, the following vessels have come and left here without trouble.

U. S. S. *Hancock* left December 14, 1902; draught, 23 feet 3 inches forward; 26 feet 9 inches aft. U. S. S. *Wilmington* left February 2, 1903; draught, 25 feet 6 inches forward; 26 feet 6 inches aft. U. S. S. *South Dakota* arrived July 2, 1908; draught, 26 feet 2 inches forward, 26 feet 6 inches aft. U. S. S. *California* arrived July 13, 1908; draught, 25 feet forward, 26 feet 4 inches aft. The battleship *Missouri* arrived July 13, 1908, draught being only 23 feet 6 inches forward; 24 feet 3 inches aft.

Very truly yours,
T. S. PHILLIPS, JR.
CAPTAIN, UNITED STATES NAVY,
COMMANDANT.

From this you will see that three battleships and seven cruisers went to the Mare Island Navy yard last summer, and that every battleship, armored cruiser, or other naval vessel now afloat could steam to that yard without difficulty. Only the battleships of 20,000 tons or over, which will not be afloat for several years, might find some trouble in navigating the present channel. As the dock at Mare Island is 31 feet 5 inches over the sills, every ship built or building could be docked there. Such appropriations as have been made for the Mare Island Navy yard are, therefore, completely justified.

The criticism recently made that I have opposed the upbuilding of the Navy has no more foundation in fact than that of Mr. TURNER. Up to two years ago the President's policy was that we need not continue to increase our Navy, and that only one battleship a year need be authorized by Congress, as you will see from the extracts from his annual messages which I enclose. It was only a year ago that the new programme of four battleships a year was promulgated. My opposition to this programme has been justified by the fact that still larger ships than were then contemplated are now deemed desirable, and that the two extra battleships advocated a year ago would have been outclassed by those authorized later.

During the past seven years I have voted for nearly one half of the Navy as it now stands. During that period Congress has authorized construction aggregating $129,464,023, while the total cost of the Navy to date is $341,904,208. The amount spent in new construction and authorized during the past seven years is, therefore, about 37½ per cent. of the total cost of all the ships built or authorized since 1883. During that period we have built or authorized 43 per cent. of the total tonnage of battleships, and 46 per cent. of the total tonnage of war-vessels of all classes over 1,000 tons, and of torpedo-boats over 50 tons. The total cost of the naval establishment, construction, repairs, pay, navy yards, etc., since 1883, is $1,374,624,-691, of which $722,283,690, or over 56 per cent., has been expended in the past seven years. Of 31 battleships 14 have been built or authorized during the same period. As I advocated and voted for the bills making the necessary appropriations, it is clear that I cannot truthfully be said to have opposed the upbuilding of the Navy.

I am, sir,
GEO. C. PERKINS.

TITLES PAST AND PRESENT

PORT ANDREWS, MASS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I read with interest and approval the editorial, "Let Us Be Polite" in the issue of January 23, 1909, of the WEEKLY. The principles therein laid down are in line with good taste, good manners, and good sense. But why be so generous? Are "our esteemed contemporaries" the only ones who need it? Unless a fairly good memory is seriously in error, Mr. Roosevelt figured in the editorial columns of the WEEKLY, in the 1904 campaign, as "The Colonel", and within the past hour or five weeks he has been alluded to therein as "Future Brother." This is specially regrettable in a journal of the standing and importance of the WEEKLY. Physician, heal thyself!

I am, sir,
G. W. EDGERLY.

When a candidate in 1904, Mr. Roosevelt had never been elected President; he was running as Colonel of Volunteers. He is now so near in sight of the fraternal region that it is fitting and friendly to speak of him as a future brother.—EDITOR.

The Great Quiet

Feelin' sort of strange to-day—what can be the matter?
Everything's so quiet round, not a bit of clatter.
Not a sign of noise about; nothin' brisk and breezy
In the nervous atmosphere; all is smooth and easy
All the sense of trouble that has lately been distressin'
Seems to sort of disappear'd; nothin' risky presum'—
Wonder what the trouble is? What's the explanation?
Everything has sort of eased since th' Inauguration.

Don't find an one anywhere Inlt n' heated scrappin';
Ain't nobody wonderin' what's agoin' to happen;
Ain't nobody gassin' round 'bout impendin' battles,
Ain't no crowds a-thumlerin' like ten thousand rattles,
Talkin' loud about the sins of our legis-laters—
Everybody's quiet as a plate n' mashed potaters
Kind o' think that some one ought to make investigation
Why all things has simmered down—since th' Inauguration.

Mornin' paper 'a sort n' dull—now and then a fire,
But as far as I can see no one's called a Liar;
Kind n' miss my daily hint in the mornin' papers
Of new Anarnises and their wicked capers;
Hope the breed ain't gone to seed, gone to rack and ruin—
Can't imagine where they've went! What can they be doin'?
Quite a favorite topic here in our conversation.
Kind o' sad to see 'em slump since th' Inauguration.

Tried to start a talk to-day about the politicians
Seekin' graft, and snappin' up all the big positions.
But the fellers that I met soon as I got chimmy
Turned and run the other way, winkin' and a-grin ain'
Nothin' doin' in the way of perlite discussion
Of the great events at hand, capucbs big and rushin'.
No one seems to care a dang for a disputatium—
Mighty strange what's come about since th' Inauguration.

Don't know what we're comin' to. Danger's surely lurkin'
Round when folks is fast asleep when they ain't a-workin'.
No one seems to give a dern 'bout the Secret Service—
Far as I can see to-day none but me is nervous.
Everything is still and tame; no one wants a wrangle.
Can't git up a single jar, rampus, or a jangle.
Sort o' queer this quiet spell that's fell upon the nation
Like a lott from out the blue—since th' Inauguration!

CARLYLE SMITH.

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"C. Q. D!"

By John Kendrick Bangs

DRAWINGS BY J. A. WILLIAMS

(In the code of wireless telegraphy the letters C. Q. D. are the signal of distress)

Sounding daily on our ears
From the haunts of human tears,
Human heart-strings wracked with fears
Echoing on every side
From the ever-rising tide,
Crying out for sympathy—
"C. Q. D!"
Grinding chance, and human ills;
Shattered hope that numbs and kills;
Human derelicts are there,
Sinking, sinking in despair,
Crying out imploringly,
"C. Q. D! C. Q. D!
We are sinking 'neath the wave!
Come in charity to save!
Come in great humanity,
Rescue us in poverty—
C. Q. D! C. Q. D!"

"C. Q. D! C. Q. D!"
Everywhere we look we see
Some one sounding "C. Q. D!"
If it happen on the sea
Instantly
Comes the answer, ringing clear,
"We are coming! Never fear.
Keep your spirit full of cheer.
We are hastening o'er the wave,
And will save!
Hidden in the misty haze
Of the oceanic maze
We will find you and extend
Helping hand unto the end;
Hand to lift you safely o'er
Troubled waters to the shore.
Keep your spirit undismayed.
Let your hearts rest unafraid.
We have heard your message clear
Flashing through the atmosphere
O'er the seas
C. Q. D!"

Round my soul the waters rise,
Shutting out the blue of skies;
Shutting out the Father's face
In the mazes of disgrace—
Hasten ye!
C. Q. D! !
Leave me not unto this fate!
Come before it is too late—
Ere a human soul shall sink,
Slipping, tripping, on the brink,
In the snare
Of despair!"

O the signals! O the calls
Flashing o'er these City walls!
From the Children of Despond
To the Helping Hands beyond!
Pleading daily for release!
Pleading for one taste of peace!
Little ones that blindly grope
In the hopeless quest of Hope!
Pleading for a sure relief
From the waves of Sin and Grief!
Human vessels one and all
Sending out their piteous call—
Call to you, and call to me,
"C. Q. D! C. Q. D!"

Women, children, in the crush,
Trampled in the awful rush
For some bare necessity,
Call aloud incessantly.
"C. Q. D!"
Here's a human soul beset
In the purlieus of regret;
Tangled up, enmeshed within
Webs of Sin!
Hear his signal! "Come to me!
Save me from this beggary—
Beggary of soul and heart!
I, alas, have lost my chart,
And am drifting o'er the sea,
Headed straight for slavery—
C. Q. D! C. Q. D! !

Do we heed them? Do we list
To those voices in the mist,
On the land?
Have we lent the helping hand
To our brothers in despair
Everywhere—
Answering their message clear
With the blessed words of cheer—
"We are coming, never fear!
Hold your courage undismayed!
Let your hearts rest unafraid.
We are hastening o'er the wave—
We will save!
We will come in Brotherhood
With our life-boats staunch and good,
Laden deep with Charity,
Answering your C. Q. D!"

If it happen on the land,
Where is then the helping hand?
From the homes of penury,
From the vales of misery,
From the lair of pain and grief
Comes the pleading for relief—
"C. Q. D! C. Q. D!
Hasten ye!
C. Q. D!"

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THE FIRST SESSION OF PRESIDENT TAFT'S CABINET

READING AROUND THE TABLE FROM PRESIDENT TAFT'S LEFT, THE FIGURES ARE: SECRETARY MAC VEAGH (TREASURY), ATTORNEY-GENERAL WICKERSHAM, SECRETARY MEYER (NAVY), SECRETARY WILSON (AGRICULTURE), SECRETARY NAGEL (COMMERCE AND LABOR), SECRETARY BALLINGER (INTERIOR), POSTMASTER-GENERAL HITCHCOCK, SECRETARY DICKINSON (WAR), SECRETARY KNOX (STATE)

A Stand Against Tuberculosis

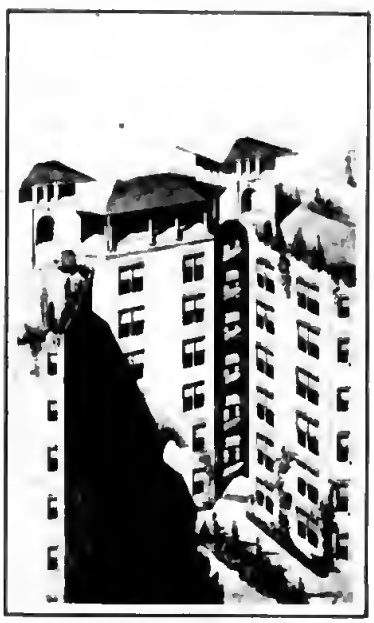
THE SANITARY TENEMENTS TO BE BUILT IN NEW YORK THROUGH MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT, SR.'S, PHILANTHROPY

The projected sanitary tenements as they will appear when completed. The arches leading to the inner court, the balconies on each floor, and the loggias on the roof will make these tenements virtually sanetoria

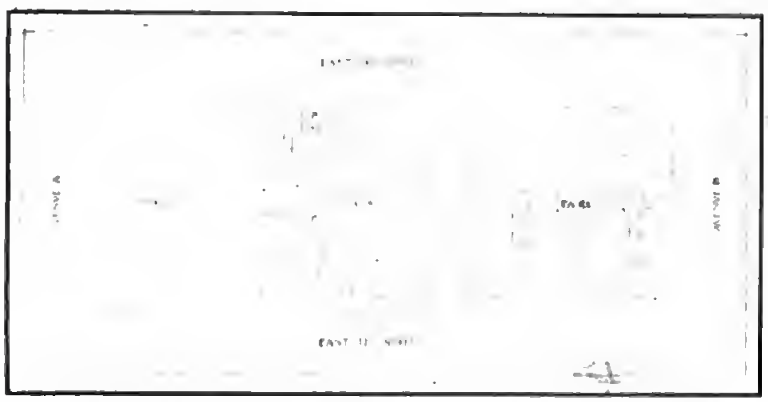
THE thousands of tuberculosis sufferers in the tenement houses of New York City are welcoming the project of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Sr., to invest one million dollars in a model tenement enterprise. The intention is to erect hygienic dwellings for people of small means, but especially for tuberculosis sufferers, and to supply them in their homes with many of the advantages usually found only in a sanitarium. Although the scheme is primarily a philanthropic one, it has at the same time business possibilities, and its promoters hope that it may lead in time to a revolution in the tenement building system of the city.

The plans of Mrs. Vanderbilt for this new venture were recently made public through Dr. Henry L. Shively, of the Vanderbilt clinic of the Presbyterian Hospital, and Architect Henry Atterbury Smith, who are in full charge of the work. The site for the new buildings has been secured by the purchase of eighteen city lots, a section extending from Seventy-seventh to Seventy-eighth streets, and lying between Avenues A and B. Its frontage of two hundred and twenty-five feet is bounded on the west by the playground of Public School 158, and on the east by John Jay Park. There are to be erected four six-story buildings, to be known as the Shively Sanitary Tenements, and made up of two, three, four, and five room apartments, and intended to house about three hundred and fifty families.

Several new features in tenement construction will be used in these model buildings. There are in be no dark and musty stairways, for each apartment is to be entered directly from an outdoor staircase. The roofs are to be fitted out with shutters and wind shields, and are to serve as lounging-places in order that the tenants may take advantage of the open air.



The inner court and outdoor staircase



The ground plan of the new tenement houses, showing the exact location of the proposed buildings

Sky Rights and Aerial Property

By R. Holt Lomax

NOW that the conquest of the air is an established fact, the scientist must give place to the lawyer, to whom the problems of man's aerial relations and his right to property in air promise a big field in the immediate future.

To begin with, no precedent exists for aerial legislation. Man has a virgin field in this respect and finds himself in the position of the ancient navigators. Broadly speaking, the problem of aerial development is a double one; it concerns the people of a country—directly, in their internal relations, civil and administrative, and secondly, in the regulation of their intercourse with foreign Powers.

The problem of aerial ownership relates to the five to seven miles of perpendicular space in which the air is breathable; next comes a layer of gas in which existence is impossible; and, finally, on top of all, what is in default of a better term is called ether.

The traditional title to proprietorship of land conveyed the right to all above ground and beneath it, and is based on the Roman maxim: Master of earth, master of heaven. This last hypothesis, however, contemplated only space in bulk, not air, which in the property of every one, and is constantly displaced, just as running water. Such common mobile things—opposed to those momentarily in possession of a person, as particles of air breathed by the individual—are incapable of being privately appropriated.

Thus air traditionally belongs to all, while space or vertical domain may to an indefinite height be claimed by the proprietor of the ground beneath it. Apart, however, from such possibilities as the future proprietorship of ether or realms still more exalted, there remains the practical question of the limitation and allotment of atmosphere directly above earth. This it is proposed to do by ideal limits of vertical domain, or, in plain words, by imaginary perpendiculars raised immediately above the limits of private property. That this means of definition is too fanciful and not of practical utility is disproved by the system of untraced lines which yet serve to confine an unenclosed field or the parallels of latitude and longitude.

Hitherto aërial bridges, viaducts, etc., built on private property, the custom has been to acquire the ground necessary to the support of such constructions without investigation of title to aerial situations occupied. This question, therefore, of the occupation of space in the case of a bridge built over private property, which, save for its supports at either end, it does not touch, has yet to be definitely settled. In an inverse case which occurred in Europe, where a tunnel was driven underneath a vineyard, it was held that the construction and use of the subterranean passage in no way interfered with the rights of the proprietor of the surface.

The automobile, again, which passes at all hours by a house, disturbs the sleep of its inmates, and vitiates the air, enjoys immunity. With the flying-machine the case is different. Aerial circulation through the individual's domain where such is in use by him could scarcely be permitted to the public. Otherwise, in a private garden whose occupants sought privacy, it would be possible to keep a stationary air-ship at a height of some feet in the air overhead. Where, however, there is no building, tree, or upright in an empty lot, power should not be given its proprietor to bar air-ships causing him no damage. Custom will probably establish by the convenience and protection of the individual a minimum zone above ground which may not be trespassed upon.

From the painting by Arthur Hazard

ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE

[MRS. FRANCIS RANSOM LANE]

With a sorrow which will be widely shared it is necessary to announce the death of the beautiful personality and brilliant author whose picture we present. After a long illness endured with heroic courage, Mrs. Lane died at Lynchburg, Virginia, on Monday, March 15th. She was born in Maryland, educated in Washington, and in 1891 she was married to Dr. Francis Ransom Lane. Something will be said later of her high achievements. Her early death is a tragedy.

The New Radium Discovery

By Frank H. Blackmarr, B.S., M.D.

BY the production of a new radioactive substance, which is known as Tho-Rad-X, that possesses all the properties of radium without producing its destructive effects, it is believed that a revolution will be brought about in therapeutics.

That radium is one of the most powerful and beneficent instruments in the hands of the modern doctor is shown by the fact that it is proposed to establish a Radium Institute in London for the treatment of certain forms of diseases. But radium is the scarcest of all elements. There is not enough in the world to go round, even though it is practically indestructible. So it has been morally certain for some time past that a substitute would come to light that would be "just as good"; and in Tho-Rad X we have lit upon something which appears to be just as good and better.

It was the discovery of the Roentgen Rays that gave birth to an interest in the possibility of compounds or elements capable of spontaneously emitting energy. How this phenomenon was actually demonstrated, by whom, and their methods, is a matter of record and within the reach of every one. No discovery of modern times has awakened so much fascinating interest—among scientists, because the infallibility of the atomic theory was brought into question; among people in general, because of the strange phenomena therewith associated, and the expressed hope and confidence of many reputable physicians the world over that at last a remedial agent had been discovered for some of the most dreadful of our diseases.

Since the observations of M. Henri Becquerel, Sir William Crookes, and M. and Mme. Curie, of France, much clinical evidence has been recorded in favor of the therapeutic use of radium in cancer and kindred diseases. The unfortunate thing that confronts the therapeutist still is the scarcity and the exceedingly high cost of the radium.

Three years ago Mr. J. C. Williams, of Chicago, placed in my hands the first specimen of pitchblende that I had ever seen. Its physical properties had already been recorded by Becquerel, and of course it gave me much pleasure to make its acquaintance.

Naturally the thought of its therapeutic use and its substitution for the expensive and rare radium interested me. Later on, through other sources material became more abundant, and experiments as to its real therapeutic value were carried on.

It was found that crude pitchblende powder and also the powder in a vaseline or heavier base could not be used in a large percentage of cases because of its sweating and irritating properties.

Tho-Rad X is a combination of rare radioactive substances, the formula of which I shall later give to the profession. It is a flexible, soft, non-irritating substance, made to cover any desired area; easily sterilized by flame, alcohol, ether, boiling water, or antiseptics, incapable of absorption of effete products or antiseptics, or, in fact, of any material or substance whatsoever.

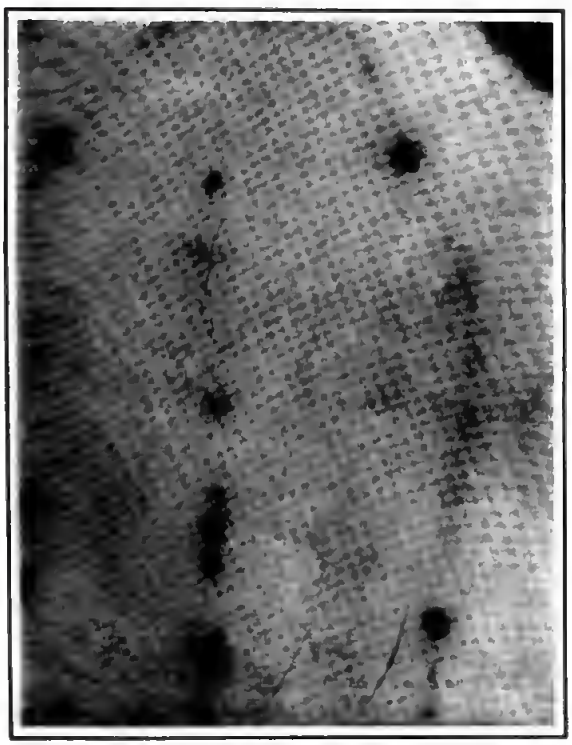
This is the most remarkable photograph ever made by means of radio-activity. The key and pennies shown were taken through the lid of an ordinary stove upon the top of which some Tho-Rad X was placed

Its therapeutic action is slower than that of radium, absolutely safe, and its cost within reason. Around it we can associate all the physical phenomenon associated with radium. The clinical evidence demonstrates its positive value in the treatment of disease.

Tho-Rad X cannot be called a discovery. It is the natural result of work and therapeutic experience.

The therapeutic value of Tho-Rad X has been established beyond question during the fourteen months in which we have been using it for the treatment of disease. It has never failed to give relief, and in many cases it has cured. Some of the diseases on which it acts successfully are cancer, tuberculosis of the skin, ulcers, birthmarks, and nervous affections. Its rays are as effective as those of radium, although it does not act so quickly. Its moderate action keeps it from being harmfully caustic, as radium is likely to be when in the hands of unskilled persons.

In fact, the discovery is of so great importance to humanity that I hesitate to express myself adequately, for fear that I should seem to be going beyond the mark. There is no doubt at all that Tho-Rad X possesses every quality and all the curative virtues of radium. It will be sold to surgeons, physicians, and laymen, through a central agency to be established in Chicago, at a cost merely sufficient to defray the expense of manufacture.



Photograph of a rosary made through a piece of wood one-sixth inch thick. A sheet of Tho-Rad-X was placed above the wood and an exposure of 48 hours given

In this instance the energy of the illuminant passed through three-quarters of an inch of wood, an aluminum spatula, a penny, and a strip of adhesive plaster

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A Play that Frightened England

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

London.

No doubt Americans have been kept thoroughly informed during the past few weeks of the uproar created in London by the production of Ca *Englishman's Home* at Wyndham's Theatre. Like everybody else in England, I have watched with some astonishment and more exhilaration the tremendous sensation it has caused. As a play the piece appears to be no more than fairly good melodrama. It is its theme that has made it not merely a colossal hit from the box office standpoint, but a powerful force in influencing popular opinion on a most vital subject. The scene opens with a lower middle class family at home on a foggy Bank Holiday, and is centred upon Geoffrey, a noisy young "hounder" with a mania for second-hand football, whose idea of sport is to watch and read about football matches. The group in the house embraces old Mr. Brown, who is trying to learn diabolo; Reggie, who is puzzling his head over "Lemericks"; and Paul Robinson, a volunteer, who is jeered at for wasting his time in volunteering instead of amusing himself. There are three girls—Maggie, serious and fairly intelligent; Amy, who is football mad; and her friend, Ada Jones, a fantastic creature, who has the same mania for "sport." The first act closes effectively with the sudden appearance of some foreign troops, part of the raiding army of the "Empress of the North." The next act shows the foreigners in possession and the discomforts of the family; then the abandonment of the house by the invaders; the appearance of a body of volunteers to defend it, and the beginning of the attack. The end of this act is said to be striking, for the noisy Geoffrey, when standing on a table jeering, is hit by a bullet and comes crashing down dead on the floor. During the third act the fight in Myrtle Villa is taking place in earnest. Shells are bursting, and the effect of them on the structure is shown in startling fashion. Men are being hit, one is dying on the sofa. Old Mr. Brown stands in the background cursing the foreigners for injuring his property, cursing the British Army for failing to protect it, and distraught by the death of Geoffrey. Orders are given to quit the position on the ground that it is no longer tenable, and that resistance has served its purpose by delaying the enemy. Mr. Brown curses the volunteers as cowards for running away and leaving the property, and vows that he will stay. Efforts are made to induce him to leave; he resists. The girls are persuaded to go, and the old man stands alone, furious. A shell breaks in part of the wall and drives him to madness. He seizes a rifle, to his despair he finds that he does not know how to load or fire it; but after some efforts discovers the method and shoots down two or three of the approaching enemy. Then they break in and seize him. The commander orders him to be shot, as being a civilian who is not entitled to fight; he marches out, bearing himself bravely; then his daughter Maggie enters, implores the commander to set her father free, hears shots in the garden and rushes off shrieking. There the play should have ended; and there, as originally written, it did end. But as a sickening concession to the supposed passion for happy endings,

Mr. Brown discovers the meaning of invasion

the sounds of bagpipes are heard, the British troops burst in and recapture the place, and the curtain falls.

Such is the play to which all London is flocking. Pretty nearly the entire cabinet has seen and applauded it. Almost every publicist of any note is being pressed to air his views about it. Pick up any London paper you please and you will find two or three columns of impressions, interviews, and letters devoted to the absorbing theme. Three companies are already touring the provinces with it. All who are concerned with the workings of Mr. Haldane's Territorial Army scheme, and all who advocate compulsory service as the only adequate defence against invasion, are taking joyous advantage of the commotion that has been stirred up. When the play was produced the London contingent for the Territorial Army was several thousand short, but at the time of writing, though hardly a week has gone by, the deficiency is being rapidly made good, thanks very largely to the patriotic enterprise of the *Daily Mail* in utilizing the emotions aroused by the drama to enroll recruits. Almost for the first time, it would seem, the average Englishman has had brought home to him some realization of what war is. Lord Roberts, Lord Milner, and the National Service League have striven heroically to awaken in him some sense of his responsibility for national security. He has turned, if not a deaf, as unbelieving ear. He has gone on repeating that Englishmen will never submit to any kind of compulsory military service, that invasion is impossible, that the navy will always prevent it, and that there is no reason on earth why he should trouble himself about drills, manœuvres, and learning to shoot. But what great soldiers and statesmen and orators have failed to do, this play has succeeded in doing. It has opened the eyes of the ordinary indifferent citizen. It has pointed for him in trenchant colors the degradation that fatally awaits both the nation given up to "sport" and the individual who has not started the elementary duty of learning how to defend his country. An enormous and, I think, something more than a temporary impetus has been given to the many influences that are gradually forcing Englishmen to arm and prepare.

Mr. Brown finds his home seized by invaders who have landed under cover of a fog

And yet the man in the street may well be forgiven if he has hitherto dismissed from his mind the possibility of invasion. Only three or four years ago Mr. Balfour, who was then Premier, laid it down in a memorable speech as an axiom of home defence that the landing of 70,000 hostile troops in Great Britain was "impossible," and that "serious invasion of these islands is not an eventuality which we need seriously consider." Taking France as the hypothetical enemy, Mr. Balfour established the impossibility of invading England on the grounds that the transport of 70,000 men would require 210,000 tons of shipping, whereas it had been ascertained that there was, as a rule, only 100,000 tons in the French Channel and Atlantic ports; that even if the transport were available it would be a difficult matter to concentrate it all at one port; that the landing of the force would take forty-eight hours, and that the battleships, cruisers, torpedo craft, and submarines attached to the British reserve would be amply sufficient, even in the absence of the sea going fleets, to repel the attack. But Mr. Balfour's contentions even in 1904 were hotly assailed not only by experts in strategy, but by all who realized the danger of allowing a rich, mercantile, and unarmed nation to cherish the illusion that its security was unassailable. Since 1905, moreover, the conditions of warfare have considerably changed and the potential power of an attacking force has been largely increased. No one in Great Britain has insisted on the reality of these changes more powerfully than Lord Roberts, who, for the past three or four years, has been conducting a laborious campaign of popular education in an effort to arouse his countrymen to an appreciation of the menace that confronts them. In the last week of November he returned to the subject with one of the most startling and impressive speeches to which the House of Lords has ever listened. Instead of imagining an invasion from France he imagined one from Germany. He showed that vessels suitable for the transport of 200,000 men are at all times available in the northern ports of Germany; that the men could be collected without the fuss or publicity of mobilization arrangements; that they could be embarked in a much shorter time than Mr. Balfour had calculated; that instead of three tons of shipping per man being required, one and one-half tons would be sufficient for all purposes; and that with the enormous boat accommodation of the big modern liners, with the frequent practice of the troops in embarking and disembarking, with the education given to the officers of the merchant marine serving in the reserve, and with the various mechanical appliances which now exist, "the disembarkation of German troops could be carried out far more expeditiously than had been thought possible in the case of French troops." Remembering that the German government owned the railroads and could operate with a secrecy and despatch unattainable in England, that the North Sea offered chances of escaping detection that were absent in the case of the English Channel, and that there were some 80,000 Germans, almost all of them trained soldiers, already resident in the United Kingdom, Lord Roberts expressed his deliberate conviction that 150,000 German troops could be landed in Great Britain, that in the absence of the Regular Army there was no force adequate to the task of repelling them, and that it was the bounden duty of the country to set about organizing a national citizen army of at least a million men.

These conclusions are startling, but are they true? A very able contributor in the February number of the *Contemporary Review* declares they are not true. He begins by remarking that, while the problem of invasion is essentially a nautical problem, no ex-naval officer took part in the debate initiated by Lord Roberts, and that "the bulk of the electorate has, therefore, heard next to nothing of the views of the men who are expected to deal with the emergency in question as to whether they are ever likely to be called upon to face it." He goes on to dispute Lord Roberts' contention that 150,000 men could be conveyed in 200,000 tons of shipping. He states that though such a force could at a pinch be crowded into the postulated accommodation, it would be a force destitute of artillery, cavalry, and land transport. He next points out that the 200,000 tons of shipping, normally to be found lying in German ports, represent a heterogeneous collection of at least 150 vessels of different sizes and speeds, from Atlantic liners to coasting tramps; that the business of disposing of the various brigades, battalions, and batteries among these vessels would be of the most formidable nature; that a sudden and wholesale embargo by the German authorities on the national shipping in their ports could not possibly be kept a secret; that it would take two or perhaps even three high tides to pilot this huge and motley armada out of the basins and down the long and tortuous estuaries of the German coast to open sea; that if the ships crossed over to Great Britain in a "go as you please" fashion the first one would anchor off the English coasts a full twenty-four hours before the last, and thus make a surprise impossible; that if they sailed in company, they would cover at least twenty miles from van to rear, and throw up smoke visible for another ten to fifty; that a fog would hurl them into inextricable confusion; that without a fog they could not possibly evade observation; that their speed would be that of the slowest vessel, probably not more than six or seven knots; that the passage would therefore require from fifty to sixty hours after leaving harbor; that they would form an easy and all but helpless target to torpedo craft and mine layers; and that if any respectable force of British battleships or cruisers were within forty-eight hours' steaming the project of invasion would either never be attempted or, if attempted, would surely and miserably fail.

From the time the first orders were issued to lay hands on the shipping in the German ports to the time the invaders were at anchor off the British coast, the writer in the *Contemporary Review* estimates that a whole week would elapse. "Three or four days," he says, "would be required to decide upon the allocation of the various branches and units of the army to their respective transports and get them on board, another day or two to get the shipping clear of the harbor and roughly assembled for the voyage, and yet another two or more to make the

passage. Within forty-eight hours of the commandeering of the vessels either the actual news would have leaked out through departing neutral shipping, or a sudden cessation of normal trade would excite alarm, leaving us in no doubt of what was to follow. That would give us five days in which to recall our main fleets by wireless telegraphy before a single German soldier had set foot on British soil, or enough to fetch our ships from as far as Gibraltar in the one direction or the Gulf of Finland in the other." Assuming, however, that the invaders reached Great Britain undetected, they would then be confronted with the problem of disembarkation. It took Americans in 1898 four whole days to land 15,000 men in Cuba and form them for the advance. Landing on an open coast is only possible when the wind is blowing off shore. A fleet of from 150 to 200 vessels, sailing in three lines, would require about sixteen miles of beach to disembark in; and to straighten out the resultant confusion, to bring all the men and all the guns and supplies together in their proper formation, "might easily take a week after the invaders were actually on shore, and that would follow on another week required to land them, according to all previous experience in expeditions of this sort. Fair weather must be assumed throughout as a matter of course. Three weeks would thus elapse from the first move in the game to the day on which the invading army was ready to advance, even if we offered no opposition afloat or ashore up to that point, an assumption that no seaman will concede."

The writer's conclusion is, in short, that a successful invasion of Great Britain is impossible, and he looks with considerable suspicion upon the movement in favor of compulsory military service. "If the extra twenty millions sterling per annum required to give effect to Lord Roberts' ideals were applied to augmenting our sea power we should obtain thereby a second fleet equal to the whole German navy, which might be permanently stationed in the North Sea as a purely defensive force in peace or war, while our present two-power standard navy was 'freed' to sail to the other end of the world, if such a tremendous display of force was there required." It is urged that a million armed men in England would make all foreign staffs tear up their plans of invasion. That is so; but if the money thus spent were applied to increasing the navy, not only would foreign military staffs tear up their plans for invasion—if such documents seriously exist—but foreign naval staffs would tear up their building programmes—which exist openly—and that is much more to the point where England is concerned. The great bulk of naval officers, says the writer in the *Contemporary Review*, "realize well enough that any form of compulsory military service for home defence must lead with sure steps to naval decay. At present the men in the street—with an occasional exception—are ready to spend money in keeping the navy up to the mark, because, after long efforts to educate them up to that point, they have at last learned to agree with the preamble to the Naval Discipline Act, which teaches them that it is to the Navy, under Providence, that they must chiefly look for safety. But if they are now asked to find large sums for a home defensive army as well, and, moreover, made to shoulder a rifle themselves, they will sooner or later begin to inquire where the men of an expensive navy come in. If once the national sentiment sets in that direction the pendulum may very easily swing to the extreme it reached in the middle of the nineteenth century, when the wasteful heresy of fixed local defence held unquestioned sway, and the navy was allowed to dwindle to the position of a mere auxiliary or subsidiary force."

"Take him out and shoot him," says Prince Yeland, when Mr. Brown attempts resistance

Amid such a conflict of experts how is the ordinary Englishman to decide? I think myself there is no question that the movement in favor of national service on the Swiss model is growing in this country and finds Irish recruits daily for social, moral, and physical, if not for strategical, reasons. It is growing, but it will be a long while before it is taken under the wing of either of the great parties. The general instinct of the country is that for purposes of defence the supreme reliance must be placed on the Navy. Nobody has ever denied that a small force might conceivably slip through the lines of naval defence and make a raid on British soil. The question is as to the figure at which this force should reasonably be put. For the past few years it has been more or less common ground that British preparations for home defence should be on such a scale as to make it necessary for an invader who had any hope of success to come with a larger force than 70,000 men. But if an invasion of this magnitude were to be attempted, then the Navy is confident it would not reach British shores undetected and that, once perceived, it could be satisfactorily dealt with. The country, therefore, believes, though with diminishing confidence, that a formidable invasion would be repulsed by the Navy, and that a small raiding force would more than find its match in the Territorial force now being organized by Mr. Haldane. If it could be shown that Lord Roberts' fears were justified, the nation would not shrink from the necessary sacrifices. But at present it is not prepared to maintain, first, the all-powerful Navy necessitated by its insular position, secondly, the expensive and highly trained regular army called for by the requirements of the Empire, and, thirdly, a citizen army of a million men for repelling invasion.

A Ballad of the Fleet

By Francis Medhurst

Here's a toast, and we'll stand to drink it,
To our fleet from overseas!
Here's joy, and who'd wish to blink it,
To our seamen at their ease!
Here's a health, with a cheer to bind it,
To our navy, boat by boat!
Here's luck, and they always find it,
To the smartest ships afloat!

All around the world and back, ten thousand leagues of spume and spray.
(Altogether now, my lads! Don't forget the head that planned!)
Sailing all the seven seas just to show their fleets the way.
(Lively now, my hearties all! 'Tis the proper Yankee brand!)
So we wound the Stars and Stripes round the earth the other day.
(All your glasses full, my sons! Drain them to your native land!)

O white wind-winged warships!
O floating forts of steel!
Whose tops are gray with alien spray,
Wave-worn from truck to keel!
Your voyage is o'er. Ye lie off shore,
Called in once more to heel!

Lo! First of all the navies,
In long and lordly line,
Ye set a girth about the earth
And gave the world a sign!

Your course ye kept and Westward swept
With prows that leaped the brine!

Your shotless shoreward salvos
Pealed peace both far and nigh!
Your smoke hung curled across the world
To write athwart the sky
A word for those, or friends or foes,
The test of blows would try!

The anxious elder peoples,
Counting their tale of ships,
Your progress saw from shore to shore
And praised with silent lips,
And chose to greet as friends the fleet
They would not meet at grips!

But, where your cannon thundered
From Sydney to Port Said,
From Lima Bay to far Cathay
Where'er your bugles played,
Where floating fair along the air
Your pennants were displayed,

When in stock storms ye staggered
By tropic tempests caught,
When through the ease of summer seas
Your squadrons steamed in sport,
When famine's tooth ye stayed in vain,
One trenchant truth ye taught!

Designed for death's devising
And planned to smite and slay,
Your shapes of steel to all reveal
That force has had its day!
In dread at last of wrath so vast
Wild war has passed away!

Blood thirst and battle hunger
A fleet can quench and cure;
The warship stands for friendship's bonds,
For right that shall endure,
For conflict ceased, for ports policed,
For trade increased and sure.

Wherefore, to all who peril,
Who would abate your pride
Or curb your powers, O ships of ours,
A waning ye provide,
Lest to his ends some foeman lends
The means that friends denied!

Who would abide in safety
Must first set watch and ward!
He fears no wrong whose arm is strong,
Whose might is noised abroad,
And those possessed of peace thrice blessed
Peace can the best afford!

And so, O brave white warships,
We give you all godspeed,
For well we know no foreign foe
But will the lesson heed,
While clad in grey ye rest away
Against the day of need!

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

MISS LILLIAN LORRAINE, WHO IS AN ATTRACTIVE ELEMENT IN "MISS INNOCENCE," AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE

The Greatest Non-Resident Club in the World

By George Jean Nathan

PICTURE a large billiard-room around whose tables a Chinese is matching his cue skill with that of a Swede, an Englishman with that of a Jap, and an Austrian with that of an American. Imagine a dining-room where you see men of twenty-four different nationalities eating, chatting, joking, and laughing. Conjure up a scene in a swimming-tank where men from every corner of the world are playing and splashing. And picture to yourself a little theatre where the most cosmopolitan of cosmopolitan audiences is applauding the performance of an equally cosmopolitan cast of players.

Down in West Street, in the shadow of the piers and docks and in the heart of the haven of ships from all over the earth, there is a club where all these scenes are realities. It is the club of the American Seamen's Friend Society—the greatest non-resident organization in the world. Its membership list embraces men from every country that has a flag. It is a lounging-place, amusement centre, pastime place, and living-quarters—if so desired to be—for the seamen of the world who happen to be in the port of New York. Every man who leads the life of the sea is eligible to membership, from sailor to officer.

The "Union Club of all Nations" on West Street

This club of seamen—for club it is and is meant to be—was opened less than six months ago. It has been endowed by Mrs. Russell Sage and other wealthy persons who have the interest of seafarers at heart. It is non-sectarian and non-national. It is not a mere Young Men's Christian Association for seamen, but a social organization worked out in the finest detail. There is not the slightest atmosphere of "requirements" about it. The seamen go to it, play to it, and live in it primarily because they want to. It is their club. They call it the Union Club of All Nations.

The club building, at West and Jane streets, is a fine specimen of its kind. Constructed of brick and stone, and six stories in height, with a tower whose light flashes a welcome up and down the river, the building has been designed with a keen eye to its purpose. The basement, or "temperance rathskeller," as it is known, is given up to the dining hall, the huge marble swimming-tank, and the bowling-alleys. The first floor contains the writing rooms, reading-room, billiard-hall, auditorium, and offices. The second floor has the officers' billiard and pool rooms, the chapel, and lounging rooms. The rest of the building is made up of the sleeping quarters, baths, private laundries, etc. The sleeping rooms, outfitted in cleanly, comfortable style, have been furnished by friends of seamen who have died and in their memory. The private rooms designed for the use of the captains and officers of the great ships of the Atlantic are fitted out with heavy mission furniture, libraries, and other adjuncts of comfort and usefulness.

The club, as yet, requires no dues of its members, although a scale of yearly charges is to be decided upon at some later date. A small charge is made for the use of the billiard tables on the second floor; those on the first floor are free. The sailor members are charged only twenty-five cents a night for their rooms, while for the larger and more elaborately fitted bedrooms the officers are charged from fifty cents to a dollar. The restaurant charges are reasonable, but the menu is anything but meagre.

An indication of the popularity of the institution is to be gained from the fact that last month 15,921 seamen from all over the world visited the building. Statistics kept showed that 2,023 letters had been written during the month by the sailor club members, while 526 letters were received by those who had given the club address as their own at this port. The sleeping rooms—and there are accommodations for about two hundred men—are almost continually taxed to their capacity.

The attractiveness of every club depends as much upon the diversions it can hold out to its members as upon the comforts it can afford them. The diversions of the Seamen's Club have not been neglected. One of the chief forms of amusement the club holds out are what are known in other club circles as "smokers." These entertainments are held in the little theatre in the club building, and are participated in by the seamen who possess histrionic or musical ability of one sort or another. For instance, at one of the recent entertainments the feature of the evening was the performance of the seamen of the *Celtic*. These men have a dramatic organization that they call "The Pierrots," and, in full costume, they provided the members of the club with a lively evening of fun.

Besides checkers, chess, dominoes, and cards, swimming races occupy considerable attention. The swimming-tank, made of marble with brightly polished brass railings and steps, is constantly being refilled with clean water, and is no less alluring than the tanks of the uptown athletic clubs. Seamen of every nationality may be seen swimming, and every hour or so this sailor from this vessel challenges that sailor from another to a race. There is no place like a swimming-tank to indulge in the spirit of camaraderie, and the swimming-tank in West Street is doing its full share in the club's campaign for a social brotherhood of all seamen.

Within a few months the tower of the building is to be outfitted as a navigation school, where any seaman who wishes may receive instruction. That this school will eventually do its share in helping the development of the American mercantile marine Captain Nutchey is confident. "At present," says the Captain, "each American line vessel carries six apprentices, the facilities for learning navigation being decidedly limited. The development of the mercantile marine is a matter of such great importance that every man who really wants to learn should be afforded the opportunity. And in our way we want to do as much as we can toward helping the ambitious men who come to this institution. The example of Chief-Officer Turner, of the *New York*, who worked up to his present responsible position from an apprentice, is a great inspiration to the men."

In one part of the building there is a co-operative clothing store, managed by the institution, where seamen may buy clothes, underwear, and other wearing apparel at a figure considerably less than they could in one of the shops outside. Seamen have long been charged fancy prices by dealers, who have taken advantage of their ignorance of the values of "land" apparel, and it is to circumvent this that the clothing department has been installed. It has been heavily patronized since its inception, and if patronage keeps on apace an Atlantic mail-order service may be started. The cosmopolitanism of the members is interestingly evident in the big writing and reading room that looks out into Jane Street. Dictionaries in all languages are provided for the letter-writers.

The officers' reading-room

"Loan libraries" are one of the splendid accomplishments of the society. A "loan library" consists of a case containing forty-three well-selected volumes of biography, travel, history, adventure, science, fiction, navigation, etc., in various languages. These libraries, contributed by charitable organizations and persons, are placed on board vessels for the general use of the crew. The libraries are put in charge of the captains of the different ships, who place them on the deck every Sunday morning, at which time the men exchange their books. From time to time the "libraries" are transferred from one ship to another, thus keeping a vast number of books in circulation among the men while at sea.

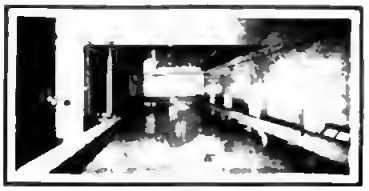
One of the billiard-rooms

There are 3,000 of these so-called libraries afloat at the present time. All in all, since the inauguration of the system, more than 25,000 libraries have been sent to sea, the average life of a library—*i.e.*, as long as the books last—being about six years. Statistics show that in this time 600,717 volumes will have been read at sea by 439,032 seamen. From the 1,078 libraries placed on United States naval vessels 39,415 volumes have been read by 129,315 men, and from 162 libraries placed in the life-saving stations 6,536 volumes have been read by 1,327 keepers and surfmen.

One of the club bedrooms

The happiness that the club in West Street has brought to foreign seamen, who in other days were heartsick and lonely when they arrived in this port, is well expressed by Herman Albrecht, a German seaman of the German American Line, who is one of the "regulars" at the institution. In Anglicized Low German, he says, "Ich weiz nicht was soll es bedeuten, bat ich bin nicht traurig any more."

The Pierrot troupe of seamen from the "Celtic" who performed at the club



The club swimming-tank

Hunting Ahead of Roosevelt In Africa

By John Jay White, Jr.

THE WRITER OF THIS HUNTING DIARY WAS ACCOMPANIED BY DR. W. S. RAINSFORD, FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, NEW YORK, ON AN EXPEDITION THROUGH THOSE REGIONS OF AFRICA IN WHICH MR. ROOSEVELT WILL PROBABLY HUNT

THIS is the second of a series of four articles which have been secured by HARPER'S WEEKLY *from Mr. John Jay White, Jr., of New York. In this instalment the writer recounts some adventures in the heart of the game country, where lions were encountered, and giraffes, eland, and other trophies were bagged, while the hunters themselves fell victims to smaller game in the shape of centipedes.*

N'Zoia River, Saturday, May 30th.—I left with the guide at 6.45 and went down the river. Shot a reedbuck on the way. About nine we passed the place where I had shot a waterbuck the day before, and just over the slope of the hill saw three handsome black-maned lions. I had a beautiful shot, but got a trifle rattled and shot low, hitting one in the leg. They scattered, and, as the one I hit went off slowly. The guide shot twice more, knocking it down,

A reedbuck, one of the smaller antelope

but it got into a swamp where we judged it imprudent to follow. Back to camp at 12.30. We decided to beat through the swamp next day, as the guide and Mumba both said the lion would be dead.

Sunday, May 31st.—Left, with twenty porters, for the lion swamp, early. Having arrived, we threw out a strong skirmish line, going on in front with guns ourselves. After beating nearly through the jungle and swamp, we heard from one side of the line shouts and a general excitement. Going up, we found that Mumba had almost fallen over the body of the lion. So he got the five rupees I promised to the man who found it, and the lion was photographed and skinned amid general rejoicing. It was quite a fine one, and, when the skin had been taken off, measured eleven feet ten inches from nose to end of tail. It is drying in the sun near me while I write.

This afternoon we met a young Englishman named Miller, who is out hunting elephants. He has had no luck so far. He is dead broke, as most of the men out here seem to be, and hopes to make a little money out of ivory—but he has to pay $300 for a license to shoot three elephants, so I fear he will not make much. I set a gun trap for leopards and hyenas.

Tuesday, June 2d.—I visited the gun-trap this morning and found I had got a young hyena. Sent for men to take the skin to camp—then off up the river with the guide. Saw six giraffe, but could not get to them: they were across the river and we did not like to follow, fearing crocodiles. When we got back to camp heard that an elephant had passed early in the morning, before we were up, and that Miller was off after it.

Wednesday, June 3d—We heard the spring-gun go off last night, but found nothing when we visited it this morning. Off early with the guide, and beat up and down after giraffe, but did not see any. Doctor Rainsford, who was hunting for lion on the other side of the river, sent he saw no more, and at the same time saw the giraffe about one and one half miles from us over a ridge. No rain to-day or yesterday. Doctor Rainsford got a buckbuck in the afternoon.

An eland, one of the largest and most magnificent antelope

Thursday, June 4th—Miller dined with us last night. He followed the elephant till he came up with it and found, to his disgust, that it only had tusks about twenty five pounds weight, so he did not shoot it, as the law forbids shooting anything smaller than thirty pound tusks. Found our herd of giraffe about 9.30 and made a long and careful stalk, finally getting one. After the shot the others came and stood round quite near us, and we could easily have shot half a dozen had we wished. Back to camp at three. Porters came in from our last camp and said they had seen a herd of fifty elephants. At 5.30 two excited Wandorobo natives dashed into camp saying there were elephants near. Every one grabbed a gun and ran, and after going for an hour we came on two. Both were cows, unfortunately, and so protected by law. It was a fine sight.

Friday, June 5th.—We were off at six this morning, and followed the herd till 10.30, when they crossed a deep river and we lost them. Our porters came in from Nandi Boma to-day. Early this morning, just as they were breaking camp, a herd of elephants came along with two big bulls "whose tusks touched the ground." Aggravating, but it can't be helped. While I was out giraffe shooting, Miller, whom I would see on the other side of the river, ran into a bunch of seven lions, and got one. He also saw a rhinoceros. That day I saw giraffe and elephants, so in a circle of a few miles there were a herd of elephants, twenty or twenty-five giraffe, a rhinoceros, and seven lions. We saw two lions this morning while out after elephants.

June 5, 1908 [from private correspondence]—If you are ever smitten with a desire to make a hunting-trip in British East Africa for rest and recreation, take my advice and don't. From the crack of dawn, or before, till the going down of the sun, it is hustle and trouble. I have given up lion-shooting. Don't tell any one (I mean it, for the diary letter which I sent home suppresses facts in a scandalous way), but we had an awfully narrow squeak with my lion: it wasn't dead when we got to it, and one of the gun-bearers got badly bitten, and the porters got excited and began shooting, and it is only by the mercy of hell (as they say out West) that several of us weren't killed. I got behind a tree and stayed there. I also ran up against a hornet, which I think was inclined to receive me very cordially, but I evaded it. A lion's growl heard suddenly is about as unpleasant a sound as I know. However, I have my lion skin, and have now only elephant, rhino, and buffalo to tackle. Those journal items I wrote come home strongly. I saw two elephants yesterday. They looked like those cotton flannel ones you see in the toy windows. I was glad they were cows, so we could not shoot them. Two natives showed them to us. One was attired in a spear, the other went in for full dress in the way of a bow and arrows. If my photographs come to anything, I can verify most of these facts. This part of the country is the abode of an insect like a small centipede with red legs and tail (probably red hot). If he walks over you he leaves a mark as if he had drawn a picture on your skin with a red-hot wire. I have as yet not been a victim, but have seen the honorable scars of others. They are

A native group, showing how the ears are distorted

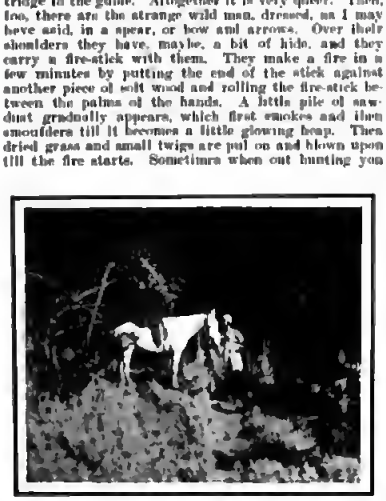
sociable and like to get into your blankets. That suit of armor I spoke of would come in handy. Doctor Rainsford is out trying to shoot a small deer for the larder. He invited me to accompany him, but I refused on the ground that I shot a one-thousand-pound giraffe yesterday, and he couldn't have eaten it all by this time. I am doomed to go elephant-hunting to-morrow. You have to get up at five to do that; why, I don't know. This getting up early is awful, and there is no let up to it. Last night I was so dead beat that even the leopards hardly kept me awake, and they made so much row I thought they were fighting in my bath-tub in the tent. But for a genuine scare commend me to a lioness with a pleasant smile looking at me over an ant-hill about thirty yards off. That has only happened once to me, but I have not been the same man since, and am liable to break into perspiration and profanity if suddenly touched from behind. No time for more. I have to go out and tag heads and skins to go by the porters to-morrow. Those about to die salute you.

In camp on the N'zoia River, June 6, 1908.—Hunting life in Africa is so strenuous that letter-writing has pretty well got to take a back seat. I happen to have a spare hour now, which I will give to you. It may not be mailed for some days or weeks. As you probably have a chance to peruse my diary letters, you are kept informed pretty well of what we are doing, as in writing one I simply take my journal and "boil it down" till I feel it is calculated to amuse and instruct. But what I fear I cannot give you or any one is a good idea of the country, its animals and birds, and its strange inhabitants. After looking at a herd of giraffe feeding off the tops of the stunted

Lined up for the bath

A black-maned lion, shot by the author

trees, it is hard to describe the scene satisfactorily, and while it makes my blood curdle in my veins to come up suddenly against a lion, it is difficult to awa my readers with the scene. As you ride ant of camp in the morning you see troops of fool-th-looking, solemn kongoni, fat, sleek waterbuck and does, the bucks with very imposing horns. Little deer (oribi, steinbuck, duykerbuck, etc.) pop up like rabbits at your fret and scuttle off into the tall grass. The plains look like huge hay meadows with grass from three to six feet high. Going through it in the chill of early dawn, the dew takes hold of you in a way that surprises you, and if you are on foot you are soaked to the skin in a minute. Although we are right on the equator, it is very cold at night, for we are about 7,000 feet above sea level. It is very hot from about eleven to three, so that one must start off and get in early. If you are moving your *safari* (caravan) it is necessary to start early and ramp early. One doesn't need a watch here. The sun rises at six and sets at six. At noon it is overhead. It is like standing before a clock. It almost always rains in the afternoon, generally a thunderstorm, and often in the early evening. We have one tent with a big "fly" in front, so we have our meals there and sit under it when it rains. Doctor Rainsford is studying French with great energy, and he and I talk together a good deal in that language, especially in the evening when we are sitting around the camp fire. Precedence here is as bad as in Washington. If I ride ahead of Doctor Rainsford, my two gun bearers and syce [groom] insist on walking right behind me, and would really resent it if Doctor Rainsford tried to crowd in, and would not allow *his* gun-bearers to come between me and my gun bearers. If I tell my tent boy to wake me at five and Doctor Rainsford told him to let me sleep longer, he would not obey him, but would do what he considered his duty. My gun-bearer dislikes extremely to have any one but myself touch my guns, and is angry if I give a cartridge to the guide. Altogether it is very queer. Then, too, there are the strange wild men, dressed, as I may have said, in a spear, or bow and arrows. Over their shoulders they have, maybe, a bit of hide, and they carry a fire-stick with them. They make a fire in a few minutes by putting the end of the stick against another piece of soft wood and rolling the fire-stick between the palms of the hands. A little pile of sawdust gradually appears, which first smokes and then smouldera till it becomes a little glowing heap. Then dried grass and small twigs are put on and blown upon till the fire starts. Sometimes when out hunting you



At the entrance to the forest

will find their little rush huts nestled in a ravine, or you see smoke curling up from some cave in the side of a hill. Then, again, as you continue your hunt you come on queer circular walls, built of stone. They are generally built along the banks of a ravine as if the object was to hide them from sight. Sometimes the walls are several feet high. These belonged to the unknown race who were killed off by the tribes who, sixty years ago, were "stamped out" by the Masai. Ask about them and the natives shake their heads and say they were "shenzis" [wild men], but that they know nothing more. Occasionally one finds primitive smelting furnaces, generally made in an old ant-hill, with iron slag scattered about. I suppose it was there they made their knives and spears. The country is covered with ant-hills, old and new. It would seem as if the ants of this country needed some means of working off their surplus energy and set to work to build a new home as soon as they had finished the old one. Some of them are fifteen or twenty feet high and many feet in circumference. Most of them are abandoned, grown over with rank grass and trees, some of them very large. The kongoni love these old ant-hills, and climb up them in their foolish way, and meditate. Go out in the early morning and you will see dozens of kongoni on the ant-hills. Then as you go farther you will see bush-pigs, and wart-hogs, with huge tusks curling up from their jaws, rooting around in the grass, the little ones scuffling and squealing like our more familiar pigs. Scare them, and off they go, their tails standing straight up in the air, and the little piglets hustling along behind. Then as you pass a tuft of thick grass out pops a little duykerbuck, looking, as he hops off, for all the world like a huge mouse two feet long. Go along the river, and you will see the red hushbuck slipping noiselessly through the little trees, or a reedbuck will spring up and plunge off with a shrill whistle. Maybe you will pass a bed where elephants have crossed recently and see the prints of their feet, like post-holes in the mud, and the ground covered with the broken branches of the mimosa and other trees they feed on. Then you may see the branches shake and, if you get near quietly, see little gray monkeys swinging along. We won't venture round that ant-hill, if it is the same to you, for a few days ago I saw a lioness poke her head round its side, give an awful snarl, and slip off into the grass. My hair would have done for a whisk-broom for hours afterward. While we are looking at these sights we feel sudden bites and find that little black ants have climbed over us and are pasturing themselves on our anatomy. They are hard to pick off, for they close their jaws and hang on. But by this time I fancy we have walked long enough. As we head for camp we possibly scare up a serval cat, which bounds away, giving us a glimpse of black and orange fur, or maybe a little jackal watches us in an inquisitive manner. Here we are, in camp, and dinner served. Soup of kongoni meat, steinbuck steaks with potatoes and onions, giraffe marrow-bones on toast, or a nice curry, broiled green parrots, or quail, and rice and stewed fruits to end up on, unless you want a cup of *real* Mocha coffee brought with us from Aden.

Good Luck Camp, June 14, 1908.—We left Camp K yesterday morning, fairly beaten by the tall grass. This grew from three to six feet high, like a huge hay meadow, and we could not see the game at all. Day before yesterday, while out hunting giraffe, I came on a lioness in the long grass. Just a peep and she was off, but I felt better when we got a little farther on. I am distinctly nervous when I see a lioness, since I saw that one round the corner of the ant-hill. Also there is a sense of concealed power in a rhino that does not appeal to me one bit. I wish they were protected by law as that I could not shoot one. They look as if they were chopped with a hatchet out of brown clay. They have a few small black birds which perch on their backs and pick the parasites off them. Once or twice in my own case, since I plunged into the African wilds, I have greatly longed for a pet rhinoceros-bird.

June 18th.—Still here, but we are going north up the river after elephants to-morrow. Elephants were very abundant here a short time ago, but they seem to be lacking just now. It seems unjust I should have to go around, risking my valuable life chasing elephants, but it appears to be written in the big black book of fate that I must, so I go with a smile on my face. Doctor Rainsford got a lion the day after we arrived here. It was one of a bunch of seven, and charged him in the way one reads about. He was able to stop it before it reached him. I expressed extreme regret that I was not with him at the time, but I don't think that I deceived him. I know I was lying when I said it. Yesterday the hunting spirit took hold of me, but did not lead me down to the river where the lions generally dwell. Instead I went away back into the hills and chased giraffe. But these birds are very wary and have longer legs than I have, so after pursuing them a few thousand miles I gave them up and hinted it was time to get back to camp. However, on the way we unluckily saw a herd of eland. Now, when I was a small boy, I always wanted to kill an eland, so we set to work. Just as soon as we got well away from the mules, where my mackintosh was, it began to rain. If you ever wish to get *extremely* dirty, crawl after eland in the rain. We crawled for several hundred yards, occasionally stopping behind ant-hills to rest, and when we did the ants came out and bit us, and spurred us on to new exertions. Then we crawled on hands and knees, bobbing our heads and pretending to eat grass, hoping thus to deceive the eland and make them think we were animals. A man of forty-nine summers, dripping with rain, with a gun in one hand and a pith helmet on, does not look like a deer, nor does he feel like one. After a few yards he feels that it is undignified, and longs to crawl into a wart-hog hole and to pull the hole in after him. At last we got about three hundred and fifty yards off, and sat behind a bush and picked the thorns out of our hands and knees with occasional heartfelt profanity. There was one very large bull among the herd, on which I fixed my shining eye. While doing so the herd concluded it had fooled with us long enough, and departed. I hastily fired, and watched them go off; but we took up the trail. After going to the edge of the hill and walking for a bit, we came on the bull stone dead. I nearly fainted with surprise, but had presence of mind enough left to pretend I knew all along I had hit him. My Somali gun-bearer raised a song of triumph and I was photographed sitting on its neck. Back to camp about four, after nine hours' work. Refused to go out to-day, but spent the morning trading with the Wanderobo natives for bows and arrows. I offer a blanket for a bow, and, if the owner hesitates, throw in a (living) kongoni, which generally turns the scale.

Giraffe were seen frequently, travelling in herds of some two dozen

A Gas-jet That Has Burned Two Years

By C. M. Sarchet

THE Federal government has been asked to undertake a novel enterprise—the "capping" of a natural gas well that has been burning at Caddo, near Shreveport, Louisiana, since November, 1906.

There are two burning gas wells in the Caddo field, and it is estimated that enough gas is going to waste daily there to supply at least one-half of the city of St. Louis with light and fuel.

The well, which began burning in November, 1906, has a crater three hundred feet in diameter. Seventy-five feet below the orifice is a turbulent, boiling lake of mud and salt water, rolling in waves that at times overflow the top of the crater. To prevent the destruction of the surrounding country a levee has been constructed, but even this at times is overrun. Until several months ago this wall burned constantly, but the increasing amount of salt water at last subdued the flames temporarily. At present the well burns for a period of ten days, the flames then being extinguished by the mud and water, which are forced by the gas pressure up to the brink and overflow. The escaping gas is again relighted, and within a week the lake has subsided to its bed at the bottom of the well.

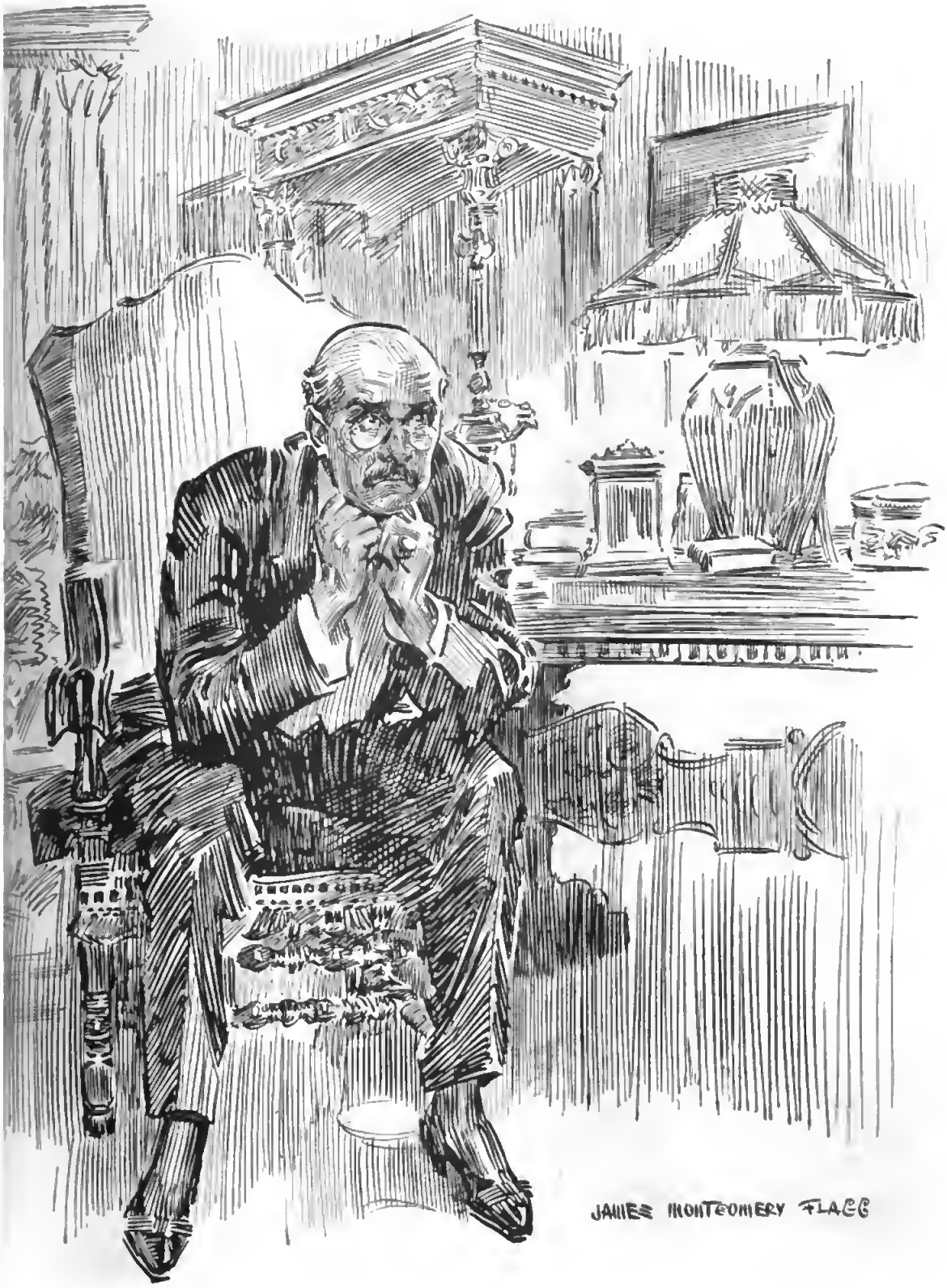
The gas pressure in this well is three hundred and sixty feet. When lighted, a column of fire and mud one hundred feet high is thrown into the air.

The lake of burning gas and boiling mud in Louisiana which the government has been asked to "cap"

HAS IT EVER H

HE PROMISES HIMSELF NEVER TO DINE

DRAWN BY JAN



ENED TO YOU?

GAIN WITH A NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE

OMERY FLAGG

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THE RUBAIYAT OF BRIDGE

By Carolyn Wells

A Book of Bridge Rules underneath the Bough;
A Score-Card, Two new Packs of Cards, and Thou
With Two Good Players sitting opposite,—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise Enow!

Some for the Gain of Penny Points, and Some
Sigh for the Lovely Prizes yet to come.
Oh, take the Prize, and let the Pennies go,
Nor heed the winning of a Paltry Sum.

"THE DIDN'T CLUB"

THE overlong procession of great men who didn't do the thing that made them famous has a new recruit. On the heels of Paul Revere, lately unhorsed, comes trotting along old Hendrik Hudson, who, it now appears, did not discover the Hudson River at all. Just who did do it is not known, but who didn't do it is fixed beyond all question forever, and that man is Hendrik Hudson. On the whole, however, we think that Hudson's name is likely to stay out. There are so many millions of people who have discovered the river since it first became known that there is a certain distinction in not having done it, and from this we may as well let the sturdy old Englishman with the Dutch name profit. We shall look with interest for the next member of "The Didn't Club." Peradventure it will be Mr. Carnegie, and they'll be telling us he never discovered America!

A PROPHECY

If they keep on putting the suffragettes in jail over there in London much longer, it is dollars to doughnuts that the homely ballads of other days will soon be superseded by some such pathetic lyrical outburst as this:

O where is my wandering Ma to-night?
O where can my Mother be?
She hied her forth to the Suffrage fight
And hasn't come home to tea.
The range is cold on the kitchen trail,
The cupboard is bleak and bare,
For Mother has gone to the County Jail
For pulling the Speaker's hair!
O where is my wandering Ma to-night?
My Mother, O where is she?
She dwells in the "Box,"
While Father's socks
Are holey as they can be!

TWO FUTURES

Fluffy Ruffles has disappeared, and it is generally understood that she has gone off to be married. Just who the happy bridegroom is to be no one knows, but we hope it is not Buster Brown. That deplorable old reprobate is old enough to be her grandfather.

THE PURIST AND THE COOK

The use of the verb "to bounce" in connection with the act of discharging a cook is offensive to a purist who has observed how little resilience there is in the average domestic servant of that class. The proportion of resilience to flaccidity in the general run of cooks now within our reach is as one to a thousand, so that the use of a term signifying elasticity in a case of this kind is manifestly improper. The more descriptive words are "to discharge," "explode," "to propel," "fire," "eject," or even "to chuck," but "to bounce" a cook—that were as futile an effort as to try to play tennis with a fish-ball.

EXTRACT FROM WESTERN STORY

"With nothing but his serape about him he spent the night upon the range."

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THOSE THOUGHT WAVES

"DON'T you think we ought to get rid of that automobile?" asked Mrs. Spinner. "It's long past its usefulness for us, although it might be just the thing for some one just beginning."

"Strange," replied Mr. Spinner, "that you should have mentioned it, for that was just what I was about to do. I'll put my mind on it at once."

"Your mind? Um. Is that all?"

Spinner drew himself up.

"It is plain," he replied, "that you are very crude. You do not understand the simplest rules of thought transference."

"Do you mean to say that—"

"I mean to say that I shall at once send out some thought waves, conveying the unmistakable impression that I want to sell that machine. You just wait, and you will see the result."

Mrs. Spinner smiled incredulously. A few days later, however, she said, triumphantly, when he came home:

"Well, my dear, it's all right. I sold the car. A man came to-day. I told him your price, and he offered me twenty-five dollars less, and I took it."

Spinner shook his head up and down. His face was wreathed in a large smile.

"Well!" he exclaimed, "what did I tell you! Now you will laugh at me, I suppose. Nevertheless, those thought waves of mine did the business."

His wife laughed.

"That's all right," she replied. "But how do you account for the fact that the man had an advertisement, which had been inserted in the paper, giving your name and address, and urging every one to call and see that car at this house?"

Spinner gazed at her in astonishment.

"Well, if that isn't just like a woman," he cried. "Don't you understand that the whole science of thought transference is yet in its infancy? The most we can do at present is to send out the waves of impulse and invitation. We haven't yet arrived at the point where we can transfer an address mentally. For this reason I inserted the advertisement, so that the man, when he received the impulse to buy that machine, would also have with it the impulse to look over the ad pages and get my name and address in the usual manner."

Mrs. Spinner thought for a moment, and then said:

"I understand perfectly. You got my impulse, of course?"

"Yours? What do you mean?"

"Come now. Don't joke, my dear. This is a serious matter. You got my impulse, didn't you?"

"Why, I must have got it if you sent it. Would you mind telling me what it was?"

She smiled triumphantly again.

"Certainly not. When that man came and bought the machine, I sent out a thought wave to you telling you that I proposed to keep the money for myself. And so, if you don't mind, dear, I will take the money and obey another impulse I have just received from some unknown person, to look over the bargain-counter advertisements, so that when I go shopping to-morrow I can spend it judiciously."

"JUST THINK, JOHN, IN TWENTY-ONE YEARS FROM THE FIRST OF LAST MONTH OUR BOY WILL BE OF AGE"

WHAT HAS HAPPENED?

THERE has been some curiosity evinced in some quarters as to what has become of the old-time dime museums that used to form so large a factor in the amusement life of our cities. They seem gradually to have disappeared, and the young of our land no longer have the edifying opportunity to study the habits of the "cuniform man," the "dog-faced boy," the "bearded lady," and other instructive specimens of the human kind. Just what has happened to them no one seems to know, and we should not venture ourselves to express an opinion; but without wishing to appear in any way ungallant, we should like to ask why, in these days when our streets are filled with ladies in sheath gowns, any one should be expected to pay ten cents to see a "living skeleton"?

GULLIVER AND THE LILLIPUTIANS—A LENTEN IDYL

THE RATTLED SNAKE

SAINT PATHRICK rose one summer's day.
"Bedad, oi'll droive the shnakes away."—
'Tis so the sarplate heard him say.
And knowin' stoughty well he would,
Because, ye see, they knowed he could,
Some of 'em packed their thrunks and wint
As paceably as though contint.
The Poython shwum across the sea
And shtopped in South Amerikee.
The Boy Constrictbor wint afar
To Indiay and Africa
The Copperhead shkipped n'er the broine
On some old Thrunsatlantic loine,
And fixed a job up for his mates
All over the United Shtates.

But wan shmall shnake says he: "D'ye mane,
Ol' tink that oi will shtay behoind,
Saint Pathrick is a gintleman,
But that's no why oi should mown nn.
Fair Oireland it suits my eye,
And here oi'll shtick until oi die."

And thin the Saint got on his ear
And says, "Bedad, ye'll move from here!"
Whereon he give the shnake a lick
Wid his onld gould shillelagh shtick,
And sure the worm got rattled so
He hardly knowed which way to go.
He run this way, and thin run that,
Pursued relintlessly by Pat,
Until the sun sank in the west,
Whin Mr. Sarpint said he guessed
The Saint was roight, and so he went
Out to the Yankee continint!
And that's just how—sure 'tis no fake—
We come to have the Rattle-shake!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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Catching the Boat from Havre

THE HUMORS OF A DASH THROUGH FRANCE, A BROKEN AUTOMOBILE, AND A MISCALCULATION

By Louise Closser Hale

THE reason for our scurrying to Havre was the direct result of the vanity of the Illustrator, and this weakness, coupled with the charm of Concarneau, and the patriotism of the American artists were the causes in full of our race for the boat.

The Illustrator, let it be understood, was not vain of his looks, of the cut of his clothes, or of his sketches, but he was inordinately proud of the ability of his motor-car, and, I may add, of his ability to drive it. A few years ago it would have been generally greated that the man who possessed mechanical knowledge could not be taken seriously as a limner, but of late, in all parts of the world, the confining of an artist to his last has become as obsolete as the soft tie and the velveteen pantaloons—in all parts of the world, at least, save Concarneau.

Nearing Caen, the town of the famous dish

The fact that we had driven from Gibraltar to the Brittany Coast was no open sesame to the circle of men who sat smoking on the pavement in front of the Hôtel de France; the quick action of the Illustrator, thereby avoiding two geese, three babies, and a drunken sailor, elicited no pang of jealousy or glow of admiration. In this remote spot the artists smoked on, adjusted their silken ties, and sighed for the days that were no more.

A little later, however, when we had presented our cards of introduction, showed a correct appreciation for the pictures on the dining-room walls, and given proof, by arduous attacks upon the water front, that we also were workers, not butterflies of fashion with no artistic knowledge beyond the adjusting of a carburetor, the painters widened the circle of their chairs by adding two more places; and at the end of the week, upon demonstrating how easily five could motor to Quimper, paint all day, and return in time for dinner, it was gravely conceded that gasoline and turpentine could fraternize with congruity, if not consanguinity.

There was one Philistine among their ranks to whom we turned fraternally. He had arrived in the village some years back on a rickety second-hand motor-cycle, which breathed its last directly in front of the Hôtel de France, and was relegated to the dust-heap behind the hostelry, while its owner lived on in it. Eventually he erased the mechanical stigma attached to his name by adopting the Breton costume and painting remarkably well. But even so we looked upon him as an ally, forgetful of the lapse of years; and in that lay our downfall.

There were other reasons for the lengthened sojourn of the artists at Concarneau. Some frankly admitted they were too poor to get away, while others with villas on the Bay were too rich—there are no *trains de luxe* in Brittany. One languid Italian intended leaving, but, as he was ever half a year behind with his work, painting "Winter Sunsets" in July, and "August Bathers" in December, there seemed small chance of his catching up. Then there were the three men, much velveteened, who, while never admitting it, did not deny that they were the hero in the story of *Gaeta;* and that three bore the distinction was a source of gratification to the innkeepers, for there was always one of them painting on the Quay, to be pointed out to the tourists who came for half a day, each with a fresh copy of Miss Howard's famous novel under his arm.

Gaeta was a subject for much scoffing among the painters—naturally excepting the three: so much so that our own volume was perused only when the shades were drawn. Following this stealthy reference it was our custom to wander out into the night and search for possible Gaetas in the localities she most frequented, and, while we often met the hero walking about in the fishy darkness, individually or as a trinity, we never encountered their, or rather his, lovely model.

As time passed we abandoned the novel altogether, for it was the charm of the old town as we latins-day apostles found it which stole over us as gently as the tide slips over the moss-covered rocks on that dangerous coast. The Illustrator was quite unconscious of the engulfing, being a temperamental creature with a Soul for the Beautiful, but occasionally I withdrew my chair from the artistic circlet, and, out of the enchanted zone, brooded darkly on our finish.

Rightly speaking, the finish—of our holiday at least—was the sailing from Havre on the morning of July 8th. There could be no equivocation about that date, for ten days later we would be in the relentless grip of Duty, and any grasshopper avoidance of our engagement with the French boat would mean no bread and less gasoline. I frequently dwelt upon this latter contingency—after the shades were drawn—whereupon the Illustrator would gently caress the velvet ribbons of his Breton hat and boast of the prowess of his engine.

While this vaingloriousness was hateful to me, I did not resent his pride in the motor's achievement; it was that alone which kept my faith in him as a mortal being. Although he wore a Breton hat he was watchful of the differential; although he raved of color on a pitch-black night, he cleaned the spark plugs; although he had abandoned the reading of the daily papers, still he cautioned the clutch facing; and, thinking on these things, I quieted my growing fears that we would not catch the boat.

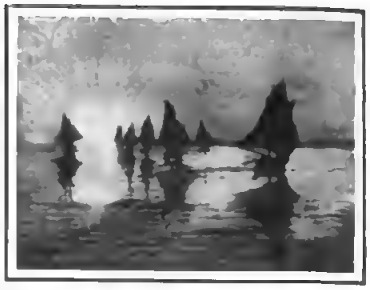
It was near the end of June (approximately the end of June. Owing to our desertion of the papers dates were a little hazy in our minds. Anyway the auctions were running) that the Illustrator first spoke to the circle of our sailing on the 8th, and of the wisdom of starting on the 2d. In reply, our ally—he of the defunct motor-cycle—as spokesman for the rest, expressed proper forms of regret in shaking tones.

The circle was much affected and groped for hands in the smoky gloom, and this should have been the psychic moment for dissolving the party. But me! Pleased with his successful playing upon our emotions and the sound of his own voice, the ally further developed a suggestion from his Brittany bonnet. It was a simple thought primarily—none other than a fête in our honor—but, his dormant mentality stimulated by the concentrated attention of the entire company, the ally suddenly evolved the tremendous idea of celebrating on no other day than our Glorious Fourth.

At this all the other artists rapped their pipes with delight upon the table, the Italian sang "John Brown's Body" to the tune of the *Marseillaise*, and my feeble protests that the 5th of July would be too late to start were swept away by the heroes of Gaeta. "In such a car!" cried the heroes of Gaeta in one voice, rolling up their eyes; and with the conscious pride of a young father the Illustrator wagged his head and said it could be done.

The rest is silence. By midnight, while I sat smouldering and apart, all arrangements which could be effected by discussion were completed. After much calculation with drawing-pencils on the hotel table-cloth it was found that the Fourth lay two weeks off to the very day, and it was proven to me, by table-cloth map, that a motor-car such as ours, having, on the evening of the 5th, could reach Dinard by evening. Then by the night of July 6th, with but the short run to Havre on the 7th, and twenty-four hours to spare"

Not counting the feat of leaping to Havre, nothing seemed more impossible to me than the acquiring of the hideous noises and explosive beauties which go to make glad our nation's holiday, but I had not calculated on the Fourteenth of July, which all good Reds of France celebrate. Even so the artists were forced to send to Rennes for the instruments of torture, for the peasantry of Brittany are still aristocratic in their tendencies, and there is a story, not discussed in the presence of our motor cyclist, of his first effort to make friends with the people of Concarneau by celebrating the anniversary of the fallen Bastille with cracker and rocket. The populace were invited to his studio, but when the day arrived he crackered and rocketed alone, no notice being taken of his proffered hospitality beyond a warning from his Bourbon landlord never to repeat his misadventure.



The fishing-boats of Concarneau, the painters' colony

There was no prejudice against the Fourth, however. They were all there, and I marvelled and despaired that the hard cider could last so many rounds. It may have been this beverage—but I will not assert it—which delayed our departure until sunset of the 5th. Still, we got away, chugging out of the enchanted circle with both real and hard-cider emotions in our hearts, and in half a minute had left far behind the group of moist comrades, out of sight of the red sails and blue nets of Concarneau, with the old gray city walls serving as a background to the basin of tilting boats.

There is something stimulating about a start, even about a bad one, and a serpentine progress around, before, and behind droves of dodging cattle wheto the appetite of the man who expects eventually to arrive somewhere. For this reason I myself would not have stopped at La Faouet to dine. Even the Illustrator, his mechanical senses slowly gaining the upper hand, might have delayed his meal for the joy of pressing on, had not a friendly voice hailed us from a garret window of the Lion d'Or as we were wavering uncertainly. We had met the voice once at Concarneau, and my companion, in a flood of cidery tenderness for all the painting fraternity, switched off the current.

He, the painter, came down immediately and marched us off to view bits of fine composition. It was plain he was a devotee of La Faouet, for he had a triumphant way of pointing out a sagging doorway with a scarlet flower blossoming in a window overhead and asking if we could find *that* in Concarneau. There were other artists at the table d'hôte, each with an uplifted eyebrow for the colony that we had left behind, and all with a strong opinion that Concarneau held little to paint but smells. It was better so. Nothing but the fear that he carried with him some of the fishiness of the town he'd left behind would have started the Illustrator before midnight.

We left at ten, and it was only eleven when we discovered the puncture. Eleven at some crossroads leading to nowhere, with a burning haystack in the distance. It was a bad puncture and the pump did not work well. The moon was diminish and the glowing haystack too far off for illuminating purposes. More than that, the peasants who had tumbled out of their wooden sleeping cupboards to attend the fire were too eager to return to them to be tempted by small coin and bad French to assist at the pumping, and when we finally resumed our places there was no hard cider left in the system of the Illustrator, nor other resting place for an than Pontivy for the night.

It was evening when we reached Mont St. Michel

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In the red guide-book Pontivy is a place of some antiquity and several inns, but in the small hours, while the antiquity is intensified, French hotels have a way of hiding themselves. Nor are there roisterers to point out the way, and the night watchmen sleep soundly. After doing Pontivy thoroughly by lamplight we shut off our engine in the street of the Old Bridge and waited to be found.

It occurred to me as we sat there amidst sepulchral silence that a few words as to the advisability of starting earlier in the day in order to arrive within the hours of respectability might serve to wile away the time, and that it would be fitting to end the peroration with the vital question as to when the Illustrator expected to make Havre. I had but started, however, when the defendant bethought him to sing, as the last means of commanding the attention due us, and this he did very loudly and successfully. The burning haystack did not receive a readier response, and we were directed to a hotel a few feet away by a hastily aroused citizen, who stood discreetly behind a barrel.

We started late on the morning of the 6th. I had impressed on the Illustrator before retiring the necessity of our making a long day of it and sleeping that night at Caen, so that on the 7th our eighty-four miles to Havre could be made easily and our car turned over to be crated. It was this conversation which served the man as an excuse for oversleeping. He had worried over it, he said, reproachfully. Moreover, he intimated that the more I had here such facts, the more worried he would probably become, and so, fuming at the temperamental being which shies at truths, I packed the bags. Even so, with a feeling of "getting on" becoming as terrifying as a nightmare and more necessitous, we had a perfect day. A perfect day is one of sunshine, of good roads, of delightful scenes, and of incidents along the way. They may not be incidents which would bring pleasure to any but the man in the car, nor is his happiness necessarily derived from joyful events. The motorist is like the actor. He lives so continuously at high tension that he is inclined to revel in his emotions and can mourn as happily as rejoice.

It was at Lamballe, while we waited for essence, that we cried, both of us, unashamedly, with the village folk. And after all it was just an ordinary funeral, one of the seventh-class ones where the mourners walked behind the casket, which is borne upon the shoulders of the dead man's comrades. He was a soldier, the town of Lamballe told us; that was the reason for the band and the flag over the coffin lid, and soon he would have been married, but—"Hush, she comes!" and the town broke off to strain its neck decorously.

Then we waited for the girl and watched her clambering up the hill quite isolated from the rest of the women mourners, and quite unmindful. Had she been beautiful we would not have shed a tear. That triumphal march through her village would have been something for her ever to look back upon. But she was as hideous in her grief, so blushed with sorrow, so dreadful in cheap *crêpe*, so utterly un-French in her unconsciousness of everything along the hot and stony way but the losing of a stumpy little soldier, that the Illustrator lifted his hat again—for her—as though in the presence of as deep a mystery as death itself.

It was evening when we reached Mont St. Michel, the evening of the 6th, with Caen just eighty miles away. Had Caen been farther, had the moon not crept up so alluringly one side the Mont, had the sun not sunk down so enticingly the other side the Mont, were not the Abbey so fantastically blotted against the sky, we might have pressed on as our schedule bade and not have paused for dinner.

It was not the ramine of Madame Poulard which tempted us to linger. When one has eaten of her omelette twice one craves feverishly for an occasional failure, an omelette reminiscent of those heavy ones of St. Jo, Missouri, one that would keep down the pride of Madame Poulard and vary the monotony of her existence. A lifetime of omelettes and always good ones would be as miserable as a motor that nothing happened to.

We spoke of these things flippantly, secure in the good behavior of our car in time of need, as we walked along the causeway for our late start. Affectionately we approached our quadruped under guard of a small boy. The small boy rose from out the dust, and pointed silently to four great flabby, punctured tires.

We slept the heavy sleep of condemned men that night at Pontorson, ten miles away, where was a mechanician, who could, would, *should* mend the inner tubes at daybreak. They were our last ones, and no more on that side of the Atlantic would fit our wheels. The landlady assured us that we would not fail to awaken early. "It is market day to-morrow," she said, simply, "and there are geese." There were, but the mechanic had grown accustomed to the hooking of the early bird.

Still, by clammerings and epithets, we got away by noon of the seventh day, and started gingerly for Havre, knowing that any attempt at speed might burst the well-worn "shoes." Fearing a flood of passionate rebuke, the Illustrator presented alluring figures as we sauntered along the way, proving that the 100 miles to Havre could be done by midnight, and the car turned over to a long-suffering Consul for a later boat, while we, seizing our baggage which had been sent on ahead, would then seize the boat.

It is one of the traits of the Illustrator—a sweet trait it is generally called by those not brought into actual contact with it—to grow to believe in the theory that he is endeavoring to advance. He waxed so cheerful over the ease with which he could present "*pen ten*," to the astonished Consul a gay red motor-car that, when we eventually reached Caen, he was not content to devour the first meal at the first hotel he came across, but, having raked up, among musty memories, the famous dish *Tripe à la mode de Caen*, insisted upon a search for it.

This was maddening, and stormily I trailed after him through the old streets, rending the quiet air with threats in a language which the passer-by fortunately could not understand. At one restaurant it seemed that the dish was right within our grasp, but, as it happened, one of the peculiar ingredients for the sauce was not in stock. At another everything was at hand save the tripe, at a third only the sauce, and it was only the blackest visage I could assume which presented my travelling gourmet from carrying the tripe of the second café to the sauce of the last.

We got away by nine, after a gloomy tussle with a fowl as ancient as the town. The moon did not come up to greet us, and the French habit of going to bed with the chickens added to the difficulty of picking our way aided only by dim agricultural posts. We had, however, reached Pont Audemer before discovering that the ferry which was to take us across at Quillebeuf did not run at night. But such news was only slightly disheartening. The opinion of us both, jaws set at this stage of the game, was that it had got to run. And run it did for an immoderate exchange of gold for coal.

The Illustrator was very confident after this conquest of the ferry. He kicked his tires recklessly on the trip across the river and boasted of the next thirty miles being done in what is known as a "jiffy." But I, ever more cautious, respectfully sounded the captain of the craft as to the possibility of sailing all the way to Havre. So many things would happen to a motor-car, I confided to him, while a ferry-boat could only sink. This was an unfortunate statement, the skipper became mild-eyed, and the owner of the car, overhearing me, was so hurt at my lack of faith that I found myself, as usual, in an apologetic attitude; and as we meandered along the country roads.

We reached Lillebonne and passed it—far enough, indeed, for my spirits to rise with uncontrollable buoyancy. There are cults in this day which count largely on hope as a motive of success, but I myself am always prepared for the worst when beginning to grow sure. In confirmation of this theory, nine miles beyond Lillebonne, as my spirits reached top notch, quite rightly, on the brow of a hill, there was a sudden squeaking of the right fore wheel, a sudden twisting into the soft turf of the roadside, and a gentle lowering of the tourists on to the sod, but not under it, as the wheel fell off.

"Thank the Lord we were going slowly," said the Illustrator, as he picked me up. After all, such a nature is an ornament to any family, and, proud of being a part of it, I rose to the occasion. By the light of the lamps we examined the housing which is the steel in the interior of the hub, and found that from the loss of the hub cap, unnoticed in our anxiety, the oil had dried, and we had nothing more complicated, nor less serious, than a vulgar hot box, which had cracked the housing. At all events, the wheel was neatly severed from the body of the car. An operating surgeon would have called it "pretty." I will not say what the Illustrator called it.

Lamballe, where we waited for "essence"

The hour was two of the morning of the 8th. The distance fifteen—only fifteen miles from Havre. Two miles beyond lay the little village of St. Romain. Of what occurred from that time until nine, the sailing hour, we have but a confused recollection. I bore in mind that we must do three things; think quickly, keep our eyes on the time, and remember our French. With these and a flask of cognac we made Havre.

The flask of cognac was first presented tremblingly to a farmer whom we routed out, and who came from his cupboard in so dazed a condition that he took an instinctive pull at it, and then softened to our pleading. A few minutes later the farmer in his cart, with the wheel, myself, and the flask of cognac, were trotting soberly toward St. Romain. The Illustrator remained behind to guard the car. There had been some discussion as to the better place for me, whether with the farmer or with the machine, but a dull man is safer than a dark road, if not preferable, and, besides, there was the blacksmith to conciliate.

The flask was empty by the time the cracked bushing had been removed and a new one put in, and I, who sat in the smith's yard striking matches to see the time until day broke and there was no longer need, could have wept for a smallboy of the heartiness. Back on the roadside we found the Illustrator walking in circles and anathematizing our Glorious Fourth. We reappeared just as he was about to tear sarcastically into bits our tickets for the boat.

The wheel was put on, but we found that the bushing did not fill the axle, and as any attempt at speed might cause a return of the trouble, as well as burst our tires, we must again confine ourselves to the creeping of a baby. In this fashion, watches in hand, we went on toward Havre. We did not need our watches. Normandy is bejacked with clocks, all keeping various times. One hamlet would bring us immune relief and the next plunge us into profound despair. Tantalus was not more miserably placed. If we went fast, the result might be an indefinite halt, if we went slowly we would surely miss our boat. But even so Havre came to us—we could not have come to it. Until that day when the small things of life cease to make up the great things we shall never forget the first glimpse of the emblem of the Steamship Company as it waved from the office building, and the sound of a clock before us as it struck the quarter hour to nine.

With a howl of exasperation the Illustrator opened wide the throttle and the car leaped forward, only to be shut off in another instant, so quickly is the distance covered when one does and dares. At the office desk we panted for our trunks. The clerk nodded, and continued adding up his column.

"Quick, you, quick!" the Illustrator roared. "Would you have us miss the boat?"

The clerk looked up amazedly, and so did all the others in the office. The Illustrator and I stood in the lime-light of their inquiring glances.

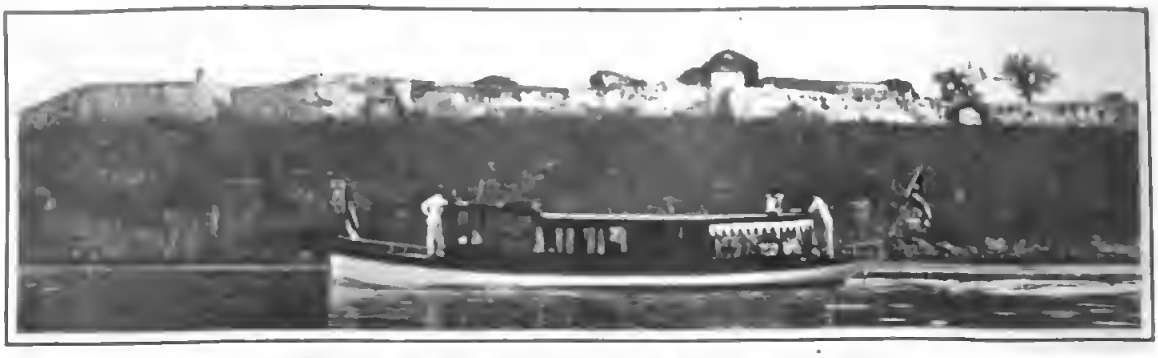
"The French boat, sir? The French boat sails to-morrow."

A film passed over our tired eyes. We clutched hands passionately; before all the office man and wife clutched hands. Some words were spoken. It matters little what they were, for a post-card handed to us read:

"This is too bad. You could have had another day with us. As you have probably discovered, we find that by some miscalculation we celebrated on the third. Bon voyage."

THE PAINTERS OF CONCARNEAU."

Pontivy is a place of some antiquity



President Gomez leaving Havana in his launch to review the army's target practice

One of the gun crews on the range near Havana

The mule howitzer battery in action

President Gomez reviewing the Rural Guards at Cabanas fortress

A mule battery going into action in the manoeuvres

The Signal Service Corps explaining operations to President Gomez, who is in light clothes next to the table

Noting the accuracy of the firing. President Gomez in the central figure, with his right hand in his trousers pocket

THE NEW ERA IN CUBA

THE CHANGE WHICH HAS COME OVER THE REPUBLIC IS REFLECTED IN THE MODERN EQUIPMENT AND TRAINING OF ITS ARMY

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To-morrow in Cuba

By William Hemmingway

Gen. Jose Miguel Gomez
PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF CUBA

Senor Alfredo Zayas
VICE PRESIDENT

"*El conoce su gente.*" This was the reply given by a careful student of Cuban conditions when asked the grounds on which he based his belief in the endurance of the new Cuban government. President Gomez "knows his people." He knows them, and they know him. He has a large and loyal following, a host of supporters who have stood by him through good fortune and through misfortune. There are others who will stand by him through a lively hope of favors to come, and there are few who will care or dare to oppose him.

"What of the man?" I asked.

"I have known him and have watched his career for ten years, ever since the occupation in 1899. I believe he is sincere; I believe he is honest; I am convinced of his patriotism; and I am sure of his firm intention to conduct a government that will be a credit to Cuba and a rebuke to those who doubt the ability of the Cubans to maintain a stable government."

So much for the opinion of an American who during the last ten years has investigated at first hand every phase and development of the Cuban situation, a scholar and man of affairs who knows the principal men of Cuba, and who understands the Cuban people as it is given to few foreigners to understand them. He has neither exploited the Cubans nor fought them nor fought for them, but has studied their ways with wisdom and sympathetic interest. His prediction that Cuba will maintain her autonomy will surprise most of our people, who, on the basis of the revolution of 1906 and the political corruption that caused it, are expecting more corruption and more revolution.

For the benefit of these sceptics, so sure of our own divine right to live as a nation and so doubtful of Cuba's endurance, let us read a few extracts from *The Critical Period of American History*—1783-1789, by John Fiske. The volume abounds with instances of difficulties and disturbances in our own young nation, beside which the late revolt in infant Cuba seems slight and transient. It was in the midst of our critical period that Jay wrote to Washington: "I am uneasy and apprehensive, more so than during the war." Internecine quarrels among our young States were not infrequent. Battles were fought and lives were lost. Commerce was sore distressed.

In the chapter headed "Drifting Toward Anarchy" Fiske writes:

"When reported in Europe, such incidents were held to confirm the opinion that the American confederacy was going to pieces. With quarrels about trade and quarrels about boundaries, we seemed to be treading the old-fashioned paths of anarchy, even as they had been trodden in other ages and other parts of the world. . . .

"When our ministers and agents in Europe raised the question as to making commercial treaties, they were disdainfully asked whether European powers were expected to deal with thirteen governments at with one. . . . We were twitted with our failure to keep our engagements with England with regard to the loyalists and the collection of private debts. . . . Jefferson, at Paris, was told again and again that it was useless for the French government to enter into any agreement with the United States, as there was no certainty that it would be fulfilled on our part; and the same things were said all over Europe."

Keeping in mind this picture of the early history of the United States, we may view with more sympathy the infancy of the Republic of Cuba. Let us examine closely José Miguel Gomez, the new President of the Republic. What manner of man is he? Has he integrity, intelligence, courage, strength of character? All of these qualities he has clearly shown thus far. Upon him will depend in great degree the future of Cuba; for there, as in all Spanish-American countries, the President exercises powers almost autocratic—if he is a man of strong, dominating character. José Miguel Gomez is such a man. The illustration that will best place him before the American mind is to say that in courage, moral and physical backbone, abundant will power, he measures up to the standard of Porfirio Diaz, who for more than thirty years has made Mexico prosperous. Whether or not he has the imagination of Diaz, his skill in statecraft, his genius for developing the resources of the country, will be indicated by his course during the next four years; but that he has the power to rule, the force of character that will prevent or nip in the bud any attempt at revolt, is already assured. Cuba's prospects under his administration are much brighter than they were under that of the first President, Don Tomas Estrada Palma, a fine old patriot who emerged from scholastic seclusion in New York State to assume command in Cuba, where he had been a stranger for a quarter of a century.

José Miguel Gomez comes of a good family, of pure Spanish descent, who have lived in Cuba for several generations. He was born in Cuba about fifty years ago, and he has lived there ever since. He is not, as some writers have said, a son of General Maximo Gomez, who was a Santo Dominican and not a Cuban at all. He was originally a cattle-raiser in Santa Clara Province, and his interests are decidedly those of *el guajiro*—the country folk. His special aim in the economic welfare of the producers, large and small, the real Cuban people. He served in the ten years' war—1868-1878—and in the revolution of 1895 he so distinguished himself in conflicts with the Spanish forces that he rose to the rank of major-general. During the first American intervention, of 1898, General Gomez was appointed civil governor of the province of Santa Clara, of which General James H. Wilson, United States Army, was the military governor. General Wilson speaks of General Gomez as a "vigorous and intelligent man of affairs, unremitting in his efforts to establish and maintain good government, and showing the most lively concern in the restoration of the agricultural and pastoral interests of the people."

General Gomez served as civil governor of Santa Clara Province during the Brooke and Wood régimes until the organization of the constitutional convention, of which he became a member, and in which he played an active and important part. After the establishment of the Palma government he again became Governor of Santa Clara Province. There was no better provincial government in the island than that of Santa Clara.

General Gomez was nominated for the office of President by the Liberal party in 1905, in opposition to President Palma, who was renominated by the Moderates. The history of that one-sided campaign is still fresh in the minds of all who concern themselves with Cuban affairs. The voter who was known to be a Liberal had very little chance to put his ballot in the box. The Palma administration elected its ticket by resorting freely to armed intimidation. Indeed, the political campaign of that year was described by Governor Magoon in his report for 1907 as follows:

"All the powers of the executive branch of the government were utilized to secure the success of the Moderate party in the national, provincial, and municipal elections, and measures were taken of such kind and character as to create a belief in the minds of a large number of the electors that the laws had been violated, the Constitution subverted, the rights of citizens invaded, and the character of the government changed; in other words, that recourse had been had to unlawful exercise of power and the perpetration of gross injustice to such an extent as to vitiate the elections. This belief led to the revolution (meaning 1906), and the investigation of the Peace Commission established that the belief was well founded."

It was not necessary to wait until election day to understand the hopelessness of the Liberal contest. Months before the election General Gomez and Senator Alfredo Zayas, the Liberal candidates for President and Vice President, withdrew from the contest. General Gomez, in an interview in New York, on September 27th, took this stand:

"Say I, who was brave enough to rebel against the Spanish government, which was one hundred times as strong as Palma is, I will not accept the responsibility of plunging my country into war."

Nevertheless, when the intolerable oppression of the Palma régime drove the people of Cuba into armed revolution in the following summer, General Gomez and several of his associates were arrested and thrown into prison upon the charge of conspiracy to overthrow the government. They were kept in prison until American intervention put an end to the revolution. Then Secretary Taft and Assistant Secretary Bacon held a long investigation into the causes of the revolt, and, although the first thought of the United States authorities was to uphold the Palma government against the *rebeldes*, the investigators were forced to the conclusion that the revolution was just and inevitable. Upon their recommendation, Washington asked President Palma to dismiss his cabinet; but poor, honest, old Don Tomas, although he had been misled by his officials, refused to turn them out of office. He resigned from office with them, and the whole government got out together. Possibly the threats of assassination that were made had much to do with the departure of Don Tomas from the palace and power, for the wife of the President was the daughter of a South-American ruler who had been assassinated, and it is true that the Palma family lived in a state of extreme apprehension for months.

Col. Justo Garcia Velez
SECRETARY OF STATE

Gen. Orestes Ferrara
PRES. OF HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Marcelino Diaz de Villegas
SECRETARY OF FINANCE

After two years of government by American officials the Cuban people recently elected General Gomez President and Senator Alfredo Zayas Vice-President of the Republic. They were inaugurated a few weeks ago.

What of the future of Cuba under the guidance and control of President Gomez? As has been said, he is as strong and dominant as Porfirio Diaz. Whether or not he shall develop as great constructive ability as the Mexican President remains to be seen; but his eagerness for Cuba's advancement there can be no doubt. Any one who threatens him with assassination will be killed or banished before he has time to do much harm.

General Gomez is a reserved, self-contained man. He does not speak one word of English, and he never has sought American society. Because he has not cultivated the acquaintance of Americans and is not much known among Americans he has been accused of being anti-American. As a matter of fact, he is not anti-American, but he is pro-Cuban, which is distinctly to his credit. Cuba is Cuba. It should be administered as Cuba; not as a pitiable imitation of the United States. The attitude of General Gomez does him credit. He is not antagonistic to the United States. There is a decided difference between truckling to the United States and standing for Cuba's best and highest interests.

The prospects of Cuba's material success would be greater if it were not for the handicap of $30,000,000 of debt left by the late provisional government. At the time of the recent transfer the provisional government made no accounting of its stewardship. From such figures as are obtainable from Governor Magoon's report, dated December 1, 1908 (page 169), it appears that the receipts during the term of American intervention were probably a little in excess of $95,000,000. All this appears to have been expended, leaving the new Cuban government with an empty treasury and with a mortgage on its revenues. Nevertheless there may not be a new Cuban loan.

Here is a significant fact! On the opening of the Cuban Congress on February 1st, the first message from President Gomez urged upon the Congress "the necessity of not passing any bills for special appropriations or enacting any laws which may include expenses until the Executive shall be able to count on funds to cover new demands."

In that message President Gomez outlined his programme thus:

"In the order of special legislation public instruction and agriculture occupy preferential places; as the first is the basis of all progress and the second the basis of all wealth." He urges the necessity of normal schools for the education of teachers, and believes that it is desirable to establish small night schools for day workers.

It is the expressed purpose of President Gomez to advance by all possible means the social, moral, and material interests of Cuba. In this ambition he will have the backing and sympathy of all far-seeing and intelligent Americans.

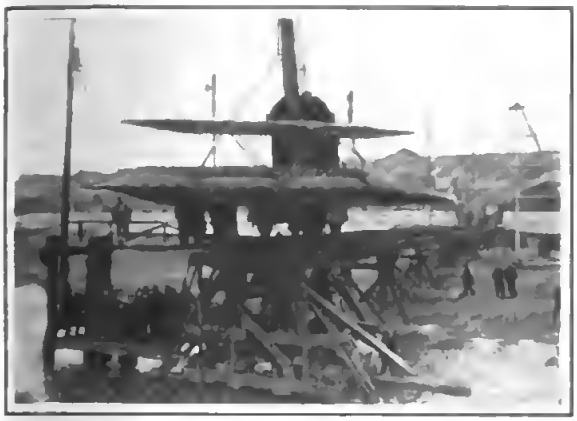
THE MAN HUNTER

DRAWN BY FRANK TENNEY JOHNSON

A "Wireless" Torpedo

THE accompanying photograph shows the new Gabet torpedo, which has just been turned out from the Creusot shipyard at Chalon sur Saône, France. It is capable of being directed during its flight by the Hertzian waves, without even a thread to connect it with the shore, so that it can be launched with deadly certainty even at a relatively slow rate of movement. The Gabet torpedo will, therefore, if it effect all that is claimed for it, have an almost revolutionary effect upon naval warfare.

In appearance it resembles a Whitehead, but is much larger, being nearly thirty feet in length. It is thus able to



The French torpedo, whose flight is guided by wireless electric influence

ride upon its course. The Hertzian waves are transmitted from a post fixed in the ground or from a skiff, and modify both the direction and the speed of the torpedo.

Hitherto it has been difficult to launch these implements of warfare with any appreciable success, since they are generally directed against a moving vessel and are, therefore, relatively slow in movement. The Gabet torpedo will, therefore, if it effect all that is claimed for it, have an almost revolutionary effect upon naval warfare.

In appearance it resembles a Whitehead, but is much larger, being nearly thirty feet in length. It is thus able to be charged with nearly two thousand pounds of explosive. Those who have seen it in operation state that it advances to reconnoitre the hostile vessel in the manner of a miniature submarine vessel, harasses it, and performs evolutions as though animated by intelligence, guided all the while by its invisible operator.

The Gentler View

THE DISQUIETUDE OF BEING LIKED

By Florida Pier

IT IS, an inspection, surprisingly great. Approval is something to be met with courage, and approbation requires a great deal of serious thought. What shall one do with it, where store it? It might be safer to return it; that would at least prevent its being lost. It is almost too much of a responsibility, and its very value arouses the suspicion in your mind that perhaps it was wrongly addressed. Those deluded persons who like you ought to be warned. You wish to behave fairly and you do not want to lose a charming appreciation, yet the fact of their so actively liking you suggests that they have somehow been misinformed. You are so enchanted with their amiability that you are particularly anxious they should not be deceived. They must know the truth. It may be a little difficult to tell them, as you are uncertain about it yourself; but some general term, dark but descriptive, such as "dub" or "wasp," would make you more comfortable and show them how wrong they had been in their judgment. Of course if, after setting them right, they continue to like you—ah, that is something you cannot be held responsible for. You have obviously done all that could be expected of you. If they go on, it may be pigheadedness, but it is no fault of yours.

When you in turn show that you like people, the nervous eyes and restless manner of the object of your regard should prove to you that your leaning has been observed and that the object is in a consequent stew and quandary. Their first and best instinct is to run. If they have been so unfortunate as to make a strikingly good impression they are no longer at ease in your presence, and wish to leave before they wreck the quite unintentional good they have accomplished. They have all the air of groaning, "Lord! now I have done it!" They will think gratefully of you at a distance, even tenderly and fondly; but the suggestion that they meet you—this fills them with terror, and they rush instead to spend the evening with some one who accepts them almost mindedly or even more or less dislikes them. In such company they are excited, happy, full of hope. At any moment they may make a conquest. There are such possibilities in a person who dislikes one. Their conversation is intoxicating: the conversation of an intelligent person, for they say frankly what you bore them, which settles definitely their intelligence. You bore yourself. Their agreeing with you proclaims their calibre.

They dislike you? Good heavens! the perspicuity of the creatures is amazing. You would like to discuss it with them and congratulate them on their clearness. You admire them, find them congenial, and, with the perversity that is in you, you cannot desist from an effort to spoil them, to banish them from your circle—in other words, to make them like you. You idiotically hover around the flame of their aversion, and the flapping of your silly wings extinguishes it.

There are many niceties in being liked, and, as they are things closely connected with us, we feel an artful, almost savage, interest in them. We dive down into a liking and bring up a cause. We think we are about to prove our advocates in the wrong, and we can hardly contain our pleasure. We have the wherewithal to trip them up, and it naturally makes us hilarious. We dangle the cause before them and ask, quizzingly: "Is that the reason you like me? Well, I've fooled you there, because I haven't it. You put that in yourself. It has nothing to do with me." And that being a clinching argument, we sit back convulsed with mirth and wait to see how the people who liked us are now going to behave. They are nonplussed, at a loss what to say, which only makes us rub our hands and chuckle. We have them now. It is ten to one that they will not have a word to say in defence of their soul preference. They are silent for a moment; then: "I've begun liking you and I haven't time to stop, so, if you haven't that characteristic, I'll have to like you, anyway. Now, please do not upset my plans again." Their stubbornness discourages us, naturally, but their weak mindedness appeals to us, and it is easily seen that they are in need of our protection. If they are going about liking every worthless creature, it is high time some one looked out for them. We constitute ourselves their guard, and, though it may appear to be reciprocated affection, it is nothing more or less than concern for the irresponsible. Every time they are on the point of liking any one we remind them that they liked us, and remark severely that one blunder is all we think they should permit themselves. This, it may be imagined, makes them very careful.

Boys have been driven away to sea because their mothers so adored them. They have tried being wayward, but it is an exhausting business to perpetually remain the worst boy in the village when one's inclinations draw one to a quieter life. Going to sea is their only chance of leading a harmless existence, and, at the same time, leaving the impression firmly behind in a mother's mind that one is a good-for-nothing. To recall the really nice youngsters who have strained their powers of mischievousness in an effort to down their mothers' exalted idea of them is quite a saddening reflection. One understands perfectly that a boy could not sleep in peace while some one held the belief that his virtues existed, though hidden. Rather than remain in an atmosphere where persons who should have known better are obtrusively proud of him, the wrapping of a few necessities in a pocket handkerchief, the stealing over mouldy roofs, and sullen start for the nearest seaport is preferable, though difficult and chilling. The consciousness that ships do not agree with him, and that homesickness will surely assail him, does not make him waver in the least. It is imperative for his growth that he be where people do not think too well of him, and his infantile, unwilling penalty as he is overtaken is a last useless effort to get there.

There used to be a trial known as living on a pedestal, and it was an admittedly unsteady perch. But the phrase implied that one allowed oneself to be placed as the alarming thing, and even made a half hearted attempt to balance there, smiling debonairly as though lounging comfortably and with plenty of room to stretch. Your hurried returns after excursions to lower and happier regions you covered up with affable bows to any one approaching on bent knees. The result from this form of punishment has been so great that we are now an the extreme and still heated tail of it. It was in the very beginning of things that we refused to be boosted up to the desired heights, and men still have a deep-rooted dislike of pedestals even as innocuous pieces of furniture. They know there is only a potted palm atop, but they do not like the things about. Memories disturb them, and they see no reason for thinking decorative a thing that so unpleasantly reminds them. Even after people walked jauntily on a level with their inferiors they had trouble with wives and husbands who possessed horrid measuring eyes. They knew, in spite of the silence maintained, that the owners of those eyes thought they, the objects of their admiration, would be becoming to a slight elevation. There is still in the air a latent desire to look up, and such is the feeling left by the reaction that people, provoked by the mildest glance of liking, shout: "Don't you do it! I'm not anything you think I am. Oh, oh, oh! I won't have it! I like it, but don't you dare do it! I know you. If I give you an inch you'll take an ell and put me an top of it. It doesn't matter if you have taken a fancy to me. I may never be like this again. Don't you let it raise your hopes. Get out! I won't talk to you. It will make a precedent, and then where will I be? You'll hold it over me and enlarge upon it, and presently you will tell me I'm a conversationalist, and I'll have to be a conversationalist always. Go away! Go away! I don't trust you!" It is only after years of assuring them that you expect nothing of them, that you believe not one of the pleasing things you have heard regarding them, and that personally you know them for a rather mediocre human, that they consent to let you like them, and slow gradually all the qualities they warned you so rigorously they did not have.

Remarkable Feats of American Horsemanship

BEFORE Mr. Roosevelt left the White House he made a ninety-eight mile ride in seventeen hours as an example of what might be expected of a good horseman, and to demonstrate that our army officers are not put to an over severe test in their practice rides. No one wishes to discredit the prowess of the ex-President when in the saddle, but his performance appears exceedingly tame when compared with the stories told of the riders of the Pony Express between St. Joe, the old Western frontier post, and the Pacific coast. The exploits of these horsemen, as recounted by a man who withholds his name, but claims intimate knowledge with the facts, were truly wonderful:

"Bob Haslam made a regular daily trip from Fort Churchill to Smith's Creek (120 miles). On one occasion he rode from Virginia City to Smith's Creek (185 miles; and, after an hour's sleep, rode the return trip, covering 370 miles with only one hour out of the saddle, and made the round ride on schedule time.

"Johnny Moore rode between Muddy Station in western Nebraska and Julesburg. On one occasion he finished this ride and, finding at Julesburg an important government despatch, rested seven minutes, then flung himself upon a horse and was away. He arrived at Muddy Station, having ridden the round trip of 280 miles in precisely fourteen hours and forty minutes.

"Bill Cody's (Buffalo Bill) daily ride was from Red Butte on the Platte to Three Crossings on the Sweetwater, and his schedule required him to ride fifteen miles an hour. Cody once rode from Three Crossings to Red Butte and there being no rider at the latter place to take the lodged on, he continued for another eighty five miles and then rode back to Three Crossings, covering a total distance of 322 miles on schedule time and without being out of the saddle except to change mounts."

Electric Train Service Through the Rockies

THE line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, between the eastern ranges of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific coast, is to be electrified and the entire power is to be generated from the numerous waterfalls which are immediately adjacent to the main line of the road.

The recent announcement of this plan by the Canadian Pacific officials was not given lightly, for during the past year experts have secretly made a thorough investigation of the watercourses along this Western system, and have reported that an abundance of water-power is available. To be exact, the description of the waterfalls was that they are capable of developing "energy sufficient to run all the railways in the world."

Acting upon the advice of the electrical experts, the Canadian Pacific has secured options on all of the water sites in British Columbia where it may be necessary to erect power plants, and some of the most important locations have already been purchased. No definite time has been set for the completion of this new step in Western railroading, but it can be only a few years until passengers on the Canadian Pacific will be able to view the wonderful scenery of the Northwest from the open platforms of observation cars, and escape the disagreeable cinders and smoke which are inevitable at the present day.

PURE MILK FOR BABY.

Sanitary milk production was first started by Gail Borden in the early fifties. The best systems to-day are largely based on his methods, but none are so thorough and so rigidly enforced as the Borden system. For over fifty years the Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has proved its claim as the best food for infants. ●"●

THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT is "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA." 25 cents a bottle. ●"●

Use BROWN'S Camphorated, Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the teeth. Delicious. 25 cents per jar. ●"●

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LESS MEAT

Advice of Family Physician.

Formerly people thought meat necessary for strength and muscular vigor.

The man who worked hard was supposed to require meat two or three times a day. Science has found out differently.

It is now a common thing for the busy physician to order less meat, as in the following letter from a N. Y. man:

"I had suffered for years with dyspepsia and nervousness. My physician advised me to eat less meat and greasy foods generally. I tried several things to take the place of my usual breakfast of chops, fried potatoes, etc., but got no relief until I tried Grape-Nuts food.

"After using Grape-Nuts for the cereal part of my meals for two years, I am now a well man. Grape-Nuts benefited my health far more than the $300 worth of medicine I had taken before.

"My wife and children are healthier than they had been for years, and we are a very happy family, largely due to Grape-Nuts.

"We have been so much benefited by Grape-Nuts that it would be ungrateful not to acknowledge it."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Sending our approval, without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT until you see and ride the bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a part of any price until you receive our latest art catalogue illustrating every kind of bicycle, and learn our wonderful offers and the unheard-of prices and terms we can make you.

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TIRES, Coaster-Brakes, Sundries and all kinds of half usual prices.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. A CHICAGO

A revival of the "beauty spot." The latest fashion in face patches as displayed in London

Henri Paterson, Dunbar Poole, and O. Paterson, the judges of the northern games at Stockholm

A new German idea for roller-skates. The new skate is especially adapted for racing purposes

Basuto chiefs who visited England to express their loyalty to King Edward, photographed on the steps of St. Paul's while sight-seeing

Sergeant-Major Katie Baker, of the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry Corps, recruiting nurses for England's new territorial army in London

The balloon by means of which the British suffragettes strove to enter the House of Commons

The King of Spain as a man of affairs at work in his private study. Alfonso is a ruler of exceptional ability, and is actively interested in the welfare of his people

CHIPS FROM THE WORLD'S WORKSHOP

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Cook's Golden Jubilee

Forty years ago, in Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne, American ingenuity solved the problem of producing on this side of the Atlantic, a champagne which, in point of flavor, bouquet, life, and sparkle, equalled the best of foreign wines.

Prior to that time it was the popular belief that only grapes grown on the hills of France and Spain possessed the necessary qualifications for wine making, and that only the wine makers of Southern Europe understood the art of pressing the juice from grapes and converting it into sparkling champagne.

American wine growers, however, were not slow to prove the fallacy of that belief. In certain sections of the country the soil and climatic conditions were found to be ideal for the cultivation of wine-making grapes, and it is now a generally accepted fact that the grapes grown in some of those favored localities surpass in juiciness and flavor the finest foreign specimens.

One of the first champagnes made from these luscious domestic grapes was Cook's Imperial. That was in 1859. It was an excellent champagne then; it is a better champagne today, for it is a well-known fact that champagne quality improves with the age of the vineyard. Cook's Imperial has been made from grapes grown in the same vineyard for the past half-century, during which time it has constantly grown in popular favor.

The makers of this most excellent champagne have good reason to feel proud of the splendid record it has made during the past fifty years, and the Golden Jubilee of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is noteworthy as being another indication of American skill and progress.

THE PRUDENTIAL MAKES GREATEST GAIN

Of any Life Insurance Company in the World.

Farmer United States Senator John F. Dryden, President of The Prudential Insurance Company, in a letter to the agency force of The Prudential, reviews that Company's achievements for 1908.

The year proved to be the most remarkable year in the history of The Prudential. Here are some of the especially noteworthy achievements:

The Company surpassed all previous Prudential records in the volume of Industrial Insurance written.

The total Ordinary and Industrial business written amounted to over $300,000,000.

The Prudential now has the largest assets and the largest income in its history, and in 1908 it surpassed all its previous records in its payments.

The year saw a larger and more permanent agency force in the services of the Company, with increased earnings.

The expense of management was also decreased.

The New Low Rate Industrial and Ordinary policies were heartily approved by the public.

The Company is very proud of this record, achieved during a time of business depression.

President Dryden makes the following interesting statement and prediction:

"The richest nation on earth is only in the infancy of its prosperity, and, having successfully passed a temporary and brief period of business depression, has resumed a vigorous and rational growth, auguring well for a year of splendid business development and a future unbounded in its possibilities."

Since the figures of the other big American life insurance companies have been issued, it is shown that The Prudential in 1908 made the greatest gain in Life Insurance in force in 1908, $97,000,000, of any life insurance company in the world. This indicates that The Prudential is going forward with greater strides than ever, and has certainly struck the popular clover with its low-cost, all-guaranteed policies for all members of the family.

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We have trained hundreds of men who had no former experience as salesmen and who formerly earned from $25 to $75 per month to be Traveling Salesmen and assisted them to secure positions on the road where they have since earned from $100 to $500 per month and expenses. We will do the same for you. Our Course in Practical Salesmanship is endorsed by Salesmanagers of leading firms everywhere. We maintain the largest Free Employment Bureau in the world with offices in five cities, and receive hundreds of calls for salesmen. Our graduates earn big salaries for they get results. If you want to increase your earnings and enter the most pleasant, best paid profession on earth, our Free Book, "A Knight of the Grip" will show you how. Write nearest office for it today.

Dept. 207 NATIONAL SALESMAN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION, New York, Chicago, Kansas City, Minneapolis, San Francisco.

Mr. Taft's Bed in the White House

The accompanying photograph shows the elaborately carved bedstead which was presented to President Taft by the Filipinos, and was used by him in the Philippines and later in his Washington residence. It has now been installed in the White House. In construction, it suggests the sturdiness of Mr. Taft.

Where our foremost American seeks the realms of Morpheus

A Man who Died to Save a Town

This little town of Nacozari, in the district of Sonora in northern Mexico, has doubtless set aside November 7th as a day for thanksgiving, because on that date, 1907, most of its inhabitants were saved from a violent death through the heroism of a single man, who lost his own life in protecting the lives of many.

Jesus Garcia was the locomotive engineer on a narrow-gauge railroad which was operated by the Pilares Mines, and which had a station at Nacozari, where a stop was regularly made to take water. On the above-mentioned day in November, 1907, Garcia pulled his freight-train up to the water-tank, carefully set the brakes so as to cause as little shock as possible, and, when the cars had come to a complete stop, proceeded to fill the reservoir in the tender. There was ample reason to handle this train gently, because the cars were loaded with dynamite for the mines.

While Garcia was walking around his engine, pouring in oil for the last stage of the climb up the hills, he was startled by a shout from one of his brakemen in Spanish, "Run for your life! the train's afire!"

Looking hastily back, Garcia saw the roof of one of the cars smoking, while the train crew and the, a moment before, indolent bystanders were fleeing in every direction. Without a moment's hesitation the engineer ran to his cab, climbed aboard, and threw open the throttle. He hoped to draw his dangerous freight beyond the outskirts of the village, where an explosion could do no immediate damage, and then, his duty done, to betake himself to a place of safety if there yet remained time.

The train rumbled slowly away from the station, the only persons on board being Garcia and a young American boy, who was stealing a ride behind the tender, and who had failed to understand the warning cry in Spanish. Fortune seemed to favor the daring engineer; for the village proper was now several hundred yards behind, and the cars were passing a section house, the last building near the tracks, when—the explosion came! The detonation was terrific, and for miles around not a single whole pane of glass remained, while the inhabitants of Nacozari were stunned by the awful shock. But the immediate scene of the explosion gave testimony of the terrible force exerted by the dynamite. The train was completely obliterated, and the section house near by, in which there had been a few Mexicans, was blown into fragments. A jagged chasm, twenty-five feet deep, marked the location of the train when the dynamite let go. Needless to say, nothing that resembled Garcia was ever found.

No sooner had the people of Nacozari recovered from the excitement and consternation of the catastrophe, and had realized from what a fate they had been spared, than a means of expressing their immeasurable gratitude toward their preserver was sought. He left no family dependent upon his support, so it was decided to erect a memorial to commemorate his unselfish courage. A subscription was immediately started in the little village, practically every inhabitant putting his or her name to the list, and the amount grew rapidly.

The story of Garcia's heroism spread throughout the country, and the Mexican government became interested. This interest took material form, and in January of the present year the announcement was made that the National government had contributed the sum of $50,000 for a monument to Jesus Garcia. This heaped has raised the fund to a very handsome figure, and a noted sculptor has been engaged to furnish an appropriate design for the memorial.

He who voluntarily undertakes a mission in the cause of humanity, with a practically inevitable death penalty attached as a reward of service, and who never hesitates or falters before his task, is truly a hero and martyr. Jesus Garcia was such a man, and his name and the memory of his act should become a precious tradition to every Mexican.

Song

To You—Louise

Dear Louise, the spring sweet breeze,
Blowing the frail leaves of young trees,
May never stir unless it sigh
Of your light voice and changeful eye;
The floods the breeze
To meet far seas,
My dear Louise.

Dear Louise, when you shall please
There waits for you on yonder leas,—
Where leans the moon from out the sky,
And stars look down to wish you nigh—
Long love for you—when you shall please,
My dear Louise!

CHARLOTTE RUYDARD.

JOHN JAMESON
★ ★ ★
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A Genuine Panama
Express Prepaid
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Fit for a King. Light, cool, dressy, comfy warm, adjustable to 7 shapes, blocked and trimmed all ready to wear. Soft as silk braid and leather sweat band. $10.00 value, sent prepaid for $4.00. Many two grades. We import direct through Galveston from South America. Order to-day. Money back. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address

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Buy a Battery That's Guaranteed

Our experience of 20 years makes us able to make the ALDEN Battery a long, reliable one. Guarantee bond that gives you 6 months to test it. Then if not satisfactory, send it back and get your money back. Costs no more than others. Write for FREE booklet.

THE ALDEN ELECTRICAL MFG. CO.
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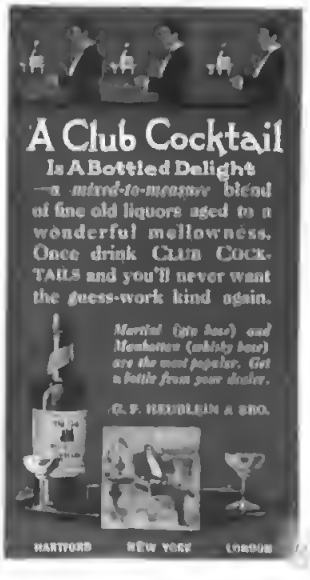

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Manhattan (Rye base) and Manhattan (whisky base) are the most popular. Get a bottle from your dealer.

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HARTFORD NEW YORK LONDON

Finance

THE TREASURY DEFICIT AND THE TARIFF REVISION

By Franklin Escher

FROM the standpoint of the man who wants to see the tariff put on a scientific basis, it is greatly to be regretted that the outgoing administration's legacy of debt makes it necessary that the revision of the tariff should be undertaken with one eye on the growing deficit. A deficit is something with which, in late years, the American people have grown entirely unfamiliar; something, in fact, which we have come to associate vaguely with the troubled financial problems of governments other than our own. But now that we are face to face with a revision of the tariff which, it is believed, means lower duties all along the line, there is a strong disposition to look into the question of the growing deficit, its causes and possible remedy, and the influence which it is likely to exert on the impending tariff legislation.

Prone to wonder at the extravagance of foreign governments, as illustrated by the £20,000,000 deficit with which England finds herself faced, a good many people will be shocked by the realization that in the eight months of the present fiscal year we have managed to run up a deficit of $80,000,000 ourselves. Continued at the same rate, the end of the fiscal year will see a balance on the wrong side of $120,000,000, a not inconsiderable sum even for a country as rich as this. The government's whole income in the past fiscal year was but $601,000,000.

Nor has the deficit been mainly caused, as many suppose, by a falling off in revenues. Revenues have fallen off somewhat, it is true, but during the past eight months we have actually spent $15,000,000 more than during the corresponding period last year. No effort has been made, apparently, to cut the coat according to the cloth, to limit amounts spent to amounts received. Nineteen hundred and eight was a year in which the whole country was content to economize—but not the government. As a result, the new administration begins its labors seared in the face by the prospect of a deficit of at least $125,000,000 for the present fiscal year, and a deficit for 1910 estimated by Secretary Cortelyou at $143,000,000. Evidently, it is time something were done.

Expenses cannot be cut down. As Senator Carter explains in the last *North American Review*, there are points at which the government's expenses might be reduced, but on likelihood whatever that they will be reduced. Rural free delivery, the Canal, river and harbor improvements, all these are frightfully expensive, but they must be kept up. Evidently the problem must be met from the other side; it is not expenses which must be reduced, but income which must be increased. Acting on which principle many an individual has got himself into deep water, but governments, presumably, are different.

Leaving out of consideration, for the time being, the tariff, there are two ways in which the government can put more money into the Treasury. The first is through the sale of bonds, and the second is through the imposit of taxes such as we had during the Spanish War, or possibly the establishment of an income tax. Selling bonds to get out of debt is an operation which would remind no strongly of Mr. Micawber's finance transactions in the "money market" were it not for its popularity with foreign finance ministers. When such countries as England and Germany regularly sell bonds to fill in their annual deficit, we probably need not feel worried in the least at the necessity of following their example. With regard to a special tax to produce more income, that is something to which we grew quickly accustomed ten years ago, and is an undoubtedly effective way of raising revenue.

Before resorting to the issue of the one year three-per cent. bonds which the Secretary of the Treasury is empowered at his discretion to put out to the extent of $100,000,000, it is altogether likely that all the remaining authorized Panama 2's will be issued and sold. Even at the rate at which the Canal expenses are running, the sale of these bonds would supply the Treasury with a working balance for a good while to come. The trouble with this comparatively simple plan is that the market for government 2's has become none too good. Commenting on this point an inspired publication points out that the various Panama loans were all marketed by the government at prices ranging from 1½ to 3½ points higher than may now be obtained, the bonds having recently sold down to just a fraction above par. Under the circumstances, and especially in view of the fact that government bonds held by the banks to secure circulation and government deposits show a loss on the cost price of from $20,000,000 to $25,000,000, it is somewhat of a question how further offers of bonds would be received.

It was only a few years ago that national banks which wanted to take out circulation bid up to 110 for government 2's. At that time what has happened since appeared impossible—except to a few "theoretic ians" who kept asserting that such prices for any kind of a two-per cent. security were nothing short of inflation. Nobody could foresee that within so short a time the government's abounding revenue would be turned into a deficit, that the government's deposits in the national banks would be cut down to one third, thus almost doing away with the demand for bonds to secure deposits. And yet that was exactly what happened, and what, in connection with the present lack of profit on circulation, has brought the price of the bonds so low and the banks face to face with their big loss.

This question of the possibility of the sale of more Panama bonds is a matter of cold fact, and has in it nothing whatever of sentiment or of reflection on the government's credit. That there should be any question of the sale above par of a two-per-cent. bond shows in itself how wonderfully strong that credit is. But ours is a growing financial system and one in which developments are continually taking place, developments which must be met and handled. We have been accustomed to see our banks bidding anywhere from 100 to 110 for as many government 2's as the government wanted to put out, but that is no longer the case. Later on, things may change back to where they were—revenues increase again and government deposits in the banks again create a big demand for government bonds. That, however, is conjecture, and the quotation of just a fraction above par for the Panama 2's is fact.

Coming down to the second way in which the deficit can be filled in it is more than likely that before long we shall be paying a tax on many of the articles which yielded so much revenue during the Spanish War. Nowhere does there seem to be the slightest question but that a tax for revenue could be easily imposed and would readily be paid. There are opponents of the idea, of course; no measure of this kind is ever adopted without meeting a certain amount of opposition. But, on the whole, there is no doubt that the people would be ready enough to pay such a tax, especially if the idea became general that it was a temporary measure, designed merely to tide over the time until government receipts from ordinary sources became normal again.

All sorts of other plans for raising revenue have been proposed—death duties such as they have in England, income *taxes*, taxes on revenue derived from interstate commerce. Each of these plans has its merits, and, if the condition of the government's finances does not soon improve, each will have its ardent advocates. With regard to these plans as a whole, however, it may be said that they are not apt to be seriously considered until it has been shown that the less radical measures are ineffective. We are an optimistic people, and most of us believe that the present condition of the national finances is a purely temporary matter, a passing phase of the hard times of last year. If it is necessary, in order to tide over, to put a tax on telegrams or patent medicine or beer, well and good—that is a temporary matter, and Congress can at any time take off such a tax in five minutes. But an income tax, for instance, is a far more serious matter, an entirely new institution, and one with far-reaching political possibilities. An income tax may be necessary after all, but it is safe to say that it will not be tried until there has been demonstrated beyond a possible doubt the inefficacy of the less radical plans for raising revenue.

So much for the Treasury deficit and its possible remedies—what will be its bearing on pending tariff legislation? Primarily, of course, to prevent any revision which will result in decreased revenues. That the old Dingley schedules need to be thoroughly overhauled is something on which every one seems to agree. But always there has been before the Ways and Means Committee (which has the revision in charge) the fact that this fiscal year will show a deficit of at least $125,000,000, and that the deficit for 1910 is officially estimated at $143,000,000 more. These are big figures. Going along as we are now, they mean the extinction of the government's credit balance. Taxes sufficient to raise that amount of money will have to be pretty heavy. Under the circumstances, those who have the tariff revision in charge will have to see to it that nothing is done to cause a further falling off in customs receipts.

By no means, however, does that mean that there will not be heavy cuts in the tariff. There will, and in many important lines, such as steel manufactures, reductions have already been made in anticipation. But, on the other hand, a good many articles now on the free list will be made dutiable. However desirable it might be to effect a lowering of the tariff all along the line, there is this insistent question of revenue to be kept constantly in mind—what is to be done now must be rather in the way of a readjustment than a general breaking down of the tariff barrier.

It is undeniable that the lowering of the tariff on a good many manufactured products will so stimulate imports as to produce more revenue, even at the lower rate. Where this is the case it is pretty well known; the Ways and Means Committee has had a force of experts at work for a year, and is presumably in a position to know everything that can be foretold about the effect of changes in the tariff. So that where imports will be stimulated without, of course, too adversely affecting business interests, it may be assumed that the reductions will be made. But in cases where the result is in doubt it is unlikely that there will be cuts of any consequence without compensating increases on other articles. It is a beautiful theory that sweeping reductions will so stimulate imports as to yield an actually increased revenue, but the deficit staring us in the face is altogether too real a proposition for theoretical treatment.

In the interest of the best and most scientific revision of the tariff it would be a good thing if this question of the deficit could be disregarded, but with the Treasury finances in their present shape it is imperative that no experiments be tried which might further decrease customs revenues. Empirical customs legislation has no place at a time when the government is spending from a quarter to a half million dollars a day more than it is taking in. We have been committed by the Sixtieth Congress to a policy involving unprecedented expenditures—let us take no chances with the income at our command. Where it is deemed advisable to cut down the tariff, and where it can be done without too great loss of revenue, let it be done. But let the consumer who is clamoring for lower duties remember first that the money will have to be raised anyway—if not by customs duties then by direct taxation—and further, that with a nation as with an individual a proposed line of action must often be governed by the condition of one's pocketbook.

A. V.—I am not a subscriber to HARPER'S WEEKLY, *but want to ask the following question: Wouldn't it have been more profitable in the end of 1907 to have bought Dickson convertible 5's than the convertible 4's?*

The 4's turned out the better buy. They sold down to 80, while the 5's just broke 90. There is now only a difference of about two points between them.

H. M. B.—The money in circulation in the United States, per capita, is greater than ever before. Will you please explain how this amount is increased and diminished?

Of all the different kinds of money in circulation there are three kinds whose volume is continually changing—gold coin, gold certificates (which represent gold deposited in the Treasury), and the national banks' notes.

The total of gold coin in the country is being continually added to or diminished (1) by imports from or exports to foreign countries, (2) by new gold taken out of the mines. The total of gold certificates is being continually changed by deposits of gold for which certificates are issued, and by presentations of certificates in order to get gold. The volume of bank notes expands ostensibly when circulation is in demand, but really when the bonds on which it is secured are cheap.

W. B.—(1) I own some 40 shares Pittsburg Terminal first 5's which cost me 64. Would it be better to sell out and take my loss or accept the "plum"? (2) Finding even the second-grade railway bonds too high, I am minded to buy trolley bonds such as Indianapolis Traction Terminal first 5's which net over five per cent. at present. Can these be classed in the same category of reasonably safe investments as the second-grade railroad bonds, such as Southern Railway Consol. dated 5's?

(1) We should advise you not to sell your bonds at a loss, but to put them in under the plan. (2) Public service bonds are certainly an attractive form of investment at present when most of the standard railroad issues are selling as high as they are. A number of good traction bonds which can be bought to yield five per cent. can be called "reasonably safe investments." We should hardly be inclined, however, to class them with the grade of railroad bond you mention which sells on a better basis.

F. D. S.—Kindly advise me in your finance column if you consider American Shipbuilding Company preferred at 105 a good investment, and what rate of interest this stock pays.

American Shipbuilding preferred ranks well up among the solid seven per cent. industrials which sell between par and 110 and net the buyer around six and one half per cent. In the panic of November, 1907, the stock did not go below 86, and during most of 1908 sold in the upper nineties. According to the last report the company's earnings figure out 9.78% on the common, and as there is a surplus reported of $6,012,557, the preferred dividend seems safe. As a business man's risk carrying a high-interest return we consider it an attractive investment.

S. A. Q.—Would you say that up to the end of February there had been any general reduction of wages in the steel industry?

In the ore fields and in one or two other branches connected with the steel industry there have been reductions in wages, but no general cut was made until the Lackawanna Steel Company announced its ten per cent. reduction on the 1st of March.

V. K. U.—Regarding this much-mooted question of interest on brokers' loans, what fixes the rate which the broker is charged by the bank from day to day? I mean is the rate all a call loan.

When there is any change in the rate the bank notifies the broker. "We mark your loan at so-and so." This is what is called the renewal-rate. If the broker is dissatisfied, he can go and pay off his loan.

R. K.—Is there any chance of the Père Marquette's being taken into any of these combinations now being made?

There is a rumor in the Street that this road will be bought by Canadian Pacific and made the connecting link between Chicago and Detroit in a new southerly transcontinental route. There is sense in this idea, but so far as we know it is a rumor and nothing more.

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Some Facts Concerning Coal

The commercial interests of the country have suffered acutely during the past eighteen months, owing to the interruption to business caused by the October, 1907, panic, which prevented many manufacturing enterprises from operating at anything like their normal capacity.

The depression in the great iron and steel enterprises of the country caused railroad tonnage to fall off to an appreciable degree, which in turn caused a reduction in purchases of these great consumers of coal; the coal industry therefore suffering a setback, in actual percentage of coal consumed as against the high point, never before experienced. The result has been a temporary distrust of some coal securities as an investment.

However, notwithstanding the present conditions and recent gloomy outlook, the fact remains that well-selected and properly financed coal properties have a history of satisfactory profits, averaged for a term of years, that few industries can excel.

The coal consumption of the United States has doubled every ten years.

Coal in the ground, with few exceptions, has increased in value at a greater rate than the legal rate of interest on the money invested.

The exhaustion of the available coal of good quality and cheap development is more rapid than is generally recognized.

These facts give a basis for a semi-speculative investment, and should prove inviting for a study of the merits of any well-managed coal property. In normal times, opportunities now afforded for the purchase of coal securities and coal properties would not be open to the general public.

This is evidenced in the present offering of the unsold portion of the 7 per cent. *cumulative convertible* preferred stock of the JED COAL & COKE COMPANY, amounting to $132,000.00.

This property is located in the heart of the Pocahontas Region, in Macdowell County, West Virginia, on the line of the Norfolk & Western Railroad.

The capital stock of this company is $300,000.00 Preferred Stock and $300,000.00 Common Stock. Of the Common Stock, $273,000.00 is outstanding; $253,000.00 of which was paid for in cash at par and $20,000.00 was given for the lease of the property, which consists of 1,200 acres of the best quality Pocahontas coal. Of the Preferred Stock, $168,000.00 is outstanding, and the balance is in the treasury of the company, and is now offered for sale at par; the proceeds to be expended for the completion of necessary equipment and to furnish working capital. This stock is preferred in dividends to the Common Stock, and is convertible into the latter stock any time within four years from January 1, 1909. Before the convertible period expires we confidently believe that the Common Stock should earn and pay dividends of not less than 20 per cent.; so that the option to exchange gives the holder an opportunity to participate in all the profits of the company.

The officers and directors of the JED COAL & COKE COMPANY are all experienced and successful coal operators, and the offering of this stock to the investing public affords an opportunity for investors to become associated with successful coal operators in what promises to be a very profitable enterprise.

A letter addressed to T. H. WATKINS & COMPANY, Incorporated, Room 1503, Empire Building, No. 71 Broadway, New York, or Republican Building, Scranton, Pa., requesting full particulars regarding this enterprise, will receive prompt attention.

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Sculpturing an Athletic Feat

The statuette shown in the photograph, to be exhibited at the Paris Salon, is the work of Dr. R. T. McKenzie, physical director of the University of Pennsylvania. It illustrates a feat that is popular in

One way to pick up a baseball

Scotland, where the dirk is used as the object to be picked up in the contorted way shown in the statuette. Dr. McKenzie adopted the idea, but his model was an American athlete picking up a baseball.

Financing an Aerial Navy

A new impetus has been given to the science of aerial navigation by a combination recently effected of the interests of Glenn H. Curtiss, of Hammondsport, New York, and Captain Thomas S. Baldwin, of Tuckahoe, New York, with that of A. M. Herring, of New York City. It is understood that Mr. Herring, who invented the apparatus whereby the gliding aeroplane automatically maintains its equilibrium without the attention of the operator, will be the principal director in the new company. The financial backers of the concern are among the wealthiest members of the Aero Club of America. The merged aerial interests will operate the Curtiss factory at Hammondsport, although Mr. Herring may continue to build a few aeroplanes in New York and Captain Baldwin to build airships at Tuckahoe.

Although no official announcement to that effect has been made it is understood that the formation of this pioneer American aerial navigation company is due to a patriotic desire to develop the best means of flight in this country quite as much as to a desire for profit. Mr. Curtiss is the man who built the "June Bug" which won the *Scientific American* aeroplane cup last year by flying a mile. Mr. Herring is the pioneer flying machine maker of America, and in June he will deliver one of his machines to the government. Captain Baldwin is one of the best known dirigible-balloon builders.

As an immediate effect of the amalgamation, Messrs. Curtiss and Herring will jointly work upon all aeroplanes which the company will build. The first aircraft to be constructed under the arrangement will be the aeroplane ordered by the Aeronautic Society of New York.

This craft will combine both the proven theories that Mr. Curtiss has successfully demonstrated and many of the ideas which Mr. Herring will include in his type of machines. Most important among these is Mr. Herring's solution of the problem of automatic control.

This machine will be shown at the May exhibition of the organization at Morris Park race-track, upon which occasion Mr. Curtiss hopes to demonstrate that it is possible for an operator to sail an aeroplane without paying the least attention to his balance.

Another machine is being built which will be sent to England in May to compete in the Channel races which the Aeroplane Club of Great Britain is promoting. It is also purposed to build a machine which will fly in the International Aviation Cup Race which will be held in Paris in June. The winner of this contest receives a cash prize of five thousand dollars besides a cup which goes to the club which he represents. The winning club likewise is designated as the supervisor of the next race which is held on its territory.

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Practically, all the other lines shown in Indiana and Ohio are owned by the same interests. Ultimately these various lines will be welded into one unified whole. The steadily increasing value of all *underlying* bonds becomes apparent.

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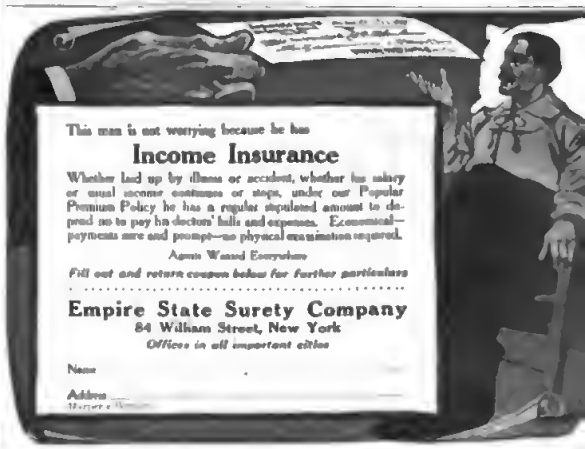

The World of Music

A Belgian Opera

By Lawrence Gilman

WHAT is in all likelihood the first Flemish opera ever performed in New York was heard at the Manhattan Opera House on March 10th, when Mr. Hammerstein produced there Jan Blockx's *Herbestpreuwse*, otherwise *Princesse d'Auberge*, otherwise *The Tavern Princess*—to give it its Flemish, French, and English titles.

Mr. Blockx is one of the few contemporary Belgians with whom the world of music is acquainted. Especially in this country is the music of modern Belgium at most a closed book. Works by Gilson, Tinel, Benoit, and others have been heard here; but the music of Blockx has been known here chiefly by repute, though the performance of an orchestral piece by him is on the records of several of our concert giving bodies. To all intents and purposes, therefore, both modern Belgian opera and Mr. Blockx were simultaneously introduced to an American audience at the Manhattan Opera House last week.

Maria Labia
IN "PRINCESSE D'AUBERGE," AT THE MANHATTAN

Jan Blockx was born at Antwerp fifty-eight years ago. He is now Director of the Royal Conservatory in that town. He has composed a half dozen operas, in addition to choral works and orchestral pieces. *The Tavern Princess*, the third of his stage works, made his reputation when it was given for the first time at Antwerp in 1898. The initial success of the work was large. It has since been frequently played in Belgium, and it is known to Holland, to Germany, and to France—though not to Paris.

The opera is based upon a text written especially for it by a Flemish dramatist, Nestor de Tière; the Manhattan performances are given with the French translation that has been used abroad.

Maria Gay
AS CARMEN AT THE METROPOLITAN

The librettist has not displayed conspicuous originality in constructing his tale. It is, in substance, a very ancient tale, and has done faithful service for generations of opera-builders. It is the always impressive story, simultaneously and monitory, of virtuous and high-minded manhood succumbing to the lures of the ever-present Enchantress, bringing sorrow into devoted hearts in the process, and ultimate disaster upon itself. In *The Tavern Princess* the Enchantress is a Carmen transposed to a more northern latitude; the Eternal Masculine is an estimable and pure-minded musician who is loved with an unacquainted love by a Flemish Micaela; there is a sorrowing and imploring mother, and a discarded lover of the Enchantress, who, in the end, serves as the agent of an avenging destiny.

"The action of the opera" (I quote, in abbreviated form, from the lucid and able exegesis of Mr. William Guard) "takes place in Brussels, during the Austrian domination, about 1750. The curtain rises on a square in the vicinity of the Grand Place of the Belgian capital. Rabo, a blacksmith, lies in a drunken stupor on the steps leading to a tavern, the presiding genius of which is the beautiful and notorious Rita. Presently Rabo awakens. The door of the tavern opens and a young citizen hurries out, stumbling over Rabo as he passes. Rabo, who is one of the victims of Rita's charms, becomes furious. He knocks on the door and demands entrance. Refused, he threatens and curses her, bidding her beware of his vengeance, and hurries from the scene.

"The gentle Reinilde, adopted daughter of the widow Katelyne, the mother of Merlyn, a young musician and composer, appears on her way to church. She hires Merlyn and gives utterance to a prayer that he may be true to her. At this point enters Marcus, likewise a musician, the presumptive friend but evil genius of Merlyn. He is in love with Reinilde, and seeks to steal her heart from Merlyn by telling her that Merlyn knows no other love than his all absorbing art. Reinilde, however, is proof against Marcus's insinuations. The Angelus ringing out, Reinilde hurries away and Marcus follows, while peasants and townsfolk break forth into joyous song. They call for Rita, whose birthday it is. A window opens and Rita appears. Rhuts, the father of Rita, appears on the scene with two friends—a noisy, drunken trio, who are presently hustled into the inn by a crowd of young people. Merlyn and Marcus are seen approaching. The latter is chiding his friend for his slavish devotion to his art and his foolish disregard of the joys of love. Suddenly from the tavern issues a throng of young people, raising high their glasses, followed by Rita with her sisters, decked with flowers, wearing their gayest holiday garb. The townsfolk, from their neighboring windows utter indignant exclamations at the revellers. Marcus points out Rita to Merlyn, and descants upon her beauty. The Tavern Princess approaches the young musician. She seeks to fascinate him. At first he is adamant. Gradually before her glowing charms and her seductive approaches his heart melts. He forgets his Muse. He is Rita's captive."

Thenceforward the plot moves unswervingly to its normal and expected end. Merlyn, unable to extricate himself from the toils of Rita, falls deeper and deeper into debauchery and degradation, despite the appeals and the help of his mother and his sweetheart Reinilde. He meets his end in a duel with the jealous and vengeful Rabo, and dies as the announcement is made that his composition has won him the coveted prize of Brabant.

All this should make an engrossing and effective music drama. That it does not do so—that it fails to "come off"—is the fault chiefly of the librettist. Mr. de Tière has not succeeded in keeping his procession of situations and events steadily and cumulatively on the march. The first two acts move with laggard feet, and they make use of theatrical conventions that are jejune and at times ridiculous. The last act is far more ably devised—if the preceding ones had its force, swiftness, and continuity, there would be a different tale to tell of the effect of the work as a whole. The music does not, unfortunately, rise much above the level of its dramatic foundation. To judge from this score Mr. Blockx is neither an original nor an imaginative composer. There are a good many things in this music which are old-fashioned in the sense of being derived from outworn and discarded models, though there is also an element of modernity the source of which is obvious—Mr. Blockx has, like most contemporary music makers, bent long over the trunk of the Wagnerian spring. Yet there are charming, ingratiating pages in the score, especially in its more lighteome phases—Mr. Blockx's touch is surer and his speech more idiomatic in comedy than in tragedy, and in his gayer moods he is at times captivating.

Mr. Hammerstein has mounted the work with a prodigality worthy of a nobler cause. He has given it a most elaborate pictorial setting—indeed, if the opera prevails here it will probably be because of its attractiveness as a spectacle. In particular, it should be said that the brilliant and tumultuous carnival scene which brings the second act to a close is one of the most striking achievements of stage management that the Manhattan has put to its credit. So far as the cast is concerned, it is indisputable that there is room for improvement. Mr. Dufranne, who in everything that he does is admirable and commanding, was superb as the baleful Rabo. Mr. Gilbert made as much as could possibly have been made of the not very grateful part of the roystering tavern-keeper, Rhuts; Miss Labia was often effective, and in the last act excellent, as Rita; Mr. Crabbe, compatriot and friend of Blockx, was commendable in the part of the false friend Marcus; and Miss Gerville-Réache was a satisfactory Katelyne. But Mr. Vallée by no means did justice to the rôle of the hero. He was vocally inadequate, and his dramatic skill was not equal to the requirements of the task which he assumed—generously, because under difficulties, it is understood; while Miss Zeppilli as the piteous Reinilde was scarcely eloquent.

It remains to be said that, whatever the qualities and the ultimate fate of *The Tavern Princess*, Mr. Hammerstein deserves, as usual, thanks for his enterprise in exhibiting the work. So long as he is ministering to the opera-going public as an impresario it is not likely that we shall perish of inanition.

There has been genuine lamentation over the announced retirement from the operatic stage of Mme. Sembrich. The abnegation of this gifted and excellent lady has been made the occasion for much bewailing of the alleged decay of good singing, and the grateful mud, so it is held, inexorable passing from the contemporary operatic field of singers of the school which she represents; and thereby much nonsense has been spoken. Now it is, of course, absurd to remark upon the extraordinary character of the talents possessed by Mme. Sembrich—to take her as the particular and surpassing representative of her type. It would not be easy to name any other living singer who is gifted as she is gifted. She excels by reason of the scrupulous, fine, and sensitive musicianship which is displayed in her singing: that is her superlative virtue. There are singers who are at least as brilliant in coloratura; there are many whose voices are far more beautiful than hers; but as a singer displaying in combination these traits: exquisite musical intelligence, fine and inerring taste, mastery of technical means, she may justly be praised as unrivalled. But an appropriately joyful recognition of these facts should not blind one to Mme. Sembrich's deficiencies, especially when such critical strictnesses is the cause of injustice to others less passionately esteemed than she. Mme. Sembrich's triumphs have been won as a singer pure and simple. Her rôles, with very few exceptions, were those of the operas of the old school—rôles which demanded expert and beautiful singing, but little else. She excelled as Violetta, as Gilda, as Lucia, as Rosina, as Zerlina, as Susanna, as Queen of the Night: in parts, that is to say, which give scope for infinite vocal skill and for fastidious musicianship, but which make no demand upon a singer's capacity for profound or subtle emotional expression through either singing or acting. Now Mme Sembrich's gifts exactly suited her to such parts. She included in her répertoire, it is true, a few rôles which made demands of another kind—such as Eva in *Die Meistersinger*, Elsa in *Lohengrin*, Mimi in *Bohème*. But in these rôles her limitations as a singing actress were unpleasantly evident. As an actress Mme. Sembrich lacked range, variety, and power. She had a true and delightful instinct for comedy; but she was not by temperament, aptitude, or training fitted for the utterance, through dramatic singing, of tragic, profound, and passionate feeling. Her delectable song recitals gave her a larger field, a richer opportunity, than she could find in her operatic répertoire: and as a *Lieder* singer she achieved far more memorable results than she could achieve as a singing actress. As an opera singer she was a superlative interpreter of rôles that were, for the most part, inherently trivial and unimportant. By the beauty and fineness of her art she glorified that which was essentially empty and insignificant. Of the parts in

Walter Soomer
NEW BARITONE FROM THE STADT THEATRE, LEIPSIC, NOW AT THE METROPOLITAN

which her art was typically displayed, those which were of essential artistic importance formed an almost negligible proportion. What the operatic stage has lost in Mme. Sembrich is, to reiterate, an unsurpassable interpreter of unimportant rôles—of rôles which, with a few exceptions, could be dropped from the répertoire of the operatic stage with much benefit to public taste, though not, probably, without pecuniary loss to the pockets of impresarios and directors.

Mme. Sembrich's talents, then, inimitable as they may have been in themselves, were, in a considerable degree, expended upon material of an inferior and unworthy sort. Now it is doubtless a more excellent thing to be a superlative Gilda or Marta than an acceptable Elisabeth or Sieglinde, but to note the fact that there were heights of lyric-dramatic attainment upon which Mme. Sembrich's foot was never set, but which have been attained by many singers less eminent than she, in a truth which it will perhaps do no harm to note. And while we are praising her extraordinary art and deploring its withdrawal from the opera house, let us try to disabuse our minds of the notion that beautiful and even expert singing is a thing that is either dead or dying. Let us, if possible, console ourselves with the thought that most of the gifted and accomplished singers of one day are devoting their talents to more important ends than are served by expositions of Lucia and The Queen of the Night. There are some of us who cannot be convinced that the ability which fits one to prevail as Isolde or Sieglinde or Elisabeth is not a more cherishable thing, a thing more worthy in the sight of the gods, than the ability, however transcendent and exquisite, which makes for ideal Gildas, Susannas, and Astrafiammantes.

Saving Animals from Extermination

The East Kootenay district of British Columbia is to become a huge game-preserve during the next ten years, according to a proclamation from the Lieutenant-Governor and Executive Council of British Columbia. This region is located sixty-three miles north of the United States boundary line, and its eastern limit is the Elk River, which lies fifteen miles west of Alberta. It includes that section of territory which has been suggested as the Goat Mountain Park, and the total area is approximately four hundred and fifty square miles. In this great tract of country there is to be an absolutely closed season for ten years on mountain-sheep, mountain-goats, mule deer, elk, and the other important wild animals found in that locality.

At the present time the district under preservation contains an abundance of game of many varieties, although the elk and mule deer have been greatly thinned out by visiting sportsmen. A conservative estimate by guides, who are familiar with the country, places the number of white mountain-goats at about one thousand and mountain-sheep at two hundred head. Along the upper ranges of the mountains grizzly bears may be found, and very probably there are fifty or more in the East Kootenay preserve. A closed season of ten years should produce wonderful results in this region, and make of it a veritable breeding-spot for all wild things, and prove a valuable source for stocking the surrounding country with the overflow.

Grand-Duke Michael of Russia

Grand-Duke Cyril of Russia

ROYAL GOLFERS AT CANNES, FRANCE

The Story of "Lucknow Kavanagh, V. C."

By ROBERT RYAN

The present political agitation in India turns one's thoughts naturally back to the great Sepoy Mutiny of 1857, when countless deeds of heroic self-sacrifice were performed by white men. But of all brave men who came to the fore in India then, one of the bravest was an Irishman—the late T. B. Kavanagh, Assistant Commissioner in the province of Oudh, and the only civilian who has ever been decorated with the Victoria Cross. I say the only civilian, because this cross is a purely military decoration which was instituted by the late Queen Victoria after the Sepoy rebellion of 1857 had been quelled; and Kavanagh would not, in all probability, have received his V. C. had he not at one period of his service been a member of a volunteer corps.

However, it was for his extreme heroism during the second relief of the beleaguered white garrison in historic Lucknow that he was deemed worthy of this distinction, and ever since 1850 he has been known as "Lucknow Kavanagh, V. C."

One day the mutineers, besieging the Lucknow Residency, were heard mining in the southern corner of the quarters allotted to the Sikh soldiery, who remained perfectly loyal to the British. The engineers resolved upon counter-mining to stop the enemy, and Kavanagh went down with a pistol, conjecturing that the mutineers would send in some one to see what had disturbed the miners. Now, fighting above-ground is not agreeable, but how slight a matter compared with a death-grapple in the bowels of the earth! What a trying ordeal must have been that first crawl on all fours through a long, narrow, damp mine, appalled by the darkness and a fancy that some savage wretch might be at hand!

After a while a mutineer descended with a musket and advanced to Kavanagh's end of the gallery, where it was pitch dark, whereas some light fell on the mutineer. Kavanagh let the latter come in about arm's-length, and then shot him through the shoulder. He pursued the Sepoy and fired again; but the cap snapped and the man escaped, roaring with pain. The enemy then let water into the gallery and it fell in.

Another time Kavanagh heard the mutineer miners at work again, with a vicious intent, doubtless, of blowing up the Residency at all hazards. For two hours he sat watching for them. At length a small hole was made through which a Sepoy thrust a crow-bar to try what it lay to—for the enemy knew nothing of Kavanagh's listening gallery.

As the mutineer withdrew the bar Kavanagh broke down the narrow partition and put his pistol to the man's breast. The pistol missed fire again and again, and the Sepoy scrambled out screeching with fear.

After a few moments of squabbling, another mutineer descended, cautiously keeping back from the mouth of the gallery. It was a hazardous moment, because whoever fired was sure to hit.

The Sepoy advanced his musket, and as he stooped his left arm and shoulder became exposed, and he was a dead man!

So much for the mines; but now comes a remarkable act of heroism on the part of this man.

James Outram, Chief Commissioner in charge of the beleaguered white garrison, had, it is true, furnished the general, now advancing to the relief of Lucknow, with accurate plans as to the best method of approaching the Residency. But it was very important that Gen. Colin Campbell—then on the other side of the Gumptee River—should have a reliable white guide.

Swayed by this consideration, Kavanagh imparted to a native spy, named Kanojee Lal, his wish to accompany the native, who was just about to carry a secret despatch to the general across the river.

At first the spy positively refused to incur any additional risk to which the company of another, and he a white man, must expose him. But, after listening to Kavanagh's very pure Hindustanee and the offer of a fit reward, Kanojee Lal consented to the proposal.

Colonel Napier expressed great surprise at the offer, and deemed the feat not only impossible but insane, knowing only too well that Kavanagh's wife and children were starving with the rest in the Residency! "Nothing impossible," mused our hero; and one memorable night a "native" appeared at the officers' mess, *with his mandals on!* But, despite this act of outrageous disrespect, Kavanagh's disguise was not detected until he broke out into his own tongue. Then, amid much consternation and excitement, his turban was tenderly readjusted, his Hindu garments were scrutinized, and a pistol—to blow out his own brains, if need be—was placed in his waist-cloth. Stealthily Kavanagh crept through the enemy's lines, deceived the searching gaze of the ever-vigilant mutineers, and swam the Gumptee River.

After which the Highlanders advanced to the rescue; and then "the sweetest of all music the pipes at Lucknow played."

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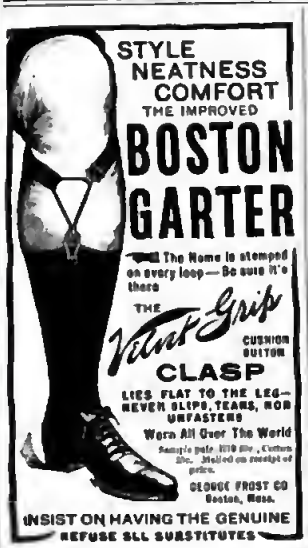

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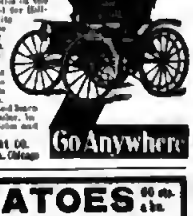

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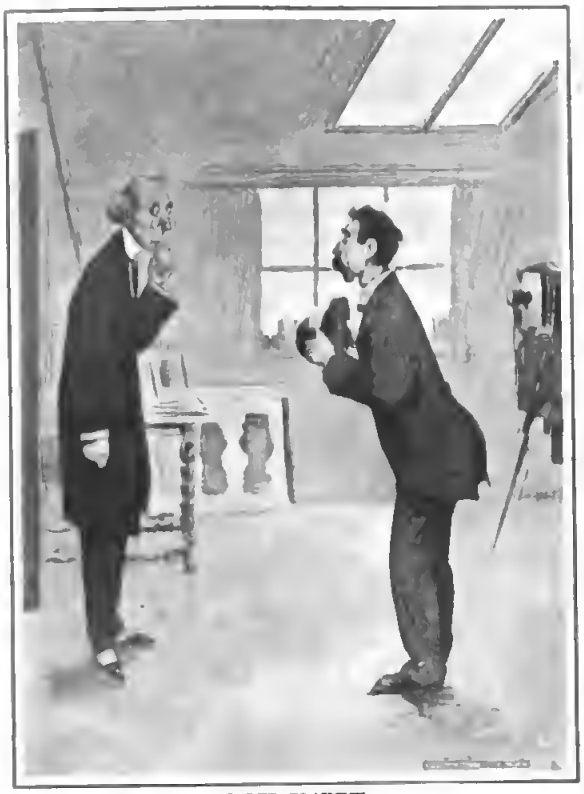

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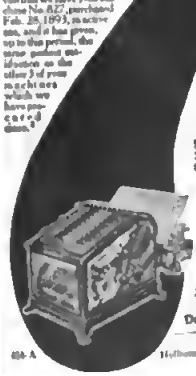

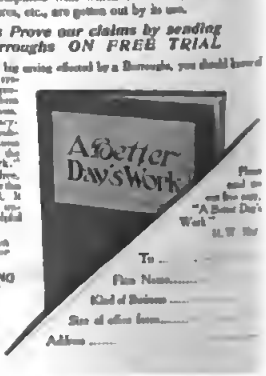

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In the second part the scene changes to Paris. There Katrine is enabled to study music under a great master through the aid of an unknown benefactor. She becomes a friend of the Countess de Nemours', a cousin of McDermott's, who in her youth had known well Ravenel's father. Ravenel enters upon large affairs of business, which involve a fierce rivalry with McDermott. Katrine makes her début. Ravenel is present to see "a new world star" arise in the firmament of music.

In the third part Ravenel's love finds words, but seemingly in vain. In the midst of the business battle, which goes against him, he falls seriously ill. Katrine learns of this, comes to his aid, and after some most dramatic episodes the story reaches the climax which readers would choose. Such are the general lines upon which a great romance, alive with tenderness and emotion, has taken beautiful and appealing form.

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Chicago as an Artist Sees It

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
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YALE DINES HER FIRST PRESIDENT

The largest dinner ever given in New York was that arranged by the alumni of Yale in honor of the University's most distinguished living graduate, President Taft, which took place at the Waldorf-Astoria on March 20th. In the grand ball-room of the hotel 1,448 Yale men, alumni and undergraduates, assembled to do honor to the first President of the United States to be elected from the ranks of the sons of Yale. The persons seated at the guest table from left to right are: Julian W. Curtiss, William M. Barnum, Alfred L. Ripley, Otto T. Bannard, Mr. Taft, James R. Sheffield, President Hadley of Yale, Thomas Thacher, Rev. William R. Richards, Senator Chauncey M. Depew, and Payson Merrill

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Comment

The New Tariff Bill

THE PAYNE tariff bill, as it makes its bow, seems about as good a bill as the country could expect, and a better one than it has ever had before, from the party of high protection. If it could be passed as it stands, it would improve matters somewhat, and would probably appease in reasonable measure and for the time being the popular demand for tariff reduction. Under discussion and debate it may be improved—doubtless will be improved in some particulars—but, as we all know, the great danger is that it will be expurgated, truncated, eviscerated, and perforated until its friends will not know it. That is what is apt to happen to bills that reduce the tariff. To quote the vernacular of a past generation, they go in lemons and come out squeezed. Nevertheless, if the men who composed this bill are its friends—and we believe they are—it has friends who are strong, and who, however ardent their fealty to protection and protected interests, know that the country wants tariff reduction and won't be happy till it gets it. A revision that does not reduce will not do. The Republican leaders, including the President, know that, and we suppose they are sincerely bent on getting the PAYNE bill through Congress with the least possible damage by amendment. The most pleasing provision of the new bill is that which admits objects of art over twenty years old duty free. That will immediately affect comparatively few persons, and those not needy, but, if retained, it will do away with a tax that was disgusting in its stupid obliviousness to the interests of public education. More important provisions are those which put hides, iron ore, wood pulp, and coal conditionally on the free list, that reduce by one-half the tax on lumber and steel rails, and make considerable reductions in other steel products and in pig-iron, and that plan for a Federal inheritance tax as a means of raising revenue. The cost of living will hardly be appreciably reduced to the average citizen by the PAYNE bill, even if it goes through approximately as it stands, but it will help him in ways that he does not know, and at least it will keep alive hope. Now let him watch it, and see what happens to it, and who makes it happen, and why.

The Proposed Inheritance Tax—No

Thirty-six out of the forty-six States now impose inheritance taxes and it is only a question of time when the others will do likewise. What action is expected of the States in the event of Congress laying a Federal tax upon inheritances? They must either deprive themselves of the very considerable revenue which they now derive from this source or subject their citizens to double taxation. Which course would or should they adopt? Perhaps Senator ROOT can tell us. Some two years ago that distinguished statesman uttered a solemn warning, not widely differentiated to our mind from an injudicious threat, to the effect that if the States should fail to exercise their powers the Federal government would arrogate to itself the authority which is constitutionally theirs. Mr. ROOT then spoke for a Federal administration. He now represents a sovereign State which exercises its power to the full with respect to inheritance taxation. Where, we wonder, does he or will he stand on this question?

An Income Tax—Yes

It would be, in our judgment, a mistake on the part of Congress to adopt President TAFT's suggestion. In view of the quite common adoption of the inheritance-tax method by the States themselves, it was a mistake on the part of President TAFT to make it. He would much better have stuck to his declaration in his speech of acceptance at Cincinnati on July 28, 1908, to the effect that an *income* tax is the proper thing and, in his belief, could be so imposed as to stand a test as to its constitutionality before the Supreme Court. There he is on solid ground. A graduated income tax is the best and fairest tax ever devised. Under its operation, everybody knows precisely what the protection of his government costs him. Under the existing system of indirect taxation nobody can form even an estimate, although the poor man and the man of moderate means may safely assume that they are paying a great deal more than their proper share. The inheritance tax is vicious in principle. It rests upon the notion that wealth *should* be made to pay simply because it *can* be made to. Granting that the burden falls upon the class most able to bear it, it nevertheless does fall upon a class; and that is wrong. All good citizens should be willing to contribute to the needs of their government in proportion to the advantage they derive from its protection. There should be no exception of either poor or rich and no differentiation except in so far as percentages may properly be increased in proportion with the incomes. Theoretically, there can be no question of the perfect fairness of the income tax. Practically, if we had that and no other or even that with others, we should have a mighty sight better government than we have to-day. A two-million-dollar budget would mean something to the average man if he had to go down into his pocket and fish out an extra "tuppence a pound," as the Britishers say. Now it means nothing. Hence the easy ears of wild extravagance such as that which now makes it necessary to devise some new schemes of hatching additional revenue surreptitiously. What our country needs most at the present time is close attention of the people to the work of their political representatives, and the surest if not the only way to get it is to fetch the consciousness of their acts home—home to the pocket. NO; the inheritance-tax device is not good enough in any case to be doubled, and if it must be used at all should be exercised, as at present, solely for the benefit of communities. But if, as President TAFT believes, an income tax—not now imposed by any State—can be laid by Congress constitutionally, it ought to be done.

The Rules of the House Amended

The rules of the House have been somewhat amended, not so much so as they would have been if the Democrats had been able to stand as a body and vote with the insurgents, but as much as the defection of Mr. FITZGERALD of Brooklyn, sundry Congressmen from Georgia, and other Democrats would permit. Whether they have been improved at all, or the contrary, remains to be discovered in practice. In the hands of a man entirely great and impartial, and without legislative prejudices, the rules as they were would probably have continued to satisfy a large majority of the members of the House. Distrust and impatience of Uncle JOE was the real trouble; distrust of his legislative preferences, and impatience with his intolerance of some good causes, and of his powerful wiliness as a politician. That the Speaker should have power enough to procure the orderly transaction of the business of the House is right, and to give the Speaker that much power necessitates entrusting very much to his discretion. But that he should have power enough to control legislation, and use it to favor bills that suited him, and defeat bills that he did not approve, is wrong, and that is what Speaker CANNON is believed to have done. His power will be very slightly diminished by the amendments which his Democratic friends permitted, but the strong hint he has had of existing impatience with his manners and methods may very likely increase the circumspection of his department.

In Memory of Grover Cleveland

In the SUN's report of the two great meetings in memory of GROVER CLEVELAND that were held in New York on March 18th we notice it set down that—

> Father QUIN[illegible] CLEVELAND was just the kind of a [illegible] are trying to produce and give t[illegible]
>
> A great patrio[illegible] never did and never will "produce" such men. They do well to try. Father QUINN is President of an important college, and he did well to speak of the aim and efforts of the colleges to give such men to the world. We do not mean to criticise him, but what impresses the observer as his mind dwells on such a man as CLEVELAND, or LINCOLN, or ninety-five out of every hundred very considerable men, is that they were not produced and given to the world, but that the world produced them. It is the discipline of life, the long strain of effort, the heavy load of responsibility, that produces such men. It is a long job. A college may have a hand in it; may help much; is lucky if it does not mar; but years and effort make the man. Think of CLEVELAND at thirty-five and then at seventy. How wonderfully he grew! How admirably he developed! The habit he had of taking out a new consecration from time to time when things looked thick was a very improving habit, and eminently wholesome in its effects on character. To follow Mr. CLEVELAND's career is surely to be certified in the conviction that the great end of human life is the production, development, and purification of human character in the service of mankind.

The Meetings

The two meetings were memorable and worthy of their object. The day chosen was the seventy-second anniversary of Mr. CLEVELAND's birth. The afternoon meeting at Carnegie Hall and the evening meeting in the great hall of the College of the City of New York were both notable both for the size and the quality of the audiences that gathered. President TAFT attended both meetings and made the principal speech at the earlier one. It was a good, honest speech—in that respect especially uniting its subject—and showed full capacity in the Republican President to appreciate the great qualities of his Democratic predecessor. A passage in Mr. TAFT's address that proved especially acceptable to his audience was that in which, speaking of Mr. CLEVELAND's first campaign, he said:

> In this campaign Mr. CLEVELAND stood for an affirmative idea, that of a reduction of the tariff, so as to make it a tariff for revenue. He attacked the protective theory and system. He stood for something aggressive and affirmative. It was in accordance with the truest traditions of the party. I do not need to enter into a discussion of the merits of the issue, but comment on it only as illustrating Mr. CLEVELAND's character. He was positive. He was affirmative. He was courageous. He believed in parties. He believed in party policies, and he believed in consistency in regard to them, and he did not believe in trimming down a policy to catch the votes of those who really did not agree with it.

Mr. TAFT himself now stands, at a critical time, for a party policy bearing enough resemblance to that for which Mr. CLEVELAND stood in 1884 to make his audience find in this passage a special and grateful significance.

Mayor MCCLELLAN presided, and handsomely, at both meetings. At both were seen and heard many men eminent in public life, old-fashioned Democrats and Republicans. Besides the President and the Mayor there were Chief-Justice FULLER, Justice PECKHAM, Governor HUGHES, Mr. RICHARD OLNEY, Judge GRAY, Judge ALTON B. PARKER, and many other honored men, besides Senator ROOT, who was the principal speaker at the evening meeting. A letter from Mr. ROOSEVELT was read, and Mr. RICHARD WATSON GILDER read a poem.

The Yale Dinner to Mr. Taft

The opinion above expressed that colleges do not "produce" such men as CLEVELAND must not be rashly extended, it seems, to include such men as President TAFT. No such extension will get Mr. TAFT's endorsement. At the great Yale dinner in New York, on the evening following the CLEVELAND meetings, Mr. TAFT said:

> As I look back on my life it seems that I have been a Yale man since the time I first had consciousness. It is exactly true when they say I am completely a Yale man. My father met my mother through Yale influence. My mother had a class in Yale which she always said was her class. There came to me at the age of six the influence of such men as DAY, SILLIMAN, WOOLSEY, KINGSLEY, and OLMSTEAD. These were personages of whom I heard many a story from my father's lips. Under these influences it is hard to attribute anything of success that has come to me anything that may be laid to personality, to anything but the influence of the spirit of Yale.

Something might be said of the "energetic Harvard interference," which has been humorously asserted to have been a factor in the particular success which that Yale dinner was assembled to acclaim, but it would be mean to say it. The heart of the good TAFT overflowed in the presence

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of his brethren, and his speech was naturally a speech without heel-taps, that kept nothing back. We guess he is the most of a college man that has ever been President; far more a Yale man than ever ROOSEVELT was a Harvard man. ROOSEVELT was typical of nothing on the earth except ROOSEVELT, certainly not typical of anything that belongs to Harvard except individuality, which in truth is a big thing. There has not so far been a time when ROOSEVELT would have been acceptable as President of Harvard, and he has always had critics aplenty among his affectionate brethren in that college. But TAFT in a large, fine way is truly typical of Yale and of Yale's best. He was wanted for President of Yale, but would not be a candidate, though he has since become, and will remain, a member of the Yale Corporation. There is no Yaler Yale man alive than Mr. TAFT.

And that Yale dinner was a remarkable demonstration—the biggest dinner, they say, ever given in New York. All the stops were pulled out, and there was great music. The setting was elaborate and remarkable. There were only three speeches—from the president of the Yale Club, the President of Yale College, and THE PRESIDENT. It was all well done, a great time for all hands, and a great night for Yale.

Tenets Still Safe

There was a fire at Mr. NORMAN E. MACK'S in Buffalo last week, and the papers said that Mr. MACK'S library was a total loss. But the imperishable tenets of Democracy shall not fail of record in Buffalo so long as Mr. "Fingy" CONNORS' library survives.

We Did; We Did

In his first editorial contribution Mr. ROOSEVELT deals with two kinds of journalism that he does not approve of. The one is the ordinary sensational press that cares more for stirring something up than getting at the facts. The other kind is masked in the garment of respectability but deals in satire that assumes that only the editor is infallible and all others are incompetent workers in their fields. It is not difficult to pick out types the President must have had in mind. The New York *World* and HARPER'S WEEKLY undoubtedly are competent to read between the lines of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S article.—*Davenport Times.*

The *World* must take care of itself. We cannot fight its battles all the time. As to HARPER'S WEEKLY, we have already confessed that Brother ROOSEVELT didn't mean us at all. How could he? Didn't we get the Messrs. COLLIER to give him that beautiful breakfast?

We Hear from Mr. Shepard, of Rochester

Our good friend, Mr. E. D. SHEPARD, pastor of Grace Methodist-Episcopal Church in Rochester, writes us:

> The attitude which HARPER'S WEEKLY takes on the liquor question amazes and disappoints me.
>
> I can scarcely believe that you take a moral plane so low as to be a special pleader for liquor, though the tone of some of your editorials and the two articles by HOLMAN DAY on "Maine's Mockery of Prohibition" seem to indicate that such is the case.
>
> I would hesitate to suspect that the liquor interests had been able to purchase your advocacy of their cause, though your attitude on the question and your many liquor advertisements do not relieve you of the suspicion.
>
> I had expected better things of HARPER'S WEEKLY.

What there has been in our attitude on the liquor question to amaze or disappoint Mr. SHEPARD we cannot guess. It must be that he does not read this paper regularly, and maybe he has missed some recent pieces in which we have spoken of the qualities and present status of John Barleycorn with a candor that was almost brutal. He is right in suspecting that we are not a special pleader for liquor, whether or not that implies a low moral plane, but it is also true that our mental plane is not yet so low that we can be a special pleader for prohibition. We don't believe in State prohibition. Perhaps that is what disappoints Mr. SHEPARD, though it need not surprise him, for HARPER'S WEEKLY has never at any time believed in prohibition or advocated it.

We thank Mr. SHEPARD for hesitating to believe that the liquor interests have bought us. Such hesitation is unusual among the gentlemen and ladies who take his side of the liquor argument. We are glad to return the compliment by hesitating to believe that anybody has hired him to be amazed and disappointed and to hold the views he does.

Imprisonment for the Coopers

We congratulate the State of Tennessee on finally getting a verdict from the jury that tried the two COOPERS who killed Senator CARMACK. We presume the verdict is just and will satisfy those of the neighbors of the parties concerned whose minds are unprejudiced by partisanship or friendship. The COOPERS get twenty years' imprisonment, subject to possible abridgment by future Governors of Tennessee. For our part we never have been able to find in the editorials reprinted from Senator CARMACK'S paper as the *casus belli* any approach to justification of Colonel COOPER'S desire to shoot the editor. They were political editorials, and though not especially soothing, nor intended to be so, they seemed fair enough projectiles in the sort of political fracas that was going on.

We Are Perplexed

Our neighbor the *Evening Post* sees in a decision last week of the United States Circuit Court of Virginia, "affirming the right of a licensed liquor-dealer to ship his wares into 'dry' territory, provided he has a *bona fide* order," the doom of the brewers and distillers, and a deadly weapon in the prohibitionists' hands. If the Richmond decision is sound law, it says, "the saloon becomes worse than before, inasmuch as it now needs no local protection. It is but the span of a thought from this intolerable condition to State-wide prohibition, and thence to national prohibition." Hence the interstate-commerce law will have to be amended to enable communities to deal with the drink problem, "or else Congress must turn our breweries into fuel-alcohol factories"—meaning, we suppose, by a national prohibition law. Our neighbor must have something concealed in its mind which we are not able to detect. It speaks of the saloon becoming worse because liquor can be shipped into dry territory, but we can't see how that would affect saloons in territory where saloons are not allowed to sell liquor. Prohibition laws, or local-option laws, can doubtless, if enforced, restrict the sale of liquor, but the hope of making any considerable territory impervious by legislation to stimulating beverages seems to us an impossible, as well as improper, aspiration. Laws that would prohibit citizens from receiving and keeping in their own houses such beverages as they chose, are intended, we had supposed, not sincerely for the extirpation of drinking, but to bring all liquor legislation to confusion and derision.

National Periodicals

President WOODROW WILSON says we ought to have a national newspaper. "All our newspapers are alike," he told the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, thereby damaging his case, since if they are all alike we already have a national paper. But he says they are different and all provincial, "not excepting the great metropolitan dailies." The voice of the President, says Dr. WILSON, is the only one that reaches the people.

His views are published in all the papers. Speeches and views of members of Congress are published perhaps by the papers in their respective districts, but never get to the general public. The consequence is that the President's voice is the only one heard in public affairs.

It is true that daily newspapers are necessarily more or less local, because each locality wants its local news, and wants its other news fresh. But how about the weeklies and the ten-cent magazines? Are they not national newspapers? Would Dr. WILSON deny that our neighbor the *Outlook* is now national? And the *Commoner*? How about the *Commoner*? Does any pent-up Utica restrain its voice? And is *McClure's* local, and the *American Magazine* and *Everybody's* and *Collier's*, and the *North American Review*, and our modest self, and about a hundred others whereof the unfamiliar names appeal from a hundred thousand newsstands? The country is too big for a national daily, but the rise of the national political weekly and monthly is one of the striking phenomena of recent times.

Uncivil

> The latest prominent assassin had the rare foresight to have himself declared insane before he shot his man.—*New York Evening Post.*

When a man has been promptly found by his neighbors to have shot in self-defence it is hardly polite to call him an assassin even though his name is not given. It is all the less polite when he intervened to protect a threatened woman.

No More Buildings in Central Park

The proposal to put up a building for the National Academy of Design on the site of the Arsenal, at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-fourth Street, won't do. If another building could be admitted to Central Park, an exhibition building for the Academy would be a good one to admit; none better. But there is at least one building too many in the Park as it is. The Metropolitan Museum of Art ought not to be there, but there it is, not only to stay, but to grow. Build nothing else in Central Park. Every ten years or less somebody will cast covetous eyes on its tempting spaces, and want to turn "just a little of it" into building lots. Stubborn refusal to all such applications is a duty we owe to posterity. Eternal vigilance is the price of Central Park.

The Home Love of a Dog

We have received from Mrs. R. P. WILSON, of Searcy, Arkansas, the following item from the Searcy *Herald*, addressed "To the friend of ESAU":

> FROM KENTUCKY TO ARKANSAS
>
> Almost starved to death and her feet sore and bleeding, Seminole, a three-time prize-winner in the National Fox Hound Association trials, returned to Hot Springs, Arkansas, a few days ago to the home of her owner, Judge C. Floyd Hoff, after having been lost in the last annual trials at Creb Orchard, Kentucky, two months ago.
>
> Seminole was put in a crate at Hot Springs and sent by express to participate in the national trials. Leading the pack in the chase of Reynard, she never returned. Judge Hoff advertised in every weekly paper in that section of Kentucky, offering rewards for the return of his dog. Hope was finally abandoned. Recently she stalked into the yard of her owner completely exhausted. She swam the Mississippi and Arkansas rivers on her return, and travelled over six hundred miles.

What an amazing achievement! If ever excelled, we know not when or by whom.

Two Devil-wagons and a Rope

A lady was knocked down and killed the other evening in New York by an automobile in tow of another one. Nothing more dangerous navigates the streets than this combination of two automobiles and a tow-rope. Persons in charge of such combinations should be limited to a speed of six miles an hour at the outside, and should be effectually discouraged from manslaughter.

Public Interest in Pictures

The National Sculpture Society last year, it seems, had to repair to Baltimore for its annual exhibition, for lack of a proper building in New York. This city is making great strides toward becoming, in despite of difficulties, one of the art centres of the world, and a new gallery is sadly needed. The annual exhibitions are appealing every year to a wider circle. The recent exhibition of the SOROLLA pictures at the Hispanic Museum drew crowds daily for several weeks, to the astonishment of observers, and that notwithstanding that the place of exhibition was six miles north of the social centre of the town. When it is recalled that Mr. BERNARD BERENSON, in the opinion of many the most authoritative living art critic, is an American; when we realize the enthusiasm with which people gather from the neighboring States to see the annual exhibition at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and the numbers who take advantage of the Lenten opening of the Walters Gallery in Baltimore, and the admission fees readily paid for an occasional glimpse of Mrs. GARDNER'S pictures in Boston, we grow to have faith in the fact that our people are becoming an art-loving nation.

Generosity of Art-collectors Abroad

In view of this, we cannot but contrast the open-heartedness of the private collectors in England and on the Continent with those of America. A friend who has tried vainly for many years to get entrance to Mrs. GARDNER'S collection writes from London:

> I had not the smallest difficulty in seeing the famous collection of Dr. LUDWIG MOND. I sent a note, without introduction or credentials, saying I should like to see his pictures, and received a courteous card giving a day from 10 to 12 A.M. when the pictures could be seen. The graciousness was the more remarkable as Dr. Mond's collection is hung through the living rooms of the family. We were ushered into the drawing-room, and told we might go through the hall and dining room. The housekeeper came in once or twice, the butler was busy arranging the luncheon table, and stopped to give us a printed card with the numbers, titles, and attributions of the pictures on it. Otherwise we were left perfectly free for an hour and a half among his wonderful Raphaels, Titians, Montegnas, Bellinis. I had the two children with me, and wondered if they would be a guarantee of respectability and honest intentions, or if the butler and housekeeper were looking down upon me as a mad American woman who did not know where children belonged.

Shipping Intelligence

March 23: Sailed. Now let's talk about something else.

The Schoolboy

It is a comparatively easy matter to draw a semblance of genius from the nursery. The parents, having sole charge and furnishing all the ideals, may present the best of literature, the noblest forms and highest diction, and be rewarded by hearing these echoed again by the twisted childish tongue, touched by the puzzled, inexperienced childish fancy groping in so strange a world. The effect is often of wonderful originality and inventiveness. And if by happy chance the parents be aided and abetted by an uneducated African, deep in folk-lore and unrestrained by reason, the results are even better. The unedited and unabridged conversation in such a nursery promises all sorts of future wonders. There was once a babe of twenty-two months, who, seeing a horse panting up a hill at night, breathing heavily on the frosty air and lighted up by two lamps at the front of the sleigh, promptly and appositely quoted, "A lion with a luminous nose." So apt a gift of applied knowledge might forecast any amount of future literary talent.

But when the child emerges from the nursery, when he meets his kind, what a falling off is there! He at once lowers his literary standards to cap that of his playmates; he impoverishes his vocabulary to match that of the wider level; the commonplace becomes to him the ideal, and his chief happiness is in emphasizing his kinship with his kind, his common humanity. We have seen a small boy of eleven struggling with his school composition on "How I Learned to Express Myself." He would raise his head and discourse vividly and delightfully of STEVENSON'S method of carrying two books in his pocket, one to read and one in which to attempt imitative writing; he hazarded a bet that heaps of old rodgers who made long, periodic sentences learned it out of MILTON and Sir THOMAS BROWNE, but on being urged to set down these able remarks in his composition, he answered sternly and rigidly, "The other fellows don't read those books and they wouldn't write such things if they did." The schoolboy was already trained to understand conformity, even when it meant limitation, as the first bond to his kind, and it mattered little to him that his theme was of an appalling aridity and baldness, conceivable only by the conventional schoolboy.

The day school and the outdoor play with comrades mark the first transformation of the gifted and original infant into the commonplace boy, but to see the full flower of democratic conventionality we must watch for the results of the boarding school. The boy comes home after his first term with a large and deep scorn of purely mental capacity, to be rivalled only by that of the up-to-date young journalist. He has become a person of few words and these mostly slang. Subtle distinctions and shades of meaning are discarded, and his companions are succinctly divided into two groups, "fine chaps" and "silly asses." The scholar of the school, the boy who always had highest averages of work, was tenderly looked down upon as "a sick baby, who can't take enough exercise." Not intellectuality, but restraint, physical prowess, and the ability to get on about like the majority are the qualities of his highest ambitions. Also, it is his aim to be undifferentiated; not only in the vital matters of collars, socks, and neckties, but in speech, manner, and morals he aims at conformity. Anything verging upon imaginative originality or unusual conception is sternly repressed. The letters he has sent home have already heralded the change. They were devoid of emotions and of thoughts. Details of the football game, a chronicle which, for all it conveyed to the waiting feminine element at home, might have been written in Hebrew, a curt statement of hours, marks, exercises, and the details of how to make an aeroplane made up his correspondence. Nothing personal to the writer has ever, by chance, crept in. And if we hoped in meeting again to find the one-time enthusiasm and expansiveness, we are foiled. Not the boy nor the capacity is changed, but the ideal is transformed. The returned schoolboy is a thoroughgoing little democrat. Prevailing standards win his allegiance, and his vote is cast with the majority. One is reminded of the friend of Mrs. SHELLEY, who recommended a school for the young son of the poet where they would not make him think like everybody else. "Rather"—said MARY SHELLEY—"rather tell me of a school where they can teach him to think like everybody." It was a little cluck and blasphemous for the wife of the great poet who had so few perceptions in common with the general, but when one reflects upon the trials of her life, her long exile, her queer mother and father, her few friends, perhaps she was but mortal to be tired and give way, and in the light of her sad experience we can even dimly understand her later devotion to our own impeccably conventional gentleman, WASHINGTON IRVING. We have but to look upon the rapid transformation of our schoolboy to realize that boys like SHELLEY have no business with schools. Schools are for the great average, not for geniuses who know their own business with the world by divine intuitions. The school takes up the average youth and rubs away irregularities and individualities; it rounds off corners of character and smooths his intercourse with his fellows. In short, school prepares him for active life. All the principles of modern schooling are democratic. They are drawn up to deal with man in the mass. The modern method is the extreme opposite of the seventeenth-century ideal, when everything was done to educate a man to distinction. The accomplishments of the aristocrat were added to distinguish him from the crowd; he was taught music and to have a general knowledge of statues and medals, drawing and painting, armory and blazing arms, and finally he was sent on the grand tour of the Continent to come back conversant with foreign ways.

But, after all, and admitting the dangers and the dreariness of too much conformity and unanimity of taste, it is a wholesome lesson our schoolboy imbibes. He learns that the world, taken it by and large, is not the world of the dilettante, the lettered, the artist, the dreamer. It is the world of the robust and the valiant—not he of the happy fancy and choice taste is victor, but he who can most promptly track thought down to its lair, catch it, and use it; he is victor who can transform fancy into fact, and can drag tangible product from vaporous thought.

And herein lies our safety: personality, unlike individuality, lies too deep to be disturbed overmuch by externals. That which divides a boy off from others—peculiarities, singular twists of thought—may be pruned by contact with his kind, but personality, that which he shares with all men, is not touched. If it be great personality it will emerge great from whatever experience; till this one thing we may rest assured—if the nursery genius becomes the commonplace schoolboy the talent was a slight one and would have withered anyhow.

We may have ripped a minor poet or mousing metaphysician, but we need not fear that we have strangled genius—genius is of a vitality that cannot be pruned or cut off. It is, in its essence, will and power. As a matter of fact there is no such thing as a "mute, inglorious MILTON." Any one containing such a flood of words as MILTON will be delivered of them somehow or die in attempting it. SHELLEY, with his incomparable legacy to the world, was a lonely stranger in his school, a reprobate, and a disgrace to his college, and a glory only to humanity at large. No training could make him conform to the commonplace. SOCRATES died as an idle chatterer and a corrupter of youth. But it was but the mortal part that perished. The immortal vitality in him has sent his voice ringing down the ages still instructing the youth of to-day as once in Athens. Our own friend STEVENSON explains that he gained his education by acting on an extensive and highly rational system of truancy. The genius, indeed, is proven by the vitality which refuses the moulding of the machine. So it is safe to throw the schoolboy out into the stream of public life which he finds in the school, secure that he will find his own level, and if there be any "secret excellence" in him, life and his own vitality will somehow fetch it out.

STORNFIELD
REDDING
CONNECTICUT

Monday.

Dear Colonel:

I suppose the press has done its completest best to itself distinguished credit in its bowings of the one President out & the other one in, but I think it a battable proposition that you have surpassed them all. Yours are certainly masterpieces, in fitness, fairness, ~~[illegible]~~ wisdom, depth, candor, compactness, lucidity, grace of style, felicitous expression, & — the right & proper crown for these high excellences — the compound the gravity & the fine dignity made for the occasion. Your remarkable essays will bring you many congratulations — I do not want mine to be the last.

Yours ever

Mark

We did not write the articles so highly and so justly commended by Mr. Clemens. Both were composed by Mr. William Garrott Brown, a frequent and esteemed contributor to these columns.—EDITOR.

Correspondence

ELSIE DINSMORE'S GOOD POINTS

February 17, 1909.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Will you allow a new reader of HARPER'S WEEKLY to congratulate you upon the issue of February 13th—the Lincoln number? Our entire family has been utterly absorbed in it since it came out, and my father, who remembers Lincoln and those dreadful days, had tears in his eyes when he had finished Dr. Leale's article. I feel as though a new pair of eyes had been given me in the last month, and cannot see why I never bought the WEEKLY before. Your editorial on the "What-Would-Jesus-Do" movement in Cleveland expressed our views on the subject to a dot. (In that why we like you, I wonder?)

But there is only one statement to which I feel I must raise a small objection—your sweeping denunciation of my old friend "Elsie." I never had an out-and-out religious education, and "Elsie's" views on spiritual matters bored me to tears as a child, but I skipped all the Scriptural passages, and those books spelled Romance to me, when at the tender age of ten, having wearied of *Betty Dimple, Flaxie Frizzle*, and their kin, I discovered "Elsie" on the shelves in my grandmother's library. I thrilled at her adventures—honestly I did—don't you remember the shooting of the burglar on their honeymoon? Didn't you get nervous over the Ku Klux Klan, and how "Elsie" and her cohorts poured hot lye on them? And hadn't she two or three very naughty grandchildren whose unregenerate ways reminded me of my own? And you of yours? I'll grant you that the moral those "pernicious little books" attempt to point is sickly, antiquated, and wholly useless, but they really had lots of good points. I don't remember a thing about the *style*—does a child ever think of that? But for a time I lived with "Elsie," and dreamed that my short yellow hair was changed overnight to "warm brown curls reaching far below my waist." I got over it, of course, but which of us ever entirely forgets a childhood friend?

I am, sir,

M. H. P.

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The "Sand-hogs" and the Ship

THE THRILLING STORY OF A FIGHT BETWEEN THE SEA AND A HANDFUL OF DETERMINED MEN WHO LOCKED THEMSELVES BELOW DECKS TO SAVE THE CRUISER "YANKEE"

By Henry Jay Case

WHEN Dick Creedon was blown through the bottom of the East River by compressed air from the end of a tunnel shield, little did he know of deep-sea wrecking. Creedon was a "sand-hog," and all that was asked of him was a stout heart and a good pair of lungs, and ability to wield a shovel and pick under extreme high-air pressure. The runaway current of air that broke through the crust of the river bottom and carried Creedon with it, sixty feet upward, through water and silt to daylight, came near being his undoing.

He thrived in the risks and exposure he ran with his brother "sand hogs," but he couldn't stand prosperity. He lasted a week in vaudeville, was variously reported as the proprietor of a saloon, an all-night lunch counter, and then dead, and now bobs up serenely as the foreman of the "graveyard shift" among the wreckers at work on the United States cruiser Yankee, sunk in the outer harbor of New Bedford. The "graveyard shift" goes into the hold of the Yankee at midnight and works until dawn; that is, when the weather permits, for she lies exposed to the gales that sweep the Atlantic, and when the storm flags fly the wreckers cut and run. When the weather abates, back on the job they come again.

"Sand-hogs" as deep-sea wreckers is a new calling, but the members of that conglomerate American, Irish, Canadian, Italian, English, Portuguese crew proved their worth in salt water as they had done before in rock or river silt, and the fight to save the Yankee will stand for years in the wrecking history of the coast—a story of the blind faith and confidence of rough men in their leaders, of a long, weary effort and unceasing grind, of an all-night battle against the lurch of the sea, the men standing by the pumps and air compressors between decks until they were swimming to keep their heads above water, their prize a battered hull of a splendid ship, wallowing and threatening at any minute to turn turtle and carry all to the bottom.

The Yankee went hard aground off Old Cock Spindle on Hen and Chickens Reef, at the entrance of Vineyard Haven Sound in a thick fog on September 23d, and was released from her position on December 4th, forty-five days after the engineers who undertook the job had begun operations with their compressed air system.

Hen and Chickens Reef is at the southern extremity of a chain of islands from Massachusetts, sticking well out into the Atlantic. In good or bad weather its vicinity is avoided by the most skilled navigators. Luckily for the Yankee, still weather prevailed through out her imprisonment, but on Friday afternoon, December 4th, the captain's Japanese pasdle began sulking in the cabin, and finally buried herself in the cook's bunk, which, according to the crew, was a most awful omen, and as a barometer she made good, for her crazy antics were followed by a sudden drop in the glass, and trouble developed from the southwest in the shape of a rising wind and a nasty sea.

The wind increased to half a gale accompanied by sleet and rain, and the wrecking fleet of tugs standing by got lines aboard, ready for the Yankee to begin her slide into deep water. Continuing the bad luck, she began to move at four o'clock in the afternoon, and slid off against both wind and surf, the tugs with straining cables putting their noses into the seas in an effort to hold the cruiser off shore.

With her stern down and her bow high out of water, the trim accessory to float her, the cruiser was an unwieldy big thing to handle. She had, besides, a heavy list, but as desperate as the chances were, the wreckers decided to drag her behind Penikese Island.

The tow-lines broke repeatedly in the early evening, and it was with difficulty and great danger that the Yankee was kept under headway. But straight across the sweep of the half gale coming up from Cuba they took her, and in behind Penikese Island brought her at last, confident that hers anchors would hold and the overworked crew be able to grab a bite to eat and perhaps a wink of sleep before continuing the battle in the morning.

Sleep, however, was not for them. The wind whipped around into the northeast, then to the east, and was blowing a half gale as night shut down, with the Yankee again on a lee shore and in a worse position time to surmise upon that. Knocked and tossed about in the badly lighted spaces below, groping for a foothold, grimy and bruised and bleeding, they stuck to their posts as they had done hundreds of times before under the river bottom, waiting for the blast which might bury them or might not. The odds were no different, here, aboard the Yankee. Besides, it was a gamble and the stakes were high.

Outside, on the heaving slippery decks of the tugs, the crews shouted and cursed as the lines parted, taking desperate chances each time in getting new lines aboard. The tugs heeled sides and parted, grinding stout oak timbers and hard steel. Then one of the heaviest of the towing fleet rammed the Yankee as she was getting a line aboard, breaking in a row of star

The cruiser "Yankee" as she lies off the outer harbor of New Bedford, Massachusetts, the "sand-hogs" fighting their unequal fight with wind and sea

than ever. The boss wrecker declared she couldn't lie there, and that he must either take to the open sea or make a fight for New Bedford harbor. He chose the latter course. Orders were screamed, hawsers, through megaphones. The tugs took a fresh hold, and the thrashing, struggling group of steam-craft headed north for a fifteen-mile battle in a wintry sea, and one of the worst nights known to the coastguardsmen.

On board the prize a detachment of her sailors stood at stations on deck, with her engine and boiler men keeping what steam they could below. The "sand-hogs" all over the ship minded the pumps and the compressors, plugging leaks where they found them, and holding the air lines fast. On these streams of compressed air depended the floating of the ship. Let the compressors be stopped and it would be all hands to the small boats. What happened on deck was no concern of the "sand-hogs." Cables might part—and they did; the sailors might have to be lashed to the rigging—and they were; but the men below had no board port-holes, cutting loose the life boats, and starting some of her steel plates.

Above the roar of the storm was heard the crash of the collision. Men were thrown to their feet and wrecking machinery dislodged. Under the rays of the searchlight from the *Lebanon* the hole in the side of the Yankee looked as big as double barn doors. The ship was laboring heavily in the trough of the sea with a bad list, and swept by each succeeding gray-back. But the wreckers never thought of giving her up.

In the stoke-hole, Wotherspoon, the civil engineer in charge of the wrecking plant, was thrown upon his head by the shock of the collision, the gang of "sand-hogs" with him. It didn't require a message to tell him what had happened. But a sailor dropping through the companionway overhead clapped his mouth to the engineer's ear, yelled his information, and was on the ladder again before the wrecker had got his aching head to thinking. His first thought was of his prize. Passengers there were none, and he

A diver going down into the "Yankee" from one of the weather screens built about her tops to plug up the holes he finds below

A group of the "sand-hogs" who barricaded themselves in the sinking vessel when certain death stood ready at each man's elbow

knew that the tugs standing by could pick up his men in the sea if necessary.

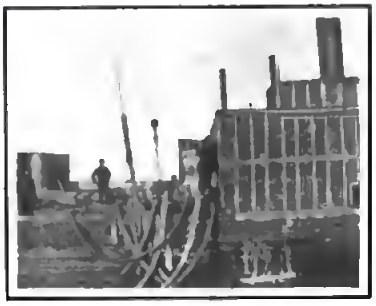
"You, McInnis, you, Johnson, Hagin, Bowler, Smith, Come on!"

Up the ladder he went with his men behind him, but not for the deck. Stumbling, crawling through the staggering ship, they made their way toward the gaping hole in her side and dropped into the calm where the forward compressors stood. Ordering the seamen at stations to the deck, Wotherspoon counted off his own men to fill their places, and then fully realizing that the ship under him was near foundering, that two decks stood between him and open air, and that all would go down with her should she turn turtle, he ordered every door shut and bolted.

Each "sand-hog" whom he had picked he knew he could depend upon. They had been with him in tight places before, on the *Bowesman* in the St. Lawrence, and on the *Mount Temple* on the Nova Scotia coast. Americans, Canadians, and Englishmen, including a diver, probably ten in all, were bottled up completely. The *Yankee* had such a list that her starboard rail was underwater, and the staterooms off the cabin on that side and the compartments submerged, with water spouting through the broken port holes like geysers, and flooding the cabin.

These port holes had to be closed and the impour of water checked immediately. In the rush and press of that moment the diver dressed as deliberately as though he had all the time on earth. The men beside him paid off the life line, and he slipped out of sight in the blackness behind the stateroom door. He closed the first port hole and was drawn up. The second and third port-holes, he reported, were jammed and would not shut, but they could be stuffed. So the "sand-hogs" ransacked the cabin for stuffing and produced a mattress and some sofa pillows. Holding one of these silk cushions clumsily aloft, the diver went down again, but the pressure was too great against him, and he signalled to draw him up.

Again he went down this time Wotherspoon and two of the "sand-hogs" going into the black hole with him to heel the weight of their bodies for a brace. With the mattress and some pieces of sealing



The pipe lines from the compressors which are forcing air into the sunken ship to drive the water from her compartments

lines made the plug secure and were dragged back through the stateroom door to the slanting hall submerged door of the cabin. Then Wotherspoon set them at the task of sliding the heavy compressors to the other side of the ship.

For two hours they labored at this almost impossible job, the slowly dimming lights finally leaving them in darkness. The fires of the last boilers had gone in the rising water. The "sand-hogs" could hear it roar and race through the decks below, and with it the shrieks of the whistles from the tugs outside, calling them to give up and come away.

Captain McAllister, in command of the wrecking fleet, and Captain Marsh of the *Yankee* had to resort to strategy to get the men who were on deck off the ship. When it was plain to them that the *Yankee* was sinking they ordered the tugs close up and, jumping in, called upon their men to follow. As the last man came over the side McAllister, with the naval officer close upon his heels, sprang back again to the deck of the *Yankee*. But if they expected to leave the men behind them they were disappointed, for every man Jack that could make the leap landed upon the cruiser's deck with his leader, and flatly refused to go back when ordered.

Green water by this time was coming over the rails and pouring down the hatches of the *Yankee*. No man could stand against its weight, and at this moment when Captains Marsh and McAllister had called for volunteers to go below, Wotherspoon's gang squirmed its way on deck through the galley companionway, a hole just big enough to admit one at a time, and all hands weal into the rigging. Wotherspoon stripped to his bare skin. There they remained until the life-boats took them off after the ship struck.

The "sand-hogs" had hung to their prize just long enough to cheat the Atlantic of another ship, and left her settled on the soft bottom in the outer harbor at New Bedford, where they are now working for another hold to pull her all the way in. They had dragged her twelve miles from Hen and Chickens Reef, and three miles from the point off Penikese Island where she was rammed. That night they celebrated their victory in a game of poker.

A Man who was Unafraid

THE COURAGE OF "JOE" PETROSINO, THE NEW YORK DETECTIVE, WHICH LED HIM THROUGH MANY PERILS TO VIOLENT DEATH

By Frank Marshall White

LIEUTENANT JOSEPH PETROSINO of the New York Police Department, martyr in the service, was no ordinary man. Upheld by an exalted sense of duty, he went his way fearlessly, though he knew that he had been marked for death by the two most powerful and dreaded criminal organizations of the time, the Camorra and the Mafia. With a record of more convictions for murder than any other five men in the detective bureau, his was a gentle and kindly disposition. Fate had set him a stern task, and he did not shirk it. It may be truthfully said that no man in the entire Police Department was more respected by those with whom he came in contact.

Petrosino himself was held by his superiors in the Police Department to be worth all the other members of his bureau put together. He was not a detective of the Sherlock Holmes type, and what he accomplished was by sheer hard work and a certain bulldog tenacity, combined with a complete knowledge of the habits and manners of the Italian criminal. One of the best known of the hundreds of cases that he has been connected with was the celebrated "barrel murder," in 1903, and, although it was impossible to convict the man he ran down, there was no doubt of his guilt. The nude body of a man had been found in a barrel on the sidewalk in East Eleventh Street at daylight. There was nothing in the barrel by which the identity of the victim could be established; not a single clew to follow. Petrosino, however, had a vague idea that he had seen the face of the dead man before; and after searching his memory for twenty-four hours, he came to the conclusion that it had been among the spectators at the trial of a counterfeiter named Diprizi, who had been convicted and sent to Sing Sing prison a year or two before. The detective had the photograph of the dead man taken, and he took it to Diprizi in the prison. The counterfeiter at once recognized the photograph as that of his own brother, and he told Petrosino that the man had called on him at the prison in company with another Italian named Petto. The detective asked Diprizi whether there was anything about his brother's clothes or possessions that might be used as a clew in tracing his murderers, but all that the prisoner could recall about the dead man on his last visit was that he had carried a silver watch, "with scratches on the neck," as he described it. Returning to New York, Petrosino ransacked the pawnshops until he found a silver watch with the "scratches on the neck," as described by Diprizi. Then he arrested Petto, and confronted him with the pawnbroker, who recognized him as the man who had pawned the watch. He was connected with the murder by other circumstances also; but although he was held in the Tombs prison for eight months, it was impossible to obtain sufficient evidence to warrant bringing him to trial.

On one occasion Petrosino tracked a man named Paul Rondo, who had killed his wife in New York, to a home in the outskirts of Long Island City, where he arrived after dark. He did not know Rondo by sight; and, as the house was full of friends of the fugitive, who would make every effort to conceal his identity, Petrosino came to the conclusion that to enter would give the murderer a chance to escape in the resulting confusion. Wherefore, the detective climbed a thickly leaved tree at the roadside to await developments. Nothing occurred during the night, but Petrosino stuck to his post of observation, in spite of the terrible fatigue and bodily discomfort brought about by the cramped position he was obliged to take.

Lieutenant Petrosino of the New York Police

MURDERED AT NIGHT ON A PUBLIC SQUARE IN PALERMO, A VICTIM TO THE VENGEANCE OF SICILIAN CRIMINALS

At daybreak scouts came out of the house and made a search of the neighborhood. The coast being apparently clear, a wagon was driven up to the door of the house, and a large box brought out and placed in it. As the wagon passed under the tree, in turning toward the Thirty-[illegible] Street ferry, Petrosino dropped from it and [illegible] the box to the ground. In it he found Rondo, as he had anticipated, and he was taken to New York in irons.

Petrosino's exploits would fill volumes, but the story he liked best to tell is of the saving of the life of a man who had been unjustly convicted of murder, by tracking down the real murderer on his own initiative, and arresting him only two days before the innocent man was to have been executed. In the summer of 1899 the police found Nicolo Carbone and Natale Brugno, both Calabrians, struggling on the sidewalk at Baxter and Leonard streets, Brugno with a fatal knife wound in the back. The following winter Carbone was convicted of the murder of his compatriot and sentenced to death. After Carbone's conviction word came to Petrosino that two persons, a watchman and a messenger boy, who had witnessed the fight between Carbone and Brugno, had seen a third man rush up while the others were struggling together, stab Brugno, and run away. Petrosino made inquiries among Brugno's relatives, and learned that the dead man had had an enemy named Alessandro Ceramella, also a Calabrian, who answered the description given by the two witnesses of the men they had seen commit the murder. Ceramella had not been seen about his accustomed haunts since the night of the tragedy, which increased the probability of his guilt, and also made the prospect of finding him less hopeful. Carbone was sentenced to die on February 7, 1900, just three weeks from the time that the story of Ceramella's part in the tragedy was brought to Petrosino, and the evidence of the watchman and the messenger was not sufficient, from the legal point of view, to secure a respite for the condemned man. Petrosino determined to save the man's life, but he had to work against time. He tracked Ceramella to Jersey City, and then to Pittsburg. Thence the trail led to Milford, Delaware; to Halifax, Nova Scotia; and then to Baltimore. Here Petrosino ran his man to earth two days before Carbone was to have been executed, and secured his confession that it was he who had murdered Brugno. Carbone was pardoned, and Ceramella was convicted of murder and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

Petrosino was born in Italy, of humble parents, in Padula, in the province of Campania, forty-eight years ago coming with them to America when he was nine years of age. He studied in the public schools, and sold newspapers and blacked boots out of school hours as a boy. He had worked as a tailor, as a clerk in a bank, and in the Department of Street Cleaning before he became a policeman. A sad romance in Petrosino's life lies in the circumstance that he was married less than two years ago to a woman whom he had courted for years, but whose father had refused until then to allow his daughter to become the wife of a man who was in constant danger of assassination. No one knew better than Petrosino the fearful risk he ran when he ventured into the very home of the Mafia, and his doing so is an example of as splendid courage as man is often called upon to exhibit. Petrosino had saved no money, because he assisted in the support of his brothers and sisters, but his wife and infant daughter will receive his pension of $1,000 per year, in addition to which a fund is being raised for them by public subscription. A brave man's memory can be no more fittingly honored than by contributing to the welfare of those who were dependent upon him.

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Paulette as a Dancer

Village Bull-fighters

The Old Boulevardier

Lucienne Breval as "Carmen"

A SPANISH PAINTER OF HUMAN TYPES

EXAMPLES OF THE WORK OF IGNACIO ZULOAGA ON VIEW AT THE HISPANIC MUSEUM, NEW YORK

A NOTE ON ZULOAGA'S ART BY CHARLES DE KAY WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 33 OF THIS ISSUE

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The Feminine Cabinet

WOMEN WHO WILL TAKE THE LEAD IN WASHINGTON'S SOCIAL ACTIVITIES DURING PRESIDENT TAFT'S ADMINISTRATION

By Abby G. Baker

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Miss Helen Taft
ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. TAFT

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Mrs. Taft
WHO, AS WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT, IS OFFICIAL LEADER UNDER THE NEW REGIME

IN Washington the social as well as the official world revolves about the White House. It is there that the social calendar is set for the national capital, and it is as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians. It has been said aptly that in other cities society is a diversion, but that in Washington it is a part of the general scheme of life.

The wife of the Secretary of State is leader in all things social in the Cabinet circle. She it is who takes the initiative, and, next to the wife of the President, she determines the social ethics governing the official life of the capital. She is brought more closely into touch with the Diplomatic Corps than any other hostess. She slips away from the White House New Year's reception at noon to give the corps a buffet breakfast; she, with the Secretary of State, is often their guest of honor, and she frequently welcomes them into her home. Hence it is exceedingly fortunate that a woman of Mrs. Philander C. Knox's experience, tact, and unfailing grace is to fill this exacting position during the new administration. Her experience as a Cabinet hostess dates back to April, 1901, when President McKinley made Mr. Knox his Attorney-General, a post which he filled until he entered the United States Senate as the successor of the late Matthew Quay in 1904.

There are six lawyers in Mr. Taft's Cabinet, and it happens that two of them have served as Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, Judge J. M. Dickinson, the new Secretary of War, having filled that office under President Cleveland. Both Judge and Mrs. Dickinson are of Southern birth; he is the grandson of Felix Grundy, of Mississippi, who served as Attorney-General under Van Buren, and his father, Judge Henry Dickinson, was from that State also. Mrs. Dickinson's mother was Harriett Maxwell, whose father was one of the first settlers of Tennessee, and her father, John Overton, had a large stock farm near Nashville. Soon after their marriage Judge and Mrs. Dickinson went to live on the famous Belle Mead plantation, and they have always considered it their home, although the former's diversified political and business positions have often taken them from it. Their eldest son, Overton, who is married and has a little daughter, lives at Belle Mead; their second son is also married and is in business at Seattle, Washington; while the third son, Jacob McGavock, the namesake of his sire, entered Yale last fall.

Mrs. Wickersham, whose husband is the Attorney-General under Mr. Taft, returns to the city of her birth and her girlhood home in coming to Washington, and she will be warmly welcomed by many of the old families of the District who have been among her lifelong friends. She is the daughter of Cornelius and Mary Binckly Wendell, of Knickerbocker stock, originally from Albany, New York. She was educated at Madame Barr's, the fashionable "Female" school at Washington of that day, and finished her studies in Europe. She met and married Mr. Wickersham at the capital, but went with him soon afterward to New York City, where they have since lived. Their son is to finish his law studies at Harvard next June; their eldest daughter is married to Mr. Albert Aiken, a sugar-planter of Cuba, and their youngest child is a bright and attractive schoolgirl. Mrs. Wickersham has a charming personality, is sympathetic and responsive, and has a well-informed mind and a great gift of repartee. While not much of a club woman, she has always taken a great interest in athletic training and social betterment.

There can be but little said of Mr. Frank H. Hitch-

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Mrs. Philander C. Knox
WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE

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Mrs. Franklin Mac Veagh
WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

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Miss Flora Wilson

DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE

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Mrs. James Schoolcraft Sherman

WIFE OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT

Mrs. G. W. Wickersham

WIFE OF THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL

cock, the new Postmaster-General, in an article telling of the Cabinet hostesses, for he has the misfortune to be a bachelor. He is fair, tall, and fully forty. He is a Harvard athlete, taciturn but affable, and no doubt as Cabinet host he will maintain as cheerful bachelor quarters as did his worthy predecessor, former Secretary (now Mr. Justice) Moody of the Supreme Bench.

Mr. Meyer, who goes from the Post-office portfolio to that of the Navy, has been a member of the Cabinet for two years, and his accomplished wife and two pretty daughters have become great favorites in Washington society. They entertain elaborately in their handsome home at the head of S Street, where they have introduced a number of interesting European customs.

The final selection made by President Taft for his Cabinet was Mr. Franklin Mac Veagh of Chicago, for Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Mac Veagh is widely

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Mrs. Charles Nagel

WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF COMMERCE AND LABOR

known throughout the United States as a most successful business man, and he also has a well-deserved reputation as a broad-minded, public-spirited, philanthropic gentleman.

Mrs. Mac Veagh is the daughter of Mr. Henry Eames, late President of the Commercial National Bank of Chicago, and she spent much of her girlhood in that city. She is a recognized leader socially, but her delicate health in recent months has compelled her to give up some of her social duties. The family have a handsome home on the Lake Shore Drive, one of the few residences of the city designed by Richardson. Their summer home is at Dublin, New Hampshire, where a few years ago Mr. Mac Veagh presented to the village a public library. They have but one son, Eames Mac Veagh, a graduate of Yale, who is unmarried, and associated with his father in business.

Mrs. Ballinger, the wife of the Secretary of the Interior, is a college woman. She spent three years at Wellesley, but instead of remaining for graduation she went to Europe with her brother, Mr. Walter Bradley, professor of chemistry at Wesleyan University, in Connecticut. She has always been students, more fond of books and music than society, and for years she was a noted church singer in her Western home, Seattle. Of late years she has given up her music and devoted her time to her sons, one of whom is attending Williams College, where his father was graduated, and a younger son of ten.

Mrs. J. M. Dickinson

WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR

Miss Flora Wilson enjoys the distinction of having been a Cabinet hostess longer than any of her predecessors. She came to Washington with her father when he was appointed Secretary of Agriculture twelve years ago. She cannot, however, claim "continuous service," as he can, for she has been abroad studying music for the past four years. She is gifted with an unusual voice, and has been studying under some of the best masters of Europe.

The tall and graceful women who will stand at the foot of the receiving line at the White House during the Taft administration is Mrs. Charles Nagel, whose husband is the Secretary of Commerce and Labor. She is the daughter of Mr. John Shepley, one of the foremost lawyers of St. Louis, and she has had every advantage of education and travel. She is quiet in her tastes, loves home life, and is devoted to her five children, one young son, of eight years, and four daughters, the eldest of whom has lately made her début.

As for Mrs. Taft, every one is enthusiastic over her. "With all her intellectual tastes," said a woman who knows her, "Mrs. Taft is the most companionable

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Mrs. George Von L. Meyer

WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

woman you ever saw. You may not think it from a slight acquaintance, for she is, inherently, a little shy, and it used to be hard for her to meet strangers. But bless you! when she went into the executive mansion as the American governor's wife there at Manila, she eliminated all that shyness! She made everybody welcome, and the old palace became the centre of all social life."

Miss Helen Taft, the only daughter of the President, will be the latest of the galaxy of young women to enjoy the rare fortune of being introduced to society at the White House. After her father was nominated last June, she matriculated as a Freshman at Bryn Mawr, although it was understood that in the event of his election she would remain only one year in college. She is fair and tall, quite five feet and eight inches in height, a fine horsewoman, an excellent housekeeper, and devoted to literature. The sympathy between her and her illustrious father is quite unusual, and during the vacation season at Murray Bay the two have taken many long cross-country tramps together.

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Mrs. R. A. Ballinger

WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

On the Road

By Ruth Berkeley

DRAWINGS BY DAN DAVRE GROESBECK

He called us all "dear," whether he liked us or not

WHEN I opened the door of a theatrical agency one day and saw some fifty applicants lining the four walls I felt almost tempted to go away. It seemed so hopeless that out of this roomful of anxiously expectant actors and actresses I should be chosen. But instead of going away, I seated myself near the door and waited with the rest.

The agent, a stout, middle aged woman, seemed to be oblivious of the fact that any one was awaiting her pleasure, as she sat gossiping with the typewriter about the merits of the play they had seen the previous evening.

After we had sat in patience for nearly half an hour she suddenly blinked her eyes and looked up with an expression that indicated:

"Oh, to be sure! I forgot you were here. Well! Well! What is it?"

The boldest, or perhaps the most experienced, of the applicants walked over to her and made his wants known. As he was well dressed, she treated him not without some consideration, although she yawned several times and seemed more interested in gazing out of the window than in listening to him.

After about fifteen actors had gone through this ordeal a little woman arose and crossed the room to the agent. Nothing but the most extreme poverty could have made her brave with all those eyes watching her so curiously. The agent cast one look of contempt upon her and said, "Nothing doing."

"But—but—" said the woman, with a beseeching movement of her thin hand.

"There's nothing doing," repeated the agent, and the woman turned miserably away. The agent hadn't even the grace to wait until she was out of hearing before remarking to the typewriter:

"She's got on her stage wardrobe. How does she expect to get a job?"

It was true. The poor, faded creature had tried by a few touches to disguise the pitifully obvious fact that she was wearing the duller of the theatrical gown that she had worn in some Shakespearian harum-scarum company. For although the day was warm, the need of getting a place had forced her to put on this heavy passementerie stage dress, and go forth hoping it wouldn't be recognized. She had tried to modernize it by cutting the neck out and filling it in with lace. She had belted it in with some white ribbon, and had taken off all the tinsel, except in places where it held the dress together. And her toil had been of no avail.

When the door closed upon her I felt for a moment that I didn't want a place, that I didn't want even to live in a world where people were so cruel. I resented the comparatively suave manner in which the agent greeted me when my turn came. It happened that I was just the type for whom she was looking to play a part in a road company, so she engaged me on the spot.

I marvelled at the ease with which I had obtained this position, for I might have searched months before anything half as good offered itself. I marvelled still more when I remembered that she knew nothing about my qualifications as an actress. Later I discovered that her apparent indifference in the matter was due to the fact that the manager for whom she was engaging actors had a method of his own in selecting a company. First and last, he required the actor to look the part, never mind the rest. If this qualification was assured, he would put the actor on the back and say:

"Just go on and be natural."

Sometimes, however, this method wouldn't work. For, although the candidate for the part was natural before going on the stage, the moment he began to speak his lines he became everything that was unnatural. Then the process of selection would begin all over again. Some idea of the persistence with which this man pursued his method of engaging actors may be had from the fact that, although there were only thirty persons in the play, there were the siftings of five hundred applicants.

The day of rehearsal came at last. As it was a character play, and the personages were supposed to be from all walks of life, the assembled company was as remarkable a gathering as one could find anywhere. They varied as much in temperament as in size: from the ex-prize-fighter looking person, whom the manager had picked up because of his huge bulk, to the soubrette who was so tiny she could almost have passed for a child. She had been reared in the herd school of the stage from the time she could creep. She was an orphan, but not one of the lonely kind,

"Nothing doing"

for already she had snuggled up confidingly to the "low comedian," and was leaning affectionately on his shoulder, although she had known him only ten minutes. Ten minutes, however, was a long time in the life of this restless little being.

When the stage manager arrived—a short, squat, red faced man of fifty—every one immediately became interested in his manuscript. The manager walked briskly to the table and proceeded to make himself comfortable by removing his hat, coat, waistcoat, and collar. I trembled for the rest of his attire.

He chewed gum incessantly and called us all "dear," whether he liked us or not, and no matter how angry he was with us. He had a mania for rehearsals. For five dreary weeks we rehearsed from ten o'clock in the morning sometimes until ten o'clock at night. When we knew the play backward he was so afraid of our having too good a time that on general principles he would call a rehearsal. The day before the performance he was gracious enough to let us have the afternoon to buy our "fixings," but that night, to make up for this graciousness, we rehearsed until two o'clock in the morning.

The opening night came at last, and, although it was a one-night stand company, anything seemed a relief after those rehearsals. Every day we travelled, starting sometimes as early as four o'clock in the morning, never later than ten, and spending about five hours a day on the train.

Our manager on this tour added what he could to the sum of our woes. He seemed invariably to select the first morning train for our jump from town to town. Sometimes he did this out of a mere whim, sometimes apparently to save money. The results were the same in either case. As a consequence, though we went to bed later than any other class of workers, we also saw more sunrises than any others.

It could hardly be expected that these actors, who were the counterparts of the characters which they represented in the play, would find an excess of congeniality in one another's society. We were never quite certain as to what might happen among them, as the rougher element in the company was continually taking umbrage at the more refined members. Not that there was any occasion for this, but the mere presence of the man who played the minister was an eternal reproach to the man who played the prize-fighter. When they would meet in the morning at the train the prize-fighter, ugly, unkempt, and none too well groomed, had only to look at the sleek immaculate minister to be roused to fury.

The manœuvres that the more quiet ones made to escape from the rowdy part of the company were amusing. For the latter were greatly in the majority and were always eager and anxious to advertise the show, and were forever trying to make themselves conspicuous. As if they needed to try!

To see us emerging from the train in a long procession on our way to the hotel would have made even a New Yorker stare. Surely such a motley gathering could have been found nowhere else.

The "heavy" of the company had a coat of which the original color was blue, but the suns and rains of many seasons of one-night stands had changed it to a color that no dyer could have matched. And then the shape of it! It trailed the ground so that he was obliged to lift it in crossing puddles as a woman does her skirts.

The "tiny" soubrette was most eager of all that people should know that she was "with the show." And she would go as far as she dared to advertise the fact. When we arrived at a hotel she and the "low" comedian would begin their antics. Sometimes he would grab her floating veil, and together they would play horse, prancing around and around the lobby of the hotel, she kicking up her heels like a veritable colt, much to the edification of the frequenters of the hotel. Her life was one long giggle. The quiet "good morning" of the hotel clerk was enough to throw her into a convulsion of giggles. Not that she ever really laughed. Her giggle was a purely mechanical affair, compulsorily acquired in early childhood by reason of having to make herself perpetually agreeable. When starting for trains in the early morning it was on funny to hear the dark, still streets echo with her meaningless giggle.

She was always on the alert to produce effects, never entering a dining room until she was sure of a large audience. There being no music for her entrance, in order to get the full attention of everybody in the room she would stand posing in the doorway, one finger on her cheek, gazing abstractedly over the heads of the diners. Then, suddenly feigning to have just discovered her friends, she would prance across the room, emitting a succession of giggles, and, while thirty feet from the table where her friends sat, would mostly explain to them that the reason for her tardy appearance was that she had just returned from a motor ride with "Charlie."

One morning about five o'clock, out in a mining-town, as we were walking along the railroad track on our way to the station, we met a gang of miners going to work. They were at that moment discussing our play, which they had seen the night before. One of the miners was speaking about us in terms partly of envy, partly of awe, as if we belonged to a fairy race, and lived in a fairy world wherein there was nothing so disagreeable as trudging along an uncertain railroad track at five o'clock on a cold, wet morning.

The miner was brought back from the bright fairy land in which in imagination he was wandering with us by the sight of the soubrette, who had stumbled and spattered her face with mud. With an apologetic giggle she scrambled to her feet, and she and the miner paused for a moment, staring at each other out of the ghostly dawn.

As she stood before him, pale, wan, hollow eyed, with her body pulled sideways in a semicircle by the weight of her heavy suit case, his look of gained recognition was illuminating as to what was passing in his mind. Each looked into a face begrimed with

Staring at each other out of the ghostly dawn

mud. His body was bent forward by the toil of the pick, hers bent sidewise by the weight of her baggage. Both were workers, forced out of bed by a common necessity long hours before the rest of the world was awake. Both were unhappy. Only the soubrette, by her pitiful, insistent giggle, thought to make people believe she was not. He was a proletarian without illusions, discontented, and wretched. She was a proletarian imagining herself a butterfly. He mumbled something, she giggled, and they went their separate ways.

Out in Colorado, where the temperature was twenty degrees below zero, we were compelled one night to dress in virtually unheated rooms, as the dressing-rooms were arranged in a circle around a lobby which contained a single stove to heat them. But room is too dignified a word for the little hatboxes which sometimes three or four persons would have to share. That night in dressing it was a tug between trying to be modest and freezing to death. For if we closed our doors we shut out even the little heat that came from the stove in the hall, and if we opened them we were in full view of the actors, who, in different stages of dress, were gathered three deep around the stove. In rooms where the temperature was little higher than that outside, we were compelled to put on summer evening dresses.

The young girl who played the "ingenue" had just left school to join this company; yet when she emerged from that Siberian dressing-room in her thin *décolleté* gown, her face was blue and pinched even under the paint.

When the curtain rang up we sauntered on the stage, and, though our blood was congealed with the cold, yet we fanned ourselves as if overcome by the heat. The fans came in good stead that night, for in real earnest we had to fan the soubrette before the play was over. The altitude and the cold had been too much for her, and she fainted away. She was revived sufficiently to finish the play, but the next morning she was unable to rise without our assistance. Never once while we were dressing her did she giggle, and we stood around her, alarmed, wishing we might hear again the giggle we had so often anathematized. Never once during the long, cold ride to the station did the fainted smile cross her face. All the way she lay limp and white. When we arrived at Pueblo she was babbling deliriously, and we hastily summoned a doctor. He shook his head and said, "This child should be taken home."

He was obliged to lift it in crossing puddles

Child! Child! When could this precocious creature ever have been a child? She was earning her living on the stage at five. At ten, motherless and without a relative in the world, she had gone to Australia with a company by herself. Just as she had never been a child, so she had refused to grow up. No one could tell how old she was. The nearest one could guess was that her figure looked fourteen, her face possibly twenty-five, and her hands fifty.

The doctor said she must be taken to the hospital at once. To this the manager objected, and he begged the doctor to give her something to bruce her up, so that she could play that night, as there was no one to take her place.

The doctor stooped down and whispered to him, "She will never play again, old man."

We took her to a hospital not much better than a barn, and almost as cold. None of us could stay with her, for we had to hurry back to the theatre to alter the play for that night.

The next morning we had an early jump, and so we never saw her again. She died a week later.

She was a brave little soul. Never once during that dreary season did I hear her complain, although the hardships we endured can be likened to nothing, perhaps, except the life of a stoker. Like a great many of her type, she thought it better to keep alive by buffoonery than to die.

Nothing pleased the obstreperous part of our company more than for some farmer to ask, as we filed along,

"Be ye the tempery?"

This would tickle our "heavy" and the "low comedian" hugely. The English lady who played the *grand dame* would stare at the farmer through her lorgnette. Then with icy sarcasm she would answer, in her most exquisite English manner:

"Yes, we are the frompe. The elephants and the camels will be along directly."

Her sarcasm would be wasted, however, for the farmer, taking her literally, would start down the road on a run, screaming: "The elephants be a-coming! The elephants be a coming!"

The actor is often aggressive and blatant where the public is concerned, but is usually humble and obsequious to a fault with his manager. He submits to more insults and injustices from his employer than does any other class of proletarian. Other workers would, I am sure, protest against being aroused at four o'clock on a cold wet morning and compelled to travel breakfastless, especially if their labor had kept them up until twelve o'clock the night before, and no other workers would submit to the condition of some of the dressing-rooms they encounter. The apathy of the actor regarding them seems utterly incompatible with the blatant actor temperament.

In one beautiful New England town, where such a thing seemed most unlikely to happen, all the "supers" in the play were arrested on a charge of theft (these, however, were not members of our company, as "supers" are always engaged from outside). As they were rallied down from the platform, where they were supposed to be witnessing a bull fight, and their histrionic aspirations ignominiously interrupted, the officer in charge greeted them as they filed by: "So you men are at your old tricks again, eh? You're all here, are you?"

Then turning to some of the actors, he remarked: "Gee! It's a wonder they didn't run away with the trunks and all! You've got all the jailbirds in the county here to-night."

They were taken to the station-house and searched, but nothing of value was found on them. Later it became known that the pure fighter had helped himself to fifteen dollars of the "heavy man's" money, and of course the blame had been laid upon the "supers."

Gathered three deep around the stove

Why the man should have chosen to take the money at the psychological moment when we happened to have so many jailbirds "supering" for us is inexplicable. For never before that had I heard of theft in a company, and never before had we had jailbirds "supering" for us.

To have followed and consistently the manager's idea of our respective characters the man who played the ex-convict should have committed the theft, just as the man who played the drunkard was always rehearsing the part in actual life. He was his part so thoroughly, both on and off the stage, that he caused the manager endless trouble. They had to keep him constantly under surveillance. As soon as they removed their vigilance he would forget all about the theatre and the part he had to play.

The manager's theory in selecting this company worked admirably as far as the acting was concerned, but the utter lack of harmony that existed among its members proved the impracticability of engaging people who were the characters in actual life, instead of real actors, especially as the characters in the play were supposed to be antagonistic to one another, and the very plot of the piece hinged upon this incompatibility of temperament.

Had the company been composed of real actors who only acted their parts instead of being them, there might have been some semblance of congeniality among us. As it was, there was not a moment's peace. They couldn't agree among themselves, they simply couldn't, and so the poor irresponsible creatures brought about their own ruin. For several of the more outrageous escapades of the company came to the knowledge of "headquarters," and the company was disbanded. Now there are thirty actors looking for jobs.

A War that is Seven and a Half Centuries Old

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

"A SERIOUS riot," say the papers, "broke out yesterday in the village of Kilfinane, County Limerick. Last year a branch of the Town Tenants' Association was formed in the village, and some months ago the tenants forwarded a petition to Colonel Gascoigne, the landlord, requesting a reduction in their rents. His terms were not regarded as satisfactory, and the tenants refused to pay any rent pending a settlement of the dispute. A week ago two sheriff's officers and a number of extra policemen arrived in the town, and yesterday the bailiff tried to serve writs on a number of tenants. All the houses were closed and they were obliged to nail the notices to the doors. At one house hot water was thrown on them from an upper window and the crowd which had gathered pressed round the police and cheered. A baton charge was ordered and the crowd was driven back. At another house the tenant and his wife were seen in the upper windows and the bailiffs, fearing that missiles would be thrown at them, refused to approach the door. The crowd again rushed forward, cheering, and another baton charge was delivered in which seven people received injuries. After a time the bailiffs desisted from serving any more notices. The town was now in a state of excitement, and in the evening the streets were thronged with people who had arrived from the surrounding districts. Police reinforcements were requisitioned, and as they drove into the village they were stoned, and in one instance their car was overturned. Several baton charges were ordered, but the crowds fought the policemen with sticks and one party of constables had to seek safety in the barracks. The greatest excitement prevailed until a late hour. A number of people were arrested during the day."

Such is the news which greeted me as I opened *The Times* a short time ago. It does not stand alone. The paragraphs that I proceed to reproduce follow immediately on the above: "Yesterday District Inspector Mercer, with a party of policemen, searched almost every house in the village of Baton Semple, County Galway, for a gun which was taken by masked men from the house of Mrs. Kyne, a widow, about ten days ago. The police failed to find firearms of any description, although it is believed that several people living in the district have guns." "At present fifty men are undergoing various terms of imprisonment in Clonmel Gaol for agrarian offences. Yesterday five others were convicted for having taken part in a rattle-drive on lands occupied by Mr. Hughes at Killenaule. A fund has been opened in Mid Tipperary for the families of the prisoners." "It was reported in Ennis, County Clare, yesterday that on Tuesday night some persons shot a bullock on a grazing farm which was taken some time ago by Mr. Studdert of Crag Meher. The head of the bullock was afterward cut off and mounted on one of the piers of the field gate."

It is clear from these extracts that the Irish land war has not yet petered out. It has been waged off and on for seven and a half centuries and there is still life in it. An eviction is still the signal for something in the nature of a local uprising; and juries, makes carefully packed by the Crown, still refuse to convict any man who is charged with an agrarian outrage. The landlords are by no means the only—in these days are not even the chief—sufferers from agrarian agitation. An unpopular member of a local branch of the United Irish League, or one who has offended the local trader and publican who, with the priest, dictates its policy, or one who has sinned against the unwritten agrarian code of the neighborhood, or who belongs to a faction that has fallen under the displeasure of another and more powerful faction, is just as likely to be boycotted and intimidated, to have his business ruined, his supplies cut off, his cattle maimed or driven off his lands, his crops trampled, his buildings fired, and his comings and goings attended by a mob blowing horns, as was ever a landlord or his agent in the worst days of the Land League. In the first eleven months of 1908 over five hundred and thirty indictable agrarian offences were committed in Ireland, a number not exceeded since the "bad times" of 1880; the mass of boycotting numbered eight hundred and forty; over four hundred cattle-drives were organized and carried out; and attacks of one sort or another with firearms amounted to all but one hundred and thirty.

And only a little over five years ago we were assured that Ireland was at last to be at peace, that the land question was on the point of final settlement, and that the Wyndham Act of 1903—the Act which set the coping-stone on the agrarian revolutions of the past forty years by decreeing the virtual abolition of landlordism and the conversion of Ireland, by a lavish use of state aid, into a country of peasant proprietors would infallibly induce the Irish millennium. It has not done so. The machinery for working it, rather than the Act itself or its fundamental principle, has admittedly broken down.

AN EXPONENT OF "SERIOUS" COMEDY

MISS DORIS KEANE, ONE OF THE MOST PROMINENT OF MR CHARLES FROHMAN'S YOUNGER STARS, HAS BEEN PLAYING IN MR. CLYDE FITCH'S NEW PLAY, "THE HAPPY MARRIAGE," WHICH THE AUTHOR RECENTLY DESCRIBED AS BEING HIS "FIRST SERIOUS COMEDY SINCE 'THE TRUTH'"

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Tutoring Lawmakers

HOW THE STATE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN HAS ESTABLISHED A WORKING ALLIANCE WITH THE LEGISLATURE

By Charles Johnston

THINK of our fifty State Legislatures grinding out laws incessantly. Think of the difficult and confused situations—social, economic, and moral—coming with the rapid growth of our huge country which these laws are supposed to control. Think also of our legislators drawn from classes honest, vigorous, and industrious enough in many cases, but chosen by political machines, for all kinds of motives, and in recognition of all sorts of political services—a heterogeneous and motley body of rough-and-ready Solons. How many of them could give a clear account of the principles of legislation, the moral or social or ethical principles on which laws should rest? How many of them could draft a law, so that it should have the correct form, and hold its proper relation to all laws already existing, whether in one State, in all the other States, or among our national laws? How many could take into account the possible bearing of a law on foreign Powers and international relations? Yet legislate they do, in season and out of season; with the result that we are piling up an enormous mass of confused, incomplete, and contradictory laws, civil and criminal, the like of which the world has never seen.

The State University of Wisconsin

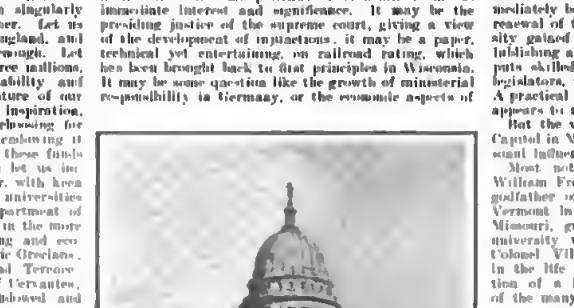
Who can show a way out of the labyrinth? And is there any way out? Let us describe an ideal situation with strong elements of hope. Suppose that out of our almost fifty States one had been singularly favored by Providence or a fairy godmother. Let us imagine this State about as large as England, and therefore compact, handy, and yet ample enough. Let us assign to it a population of nearly three millions, growing rapidly enough for future stability and wealth. Let us suppose that the Legislature of our imaginary State had, in a moment of inspiration, founded a university in its capital city, choosing for it a situation of genuinely Attic charm, endowing it with abundant funds, and promising that these funds should be added to as need arose. Then let us imagine that the governors of the university, with keen wisdom, gathered together from the best universities in the country the best men in every department of learning, not only those who were masters in the more modern lore, such as electrical engineering and economics, but fine *classic* scholars; enthusiastic Grecians, men who love Horace and Lucretius and Terence Dante scholars; masters of the tongue of Cervantes, fellow countrymen of Molière; finely endowed and trained Shakespearians;—in short, a brief epitome of the world's best consciousness through the ages up to the latest news of to-day. Last supposition of all, let us imagine that this picked body of scholars should not only guide the higher learning of the State's sons and daughters and those of other States, perhaps, as well, but should, furthermore, through some happy destiny, some signal favor of Providence or of the fairy godmother's wand, find itself in cordial co-operation with the legislators.

Well, this ideal situation is real. The State of Wisconsin has, in fact, had the singular wisdom, or the angular good fortune, or the happy and sovereign blend of both, to bring this rare state of things about, or to allow the fairy godmother to bring it about—and it is no small part of wisdom not to thwart our providences. There is just such a working alliance between the scholars and the legislators of the State of Wisconsin; and it is one of the happiest and most effective things within the bounds of this great Republic.

Few towns have a happier situation than Madison. Two great blue lakes, fringed with green piers and oaks, divided by a narrow ridge with a peak at either end, like a Mexican saddle. On the ridge the city itself, with the Capitol on the eastern peak and the university on the western, backed up against the sunset. Between them rests the little city embowered in trees.

Madison is equally favored in its social life. I cannot tell offhand whether other States combine a Legislature and a State university in their capital city. If not, it is to their very great loss; for, whether by design or happy accident, the mixture works admirably. Consider how fine a thing it is and how enjoyable to have a society so restricted that every one knows every one else, not merely by sight, but with a certain cordial intimacy. And, further, in this little social world are mingled elements as diverse as the scholars and specialists—scientific, judicial, classical—of a university with high and worthy standards; a sprinkling of Federal Senators and Congressmen; the Governor, State Senators, and Assemblymen; the supreme court of the State; and finally, the dwellers in the city, many of them from older States and some who have travelled or resided long in foreign lands. Add to these distinguished scholars from Oxford or Heidelberg or Paris, arrived like birds of passage and bringing with them the savor of an older world.

Never were the dwellers in a little city so embedded. When the University Club was built the fathers of the club, with wise foresight, provided for a large dining-hall, a rathskeller with vaulted roof, diamond window-panes, and an old Gothic fresco running round the walls. A huge brick fireplace, wrought-iron lamps, carved Gothic chairs, make up a setting altogether admirable, wherein the wise plan of the fathers could be carried out. This was to provide a safe port and harbor of refuge for the many social groups combining learning and good-fellowship which give Madison such a marked moral and mental atmosphere. There is, for example, an Economic Club, which brings together the members of the economic and political science departments of the university and the judges of the supreme court. They dine once a month, I believe, or it may be once a fortnight, in the Gothic rathskeller, with its quaint lanterns, warm coloring, and big roof beams. After dinner the chairs are pushed back, and some one reads a paper or delivers a discourse on some political or economic theme of immediate interest and significance. It may be the presiding justice of the supreme court, giving a view of the development of injunctions; it may be a paper, technical yet entertaining, on railroad rating, which has been brought back to first principles in Wisconsin. It may be some question like the growth of ministerial responsibility in Germany, or the economic aspects of the government of India. The paper or talk lasts a half hour, perhaps, and then discussion or questions begin. Perhaps the professors of law expand the subject of injunctions; perhaps the judges of the supreme court express their view of railroad rating with recent local experiences in mind. Perhaps a Canadian scholar, of whom there are some strong examples here, as in so many of our colleges, may make comparisons between the very full development of ministerial responsibility in the Dominion and the completely contrasted condition of things in the United States, where the members of the Cabinet are not directly responsible to either House of Congress, whether in theory or in practice, but owe allegiance to the Chief Magistrate, who, in his turn, is not directly responsible to Congress.



The State Capitol at Madison, Wisconsin

Nothing could be more healthful, more enjoyable, than this kind of intellectual interaction and exchange. The University Club thus becomes a clearing-house of ideas for the best men in the State; and the work is done systematically, urbanely, intelligently. For there are several clubs of much the same sort which meet here, and bring together the forces of the State in different combinations. And there is very much of the same activity in the city. Take, for instance, the Literary Club, which gathers together the most distinguished and interesting people in the town, from the university, the bench and bar, and the general ranks of the city itself. Here subjects of all kinds are discussed, from astrology and the trusts to men and microbes; and well discussed by men and women of force and culture, who take great pains to master the details, history, and intellectual aspects of the theme of the evening. There are yet other groups more restricted, such as the Town and Gown Club, whose members dine at one another's houses in rotation, the dinner here also being followed by a paper or a talk, always well and thoroughly treated and thoughtfully heard and discussed by those who are present.

One can well imagine, I think, that a social life thus strengthened by such diverse and vigorous elements stimulates in the most beneficent way possible the work of the university and the Capitol alike. The men of the two hills meet together in the valley. They return to their hills strengthened and clarified by the contact. So much for the general situation in Madison as it revealed itself to a three months' visitor. Let us now consider more in detail how the scholars and the legislators react on one another.

This close and constant interaction is due in part, of course, to the fact that the university is a State institution, endowed and built up by the Legislature.

We can easily see how a strong and cordial relation between the university and the Capitol might thus spring up and grow. The decisive step was taken, I believe, when a recent Governor of the State determined to follow a progressive policy, and practically to rebuild the State government, finances, and administration on new and more ideal lines. He sought and found effective helpers in the departments of economics and political science in the university. The best theories, the most trustworthy information, the most practical ideas, were put at his service by men whose profession is the mastery of ideas and new truths; and trained thinker and practical politician worked hand in hand. Men who had studied the labor question thoroughly at first hand in many lands; men who had devoted a lifetime of acute thought to the problems of our great massed industries; men who had mastered the theory of lawmaking—were taken into the Governor's counsels, and their work immediately began to tell in a general shaking up and renewal of the body politic of the State. The university gained a permanent footing in the Capitol, establishing a Legislative Reference Library there which puts skilled advice and counsel within reach of the legislators, while their work is going on day by day. A practical working alliance has thus grown up, which appears to me to work admirably in both directions.

But the very close relation between university and Capitol in Madison is also in large part due to the personal influence of a few men.

Most notable among these stands the late Col. William Freeman Vilas, who was, in some sense, the godfather of the University of Wisconsin. Born in Vermont in 1840, he early went with his father to Missouri, graduating at the recently founded State university when he was eighteen. After the war, Colonel Vilas took a step which marked an era in the life of his university. This was the foundation of a law school, the first professional school of the many he has built up.

His great early achievement was the suggestion and establishment of the short term in the agricultural school, which made it possible for young men to come up from their farms for fourteen weeks during winter, when everything was snowed up and work was slack, and in the university to learn practical things which would be of use to them on their farms. This measure won over the farming community, the class to which the voters belonged and from which many of the legislators were drawn.

In 1885 Colonel Vilas entered the Wisconsin Legislature. In the Capitol he took up the work for the university at the other end. A persuasive orator, he convinced the Legislature of the wisdom of making large appropriations for the university, overcoming the sometimes excessive caution and thrift of the legislators by his strong arguments and masterful personality. The sums provided by the State for the university have increased steadily throughout a generation, until the State has come to turn over something like one-seventh of its income to the great seat of learning, of which it has grown so justly proud.

This steady advance is largely due to the personal influence and example of Colonel Vilas, himself a large benefactor of the university in time, money, and devoted work.

Hunting Ahead of Roosevelt In Africa

By John Jay White, Jr.

THE WRITER OF THIS HUNTING DIARY WAS ACCOMPANIED BY DR. W. S. RAINSFORD, FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, NEW YORK, ON AN EXPEDITION THROUGH THOSE REGIONS OF AFRICA IN WHICH MR. ROOSEVELT WILL PROBABLY HUNT

THIS is the third of a series of articles which have appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY. *They are from the diary of Mr. John Jay White, Jr., of New York, and are descriptive of a successful hunting trip which the author undertook recently, in company with Dr. W. S. Rainsford, formerly of New York, through those regions of East Africa which Mr. Roosevelt will probably traverse.*

I

A camp on return to Ravine, June 26th.—Left Iowal Luck Camp at 8.15. Just before we left, three Wandorobo came in, carrying on a piece of hide upon their shoulders a fourth who had fallen out of a tree the day before while gathering honey. We found out that he had fallen on his back, but, though we felt him carefully over, could not find any broken ribs or bones. He was unable to move, and seemed in a bad way. We gave them some vaseline, telling them to rub his back often and gently, hoping the friction would reduce the bruises, gave him an old blanket, shot a kongoni for them, telling them to make some strong soup for him, and went on. I had to cut my big giraffe skin up, for the bad weather made the hair slip. I kept the head skin and a piece out of the back for a rug. Too bad, for it was nearly a round skin for size—21½ feet from the nose to the end of the tail, and the same across the shoulders from hoof to hoof. Made camp at ten, on edge of a swamp where two old elephant skulls lay—I named it "Elephant Skull Camp"—saw ostriches, eland, zebra, kongoni, wart hogs, antelope, and gazelle from my tent.

July 3d—Pulled out at 7.20 and headed for Big Tree Camp, where we were on May 17th on our way in. Camped eight miles from it at 1.20. Loads very heavy. Two men ill. Asked David if they had come in, and he said, "The Sick Leg has come in, but the Sick Chest is still behind." Saidie, the cook, down with a slight fever. We are out of flour, sugar, milk, etc. Kombo, my second gun-bearer, is kicking because he was given no rice. Told him it would arrive by donkeys, probably to-morrow. He was insolent, and said he must have rice at once. Asked him if he meant that, and, on his saying he did, I dismissed him, giving him twenty days' *posho* of meal, and ordering on as kari to see him two miles out of camp. He is the first man we have had trouble with, and I was afraid if I didn't send him off at once he would make discontent among the others and we might lose a dozen men. Saidie gave us an excellent dinner, and Dr. Rainsford and I shared a bottle of champagne in honor of the Fourth.

July 5th—Left Big Tree Camp at seven. Made camp at 11.20. Safari travelling well, though the loads are heavy. Sick men better. The "Sick Leg" asked for a load this morning, saying he was well. About noon five donkeys and our rations came in. Rice, salt, and sugar in plenty. We are travelling heavy, Dr. Rainsford and I each carrying a gun, and the gun-bearers leading our mules when we walk, as the syces have to carry their own loads.

July 6th—Some men, taking supplies to Hoey's camp, spent last night with our men. They say they met Kombo, well on his way to Ravine. Hunted in afternoon. I saw nothing, but Dr. Rainsford got a long shot at a kongoni. That is about the last fresh meat we will have till we leave Ravine. Last night cobbed us here but so far. My watch broke down at 2.40 this morning, and I cannot get it to go again, though I have tried to assist the works with a pocket-knife. Very annoying. It will be a couple of months before I can get it repaired at Nairobi. I was talking to one of the porters last night and trying to tell him how cold it was sometimes in America. I told him that sometimes it was so cold that the water grew hard and stopped running, and that then I could walk on it without getting wet. He said, "If you can do that, you are a God," and would not believe it till both the gunbearer and Dr. Rainsford told him they had also done so. This fellow has five wives, and five huts for them to live in, and would hardly believe me when I said I had only one wife. I further said I had only one hut and could only afford one wife and one hut. He has cows and sheep, so I said I only had five horses, and no cows or sheep. He seemed quite sorry for me.

July 7th—Off at 7.10 and camped at twelve in the forest near a little stream. Weather very cold to-day and yesterday. I wore a heavy woollen sweater all day. The path through the forest is dryer than when we came through on our way in.

Big Tree Camp, Somewhere in Africa, July 4, 1909. [*From private correspondence.*]—To-day is the Glorious Fourth, but beyond shooting at a mark a couple of times I have done nothing to celebrate it. Last Fourth I spent seeing Indian pony-races on the Sioux reservation. How different it is out here! We are working slowly toward Ravine, on our way to Laikipia, where we are going to hunt buffalo and other fauna. I look forward with considerable dread to our meeting. A few days ago I was walking on a level and barren plain—I chose that location because I could see a long way and not be approached easily from behind. I saw something in the distance which on closer inspection developed into a rhino. This fearful and wonderful beast was jobbing its horns into the African soil in a way that made my blood run cold. It ought to be prohibited by law from making such a muss. While looking at it, and racking my brain to devise some excuse for not hunting a hole in it with my elephant gun, I happened to look another way and saw three large black-maned lions strolling along. They saw us and moved off in a dignified manner, we cautiously pursuing. Fortunately they kept ahead of us, and when we gave up the chase and went back the rhino also had moved, so I went down and shot a couple of zebra for the men's supper. We met a party a day or two ago out hunting, and Italy, their guide, told us that a short time before, while riding along alone, three lionesses gave chase to him. This is a thing they rarely do when unprovoked, but of course he had no means of ascertaining just when or if they were provoked. He said it was a beautiful (though he used a considerably stronger word than that) race for about 200 yards, his mule just keeping ahead, but after that they got tired and slackened speed. He didn't seem to hanker after another trial of speed, and also volunteered the information that "his mule didn't need to be pushed." We are hoping to come back here after we have finished our Somaliland trip (provided, of course, we are alive) and make another try for elephant and lion. It is so far off that I feel quite brave on the subject, but next time I shall have a fast pony. That is the best way to hunt lion. You have a slave on the pony and when you see a lion he chases it. The lion does not enjoy this, and, after a bit, turns at bay. Then you go up and settle your differences in a gentlemanly manner. No more crawling in the bushes for me.

I think we have pretty definitely settled our future plans, which are as follows. We have roughly divided the hunting trip into four parts. The first, the Sargol Rock Trip after lions, we have just finished. Our second trip is to the Laikipia Plateau, where we hope to get rhino and buffalo. That trip should last till some time in September. Then we go down to the coast and take ship to Aden and Berbera in Somaliland after lion, leopard, and greater and lesser koodoo (not hoodoo). Then back and up to this locality after elephant. It is, as you might say, the off season for them just now. We had intended going to Uganda for elephant, but it is not healthy there, and a man runs chances enough (no joking) of his health here without monkeying with the unhealthy districts. Lion, rhino, elephant, and buffalo are distinctly unhealthy. Some of the buck, too, have a nasty habit of charging you if you go too close after wounding them. Doods, Dr. Rainsford's gun-bearer, was present at a little incident when a hunting-party was seriously inconvenienced. The gentleman sport who was paying

Masai guides in an attitude of diffidence

Zebras are among the most common of game

A pair of Colobus monkeys

A wart-hog—small but dangerous

A rhinoceros, happily slain at close range

the expenses of the trip casually got too close to a wounded waterbuck, when the animal made a quick pinage at him and ripped him open so that he died soon after. Of course they did him proud in the funeral ceremonies, but that hardly compensated the unfortunate sport. In Uganda (not to put too fine a point upon it) the parasites, to speak politely, are very bad, and the sores their bites leave are quite dangerous. They also inoculate you with a very unpleasant kind of fever, so thet of late few hunting parties have been there.

Crawling on one way to Laikipia, Sunday, July 12, 1908.—We left Ravine three days ago, and are slowly making our way toward the scene of our next hunting exploits. We are under the impression, so to speak, of a Masai guide. We don't know the way, and I don't believe he does. He travels about three and one-half miles and then says it is many hours to the next water, so we have to stop. He is dressed in a short cloak of rock rabbit skin and sandals, and carries a spear and a water-bottle. The effect is striking, but rather spoilt by an old cotton umbrella which he puts up if it rains. Round the bottle he had wrapped a parcel about as long and thick as your finger tied up in newspaper. I asked him what it was, supposing it to be some charm to keep the evil spirits off. He opened it and showed me about a tablespoonful of tea. That was his sole provision for the trip, as we give him meals. The Masai don't eat much meat, but live on milk, and have large herds of cattle, sheep, and goats. We are due at Laikipia Boma (settlement) in three days. I have just come in from hunting, and saw steinbuck, eland, Grant's and Thompson's gazelle, zebra, and kongoni, but did not get a shot. Ramsford saw two rhinos, but they were both small.

July 13th.—Darkness prevented my writing more last night, so I resume. I am sitting in my steamer chair, writing on my knee, and it is difficult to keep on the lines. We made a hard march to-day. When we had gone about ten miles the guide said there was water and we would stop. So he hunted round, but came back saying that the leopards must have drunk it up, and we would have to cross a mountain and go a long way farther. At least, so I understood him. But the old bird was right, for we struggled along till three, when we came down to the plain and a beautiful river about two feet deep and fairly clear, which is quite wonderful for Africa. I promptly went in and had a bath, which was delightful. There are a great many Masai cattle on this plain, for we are passing through the Masai country. These bring a perfect plague of common house flies. They are like the kind we get in August, which sting and tickle. To-morrow we have another long march, passing the Aberdare Mountains, and next day should get to Laikipia Boma. I saw twenty-two ostriches to-day and a lot of baboons. Also zebra, kongoni, etc. The game is wild here, however, and we have not got any in some days. This part of the country is not very healthy, and Dr. Ramsford is busy treating fever cases this afternoon. We passed Solai Lake to-day. It is a little pond, but the peculiarity of it is thet the equator passes through it. It was full of pelicans, flamingo, and other aquatic creatures, as thet there seemed hardly room for the equator in it also, but I suppose it was there just the same. It also has hippopotami in it, but they, like the equator, were not visible.

Camped at the Junction of the Guasi Narok and Guasi Nero River, July 20th.—I am still sound in

A bushbuck, one of the small antelope

wind and limb, though badly shaken by my last three days' experiences, which I will relate. Two days ago I was dragged from my downy couch at 5.30, and forced to climb on my equally disgusted mule and rush out to kill things. I like to do my shooting about noon, holding that it is indecent to blow holes in game so early in the morning; but things do not always go to please the tourist in Africa. Well, we wandered along, seeking what we might devour, as the Scriptures put it. We didn't see much, and when I *did* see anything I carefully refrained from calling attention to it, knowing by sad experience that I would be forced to pursue it through the mud, on my hands and knees, which is, I take it, the only correct way of approaching one's prey in these parts. At last in the distance appeared what I took to be a large rock, but, on study through the glasses, it materialized into a rhino. It was asleep on the hill side, as any sensible person ought to have been at that time of day. Further search revealed another alongside of it. While we were sniffing the air, and going through other formalities prior to creeping up to inspect them closer, two other spots caught our eyes. These were discovered to be a lion and a lioness lying dormant near the carcass of a zebra which they had killed and bitten a few chunks out of. As they were further off than the rhinos, I suggested seeking their acquaintance. So we crawled laboriously toward them, my helmet falling off occasionally as I progressed. We got up within three hundred and fifty yards, when I perceived that our line of march was bringing us directly to windward of the torpid rhinos. Now a startled rhino almost invariably charges up wind, and I did not care, no matter how brave I consider myself, to find myself occupied in front with a couple of raging lions, and assailed in the rear by a brace of rhinos.

The guide wanted to go nearer, and we had a heated argument on the subject, which was nipped in the bud by a hyena, which happened along with an eye to zebra meat. The lioness got up, and, fearing she might leave us, I unhooked a few shots from my little rifle at her. She did not pay much attention to them, but went off majestically, followed by the lion and by another lion which I had not seen. They disappeared in some scrub, and I refused flatly to participate further in the chase. No more crawling in the brush after lion for me. So we went back to the rhinos, which were still very obligingly waiting, and laid out a plan of campaign. I left that matter to the guide, only stipulating that the field of action should comprise a tree with one strong branch. This being finally agreed to, we chose a position, on our hands and knees as usual, and proceeded toward the unsuspecting fauna.

First we went back to where the mules were and told the syces, the mules, and the slave who carried my camera, that there was going to be more or less trouble in the vicinity in a few moments, and they had better employ their spare time in hunting cover somewhere. They did not wait to be urged, but went off like gazelles. Then I took off my field glasses, and other articles which might impede me in climbing, and we crawled on. Arrived at the tree, I picked with unerring eye a likely limb, and then we peered through the branches. The rhinos were about eight yards off, and evidently had an idea that something was wrong, for they seemed nervous. I sympathized extremely with them. One had a pair of fairly massive, but not very long horns. The other was not so good. Nur Jmma insisted on accompanying me, though I urged that he had better get a tree of his own, as I might need all of the one we were behind. All being ready, I poked the muzzle of my .450 elephant gun through the branches, shut both eyes, and let her go.

Opening my eyes and glancing instinctively up to see that the particular branch of the tree I had selected was still handy, I next looked, expecting to see fragments of rhino flesh spattered all over the scenery. To my disgust, I could discover no practical results from my shot, though I knew I couldn't have missed her at that distance. Setting my teeth, I again closed my eyes and touched off the other barrel. Hearing a shrill whistle in their direction I opened them again and, to my surprise, saw the one I had shot at give a lurch forward on its shoulder, roll on its back, and lie still. The other was now thoroughly roused and alarmed, and ran in circles around, trying to get our wind, when she would have come down on us like a steam engine. My knowledge of their habits did not include such a condition of things, and, as I did not want to shoot her also, I inquired of the guide what he generally did under such circumstances. He suggested firing a shot at her from the little rifle, just so as to graze her, which was done, when she made off up wind at a smart trot, with her tail straight up in the air. We waited till she was well out of sight and then went over to the dead one. I had shot her through the shoulders the first time, and the second shot was through the body, causing instant death. So we photographed to our heart's content, with myself and the gun very large in the foreground, and sent to camp for men to carry in the head, feet, and large pieces of the hide. When the men arrived they said that Dr. Ramsford's syce had come in to camp on the Doctor's mule, and reported that Dr. Ramsford, who was chasing ten lions, had been set upon by a huge herd of buffalo. The syce and the gun bearers had run away, and he had stood by the Doctor till he saw there was no hope, when he mounted the mule and left him to his fate. Knowing the habits of syces and how little they usually know of the value of the truth, I was not much alarmed, but was pleased to see Dr. Ramsford still alive when I got back to camp. His report was as follows: He had come on the tracks of four lions and was following them through some scrub

Porters taking to trees at rumor of an approaching rhinoceros

when he roused up a herd of fifty or seventy-five buffalo.

These, not knowing what was the row, and being alarmed, rushed around snorting and making an awful noise. The syce had promptly got on the mule, and, seeing Dr. Ramsford and the gun boys run forward in hopes of a shot, and the photograph slave climb a tree, had called out piteously, "Don't leave me," and started for camp at a gallop. Dr. Ramsford said he rode like a jockey and made wonderful time. I told the syce afterward that I should have done exactly the same thing. Dr. Ramsford got a shot, but the bull was moving and he only wounded it and did not get it, though he followed the tracks for several hours. Yesterday I met a lion and five lionesses while out for a walk, but could not get near enough for a shot. To-day I shot a pretty fair oryx and a Grant's gazelle and spent half an hour watching a big rhino gambolling on the hillside. He found a pool of rainwater and proceeded to take a mud bath. It was very amusing to see him lie on his side and roll over with his short fat legs kicking in the air. Then I spent quite a lot of time watching some giraffe, and went back to camp to find that Dr. Ramsford had come across a big puff adder, which almost bit one of the gun boys. So you see that life in Africa is not as dull as you might imagine it to be. It is getting dark and I must finish for to-day. Will add more before sending this, as it can't go out for quite awhile.

Interrogating a wandering wild man

Friends

By John Kendrick Bangs

May I be friend to all the trees,
To birds and blossoms and the bees;
To things that creep, to things that hide
Through all the teeming countryside;
On terms with all the stars at night,
With all the playful beams of light;
In love with leafy dales and hills,
And with the laughing mountain rills;
With summer skies and winter snows;
With every kind of breeze that blows;
The wide sea and the stretching plain;
The tempest and the falling rain.
If I were thus what need had I
To fear Death's solemn mystery
That takes me from the world's alarms
And lays me in earth's loving arms?

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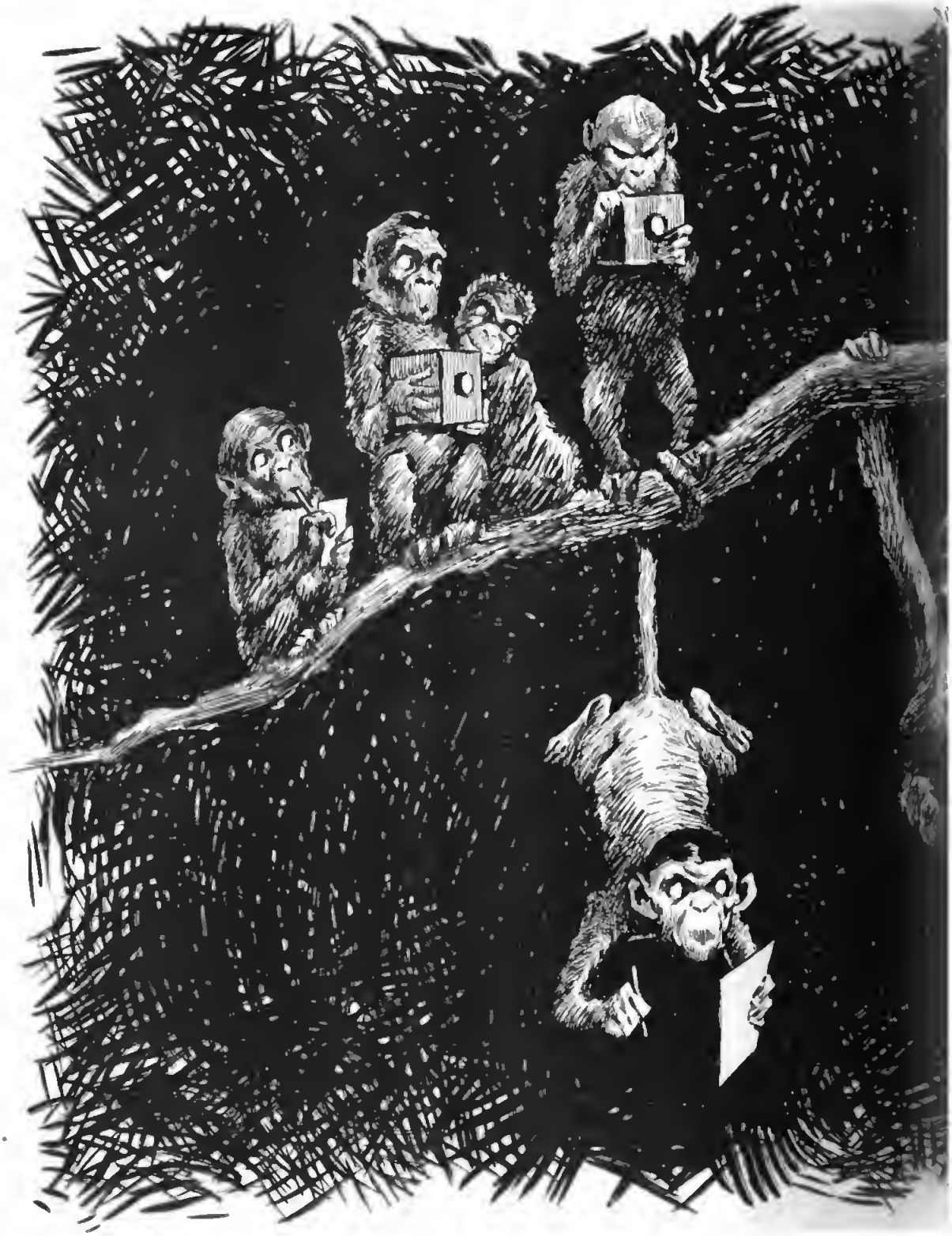
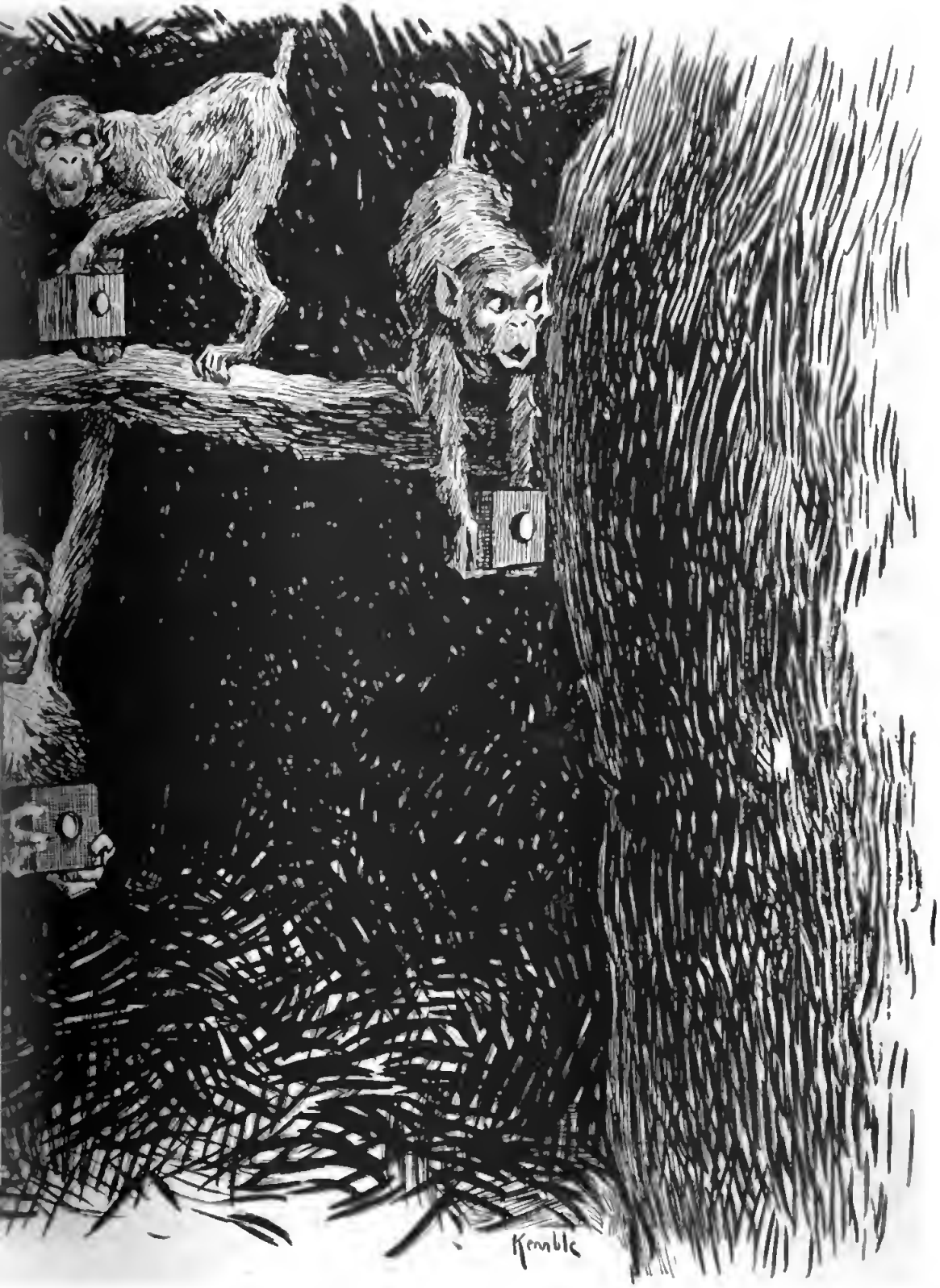


"WE ARE WAITING

DRAWN



R YOU, THEODORE!"

MBLE

THE RUBAIYAT OF BRIDGE

By Carolyn Wells

I sometimes think there's Never such a Trade
As when some Bridge Game has been badly Played.
When Some One thinks you should have made no Trumps,
And you have fearfully declared a Spade!

Myself, when Young, did eagerly Frequent
Bridge Tournaments, and heard Great Argument
About this Point and That. Yet, after all,
Came out no Better Player than I went.

A DREADFUL OMEN

A YOUNG Philadelphian who, in the days previous to his marriage to a demure young person of that town, was exceedingly fond of whist, recently resumed his playing of the game, wherein also he has endeavored to make his wife proficient.

One evening as they were returning home from a game at a neighbor's house, at which the wife's playing had not been of a very high order, the following conversation ensued:

"You mustn't blame me, Harry, for the way I played to night."

"I sha'n't blame you, dear."

"It wasn't my fault, Harry, that you didn't have trumps when I expected that you would."

"Of course not. It was *I* that was to blame."

"Now, Harry, I didn't say that. All the same, I was getting along so nicely. I bore in mind all the tales you've been so careful to coach me in—never trump your partner's ace; when in doubt take the trick: and all that."

Harry smiled indulgently. "I don't see, then, my dear," he said, "how you could have made a mistake after fortifying yourself in such a careful fashion."

"But I didn't make any mistakes, Harry!" protested the demure young person.

"Then what on earth was the matter?" demanded Harry, a little impatient.

"I know," was the answer, "but I hardly like to tell you, lest you should think me superstitious."

"Superstitious! What are you driving at?"

"Well, Harry, just before we played the rubber, I thought to count the cards. And what do you think?" added the wife, dropping her tone to that of an impressive whisper, "there were exactly thirteen in my hand! No wonder we lost!"

HAPPY THOUGHT

LET us not forget that the new-born babe is the Advance Agent of Posterity!

THE PATHFINDER JOKE

DURING the Automobile Races held in Savannah, Georgia, last November, a good story was told on two young men from New York City who spent the week there.

The young men arrived in the Georgia city Tuesday morning, and, after getting quartered at the De Soto Hotel, started for a stroll down Bull Street. Knowing that the State of Georgia was "prohibition" and expecting to find the lid on tight in Savannah, they ventured to locate a "Speak Easy," where they could obtain some of the "Ardent" in the event that their supply should run out. It was just then a large Irish "copper" was overtaken by the boys. Taking him to one side, he was asked in a very confidential way if he could give them a tip as to where a stranger could get a little drink "in case of sickness," assuring him they were quite willing to pay for such information.

He at once led the strangers down the street and halted in front of the Benedict Presbyterian Church, and pointed to the handsome building. Almost overcome with astonishment, one of the youths said, "My goodness, officer, you don't mean to tell us we can get it here?"

"No," replied the "copper," "but you can get it anywhere else but here."

RATES IN TAILS

WE understand that Professor Garner, who has spent some time in Africa studying the conversation of monkeys, has discovered that one of their favorite terms is "Ghui." We can well believe it. If they ever come to realize who it is that has come to do a little hunting in their midst, they will develop "Ghui" into "Gee Whiz!" Incidentally we wonder how many African monkeys would decline to publish their tails at a dollar a word?

THE IMAGE OF HIS FATHER

A DREADFUL ANALOGY

THE hypothetical question had just been asked, and the prisoner fell forward in a faint. All was confusion in the court-room.

"What is the matter with the prisoner?" demanded the judge, hammering his desk madly.

"Nothing, your Honor," groaned the unhappy man, as he came to. "I was only thinking how long I should have to serve if my sentence was as long as that."

JOYS OF COLLEGE LIFE: THE BOX FROM HOME (C. O. D.)

ALL HE WANTED

ONE morning not long ago there burst into the office of a physician in Tacony, Pennsylvania, an excited individual, who, as he perceived the doctor just disappearing into his consulting room with a patient, exclaimed:

"Doctor! Doctor! Just one moment!"

"I'll see you shortly," was the curt professional response.

"Only a second, Doctor! Only a second is what I want!" protested the perturbed one.

"I'll see you shortly," reiterated the physician, with increasing impatience.

Whereupon, with a sigh, the man took a seat in the general reception-hall. His excitement soon subsided, for he read the morning paper through, glanced through a number of magazines, and played awhile with the Doctor's cat. Then, after a period of half an hour, the Doctor reappeared, and, in an air of great condescension, said to the erstwhile excited person:

"Now, sir, I am at your service. Your turn has come. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, nothing special," was the reply. "I only dropped in to tell you that your neighbor's cows have escaped from the yard and are now having a fine time among your flower-beds."

WHAT CO-EDUCATION NEEDS

CO-EDUCATION has been put down at Wesleyan, and the young men attending that venerable institution of learning are rejoicing. We are with them heartily. What use are girls at a modern university, anyhow? They seldom smoke: their poker is a joke; they are as shallow at football as they are profound at ping-pong, and, when it comes to hazing, what fun is there in hazing a girl? She'd only cry and go off into hysterical tantrums if you made her hunt around the campus for a hidden hairpin at 4 A.M. some snowy night, with no other light to guide her than that furnished by a lightning-bug chained to her Merry Widow hat. We hate to say it; but it is, nevertheless, the downright truth that there is something very unmanly about the average girl. Away with her, then. If she wants to be educated let her go to a correspondence school, such as the mollycoddle uses.

HE. "AH, TITUS, HONORIA, 'TIS A LONG JOURNEY FOR WAN LITTLE DROP TO GO TO ME PUTT."

HONORIA. "SURE AN' IT IS! BUT JUDGIN' FROM YOU'A DISGRACEFUL CONDITION LAST AVENING, IT IS NOT LONESOME IT'LL BE."

SPOILED

"JOHNS," recently observed a Germantown father, in his sternest tone, "I do wish you'd teach that young ruffian of yours some consideration for the rights of his schoolmates. He's continually, as you know, seeking to bulldoze my Ralph, a boy of most excellent disposition."

"I believe they have had a few encounters," mildly remarked Jones.

"Why, they fight every day!" declared the father of Ralph. "Only this afternoon that son of yours offered my lad the worst of insults. He thrust a custard pie—a whole custard pie, mind you—into Ralph's face, and then—"

"I know," interrupted Jones. "The pie was pretty really ruined."

TOO MUCH

THE maid-of-all-work in the service of a Pottsville family, the members whereof are not on the most amicable of terms, recently tendered her resignation, much to the distress of the lady of the house, who was loath to part with so excellent a servant.

"So you are going to leave us?" asked the mistress, sadly. "What's the matter, Mary? Haven't we always treated you like one of the family?"

"Yis, mum," said Mary, "an' I've sthood it as long as I'm goin' to!"

CONCERNING NAMES

WE find ourselves heartily in agreement with a contemporary philosopher when he insists that no human beings shall have something to say when it comes to the selection of our names. Just because an art student happens to elope with a farmer's daughter is no valid reason why their offspring should be compelled to go through life as Jabez Ebenezer Carruggro van Dyke Spinks, and it is high time something was done for the relief of a helpless body of long-suffering future citizens whose parents have overloaded them with names which they must either live down or up to. It is estimated that there are over three and a half million Theodore Roosevelt Thingumbobs in this country to-day, a considerable number of whom, when they reach maturity, will be voting the Democratic ticket, and cursing the day when their parents named them thus instead of after sterling Jeffersonians like William Jennings Bryan or "Finny" Connors. From now on it should be the law that children shall be numbered instead of named, until they are old enough to choose for themselves what they shall be called. Number Twenty-three Jones or Fourteen Smith or Six Robinson may sound absurd, but it is not half as ridiculous as such a name as William Howard Taft Sunay Jim Sherman Boggs will seem to the victim when some poor infant named after the Republican ticket last summer gets old enough to realize what has happened to him. We are for the direct primaries in nominations of this sort every time.

"PEACE HATH HER WOUNDS NOT LESS DEEP THAN WAR."

TURNED DOWN

THERE is a certain Washington maid, who is rich in her own right, and whose natural generosity has on more than one occasion been imposed upon by impecunious friends of both sexes in the set whereof she is a member.

At a dance not long ago an acquaintance of hers was, quite by chance, in a position to overhear a portion of a rather delicate conversation between the aforesaid young woman and her cousin Jack.

"... Caroline," the young fellow was heard to say, "you know that I have long been fond of you. Now, I'm going to ask you for the ..."

"Really, Jack, I can't do it," interrupted the young woman, hastily. "I've been so unlucky that way!"

"What are you driving at?" came from Jack. "I'm about to ask you to marry me."

Caroline heaved a sigh of relief. "Mercy, Jack!" she exclaimed, "I thought you were going to ask a loan!"

REASONABLE

MR. EDGAR PERCY ARTEN, an American lawyer of Tientsin, China, says that American lawmakers do not understand the problems now existing in the Celestial Empire, and wants a commission to study in China. We think his demand is a very reasonable one. For ourselves, we should want a salary to study in China, and a good big fat one at that.

SEASONABLE SYMPTOMS

There's a feeling o'er me stealing
That there's something in the air
That displeases both my knees
And that fills my joints with care.
There's an atmosphere of Palmos,
Or some other lazy clime,
Where the worker is a shirker
Ten-elevenths of the time.

And for toiling I'm not spoiling
As old April comes along.
And I hearken to the lark in-
Dulging in his morning song.
I've a leaning overseeing
For the hammock and the vine.
There's a shaky and a flaky
Sort of shiver in my spine.

There's a sing-song sort of spring song
That is ringing in my soul,
And a notion that all motion
Is the harbinger of dole.
I'm not lazy, but I'm hazy,
And I'd give most anything
Just to scribble and to fribble
For the balance of the Spring!

CARLYLE SMITH.

PLACING THE BLAME

MOTHER HUBBARD. "POOR DOGGIE! THERE ISN'T A BONE IN SIGHT."
THE DOG *(fiercely)*. "D—— THE BEEF TRUST, ANYWAY!"

The Success That Failed

By J. Wainwright Evans

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER JACK DUNCAN

IT was one of the still clear days of fall when the air of the Rockies goes to the heart of him who breathes it. For this is the manner in which men hear of the welcome of the Red Gods to each as seek out their abiding places.

The man who slowly rounded a shoulder of the mountain, letting his horse choose the trail, was not given to esthetic contemplation; and he did not know there were such things as Red Gods, because he had lived so long among them. He came, however, to a sharp turn in the trail, where, overlooking boundless miles of canyon, it fell sheerly down—then eloped away and away into a carpet of pygmy pine tops, infinite depths below; and as he paused to breathe his horse, his eye took in the view with a kind of wistful pleasure that stirred in some hidden depth of his nature. He traced the course of a swift mountain stream that hollowed the bends of the canyon, watching the scintillating flashes of light and occasional stretches of white foam on its broken surface. There were places where the water flowed smooth and deep and black beneath the shade of towering rocks, reflecting in its silent reaches somewhat of the paradox of the lone wilderness, where life is brooding and silent in proportion as it is intense, and the more alive in proportion to its lifelessness.

Farther on lay a lake, blue as the sky, black as the pines that shot straight and high on its very beach, and white as the sand that fringed its still waters. All things it was of the heavens and of the earth. The man had been there. Every turn of the brook, every cove on the shore of the lake, was known to him; but he never knew the spell of the place, except as it came upon him with a touch of discontent he could never analyze.

Physically he was typical of the West. The clear-cut features, obtained from a forebear ancestry, had been chiselled into something of that spiritual cast that comes to men whose souls have been proven in the battle with natural forces which kill if they be not conquered. He was mounted on a horse obviously used to mountain trails, and preceded by a well-laden pack-horse. At the heels of his horse came a stag-hound, to which he spoke frequently in tones of an established companionship. The dog whined impatiently at the delay; and the man looked back at him and laughed good-humoredly.

"All right, old fellow," he said. "You're the boss."

Passing the turn in the path with ease, he pushed on eagerly as the trail broadened out. His destination, which he had travelled many days to reach, was near; and the trail continued to broaden till it widened into a flat area. The place seemed to have been scooped from the side of the mountain with a giant shovel, and merged farther up into a narrow ravine, on the sides of which the spring freshets had left their mark.

To the left of the path over which he had just come towered the great body of the mountain, an endless succession of minor peaks and sheer cliffs to where the snow laid a smooth white mantle over all the ruggedness. He noticed that the snow-line had advanced lower by many hundred feet; and the observation brought a peculiar glint into his eyes, which ended in a smile.

There was a spring a short distance up the ravine, at which he filled his kettle. He placed it over a hastily lighted fire, and while it was coming to a boil with a slowness proportionate to the altitude, pitched his small tent with a quickness that showed an anciently acquired skill. In the location both of the fire and of the tent he was at pains to see that they were completely hidden from the trail by an enormous boulder.

He sniffed at the odor of bacon and beans, biscuit and coffee, impatiently, eating the meal hungrily when it was ready, and throwing the scraps to the stag-hound that lay beside him as he ate.

The sun sank early behind the mountain. The man built the fire high, and, chopping enough fuel for the night, rolled into his blankets with the dog by his side. Endless peaks reared themselves for serried miles, with their white snow tops turned to pink—then to crimson by the setting sun. At length they stood out like ghosts of the mountain twilight; and from beneath their gray presence emerged the purple shadows, that he could now see deepening into a blackness through which he heard the murmur of the far off stream. The soughing of the pines as the night wind moved them reached his ears; the stars shone with the moon from a blue sky; a puma called in the distance, with the call that resembles the wail of a child—hearing which, the stag-hound gave a low growl, but lay quiet when the man put out a restraining hand. It was night, and they slept—the man rising several times to replenish the fire. Then, in the wink of an eyelash, it was morning.

He rose with the first light; and though there was haste in his movements, everything he did indicated his intention to form a permanent camp. Finishing his breakfast quickly, he made his way at once farther up the ravine, where he uncovered a cache which showed signs of having been recently made. He nodded with satisfaction on finding it undisturbed. It was the result of several secret trips during the summer, and contained provisions sufficient for many months, as well as a supply of carefully oiled tools, and several packages of dynamite that had been wrapped in many thicknesses of oiled cloth. When he looked at the dynamite he smiled as when he noticed the lower level of the snow-line.

Casting frequent glances at the sky, which now showed a slate-color instead of blue as on the previous day, he spent the day cutting small pines, which he rapidly trimmed. For two days he worked without intermission. On the third he moved his possessions and the contents of the cache into a well-made log cabin. The next day brought snow. Working furiously in the spell of clear weather that followed, he threw together another rough building against his own, and flanked the whole double structure with a thickness of boughs against the cold. The whole locality showed traces of his previous handiwork; and he shortly opened another cache, that contained provision for the two horses. This he handled with even greater care than his own supplies. His preparations had been thorough and systematic. He welcomed the gray days; and when the real winter and the deep snow came together one wild night he was ready. An intimate knowledge of the locality had enabled him to choose a site for his cabin where no great amount of snow could drift; and there was timber aplenty.

He did not need to watch the trail. None knew better than he how impossible it would be for any one to travel there while the snow remained. The position was for the present practically inaccessible—and almost inviolable, even if some evil chance should bring a visitor his way.

The days of the long winter passed slowly. He used his snow-shoes much, bringing in fresh meat from time to time. The unwonted freedom to be idle at pleasure gratified him. His nature had never been a sociable one, and the solitude, which would have been irksome to most men, satisfied a real desire in him. As his life had been essentially one of action, he was not given to books. Yet there was a mental vigor about him—an innate curiosity regarding things—that predisposed him to take a certain joy in them. He possessed several he had picked up once in a dismantled cabin on a deserted placer claim. The owner had left—why, when, or where was merely one of the thousand mysteries of the mountain country, and had, therefore, not aroused his curiosity. He had taken the books with a vague idea that he might sometime read them, and had carried them since that time with the same idea. So they remained in his possession, awaiting that combination of the time and the place that had now arrived for the first time.

He read slowly. One was Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, which he followed with interest through the purely narrative portions of the first part, but after that he lost interest. There were a few stories which he read many times with childish delight; there was a treatise on phrenology, the crude philosophical matter of which found in his mind a receptive if uncultivated soil. But always he would return to the stories with fresh delight; and one of them was "Treasure Island." It was the first book he had ever had with the world of ideas.

So the months passed. Time slid by so smoothly that there were whole days when he would all but forget the purpose that had brought him there. This pleased him; for any extended brooding upon it made him moody, and there was a certain nervous strain connected with the mere thought of it that he had grown to dislike. It was never absent from him for very long, however; and with each recurrence he found that the spells lasted longer, so that he learned to dread them, and look with impatience upon the small calendar that was among his supplies.

One morning, issuing from the door of the cabin, he stopped short and looked around him with his body very still and an intent look in his eyes. It was the first thaw; the signs were unmistakable. As the truth came home to him, his eyes blazed as if some sleeping purpose within had leaped once more into life. His face became crimson with excitement; the half-spiritual mask he had worn in the winter solitude dropped from him in that instant; he was again as on the day he came, only more savage and intent on his thoughts by reason of the nearness of the time, and from the fact that for the first time he now completely gave way to this growing tendency of his purpose to hold his mind to the exclusion of all else—a tendency which he had found returning again and again through the winter with growing force. Thereafter he did not read the stories in his leisure moments, and through the evenings would pace rapidly up and down his cabin, weaving the warp and woof of a savage dream, while he waited for the trail to clear.

One day he heard the rumble of an avalanche. He had heard many of them during the winter, but this one, at this time, was peculiarly significant to his mind. Within a week the trail was reasonably clear; and one morning he started with the earliest dawn along what was a continuation of the path by which he had originally came. The footing was precarious. The soil was wet and slippery under the rays of the sun, now daily increasing in power; and numberless rocks had been treacherously loosened by the frost. He made his way rapidly, however, with the skill of a trained mountaineer, and came within a few hours to the place he sought.

In this locality the side of the mountain took on an appearance that was in curious contrast to its ruggedness along every other part of the path. Free from obstructions, and still covered with a mass of snow that had collected through the winter, it rose at a sharp angle from the trail to the summit, without a break or irregularity in its smooth surface. It was known as one of the most treacherous localities in that region by reason of threatened avalanches that might sweep down on the trail from the smooth incline at any moment. On the right of the trail lay the edge of the precipice; and between them intervened a small gully. To reach the brink of the precipice, it was necessary to cross this hollow—a matter of some difficulty because of the sheer sides of the place. A little snow still covered the bottom of it, through which a few black boulders already bared their heads.

As the man stood and looked down into it, there grew once more the slow smile of a relentless determination that again brought winter to his face, and twisted his lips into a half-sneer. It was the one touch needed to sweep away the last remnant of the gentler memory of the winter months; and his pur-

He was mounted on a horse obviously used to mountain trails

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pose was once more serving its turn, that he might live and abide by it.

He examined the side of the mountain closely where it rose above him, and proceeded cautiously upward till he came to a wooden stockade, the lower side of which had been partially hewed to sight by the strength of the sun. Ten feet above his head it rose, strongly made of heavy pine logs. It had been put there years before to prevent sudden avalanches from sweeping away any of the cavalcades of burros that passed there bearing rich loads of gold from the mines twenty miles farther to the west. The wooden wall was firmly shored with braces bedded against the solid rock. No weight of snow from above could move it; and if an avalanche should come, which was barely possible, there would still be time for any one on the trail to have a chance of gaining safety. He looked closely at the base of each shore, marking with care the points most vital to the strength of the structure, and clearing away the snow where it was not too deep. He observed with satisfaction that the structure sagged in places from the weight of the snow above.

Late in the afternoon he returned the way he had come, obliterating his tracks as much as possible; and the few hours of daylight that remained he devoted to overhauling his stores. Among these was a small but powerful electric battery, which he fitted together as if familiar with its construction. There was also a roll of fine electric wire, insulated with white silk. He had had to order this specially on account of that little matter of color; and there were several hundred yards of it.

Through the days that followed he was obliged to make several trips, during which he transported his tent and other temporary supplies, together with the battery and the wire roll. The tent he pitched in a convenient place where it would be effectually hidden from the trail.

By the time these things were accomplished the sun had cleared the snow somewhat from the foot of the stockade, to which he carried the dynamite sticks, wrapped carefully to protect them from the weather. It required a good day's work before these had been placed to his satisfaction, and the wires strung to his tent, from which he could overlook the length of that portion of the trail that passed beneath the wooden stockade. He was satisfied that no water from the melting snow could reach the dynamite; and he patted the battery lovingly as he thought of its as yet untried strength.

Began then the days that were longer than had been all the slow-moving days of winter. The first gold shipment he knew was due to pass in a week; but he had come early, preferring to take no chances. It would be one of the richest of the whole season, and there was little prospect that it would be followed by another for many days to come. He examined the sheer sides of the shallow pocket again and again. It was twenty feet—quite sufficient for his purpose—and would catch anything that might be on the trail. The snow would pile in on top till the pocket was full, and the rest of the avalanche would go over the edge. To dig down afterward through the soft snow would be but the work of a few days; and the rest would be easy. No one could suspect. Weakness in the stockade would account for it; and he would send every clew over the cliff after the avalanche.

An interminable eight days went by, the strain of which drew his tingling nerves to a breaking tension. The steady gloom of his thoughts and their unchanging trend were beginning to tell on his health, and his face grew thin from the fever that consumed him, as though his purpose had become so intense that his body could no longer hold it. The thought in his mind no longer had possible ethical significance for him; it was simply a purpose that, by its very intensity, had become a fixed idea, occupying and possessing his mind to the exclusion of all ideas not immediately and directly connected with the end in view. It was that peculiar state of mind whose end is essentially action, and which almost creates its own success. For the time he had become an automaton. The accomplishment of his project had become an end in itself. It was no longer an immoral purpose; it was essentially amoral. He was for the time being neither good nor bad so far as the implications of his purpose were concerned; and in so far as his purpose was a positive force for getting something done, he was more nearly a moral being than he had ever been before. Having hitherto been normal, he had never before done anything wholly with his might.

There came at last a day when his ears caught the rattle of several loose stones down the side of the mountain. It was a mile distant, but the sound carried distinctly in the clear air. His impatience dropped from him. A look of almost childish eagerness and gratification overspread his face as he lay near his tent with the little battery in his hand. Before long he could hear the scraping of hoofs, and occasionally the sound of a voice.

Slowly the train wound into view. There were a dozen burros, each bearing a small but obviously weighty sack; and they were preceded and followed by a strong guard, armed to the teeth.

There was a ringing in the man's ears; and sound of laughter and of men's voices, from which he had been shut off for months, touched something within him that suddenly awoke as from a long slumber, and cried out with bitter pain of soul to find what it found. It stung him into action from fear lest this mysterious thing that had come upon him like a flood should suddenly thwart his purpose—the purpose that had become almost a part of his being and for which he now lived. And by that token he pressed the button that lay smooth and tempting under his hand.

The fraction of a second that passed in silence was a distinctly appreciable interval to his abnormally acute senses—and he hung upon it in agony. He was like a man in an opium dream. Slowly, foot by foot, the whole length of the stockade raised into the air with a deliberation that nearly made him scream with impatience; and then, after long torturing moments that flowed ceaselessly and slowly by, the crash of the dynamite split the air. With the sound came to him a sense of accomplishment which seemed to bring his senses back to their normal action, and he saw the fragments hurling with lightning speed high into the air. Some of them struck near him when they came down, but he paid no heed to them. His life was a matter of small moment beside getting this thing done.

The great wall of snow poised above the trail for an instant; and finally, shaken free from the mountain in every part, it moved—slowly at first, and then with a roaring leap that finally changed it to a swiftly moving streak of white.

The last fragment went over the brink, followed by several boulders whose momentum carried them past the pocket. The bare brown side of the mountain was left; the marks of the trail were nearly obliterated; and beside it lay a smooth white surface, glazed by the passage of the snow above it. This was the pocket.

The man seized a spade and began feverishly to dig. The weight of the snow that passed above had packed it harder than he expected; but he toiled on till darkness forced him to cease. That night he slept lightly, still restless till his purpose should be accomplished, even to the uttermost detail.

With the earliest light he was at work again. By noon he had reached one of the burros. He uncovered the animal with care, and after making several trips to the tent, transporting the pack it had carried, cast it over the cliff. His efforts were telling on his already depleted strength; but he went on doggedly that day and the next. He counted the loads to be sure he had them all. The bodies of the men he forbore to search. Their possessions had been no part of his idea; and he cast them after the burros, as they were. He allowed nothing to remain, that all might be complete. Nor did the strained look leave his face till his tracks had been obliterated with water carried laboriously from a spring. He looked uneasily at the snow, but realized that the sun had already melted away the marks of his shovel, and that in a few days it would be gone.

The last fragment went over the brink, followed by several boulders

With the darkening of the next night, he found himself standing by the empty pocket, the work accomplished. Turning slowly, he made his way to his tent with a great weariness in his steps. Around him was the gold in heaps and stacks. But as he looked upon it, a vaguely troubled expression grew upon his face. From this realization of his toil, something was missing. The gold was there; he remembered with a kind of vague surprise that his first idea had been the gold, when he had come to this place those seven months ago, that stretched into his past now like weary ages. But later—and this he could not know—the gold had not been the end in view, for the engrossing accomplishment had become an end in itself. Gold? Iron? What difference would it make? It was not gold he had been seeking, and it was not gold that he lacked. Something had gone out from his life, leaving this fulfilment of his purpose a thing that was empty in his sight. He had made his act not a means, but an end in itself; and its accomplishment left him nothing beyond itself. He had glorified a temporal thing, and by obtaining it had made of his life a completed circle. None of this did he know. He felt only the bitter agony of a terrible success, the accomplishment of failure.

That night he lay and wept like a child. Suddenly he was silent, and lay and looked at the moon and the far-off stars with a growing look of peace upon his face. A cloud obscured the moon for a moment, breaking the train of his thought. He looked out over the darkness beyond the cliff—the darkness that seemed to contain within itself promises of unutterable fulfilment.

Rising silently, he put his arm around the neck of the stag-hound for an instant, and allowed the dog to lick his face. Then he walked slowly to the cliff.

When the dawn came it was gray and cold. On the edge of the cliff crouched a dog, close to the dizzy brink; and from time to time he howled, with a pain that might have moved the impassive hills, as though from his life, too, the purpose of existence had vanished, leaving only a shadowy beyond.

A Jury that Hangs its Favorites

SELECTING THE PICTURES FOR THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN

Accepted pictures ready to be hung upon the line. In the right upper corner an attendant is shown carrying down a picture that has been rejected by the Jury

Marking a picture on the back of the frame in indication of acceptance

THE paintings now on view at the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design were selected by the jury according to an interesting custom. If every member is silent when a picture is shown it is rejected forthwith; if any member calls for it a vote is taken to determine whether it shall be accepted in the class proposed by its sponsor. There are three classes, and a picture rejected for any class may be accepted for either of the other two.

The "Hanging Jury" that passes upon the pictures

SEATED from left to right are F. Kost; Ben Foster; J. W. Alexander; H. W. Watrous; and F. V. Dumond. Standing, left to right, are Walter Clark; Carlton T. Chapman, Elliott Daingerfield, Paul Dougherty, William Thorne, and R. W. Van Boskerck (back to front); Warren Eaton, J. Alden Weir (against the frame), William J. Whittemore, E. W. Redfield (at back); F. Irving Couse, Louis Paul Dessar, William Sergeant Kendall (in profile); William H. Howe; B. West Clinedinst and S. Isham (back to front); Walter L. Palmer; J. Francis Murphy and Herbert Adams (back to front); Hugo Ballin; Leonard Ochtman; W. Terplanck Birney and H. Bolton Jones (back to front) and A. Groll.

Entries for the sculpture exhibit occupying a lowly location pending the decision of the Jury as to their merits. This branch of the exhibition is becoming especially popular

Pictures submitted—bad, indifferent, and good—are stacked up together, as shown in this illustration, to await the decision

The Jury passing upon the contributions of would-be exhibitors. Mr. J. W. Alexander is at the left end of the table

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The Wisdom of Watterson

GENERAL DISCOURSE BY THE DISTINGUISHED JOURNALIST AND LITTERATEUR UPON AN ALL-ABSORBING TOPIC

By Henry Watterson

(In the Louisville Courier-Journal)

TREADING ON EGGS

THERE are some men who are born to trouble, some who make trouble, and some who have trouble for trouble's sake. Col. George Harvey belongs to the latter classification. Not satisfied with the War of Colonels in has waged—the *dramatis personæ* Colonel Roosevelt, Colonel Bryan, and himself—nor yet content with jumping all over the good Deacon Hemphill, of Charleston, South Carolina—he has composed and published a book upon Woman.

To write a book about anything is a dangerous undertaking, as we have Scriptural warrant for believing; but when a man goes monkeying with the fair sex, let him have a care; let how look to it; whether they be widowed, or wizzened, wife, or maiden; and none but a madman, or an editor, would dream of it.

"Woman was created for the delectation of man," says Old Hunks, "when he has the money to pay for it," and, when he hasn't, I suppose, man was made for the service of woman. There are men who think that even where there is money to pay for it! But they emanate from Pittsburg and don't count. "There is," continues Old Hunks, "a single and a simple rule of proceeding with women: fool 'em if you can; try to fool 'em, though you can't; but, in every event, keep on lying and trying. They are as the people with respect to humbug: they like it." For my part, I am against muzzling the sex, or changing it. Woman, as an institution, suits me precisely as she is; as an individual one of them has worn very well these forty years and upward, though she says she was never fooled in her life—by me. Sakes alive! What about that girl in Mizzoura? Then the Princess Hugger-Mugger? Ha! There are other ways of prevarication beside the rather stale and homely pleading that "the press broke down."

Colonel Harvey, as if subconscious of danger, prefaces his book with a few incongruous remarks. These are intended to be deliciously. And to whom do you suppose this venturesome man inscribes his volume? He tells us himself that considering the matter he was in a state bordering on perturbation, thus:

"To whom, then, shall these fugitive observations be inscribed? To be as nearly conventional as the editorial form of expression permits we should print in faultless typography the words, 'To our wife.' But the truth is that whenever we open a book, especially a first, little shivering book, and behold that familiar inscription, we feel as we feel when we push around the bar of a gate and enter a cemetery. It is inconsiderate to the reader to dedicate a book in that way, because, if he be truly sensitive to emotion, he is apt, at the first glance, to be stung by an instinctive feeling that he ought not to be there by the grande of those whose acquaintance he has yet to make. Moreover, in these days of domestic changeability it is hazardous. Who among us really knows who will be his consort when the inevitable second edition leaves the press? 'To our late wife,' if she be with the other angels, or, 'To our former wife,' if she be divorced, would be a graceful and sufficiently explicit testimonial; 'To our present wife,' seems unobjectionable if accompanied by the date; 'To our future wife,' even might be condoned if one were held in hopeful vision; but clearly 'To our wife' is far too general and inconclusive, besides evincing questionable taste and excessive familiarity."

So, Colonel Harvey, not wholly lost to the admonitions of prudence and the whisperings of that little bird that sits up aloft, splits the difference and squares himself at home—still wisely adhering to the editorial plural—by these words: "With hearty contempt for the plated bauble known as consistency, we place this small aggregation of trifles at the feet of a most excellent comrade who, through no fault of her own, happens to be a wife of ours."

"Small aggregation of trifles," sounds modest and deprecates hostile criticism; but it will not save Colonel Harvey from that widening circle which insists that women shall be treated as if they were men; which rejects alike the gracious and the graceful; its motto: "Give me that hot pin, or give me death!"

THE FEMININE MYSTERY

Colonel Harvey writes with alternating wisdom and audacity. He has not always his discretion with him. There is an underlying vein of satire—often qualified, 'tis true—somewhat veiled by words of compliment, yet tinged with masculine, not to say muscular, patronage.

That woman is "greedy"—of money for the sake of others, only of affection for herself—that she is incapable of friendship of the Damon and Pythias variety—that she reaches her conclusions by instinct, not by argument, but, however inconsistent and illogical, that she usually gets there—is merely to say that she is a law unto herself. I take a couple of sentences at random:

"Why so few women are gifted with that indescribable and incalculable quality vaguely defined as a sense of humor we have never been able to understand; but, surely, adequate compensation is to be found in the greater keenness of their wit. Moreover, while it is undoubtedly true that most women lie about one thing or another from the time they enter upon what is termed their social existence, is not their comparative clumsiness in the practice of that art creditable rather than the reverse, affording, as it does, a clear indication of their natural inclination toward truthfulness?"

"We have the greater freedom in making such suggestions because of our feeling of certainty that, however deficient she may be comparatively in reflective intellectuality, woman to-day is immeasurably superior to man in a spiritual sense. This means that she is stronger in resistance to pain or misfortune in any experience so crucial as to require the support of the highest minded fortitude. Despite the effects of hateful modern influences, there still exists no authority in the world so powerful as the simple purity of a good woman, before which no erring man can fail to feel abashed."

Colonel Harvey's view-points take a great range. They reach from "the ignorance of women in the management of men" to "the necessity of woman suffrage"—which would seem paradoxical if both propositions be taken together—including "woman's right to enhance nature's charms," the "taxation of spinsters," the "selection of a husband" and "the sagacious frivolity of widows." Old maids ought to be taxed, Colonel Harvey thinks, because they could marry if they wanted to, and old bachelors should not be taxed because often they can't—that is, they can't marry the one woman they want to marry. In the matter of mating man is overfastidious and aggressive. I quote again:

"The greed of man in the possession of woman has been manifest from the beginning. Adam undoubtedly would have taken more wives could he have spared more ribs; and, despite his subsequent exemplary life, barring an eternable tendency after service so strenuous to linger too long with the wine, it is quite improbable that Noah lived as a recluse during those five hundred long years before he begat our ancestral Shem, Ham, and Japheth. Even the canny Jacob, after being tricked by the no less crafty Laban, doubtless in meet return for swindling his guileless brother, was unwilling to part with Leah, and put his hands to the plough for seven more long years to get Rachel. Apparently there was little difference in attractiveness between the two sisters. The 'tender eyes' of the elder surely must have counterbalanced the beauty of the younger; moreover, Leah gladdened her husband's heart with many lusty children long before Rachel placed in his arms the little Joseph, who subsequently engaged in predatory activities that in these good days would clearly fall within the provisions of the interstate commerce act and subject their doer to stern rebuke for possessing a swollen fortune. Nevertheless, when, later, Jacob lifted up his eyes, in conformity with his characteristic caution, and beheld the red-headed Esau approaching with four hundred stalwart retainers, he promptly stationed the patient Leah and her children on the firing line and secluded Rachel and the future young corn monopolist in a protected lest in the rear."

There is a levity here which ill conforms to the Rigelow quotation: "They didn't know everything down in Judee." That is not to say that the spirit of the Christian Religion—vital Christianity as they are beginning to call it—does not embrace the beginning, the middle, and the end of our civilization in the event that it is to have an end; because, if there is to be another civilization and another religion, neither has yet shown itself.

The he-woman is either an infidel, or a lunatic. Meanwhile, those of us who get on fairly well with our female wives and female daughters, saw as much wool and say as little as the law of the jungle allows—mainly, buying Christmas presents and kissing the babies. Yet still we are able to sit up and take notice of the little girl who says, "We know all about you, Mister Santa Claus; neither your alias, or your mask deceives us; but you may leave the things."

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

It is related of a certain Casimir Perrier, of the Spanish branch of the family, sometime Prime Minister during the reign of Queen Christina, that, being assailed in his palace at Madrid by a mob of women, he went upon the balcony and in the blandest of tones exclaimed, "What in the world do you girls want?" With one voice the answer came, "Our rights!" Then the astute diplomatist raised his hands as if in benediction and solemnly replied: "I give them to you!" Whereat, the story goes, the multitude departed in high good humor.

Colonel Harvey would emulate the wisdom of the wily Don. Having intimated and insinuated—in the most covert and sardonic way having had fun with the ladies—he seeks to placate them. Here is a fair sample:

"We are convinced that the time has arrived when the welfare of the nation would be most effectually conserved by conferring upon women the privilege of voting and holding political office.

"The claim of leaders of the cause that the franchise should be granted because of a presumed inherent right we cannot admit. Whether or not in strict conformity with purely ethical considerations, it is nevertheless a fact of surpassing moment that, since the world began, the possession of power has depended upon ability to acquire and hold it. Practically, there has been no change in this regard, certainly since the German barons took possession of the valley of the Rhine; and, theoretically, custom of long prevalence often confers authority equal to that of written law. Man himself is not permitted in this country to vote except in compliance with arbitrary regulations, which universally disfranchise him until he reaches the age of twenty-one, and frequently during his entire lifetime.

"Advocates of the change only weaken their case by resting it upon the untenable proposition that the action of the founders of the republic in restricting suffrage to their own sex was immoral. Nor do they strengthen it by insisting that the policy was unwise. Ethically they may in their arguments adduce a semblance of justification, but the fact is that the franchise can be obtained only by convincing those in actual authority that the time has come when the bestowal of the privilege would be advantageous to the country."

Upon the threshold I take issue with Colonel Harvey. The woman has as much "inherent right" to vote as the man. Suffrage is not a question of "right." It is a question of expediency involving obligation, duty, and fitness.

Universal man suffrage is an established failure. It is almost as bad as universal despotism, male or female. With our means of education no man should be given the ballot who cannot read, write, and cipher to the rule of three and who does not pay taxes on at least a hundred dollars' worth of property. Every sane and single woman who has property to be taxed and is not represented by a guardian agreed to by herself should be given the ballot. Within such limitations upon either sex, the franchise thus revised would work at least better than the present indiscriminate lollypop of masculine ignorance, intemperance, and corruption. But to augment this by introducing an equal quantum of similar ignorance, intemperance, and corruption would be not only to multiply every evil, but at the same time to create evils unknown to the existing public and domestic fabric.

Colonel Harvey tells us that "the women of a century, or even half a century, ago were notoriously unfitted for the performance of political acts. They possessed neither of the requisites—education and experience. But mighty progress began with the recognition of mental alertness as the chief ingredient of real attractiveness in women." This is to say that the very bumptious, bad-mannered girls who pique themselves upon knowing as much—of evil—as the boys, constitute a finer type of womanhood than the mothers who toiled so nobly and wrought so nimbly in the days of 1861-1865, and the grandmothers, who, in the Revolution and the War of 1812, "fit the British, god darn their souls!" I do not believe it.

However, let Colonel Harvey make his own case, fiere is his closing summary. I am going to take issue with each of his three counts:

"The three evils most menacing to the country today are (1) debasement of moral standards in politics and business; (2) absorption by a few, at unwarranted cost to the many, of the common wealth, and (3) unreasonable and violent expression of resentment by the multitude. With each of these perils the American woman is quite as competent to cope as the American man. That she would be less tolerant of moral deficiency in a candidate for public office requires no demonstration: that as a careful householder and ambitious mother constantly practising economics for the advancement of her children, she would take an active part in restraining monopolies from adding undue profits to the cost of general living seems evident; that her keen personal interest in the preservation and protection of homes and property would inevitably constitute her a conservative balance against the increasing horde of foreign-born voters may also, we submit, be accepted as a certainty."

In a world of imperfections visible on every hand, complicated by mysterious unfathomable, one thing seems definite and certain in the autonomy of God and Nature, and that one thing is the relation and obligation of the Man and the Woman.

The Man was created and equipped to fight the battles, do the work and provide the means; the Woman to make and maintain the home, to bear and to rear the children. The one function is as important as the other; the equality of the sexes is absolute. The Man has no natural right not possessed by the Woman. But, the better to order the essential and largely artificial arrangements of human society, certain allotments were instituted, and these in the beginning were wise and fair. If subsequent custom; the physical weakness of the Woman, the "crassness" or selfishness of the Man; the inequalities of condition that gradually crept into government, diverted them, subordinating the woman, that was the fault of circumstance, not of the original design.

If of this late day universal suffrage could mend it, I should say "fetch it along." But, in my opinion, it would not mend it. On the contrary, it would aggravate many evils of which we now complain and create new ones hitherto unknown.

"The Conservative," says Emerson, "keeps the Reformer from going too fast, and the Reformer prevents the Conservative from standing still." My notion is that in all things the course of wisdom lies between the two. There are brutal men and a few brutal women. There are many foolish men and many foolish women. But, in the aggregate, man is the slave of the world, woman its moral light. We do not need

(Continued on page 26.)

WIRELESS COMMUNICATION

Elinor Macartney Lane

AND HER NEW NOVEL, "KATRINE"

By Ripley Hitchcock

Elinor Macartney Lane

WHEN, on March 16th, we were silenced by the most untimely close of a life so rich and full, so intensely vital as that of Mrs. Lane, it seemed incredible that her high courage should have met defeat at last. For only those who knew her best had been able to see the splendid fortitude with which she bore illness, relapse, and racking pain. She was so alive, so confident in spirit and resolve, that her presence was inspiration, her loss something not to be measured in words. Her genius for friendship enriched many a life just as her sweet and gracious generosity brightened the existence of others known hardly to her closest friends. Wherever she had lived there had been about her an atmosphere of wit, and fancy, and appreciation of all fine things in letters, art, or humanity, and also a noble ambition ever joined with a reverence for her art. With all her successes she held the rudder true in guiding the barque of her fancy through the distractions of the sea of letters.

This is but a word of tribute from one who was honored with the title of friend. The pity of it, the tragedy, is too close for phrases which might picture so rich a genius, so rare a personality. It is one of life's ironies that one so greatly gifted should pass from us just as the work which had absorbed her for so long, which she had held in her heart as the dearest child of her imagination, was given to the world. On the very eve of publication the author's brave battle for life came to a close. Already *Katrine* was in hundreds of hands, distributed from Maine to California, and fulfilment of dates and engagements was inevitable. The work of the world must be done in whatever spirit of sadness. But it is something to know that the author of *Katrine*, with better fortune than the author of *David Huram*, received and saw her completed book.

The words which follow below were written under very different conditions some weeks since, and they were practically on the press when the evil tidings came. Such as they are, imperfect as they are, they are allowed to stand, for that which has come since they were written does not affect their truth.

Mrs. Lane's "Katrine"

The first novel which Mrs. Lane has given us since *Nancy Stair* is also called by the name of the heroine —*Katrine*.

Four years have passed since *Nancy Stair* appeared. How close and continuous a hold upon the affections of readers that beautiful romance has maintained is shown by the persistent discussion as to the existence of a real prototype, and by the constant inquiries for a new novel by the same author.

Here at last is Mrs. Lane's new novel, and the man or woman who reads the book will be fully aware that a new heroine has come into her own. *Katrine* is a great romance woven about the figure of a woman so true, so beautiful, and so compelling that her seat is secure in "mine own country," the Valhalla of real and lasting characters. Better than the most "interestingly dissected subject" is the living heroine whom one can love.

Now this living quality is constant in Mrs. Lane's creations, but in none so real and potent as *Katrine*. All that she does is warmed by the glow of a vital personality, and yet the sober pages of Who's Who inform us that the author was "a specialist in higher mathematics." Well, this tale of her education in Washington is different from the story told here, and yet equally true. Like the author of *Alice in Wonderland*, Mrs. Lane developed a gift for mathematics as well as a gift of imaginative expression in literary terms. And education has always interested her, personally, and through her close association with a distinguished educator, Dr. Francis Ransom Lane, to whom she was married in 1891. The same formal biography adds, "Mrs. Lane began to write at sixteen, principally short stories of Southern life." But it was at birth that the gift of holding her audience was bestowed upon the author of *Katrine*. She was the story-teller among her childish playmates in Washington, and a writer of tales through unconscious impulse when a girl.

It is the gift which for thousands of years has made oral story telling a profession in Oriental countries, the gift which has left us stories like the *Iliad* and the *Arabian Nights* in earlier ages, and the tales of Stevenson and Kipling in our own time.

This is the temperament of the creative artist, and it was intuitively recognized by the artists with brush and pen of the earlier Gloucester which Mrs. Lane visited, and by the gallant spirits whom another season drew to North Carolina, and to by play with *The Trifler*, a leaflet of casual appearance and casualty-producing gibes. Meantime, Mrs. Lane was writing from satisfied need of expression. It was a necessity also for her artistic conscience to acquire style, the mastery of word and phrase, and rhythm and felicity of diction. The swift rapierlike intuition of a brilliant temperamental, far-seeing woman she had, but there was also craftsmanship to learn, adequacy of motive, preservation of unities, consistent development of theme and characters, the rounding out and completion of the picture.

It was not until 1904 that *Nancy Stair* appeared, the story of a woman so real, so magnetic and personal, that she became an actuality in the minds of readers, and to this day the author receives letters from all parts of the world asking for the histories and reference books in which more may be read of a heroine who has existed only in Mrs. Lane's imagination.

"What is your ideal woman?" Mrs. Lane was once asked, and she answered: "Nothing of the new woman. A loving, passionate, great souled, generous creature, who loves children and animals, men, women, and plants. One who is finely feminine." And again she has expressed herself through one of her characters, "Give a woman plenty of her husband's kisses and his babies at her breast." Old-fashioned, perhaps, but perennially true. And Mrs. Lane's women have gained the love of women and men. Those who have cared for Nancy Stair, will care far more for the greater woman Katrine.

Nearly five years lie between *Nancy Stair* and *Katrine*. It is not merely because *Katrine* is a longer story, a larger book in play of motives, diversity of plot, and breadth of interest, that the development of the romance has absorbed the author so closely, but because the theme has been peculiarly dear to her, and the unfolding of the life pictured in the romance something strangely intimate and real.

There is another reason for this leisurely production, so refreshing in a day of "speeded output." The author of *Katrine* and *Nancy Stair* is an artist—not a manufacturer to be spurred to rapid production by success. As the motive of Katrine has ripened, she has written like Nancy when her "gift" impelled her, writing always with spontaneous enthusiasm, living with her characters in a world of imagination more real to her than the world of every day. And there has been also the artist's constant aim to better the first impulse, to develop and perfect. For the author of *Katrine* is a craftswoman, as well as creator. Whether in the unity of her plot, the synthesis of her characters, or her fine and musical phrasing, there is a quality and largeness which carry the thrill and charm and mounting interest of great story-telling.

It is in North Carolina, where Mrs. Lane has spent much time, that the action passes in the first part of *Katrine*. There, on the historic Ravenel plantation, Katrine and Francis Ravenel first met. There, against the background of memories running back to the days of Charles II., Ravenel meets Dermott McDermott, adventurer, wit, and captain of finance, and the seeds are sown of a conflict which is to have world-wide results. And Katrine? Here is her picture as the reader and Ravenel see her first:

"Suddenly through the twilight, he heard a voice—a woman's voice—singing, and by instinct he knew that the singer was alone and conscious of nothing save the song.

"At the top of the rise under a group of beeches, with both arms stretched along a bar fence, a girl stood, the black of her hair in silhouette against the gold of the sky. He noted the slender grace of her body as she leaned backward, and listened to her voice, Heaven given, vibrant, caressing—*juste*, as the French here it—singing an old song.

"He had heard it hundreds of times cheapened by lack of temperament, lack of voice, lack of taste; but as he listened, though little versed in music, he knew that it was a great voice that sang it and a great personality which interpreted it. With the song still trembling through the silence the singer turned toward him, and, man of the world and many loves as he had been, an unknown feeling came at sight of her.

"A flower of a girl—of fire and dew,' delicate features, nose tip-tilted, a chin firmly modelled under the rounded flesh, and eyes bright with the wonder and pride of life. She wore a short-waisted black frock, scant of skirt, and cut away at the neck. It was in this same frock that the Sargent picture of her was painted—but that was years afterward; and although she was motionless, one knew from her slender figure and arched foot that she moved with fire and spirit. Her hair was very dark, though red showed through it in a strong light, and her cheeks had the dusky pink of an October peach. But it was the eyes that held and allowed no forgetting; Ravenel always held they were violet, and Josef, who saw her every day for years, spoke them gray; but Dermott McDermott was firm as to their being blue until the day she visited him about the railroad business, when he afterward described them 'as black as chaos,' adding a word or two about her devil's temper as well. The truth was that the color of them changed with her emotions, but the wistfulness of them remained ever the same. Dermott, in some lines he wrote of her in Paris, described them as 'corn-flowers in a mist filled with the poetry and passion of a great and misunderstood people,' and though overpoetic, as he himself said afterward, 'the thought was none so bad.'

"Suddenly the languor seemed to leave her, and she stood alert, chin drawn in, hands clasped before her, and began the recitative to the '*Ah! Fuyez donc.*' Twice she stopped abruptly, taking a tone a second time, listening as she did so, her head, birdlike, on one side with a concentrated attention. After the last low note, which was round and low like an organ tone, she resumed her old position with arms outstretched upon the fence."

Such is the first picture of the new and compelling figure who has come into her own. It is a figure that grows larger, as that holds the reader closer as the story sweeps on from the historic background of the Carolinas through the artistic atmosphere of Paris to the turmoil of New York dominated by the raucous voice of the money god. It is a broader canvas than *Nancy Stair*, a larger composition, with a richer and stronger portrayal of the central figure, but with the same artistic adherence to the unities and the development of the guiding motive.

A girl divinely endowed with beauty and with genius, the blossoming of a great love, the suffering of the woman, but the triumph of the artist, and the controlling power of beautiful semi-maternal tenderness intermingled with a woman's first and deepest love. In this may be read the chief motive of Katrine. None the less vivid, secondary though they may be, are the others who share the development of this romantic drama. Ravenel of Ravenel Plantation, aristocrat awakened to action by a woman's touch, and that most lovable Irish adventurer of Wall Street and the world, Dermott McDermott, are creations apart, yet affording an clean-cut contrasts as Dandy Carmichael and His Grace of Borthwicke in *Nancy Stair*. It is a fascinating figure, this gallant, insouciant, wholly unveracious Dermott McDermott. The splendid inconsistency of the Celtic temperament is illumined with the insight of perfect understanding. It is a power of realization shown in other figures—the strange music-master in Paris with his insight into souls, the gentle helpless "lady mother" whose idea of business ends at the furnishing of an office, the finely drawn Countess de Nemours whose life threads have been so strangely interwoven with those of Ravenel, the reckless Irish boy with his dogliko loyalty to his benefactress—these and others are real persons moving as in life throughout changing scenes and dramatic happenings to the climax of a great novel.

Far again Mrs. Lane is a teller of tales—tales founded upon the underlying springs of human life. She is not of the novelists who are content to analyze and dissect. She is not a photographer of externals or a devotee of submerging "local color." Not for her is the problem novel, the *Welt schmerz* tale, the novel of neurasthenia, or the philanderings of anæmic sentimentality. These we have always with us, like the business novel with the click of typewriters and the odor of letter files in its pages. But they are not the tales to hold the multitude motionless in the bazars, or to move the real depths of a more sophisticated but human Western world.

A story-teller assuredly is the author of *Katrine*, keenly sensitive to the picturesque and dramatic, marvellously mobile in her wit and tenderness, but she is more. Underlying all this is sympathy with universal human motives. There has been given her insight into the psychology of woman, if one may use a perilous phrase. Her work makes as conscious of a woman's intuition and sympathy reinforced with a masculine largeness and a constant sense of humor. And with this always a tenderness for womanhood. Her women have nothing of the sterile type whose neurotic divagations have played so large a part in contemporary fiction. Thus far the women whom Mrs. Lane has shown us are those born to a heritage of rights and privileges by virtue of their sex. They wear the crown of a great love. They are fitted for the blessing of motherhood. It is but one side of modern life? Yes, but it is something elemental and eternal.

And now, after a long term of waiting, Katrine, the author's most beautiful figure, comes like Stevenson's Alan Breck of bygone years, to show that there still lives among us the spirit of true romance.

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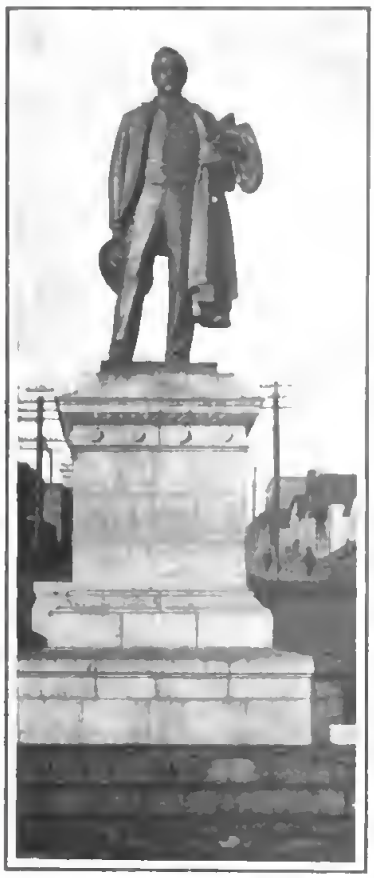
The Latest Completed Public Works of Augustus Saint-Gaudens

By O. H. Sample

THE final estimate of the work of Augustus Saint-Gaudens that will be made when the last of his unfinished works has been dedicated a few years hence can give him no higher place in the history of art than has already been quite generally granted to America's greatest sculptor, but the unveiling of each of his public works marks an epoch in the art life of the nation. A study of the three of his monumental works dedicated since his death reveals no new masterpiece from the master hand, but each of them contributes new details to the knowledge of his many sided art. Each of them furnishes abundant evidence that the remarkable vitality of his conceptions, the conscientious workmanship, and the perfection of detail that characterized the



The Marcus Daly monument at Butte, Montana

The Magee memorial fountain in Schenley Park, Pittsburg

The memorial to Marcus A. Hanna at Cleveland, Ohio

works of his greatest creative periods, were with him in his last working days.

None of the three public works which he was not permitted to see finally in place—the Marcus Daly memorial in Butte, Montana, the Marcus A. Hanna in Cleveland, nor the Magee memorial fountain in Pittsburg—will usher in a new race of public monuments as did his Lincoln in Chicago; none of them will create a new historic type as did his Puritan in Springfield, Massachusetts, nor an unfathomable ideal expression as did his Adams memorial in Washington; nor reveal new possibilities in relief sculpture as did his Shaw in Boston, but each contributes substantially to American sculpture, and shows that even the conventional portrait types of decorative works may be creations of elusive art as well as memorials—a lesson much needed to be learned by many of those who are engaged in the construction of our public monuments.

Marcus Daly, the copper king, and Marcus A. Hanna, the manager of men, were picturesque, distinctively American types of the virile men of action and business, and offered, therefore, something to Saint-Gaudens' artistic imagination in spite of the fact that they had to be portrayed in conventional garb. As striking types he saw the opportunity to give something distinctive to these two portraits; and that is doubtless why he chose to do these rather than the multitude of other commissions offered him in his last years of work.

In the tall, straight figure of Daly he has wrought an intimate living portrait of the American captain of industry. The sculptor has taken him in his daily walk as he is "coming down off the hill" his overcoat thrown over one arm and his hat in the other hand. He stands firmly and naturally, the coat falling in well draped folds, relieving somewhat the severe lines of the body. The clothes show the lines of use; they were evidently worn, and they fit as bronze clothes seldom fit. Every line of the strong genial face speaks of the character of the Western man of big deeds and commanding presence. With the faithful care and attention to detail that characterized all of his work Saint-Gaudens modelled and remodelled from the death mask, photographs, clothes, and data furnished by the family. He was given the commission in 1903 and was once retarded by the fire in his studio in Cornish, New Hampshire, which destroyed the existing model of the statue. The working model, however, was saved and the bronze delivered in Butte several months before his death.

While the Shaw, the Lincoln, and that mysterious figure of *Grief* in the Adams memorial will doubtless continue to divide the votes of those seeing his one greatest work, the Daly must be given place as one of our greatest portrait statues and a triumph of art over convention. The sculptor has taken the simple standing figure on the plain, upright pedestal and given it life and art. The treatment of the pedestal was always a cardinal principle of Saint-Gaudens' thorough workmanship and no detail that would add to its monumental dignity or decorative unity has been slighted. The Daly stands on a square block with mountmented cap and bases, and it has been dignified by a wall that surrounds it with somewhat the same effect as an exedra. It is of Montana granite from a quarry at Welch's Spur near Homestake. The pedestal proper is eight feet high, two inches shorter than the statue.

The monument was erected by public contributions, in which the Miners' Union took prominent part, and it cost forty thousand dollars. It stands in an open space in the heart of the city in front of the Federal Building, overlooking the hill which Mr. Daly made famous as a copper producer.

The second of the Saint Gaudens memorials unveiled after his death was the monument to Marcus A. Hanna, dedicated in Wade Park, Cleveland, Ohio, in May of last year. The sculptural problem here was similar to that in the Daly memorial, and has been treated in the same earnest, honest, unaffected fashion. As a type of the conventional seated portrait figure, it is a striking demonstration of what may be accomplished from an artistic point of view with sculpturally commonplace and unheroic material. Sitting firm and erect in his chair, the Senator is shown in his working mood, as the greater number of his friends will remember him. The statue is eight feet high and the pedestal twelve feet. The work cost $68,000, which was raised by private contributions, chiefly from Cleveland citizens. The monument stands on a temporary site in University Circle at the entrance to Wade Park, and is later to be moved to the heart of the city as one of the decorative features of the great group plan of public buildings now under way. Its present site, however, is no unworthy setting. A plateau was formed for the pedestal by building a retaining wall around three sides, where the lower drive and Euclid Avenue join, and atop of this the broad, massive lines of the enclosing exedra rise thirty-five feet above the street level, with a magnificent landscape view in the background.

Quite unlike either of these two monumenta is the *Mayer Memorial Fountain* in Pittsburg, the latest public work of Saint-Gaudens to be erected. It stands in Schenley Park, and it was dedicated in July, 1908.

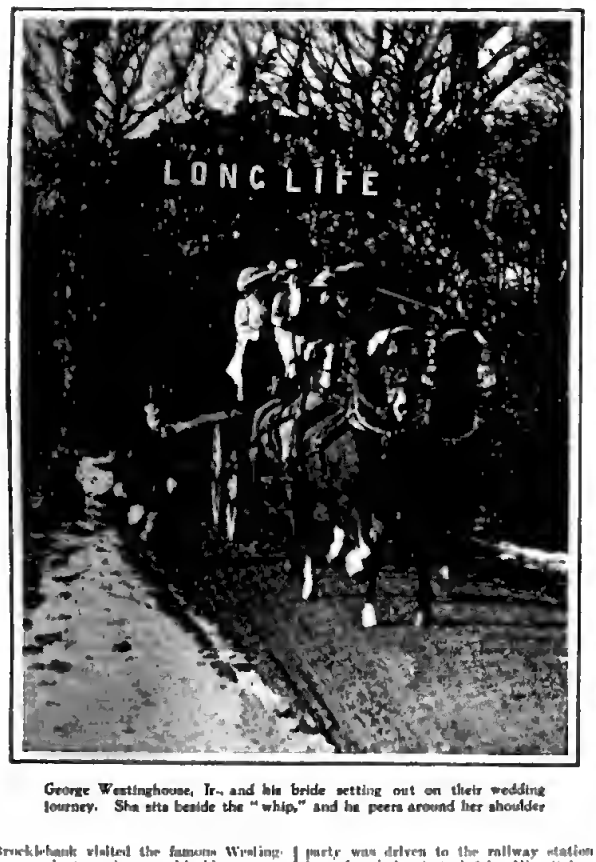
The central feature of the design is a bronze tablet twelve feet high and five feet wide, bearing a beautifully modelled representation of Plenty, typical of the character of the philanthropist it commemorates. This is set in a perfectly proportioned granite monumental tablet in the form of a Greek stele. The modelling of the main figure and the background is executed with a delicate distinction and decorative appropriateness that make them seem a part of the stele which merges well into the severe lines of the monumented granite basin.

A number of highly important works left unfinished are now being completed by Saint-Gaudens' assistants. Chief among these is the *Phillips Brooks Memorial* for Trinity Church, Boston, eight caryatides for the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo, and groups for the front of the Boston Public Library.

The Romance of a Rich Young Man

The recent marriage of Mr. George Westinghouse, Jr., son of Mr. George Westinghouse, the Pittsburg inventor and manufacturer, to Miss Evelyn Violet Brocklebank, daughter of Sir Thomas Brocklebank, of Irton Hall, Cumberland, England, was the happy result of a chance meeting in America. While touring this country with her mother in 1905, Miss case of love at first sight, and shortly after their engagement was announced. The wedding had several times been postponed, the last time because of the illness of Mr. Westinghouse.

After the marriage ceremony at the ancient parish church of Irton Hall in the beautifully picturesque district of lofty fells encircling Wastwater, the bridal



George Westinghouse, Jr., and his bride setting out on their wedding journey. She sits beside the "whip," and he peers around her shoulder

Brocklebank visited the famous Westinghouse plant, and a good-looking young man in overalls was directed to show them through the factory. Miss Violet became deeply interested in the courteous guide, and, greatly to her surprise, he was introduced to her some months later at a social function in Pittsburg as Mr. Westinghouse. It had actually been a party was driven to the railway station in a four in-hand, tooled by Miss Sylvia Brocklebank, the bride's sister, a noted whip. They were accompanied by a wonderful fanfarade blown by their bugler, the champion of England, as the party drove beneath arches of evergreens draped with an intermingling of the Union Jack and Old Glory.

The Gentler View

TRAVELLERS, THE OUTER SHELL, AND A MAN

By Florida Pier

Travelling with even a small party is like playing hop-scotch. You are always on one leg, and always jumping madly in an effort to keep your balance and arrive somewhere in a fairly upright position. A trio is the ideal number for complications; and, though the varying situations possible to a trio are usually reserved for stage presentation, it is in travelling en tron that one gathers some idea of the astonishing possibilities. Apparently complete docility reigns, and the three agree on all subjects. Then comes the choice of hotels, a cross-road in the settled route, perhaps as small a matter as whether a carriage is to be taken or walking to be clung to. With a horrid start, one sees why dramatists have invariably shown such a strong preference for the number three. The elements of a problem play are entangled in the triangle, and there is no getting away from them. With three people actively jumping to the corner a moment ago occupied by one of the others a kaleidoscope of change results, and it is travelling, hop scotch, or miniature drama—all according to one's point of view.

If number one has too much character, number two has too little, so that number one, as discipline for herself, pretends she has no wishes. Number two, in a desire to have as much independence of thought as any one else, favors definitely a course she takes little interest in, and number three, in an effort to have the matter decided, soon tries to join herself to the majority, with the inevitable consequence that it is she who contradicts herself most often and hopelessly flarries the other two. She presents the ridiculous picture of trying to catch and hold the preference of the others by stepping on its tail. Her antics secure her not a bit of praise, and it is not at all unlikely that they bring upon her the reputation of being a difficult traveller. Two people disagreeing go their separate ways, rejoin when their individual tastes have been satisfied, and nothing more serious happens than a mutual impression that the other is a person of strong will. But three—oh, the exquisite tortures of it! Two are sure to agree to be ashamed of siding against the other, and to refuse to go off alone, as it would leave the third forlornly able to do as she likes. It would seem that the two who agree would make ideal travelling companions, and ought to manage to make a trip alone sometime; but any one who has travelled with their family knows that the two who agree are never the same two. Sometimes it is one and three, at others one and two or two and three. The one that is out always suggests a readjustment, and the two whose minds were made up change them from sheer exhaustion. When one course is finally decided upon by all three, it is from tottering weakness, and the person who was holding out to walk joins the others in the carriage from an immediate need of sitting down.

There used to be certain things about which every one felt a comfortable certainty. A man with a square, clearly marked chin, for instance, was a well of strength, and a woman with fluffy yellow hair and a dainty body was a butterfly. These signs were distinct; we recognized them easily and knew at once what to do, but recently people have taken to not fitting their exteriors at all, and it is most disconcerting. They may or may not be to blame, but the result is undoubtedly deceitful. A man with a chin more or less reticent about its owner's qualities may be so strong that every weak thing for miles around scathes to him and clutters up his path, while the faded young girl-of-the-morn type of man, with a chin fitted to cleave the difficulties of nations, is in reality of a limpness. People must overcome these contradictions, and have sufficient courtesy and thoughtfulness for others to look what they are. The little fluttering women are sure to be militant in their staunchness, containing what is a prodigal amount of fibre when one compares it with even the reckless inches of our present gintlessors, while the big women, with open brows and an air of deeply brooding serenity are neurotic flirts. Now this is a pretty state of affairs. We have kept an idea of what is suitable, if others have not. It is going to be a most laborious business to remember that the flashing eye we seem to be talking to is inside a covering suit, and not on it. Such conversations have the same awkwardness as an intimate chat conducted through an interpreter. They arouse a rage which must be vented on some one, yet think of the delicacy of the task of deciding who it is blocking progress.

It is necessary in these present days, when we take on such heavy coatings of acquired personality, to overcome the obstacle before we are in any position to know whether we like or dislike the simple, probably nice, person inside—a really difficult process, and one that often requires more time than most people at the moment have. Oscar Wilde said that he lived in constant fear of not being misunderstood. Though it is impossible not to appreciate his feelings, most people call in nature to back up their own efforts at a disguise. A nose used to contradict a pose and give us a sum that spoils much of the posing person's carefully contrived work. Now features and figures fall right in with the plans of their owners, and excavating under the crusted exterior is left to the few who do it from sheer perversity, because they think they ought to stay on the outside. What a farcical catastrophe it would be if after years of hiding under a face that bore no resemblance to the one you should have had, and mountains of manner built out of the observations of others, you should forget how to come out and, hopelessly lost in your own disguise, wander unhappily about, hoping that some stray moving-van would smash a harmless hole in your exterior and so give you a chance to crawl out.

He was the only man in the suit department, and he had the desperate air of a person so completely ignored as to be in momentary danger of disintegrating. All around him women were trying on coats and pirouetting in skirts held in place by black-robed saleswomen. He kept his eyes determinedly on his wife, who stood ashamed before a mirror while coats foreign to her intentions were placed upon her subdued person. The fittings were conducted in silence except for the running comment of the saleswoman, which was as meaningless and endless as to seem *nil*. He, though more than attentive to every coat, did not talk because the garments seemed things hardly to be discussed in public. His wife was silent because the sight of herself in the mirror had hypnotized her. She gazed with a stolid modesty at the surpassing things that were happening to her figure, and for very inability to look away stared brazenly at herself. The chatter of the saleswoman stopped; she had asked a question and was waiting for an answer. The man and his wife in mutual evasion said, "What?" The saleswoman looked annoyed; she was accustomed to having more attention paid to her remarks. "I said," and her tone was coldly reproving, "does the hair wear stays?"

"The hair?" It was the husband who spoke, and he felt the question one to be treated with discretion.

"Your wife. I asked if she wore stays." The saleswoman had reached a pinnacle of delicacy in her first demand, and she had no intention of transposing it so that more vulgar ears might understand. Her hands were on her hips, and she dared any one to make her say corsets.

"Oh," the husband and wife comprehended in the same breath, and the wife answered with some bravery, "I do."

"Oh well, in that case" (the sales woman's nostrils contracted with scorn), "I can't promise you a fit; no one has been wearing stays for fully three weeks."

The woman winced; this public reprimand hurt. "Can you show me some more coats?" she murmured. "I'd like to settle on something."

A crushed wistaria garment was butlooed on her and her husband rose. "Maria?" he exclaimed, and he seemed to be clutching her from the lion's mouth, "take that off. You don't look respectable in any of them, and I'm not going to have you wear such things."

The saleswoman angrily peeled off the crushed wistaria and retorted, "Well, if you wanted to look respectable I don't see why you tried on any of this year's styles; you better wear something old if your husband is of a nervous disposition. I supposed every one knew it was the thing to look scandalous." And a moment later she was lost in the maze of femininity.

When the man and his wife found themselves again on the street they sighed, and knew their escape to have been a narrow one.

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always wins favor for the housekeeper. The many possibilities of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream have contributed more to make it a boon to the woman who wishes to provide those delicacies for her family with convenience and economy. Dilute Peerless Milk to desired richness and use same as fresh milk or cream.

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Finance

THE READJUSTMENT OF THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD

By Franklin Escher

EVIDENCES of the liquidation now going on in the industrial world continue to multiply and compel attention to the question of how far the readjustment will have to go. Continued cuts in the prices of steel, wage-reductions by leading interests, enormous sales of copper at a price only fractionally above the lowest reached in the panic—all these are developments which have swept away the last hopes of those who were banking on our being able to come through the post-panic period without readjustment of conditions. But, long deferred as it was, the inevitable period of readjustment has come at last and constitutes easily the most important factor with which the markets at present have to do.

Without attempting to go deeply into the economic causes which make a period of industrial readjustment the inevitable sequel of an upheaval such as we had in 1907, it will readily appear that, in the fact alone that neither prices nor wages had come down appreciably, there lay the certainty that either the depression must be of short duration, or that readjustment must come. The attempt on the part of the larger producers to tide over the bad time by keeping up prices and wages has become a matter of industrial history. Had there been no tariff agitation, very possibly they would have been successful. As it was, there were powerful reasons for beginning the experiment, and the experiment, once begun, had to be continued. For a time, after the election of Mr. Taft, it looked as though it would be successful. Finally, however, it became apparent that the reaction from the panic was too severe to be tided over; that the buying-power and demand were simply not there; that it was best to take in sail and readjust operations to prevailing conditions.

We are in the midst of that readjustment now—on all sides are to be found the signs of liquidation. Hope that we should be able to pull through and come out on the other side where we left off in 1906 has had to be abandoned. The question now is rather as to how drastic the liquidation will have to be, how long it will run, and what influence on the investment markets it is likely to exert.

Liquidation to come depends largely upon what has gone before; all basic industries are by no means on the same footing. In the textile industry, for instance, prices and wages were cut together just a year ago, with the result that while profits have been none too large, the dry-goods business is in a much more settled condition now than either steel or copper. Between these two, again, there is a great difference. Liquidation in copper began much farther back and has made much more progress than it has, as yet, made in steel.

In the copper market, in fact, the readjustment during the past few weeks has been nothing short of violent, so much so as to warrant the belief that the process will be of short duration. During the worst of the panic, copper metal never sold down below 12¾ cents a pound—12½ cents is the price at which it is creditably reported that something like 75,000,000 pounds were disposed of during the first week of the present month. The whole advance in price since the panic has been cancelled, and, in the determination to get rid of the large surplus, producers have been selling copper at a price but little above the cost of production. And not in small quantity. In well-informed circles the seventy-five million pounds of copper reported dumped on the market during the first few days of March is a conservative estimate; seventy-five million pounds of copper is no less than eight per cent. of the whole country's annual production.

This is liquidation with a vengeance. And yet there is to be considered the fact that as long as production is kept up at the present rate, it is necessary that the metal be disposed of at any price—to consumers, speculators, or anybody else who will take it off the producers' hands. According to the Copper Producers' Association report there were on hand on the first of January, in this country, 122,000,000 pounds of copper. By the first of February the supply had risen to 144,000,000, while on the first of March it reached 173,000,000. These are big figures. In view of the large amount of selling which we know to have been done, they speak of a production out of all proportion to the demand for copper at the present time. There is reason in the talk of closing down the mines. Unless there arises a sudden demand for copper, that, apparently, is inevitable.

In the steel industry the case is different. Copper prices have been let down to rock-bottom, but while here have been big cuts in steel, nothing comparable with the reduction in copper prices has yet taken place. Until about a month ago, in fact, official steel prices were hardly any lower than at the high point of the 1906 boom. Liquidation is under way now and is making good progress; but this is a process which takes time—a good deal more time than the few weeks in which it has been going on.

Right here, however, it should be noted that in the attempt to get a line on how long the liquidation in the steel business is apt to last, the fact must be taken into consideration that ever since its formation the Steel Corporation has worked consistently for a stable level of steel prices in good times and bad. It would have been easily possible for the big company to have secured higher prices for its product in 1906 than if did secure. But instead of that, prices were actually held down, the idea being that it was better for all concerned to have a rate somewhere uniform over a series of years than a recurrence of the famous "feast and famine" conditions.

That being the case, and finished steel prices never having been inordinately advanced during the last boom, there is no necessity now for the recurrence of the excessively low prices which used to come during the times when steel prices rose and fell without control. The necessary liquidation can be accomplished—is being accomplished, in fact—with steel prices relatively much higher than would have been the case ten years ago.

That no demoralization while the process is going on need be looked for, is the opinion of the large users of steel, as expressed in the New York Central's recent order for over 100,000 tons of rails. What the price was on this contract is not generally known, but it is understood that if there was any concession at all, it was exceedingly slight. New York Central's recently reorganized management is hardly of the kind which would place such an order now if there were much chance of getting the rails cheaper later on. To those in close touch with the situation, New York Central's big rail order came as a decided reassurance on conditions to come.

Still, it is a fact that an "open market" has been declared by the Steel Corporation, that, except on rails, schedules have been abandoned, and that prices are being settled rather on the basis of making business than making money. That being the case, and steel men realizing that it is a condition which is apt to last for some length of time, it is not surprising that the Lackawanna Steel Company's announcement of a reduction of ten per cent. in wages should have been followed by other similar announcements. The great question now is whether the reduction in wages will have to be general, for it is a fact that while steel prices have gone down anywhere from fifteen to thirty-five per cent., wages as a whole have not been touched as yet, and are ruling at the highest prices in the history of the industry.

This is a condition which can hardly be expected to continue. Labor forms a very large percentage of the cost of manufacturing steel, and if the price of the finished product is to be largely reduced and stay at the lower level for any length of time, it stands to reason that wages must be correspondingly reduced. The movement is well under way already, and almost daily reports are coming in of wage-reductions announced by the various independents. At the time of writing nothing has been said by the Steel Corporation regarding its policy along this line, but it is a foregone conclusion that it will have to follow the lade pendents. It may or may not have been a coincidence that it was the Lackawanna Steel Company (the first to announce a new schedule of wages to fit a new schedule of prices) which received the biggest slice of the recent New York Central rail order. In any case, it is plain what an advantage in making prices a company with a readjusted wage-schedule has over a company still paying boom time wages.

More or less labor trouble is inevitably threatened by the necessity for a lower wage-schedule, but, from the way the cats already announced have been received, there seems to exist little need for apprehension of serious trouble. From the fact that so many of the mills have been running only three and four days a week the men have had it brought right home to them how slack is the demand and in what a poor position they would be to contest the necessary reductions.

Suppose there is a general reduction in wages, what will be the effect on business and on the return of prosperity? Primarily, it would seem, buying power would be reduced—where the men get less money they will have less money to spend. But, simple as it seems, is this argument sound? Working the same number of days a week at the same rate, there is no question but that the men would have less money to spend, but, under the readjustment of conditions, is it not reasonable to suppose that there will be more work and that the mills will run a greater number of days each week? The only way to prove it is to try it, but, judging from what has happened in the past when prices and wages were seriously reduced, it is to be expected that consumption will be greatly stimulated. Suppose as a result that a mill runs five days where it ran four, and that the wages of men making $4 a day are reduced ten per cent. to $3.60. Working four days a week a man made $16. Working five days a week, even at the lower rate, he makes $18. There evidently is no curtailment of buying power or bar to the return of prosperity, as the labor men would have us believe.

Nor is there anything unpractical or academic about the idea that lower wages mean more work. Just as it is possible to put the tariff on an imported article so high that nothing is brought in, and so no revenue produced, so wages that are too high can powerfully check productive business.

This whole question of wage-reduction, in fact, like the question of the reduction in the price of the materials themselves, is a matter of an inevitable readjustment. Underestimation of the extent to which the business of the country suffered from the panic has been responsible for several false starts which have cost a great deal of money. It has been only during the past month or two that this part of the country, at least, has come to realize that it is impossible to pick up the current of commercial affairs where it was broken off in 1907. Real recovery, recovery which will last and put us on the road to greater general prosperity than we saw in 1906, can only be built up upon the foundation of a thoroughly liquidated position. At the rate at which the readjustment in the basic industries is going forward now, it ought not to be a matter of many months before the process is complete.

N. W. C.—I have been reading a good deal about the "depreciation" of gold. Is it the opinion of people who have gone deeply into the thing that gold is becoming less valuable? Can you give me the name of any modern book that treats the subject?

The subject is attracting a great deal of attention and will be taken up on this page in a few weeks. As to the opinion of authorities, Professor Irving Fisher, the distinguished economist at Yale, writing in *Moody's Magazine*, for February, declares, "The truth is that gold can and does fluctuate, just as truly as paper, and that at the present time it is rapidly depreciating."

C. N. E.—Last summer I put some money into Ontario and Western, and the same amount into Chesapeake and Ohio, both selling then near 50. Now my Chesapeake is over twenty points higher than the other, and I am considering selling it and buying more O. W. Do you think this would be profitable?

You might make money on the exchange, but unless you have some good reason of your own, it seems as though you would do well to let your investment stand as it is. Chesapeake is earning plenty of money to pay 4%, and the Street, at least, is satisfied that at least 4% will soon be paid. In that case it would be relatively much lower than O. W., an increase in whose dividend is not looked for.

A. E.—Will you please give me the names of two or three A1 railroad bonds netting about 4 1-2 per cent.?

You cannot buy the best railroad bonds to yield as much as 4½%. There are bonds, however, which will give you that income and which can be called reasonably safe. Among them may be mentioned the Wisconsin Central, Superior and Duluth Division first mortgage 4's; the Missouri-Kansas, Texas general 4½'s; and the Chesapeake and Ohio general 5's.

W. H.—In a letter from my broker in the East he mentions that Reading is a "half-stock" and Leo condo a "quarter-stock." Will you please explain?

By "half stock" is meant a stock whose par is $50 instead of $100, as usual; by a "quarter-stock" one whose par is $25. Such stocks are quoted on the New York Stock Exchange in percentage of their par value. Thus Reading, if quoted at 120, is worth per share 120% of $50=$60.

C. W. E.—Are the Fort Worth and Denver City 6 per cent. bonds safe? They are highly recommended to me, but I don't know much about the road.

The road is an integral part of the Colorado and Southern, which itself has been bought by the Burlington. The bonds are an unquestioned security. But have you considered in making this investment that they sell at a premium of over fifteen points above par, and that this premium will be gradually extinguished as the bonds approach their maturity in 1921?

W. J.—I have some Car Foundry common, and now that the dividend on Railway Steel Spring has been passed, am wondering whether I had not better sell it?

If you mean that you are thinking of selling your American Car and Foundry because you are afraid the dividend on it will be passed, you should consider the fact that the company's extraordinary surplus makes it unlikely that the dividend will be touched. The $22,000,000 surplus is not all cash by any means, but it is a pretty good insurance of at least the present rate of disbursement on the common.

R. C. E.—Will you give me an idea of what the charges are in connection with shipping bar gold to London?

The charges vary slightly, but the following is a fair average: Premium on bars 40 cents per $1,000; freight one-eighth of 1%; insurance 50 cents per $1,000; cartage, $1 per keg (each keg holds about $50,000), packing $1.50 per keg. On the basis of these charges, allowing for ten days' interest at 3%, the cost of a shipment from New York is $.0474 per sovereign (pound sterling).

G. F. S.—Will you kindly advise me through your financial column where I can obtain a book that will enable me, a beginner, to get thoroughly at the rudiments of finance?

Among the many books which might be recommended, Prof. Joseph French Johnson's *Money and Currency* will probably best suit your purpose.

H. W. H.—I beg to ask whether any of the legislation in any of the New England State Legislatures, making it illegal for the New Haven Railroad to hold stock of trolley roads, can impair the safety of the Providence Securities 4's, and furnish the railroad with a legal excuse for no longer being held by its guarantee.

The market for these bonds has shown not the slightest fear of any such development. The guarantee is of such a nature that it appears highly improbable that the pending liquidation can develop anything to impair its efficacy.

Walking Across the Continent

EDWARD PAYSON WESTON, the famous pedestrian, celebrated his seventy-first birthday on March 15th by starting on a jaunt from New York City to San Francisco—a distance of approximately 4,300 miles, which he expects to cover in one hundred days. This time excludes Sundays, for he has ever made it a rule on his walks in regard the first day of the week literally as a day of rest.

Weston's route to the Pacific coast is not the most direct, for he wishes to strike the principal cities along the course, where he will deliver lectures on the benefits of walking in the maintenance of health. Going up the Hudson to central New York, he will then strike west to Buffalo, thence into Pennsylvania to Pittsburg, and, crossing Ohio to Central Indiana, proceed north to Chicago. West of the Mississippi River the course will lead through St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, Ogden, Salt Lake City, Los Angeles, to San Francisco. Weston's trainer is accompanying him in an automobile, which carries supplies in case of emergency.

Although the veteran pedestrian once did five thousand miles in one hundred days in England, it was over a picked course which was lapped many times, and Weston was a younger man; so the present performance, if successful, will be regarded as his greatest feat.

Weston ready to start on his long tramp to the Pacific

THE WISDOM OF WATTERSON

(Continued from page 23)

Thackeray to tell us that we should relapse into savagery except for our women.

I look upon the professional "suffragette" with horror and disgust. When she is not a crank, pure and simple, or a poor, plain fool, she is a creature with a grievance—a thing abominable whether male or female—a soured nature, a jaundiced mind—the victim either of misusage or the barren state, redolent of mental whimsies. Show me a woman taking more interest in public than in private affairs and I will show you a woman with a bad husband or no husband at all.

I would despise myself if I had ever claimed more for my boys than my girls; if I had thought more of the intellect of my boys than that of my girls; but the intellect is as a household having many compartments; and, as there is a proper seclusion for women, there is a reasonable freedom for men.

The feudal idea had its advantages. There was something in the latticed window and the guitar. There was something in the tourney and the awards of love. The world was young in years and spirit of people, and life was primal. There was Provencal song and woodland dancing and sun-burnt mirth. When there were courts of beauty there were more no divorce courts, and it is still accounted a merit, thank God, for a man to perjure himself like a gentleman in the cause of a woman. I would not dethrone her; but this is not to say that I would shut her out from any masculine employment which does not degrade her.

There ought to be a hundred women doctors where there is now but one. In all forms of art and letters the woman may walk successfully side by side with the man, and in most forms of business, where her moral nature and integrity of purpose present obvious advantages. It must not be forgotten that physically the woman is the tenderer; that she is the receptive; that "as the husband is the wife is"—unless the husband be deplorably bad, and sometimes they are—so that the claim of the He Woman with the straggled moral nature and the squint eyed mind that the subordination of woman is a wicked device of the tyrant man falls to the ground.

With unreasoning people, male or female, the world concerns itself chiefly through its penal codes. They are lucky if they escape the prison wall or the gallows of public opinion. But, if there are any readjustments between man and woman, as men and women they must be entrusted to the wise and good, the just and fair, under God and Nature; and this is the only judgment in the world where sentiment should predominate; for the reason that above all law, above all reason, the ruling principle between good men and good women, between wise men and wise women, is truly, wholly, absolutely sentimental; the love of the maiden and the man; the love of the father and the mother and the children; the light of the universe. For now, as ever—

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame."

The poor suffragette; the He-Woman; the bow-legged, bandy-shanked—Lord! what am I saying? They will all be running and tearing their back hair and pulling up their bedraggled skirts much too high—and—? Go to! go to! I am not that kind of a gentleman. Anyhow, I have reached my years of discretion and earned my discharge.

Colonel Harvey recks not of these things. He yet possesses the bravery of youth and innocence and ignorance. I shall turn him over to a wise old coon like Mark Twain or Robert Underwood Johnson, with the remark that, considering his age and his lights, he has given us a very good book on "Woman."

H. W.

Naples-on-the-Gulf, Florida.

The Spelling Habit

THE art of spelling words correctly is of comparatively recent repute. Time was when men and women did not rare, but wrote ahead without regard to strict orthography. Madame de Sévigné, for instance, never learned the proper way to write her name. While it was remarked by Madame de Maintenon that at the college of St.-Cyr much precious time was wasted in learning how to spell.

It remained, however, for the Empress Eugénie, in 1869, at Compiègne, to put to a practical test the spelling standard which obtained even among the highest literary authorities. Thus, under pretext of a theme proposed to them for an examination, a number of French Academicians took down from dictation a composition by Prosper Mérimée. Not one "immortal" wrote without mistake.

As to the Empress, she could not understand so many faults being made, until it was conveyed to her that she herself, from the same dictation, was responsible for no less than ninety. The Emperor again made sixty. It is but fair to add, however, that the dictation was compiled expressly with a view to focussing the difficulties not only of spelling, but of grammar.

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THE AUTHOR (THE CENTRAL FIGURE) "SWEEPIN' HER UP" IN A RINK AT ENGELBERG, NEAR LUCERNE

Electra (Frau Krull) describes to Clytemnestra (Mme. Schumann-Heink) the latter's impending murder

Frau Krull as Electra

Electra, searching for the buried axe, is surprised by Orestes (Herr Perron), whom she does not recognise

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The Art of Ignacio Zuloaga

By Charles de Kay

(See page 9.)

Not content with sending into exile most of the old works of Spanish art in his Hispanic museum to make place for pictures by the most modern of Spanish painters, Sorolla-y Bastida, here in Mr. A. M. Huntington devoting the walls to another living Spaniard. Señor Ignacio Zuloaga is more than ten years the junior of Sorolla, yet he has not the latter's joyous, childlike outlook on life. The contrast is curious and suggestive: it is like shadow and light, night and day. One is a chanter of the untrammelled freedom of child life by the shore, the bard of domestic happiness, a technician who has set himself the admirable but impossible task of painting sunshine. The other's rôle is that of a sinister artist whose figures often pose disquieting even when no overt act is there. Three *Toledo Bull-fighters* in their many-colored suits, their wigs and chunks traditionally correct, are not the vain and harmless fellows, half acrobat, half stableman, we see at a bull fight, but conspirators planning how best to "do" a comrade. *In the Park, Saint Cloud*, is not a picture of two comely young women merely; it suggests a whisper of crime. This girl on the right in a less-of-wine gown, her face slightly averted—what is she saying to the person in black whose heavily powdered and made-up face looks at us wide-eyed, her mouth fixed? And the *Old Bonlevardier!* What a wealth of cynical suggestion in those figures—the hyperitical would-be lady, the lure-necked, barefaced companion with insolence and mockery on her made up face, and the old libertine! Señor Zuloaga during his short career has been an apprentice to iron and the damascening thereof (his father's trade), a dealer in old pictures and bric à brac, and a bull fighter on whom one bull at least has set his bully mark; and all this experience has been good for him. But the suggestive quality in his pictures harks back to his visits to Paris.

Señor Zuloaga is a young master no less interesting than Señor Sorolla, but likely to delight a different sort of amateur. He is strong where Sorolla is weak—for example, in composition, the adjustment of figures to the bounds of the frame. Very splendid is his management of green, dangerous in less skilful hands, and not always safe in his. The green cloak of Pepillo the matador against a darker green background, the lean, brooding face, the frail legs bowed outward, form a whole that suggests Velasquez in composition rather than colors. Sometimes the greens are shrill, as in the portrait of a young New York lady. Lovely in tones and atmosphere is *Old Houses in Haro*, with three female figurelets full of character. Formal, well composed, full of racial types, is the group of a gipsy bull-fighter's family relieved against a plain gold background. In fine, the collection is a rare treat, for which thanks are due to Mr. Huntington.

Good Music Can't Be Monopolized

Good music is not confined to-day to the great musical centres of the world, as it was in years gone by. Through the Victor it finds its way to the farthermost parts of the earth. This wonderful musical instrument reproduces the best music and entertainment of every kind absolutely true to life, and the list of New Victor Records for March is particularly rich in beautiful vocal numbers by the world's greatest artists and instrumental selections by the most famous bands.

Although Melba paid only a hurried visit to America this winter, and made only a very few appearances in opera, she made it a point to fill her annual engagement at the Victor Laboratory, and left behind her superb records of three widely different arias, which she sang with such golden purity of tone and with such tender expression as never before. First of these, perhaps, is the old Scotch song which her father loves, and which she sings as perhaps no one else can—the beautiful "Bonnie Doon," with her own piano accompaniment. The other records are "D'une prison," a favorite French song of Melba's, and an exquisite rendering of the "Ave Maria" from "Otello," which is considered the gem of the great fourth act of Verdi's opera.

Geraldine Farrar has also two interesting records this month—a delightful rendering of Moore's exquisite "Believe Me" and a brilliant delivery of the favorite Jewel Song from "Faust," in which this young artist exhibits well the beauty and flexibility of her voice. Maria Gay, the Spanish mezzo-soprano, whose advent as Carmen in her first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera House was one of the features of the New York opera season, is heard in the two principal Carmen airs, "Seguidilla" and "Habanera," sung in Italian, which exhibit fully the rich voice of this singer and her capability of expressing every shade of emotion. Other Victor Red Seal Records are the well-known soliloquy from "Hamlet" by Titta Ruffo, the great Italian baritone; and two numbers by Evan Williams, whose beautiful tenor voice is heard in "How Many Hired Servants," from the "Prodigal Son," and "Rudolph's Narrative," from "Bohème," both in English.

Among the instrumental numbers are selections by Sousa's and Pryor's Bands, both of which make records exclusively for the Victor; banjo and accordion solos, and a violin, 'cello, pianoforte trio.

Then there are two new records by the newly inaugurated President of the United States, Mr. Taft's subjects being "Foreign Missions" and "Our Army and Navy"; selections by the Haydn and Peerless Quartets; a superb record of the noble and beautiful prayer from Rossini's "Moses in Egypt," sung by two Italian artists ably seconded by that most famous of all operatic organizations the La Scala Chorus.

Among the other vocal numbers are the "Message of the Red, Red Rose," from "Marcella," and "Take Plenty of Shoes," from "The Boys and Betty"; and Harry Lauder contributes a new rendition of "I Love a Lassie." Owners of Victors are certainly not at a loss for a variety of the best entertainment, and those who do not possess a Victor can easily learn what a real pleasure it is by hearing some of these new Victor Records at any Victor dealer's.

General William Booth, an Octogenarian

Rev. William Booth, D.C.L. Oxon, General and Commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army, will celebrate his eightieth birthday on April 10th. Born in Nottingham, England, he entered the ministry in 1852, but resigned from the

The venerable founder of the Salvation Army

Methodist New Connection Church in 1861 in order to work as an evangelist. He became greatly interested in aiding the destitute population of London, and his efforts in that field led to the organization of the Salvation Army in 1878.

To Carry Freight by Air-ship

Germany will soon be leading the world in air-ship construction if the enthusiasm over the sport, or industry as some consider it, continues to be as wide-spread as it is to-day. The Zeppelin air-ship made several notable performances before its mishap, the Wright brothers are urged to give some exhibitions with their aeroplane at Berlin; a company was recently organized to promote an inter-city aerial passenger service in Zeppelin machines and now a dirigible balloon for the carrying of freight is proposed.

Professor Schuette of the Technical High School at Danzig, Prussia, is the inventor of the new cargo balloon soon to be constructed at that place. The gas-bag will be three hundred and ten feet long, with a diameter of about fifty feet, and the skeleton frame of it to have double diagonal wooden ribs instead of the customary aluminum ones. A car six hundred and twenty feet long be twelve and a half feet wide will be carried, and the power for driving the propeller will be generated by two gas motors of one hundred and fifty horse-power each. By the substitution of wood for aluminum, the ability of the machine to carry weight is much increased, and, in addition to the equipment and crew, four thousand to forty-five hundred pounds of freight may be taken. It is estimated that an average speed of fifty miles per hour will be attained by the new dirigible.

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—From "London Opinion"

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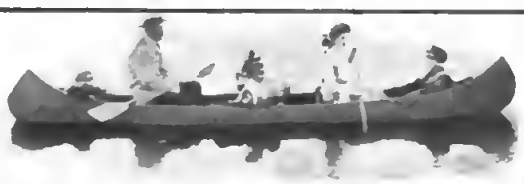

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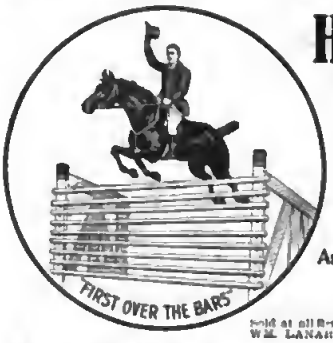

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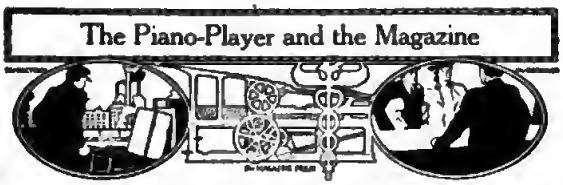
The Piano-Player and the Magazine



THE American piano-player and the modern magazine have grown together from small beginnings. What the piano-player is to-day it owes first to its own artistic worth and possibilities, and second to magazine advertising.

The composer Chopin wrote piano compositions so difficult that musicians of his own period, admitting their beauty, still asked, "But who can play them?" Chopin played some of them himself. Others were beyond his strength — as the great Polonaise depicting Poland's splendor and downfall. Since Chopin's day the development of the piano and the mastery of technique have gone hand in hand. Yet there have always been compositions that seemed beyond the resources of either.

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Remember that it took nearly two centuries of progress to give the piano its present commanding position in the world. Remember that the piano-player was more radical in principle, and not only had to be explained, but in many cases this latter work could only be accomplished by revealing the true possibilities of the piano at the same time, and it is at once apparent that without the magazines, backed by the vigorous educational work of the manufacturers, the American piano-player could hardly have been placed where it is to-day in so short a period.

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Elinor Macartney Lane

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In the third part Ravenel's love finds words, but seemingly in vain. In the midst of the business battle, which goes against him, he falls seriously ill. Katrine learns of this, comes to his aid, and after some most dramatic episodes the story reaches the climax which readers would choose. Such are the general lines upon which a great romance, alive with tenderness and emotion, has taken beautiful and appealing form.

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LIII New York, April 3, 1909 No. 2728

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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION AT SEATTLE

SKETCHED FROM THE ARCHITECT'S DRAWINGS

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LIII. No. 2728

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 3, 1909

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Comment

Governor Hughes' Primary-Election Plan

We have little confidence that Governor Hughes will get very far with his primary-election bill. It is usually essential for an Executive to have a clear, simple, moral issue when he appeals directly to the people for support, and the Governor does not seem to possess that requisite here. Minds generally appear to be muddled **on the subject**. We know ours is. Upon general principles, we should stand with Governor Hughes upon any issue between himself and the petty bosses of his party, but the best of men will err at times, and there does seem to be a question whether, in this instance, he is not barking up the wrong tree. Surely many of the objections raised against his plan seem to be valid. The virtual beginning of a campaign in June or July, for instance, can hardly be considered either feasible or wise. Midsummer political madness is proverbial, but yet more serious is the undoubted fact that only the politicians themselves can be induced to bother their heads about primaries and things in August. It may be, and doubtless is, a pity that our best citizens will not take the trouble to forego the pleasures of a vacation or even come in from the country to look after public affairs, but it is nevertheless a fact that must be reckoned with. Moreover, there is always danger in a surfeit of politics. People grow sick and tired of the constant jangling, and are quite apt, after getting about so much, to step aside in disgust and let things go to blazes.

More Explicit Information Wanted

The mere fact that the ostrichlike bosses base their opposition upon the assertion that Governor Hughes' plan would aid and abet bossism itself is certainly a strong, though influential, argument in its favor. But it hardly suffices as a reason for making so radical a departure. We had hoped to get some real light on the subject from the Governor's elucidation at Buffalo, but his talk was so general, almost vague, that we confess to some disappointment. It is all right to pitch into the bosses because they want to rule the party instead of letting the party rule them, but it would be better to tell just how the new way is going to do the trick. And Governor Hughes didn't tell, at least in words that we could feel to be convincing. He summarized his reasons in this manner:

> The essence of direct nominations is that the party voters shall themselves select the candidates for public office by direct vote at the party primaries. I believe in that. I believe in it:
>
> First—Because the party voters constitute the party and are entitled to select its candidates.
>
> Second—Because it makes much more difficult the selfish control of party machinery.
>
> Third—Because in this way the sentiment of the party is directly expressed and is not left to be interpreted by those who will ignore it, so far as they dare, in order to achieve their own personal ends.
>
> Fourth—Because the candidate will owe his nomination directly to the party voters and will feel a corresponding responsibility and enjoy a corresponding independence.
>
> Fifth—Because elected officers will have an opportunity to appeal directly to their constituents and will not be forced, as is too frequently the case, to go contrary to their conscience in order to save their political future.
>
> Sixth—Because it will block up some of the avenues by which special interests find their way to administrative favor and governmental control.

This sounds good, but it seems to us to assume too much. The party voters can select their candidates under the present system if they want to and will take the time and trouble. What we want to know is whether they would find the new way more convenient and more likely to arouse their interest and action. It may be that direct, though necessarily partial, expression of party sentiment even in midsummer would be better than leaving the interpretation to "those who will ignore it," but the assumption respecting existing conditions seems hardly warranted. The most glowing example we know of the inability of party bosses at present to ignore public sentiment now occupies the Executive Mansion at Albany. And we do not believe for a moment that he is forced to go contrary to his conscience in order to save his political future. Anyway, if he does feel that way, we have seen no symptoms in his official conduct. We repeat that we should like to stand with the Governor as against the bosses in this matter, but better and more specific reasons than have yet been advanced must be forthcoming, and we cannot endorse for a instant such a sentiment as the following, uttered too pertinently by Governor Hughes:

> Why should the plan be opposed? One thing emerges clear and denied as the real reason for the opposition. That is that there is given to the voters the right to pass upon candidacies.

That savors far too strongly of arrogance of clear. If the issue is really as definite as the Governor implies, he has not yet made the fact clear. To the lay mind there still seems to be a very considerable amount of room for honest differences of opinion. We would respectfully direct the Governor's attention to the fact that assertion ceased to be argument in these United States on March 4, 1909.

A Prospective Smash

> Tariff May Wreck Democratic Party.—*Headline in the "Times."*

Shocking! However, it is good to know that there is enough of the old jackass left to litter up the track.

High Time to Economize

President Taft is not going out of his way to mark the differences in method between his administration and that of his revered predecessor. It simply happens that pretty much everything he does is necessarily antithetical. He is another kind of man altogether, far more like Cleveland than Roosevelt, careful, patient, and roundly businesslike. It was thought by some and quite broadly hinted by President Hadley at the Yale dinner that Mr. Taft shortened up his first message deliberately, for the purpose of emphasizing a contrast. We don't think so; it was just the sort of message he would have written anyway. But the change in administrative conduct which daily becomes more noticeable is comforting, to say the least. And we can think of none more reassuring than that bearing upon public expenditures. President Taft proposes to put a stop to the frightful extravagance which has pervaded all departments of the government, and begins, with commendable directness, by serving notice upon the members of his Cabinet. Last week Secretary Mac Veagh published the following notice:

> The President wishes the Treasury Department, as well as the other departments of the government, to take immediate measures to consider the question of such economies in expenditure as may be found by the most competent study to be feasible. It is intended to make the estimates of expenditures for the next and future years with the greatest care, and it is desirable that the attention of this department should be directed as early as possible to the general study of this matter.
>
> It is the intention that the estimates of the different departments [illegible] Cabinet, [illegible] and assistance [illegible] estimates [illegible] There is [illegible] executive [illegible] such economies [illegible] penditures [illegible] ship between [illegible]
>
> It certainly is "[illegible]" and we hope it will be [illegible] ready so deeply [illegible] which must be [illegible] that complete [illegible] not be expected. [illegible] know that a [illegible] be made promptly [illegible] full co-operation [illegible] have long realized [illegible]

polity, but were practically helpless so long as a popular President was able to cut under by gratifying the natural liking of the people for show and splurge. God be thanked if, as it seems, Prudence is to be the watchword of the new administration!

Women and the New Tariff

"The women did it." That was Thomas B. Reed's remark the day after the Congressional elections of 1890, when the country, making response to the McKinley bill, sent more Democrats to Congress than have been there at any other time since the Civil War, turning the Republican majority in the House into a minority so small that one corner of the chamber was enough to accommodate it. The bill had gone into operation in time for women's autumn shopping to disclose its precise effects on retail prices; and the ladies, as their wont is, had spoken to the voters. And now the Payne tariff bill is under fire, before its passage, from the same quarter. The closest of all scrutinizers of retail prices, the women who have to make limited incomes go as far as possible, have already discovered that the bill, if left as it stands, is going to increase instead of lessen the cost of certain articles they buy in quantities, particularly gloves and hosiery. Not only that; it is going to tax them more heavily, in proportion to their incomes, than it will tax women of wealth. On comparing the proposed rates on the cheaper grades of those articles with those on the higher, that is the way the new schedules are found to work. The changes will throw the heaviest burden upon the class which every consideration should prompt the lawmakers to protect—the women wage-earners. We trust they will protest, and go on protesting until the votes are altered. To that sort of participation in politics the bitterest opponents of the women's-rights movement can hardly object.

Scrutinize the Bill in Detail

And this, in general, is the way to go at the bill—to take it schedule by schedule, estimate as closely as possible how it is going to affect the prices of particular classes of commodities, and then let the particular classes of consumers most affected make themselves heard—as they very easily can. The producers can be trusted to take care of themselves—or, rather, they cannot be trusted to refrain from doing more than take care of themselves. What is now most needed, for real reform, is an analysis of the entire measure, prepared by experts, showing precisely what it is going to do to consumers of all sorts. Were such an analysis available, and published widely by tariff-reform newspapers, preferably in reasonably brief instalments, the country would have the opportunity, which at present it can be hardly said to have, to observe intelligently its new tariff in the making. We grant the superiority of the German plan with tariffs—a permanent commission of experts, constantly watching trade conditions, and making changes only after the most thorough calculation of their probable results. That is the way to make protection—and the incidental revenue-raising—as scientific as it can be made. If we are going to continue to have protection, we ought to have a commission. Since, however, we have none at present, we favor constituting the entire country a committee of the whole, with sub-committees on the various schedules. That is the only way to get the consumers in, since they are simply the whole nation.

Some Defects

Already public discussion has brought out clearly certain defects and injustices which [illegible] of course. They [illegible] small means, [illegible] of the [illegible] it is [illegible] a threat to [illegible] [illegible] inheritances, without any consideration of the fact that most of the States already employ [illegible] means of raising revenue. But it will take a [illegible] more thorough-going and minute examination and discussion of the measure to determine far, if at all, it accomplishes what the country demands—an *effective* reduction of the taxed articles of general consumption, now too high priced in this country, and which would be checked if foreign competition were brought into play. If, for instance, as is alleged, to reduce the duty on steel rails by half will still leave

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them prohibitive, what is the consumer's gain—or anybody else's? "It is perfectly feasible," says Mr. C. F. Adams, who confesses himself a benedictory of the present law, "to make an ostensible average reduction of twenty-five per cent. in the present schedules, and yet in reality increase the actual protective burden by at least five per cent." What we ought to know is, whether the proposed decreases in duties are real or not. Is there no one to take the place of the late David A. Wells and tell the country—and President Taft, whom we all believe to be sincere, but no expert—precisely what the proposed changes mean? Here, certainly, is an excellent chance for some young economist to serve the country and win fame for himself and cash his occupation.

We Look Better to Others

There are always encouraging things to be said if one knows where to find them; as when a milliner, quoted in the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, observes:

> Everybody is better looking than the mirror makes him. The mirror robs us of our expression and of our coloring, and expression and color are to the face's beauty what the legs are to the figure.

That milliner is a true optimist. Somebody should get her to speak of the prospects of revision of the tariff. We need somebody to say, convincingly, that they are better than they look.

A New Holiday in New York State

There is, at this writing, a new holiday in New York State, invented by Timothy D. Sullivan, State Senator from New York, and instituted by vote of the Legislature, confirmed by the Governor. It is named Columbus Day, and falls on the 12th of October. It may be said to have been sprung on the people of the State, for though its progress through the Legislature was presumably regular and open, nobody seems to have heard of it until the law instituting it was signed by the Governor. In its favor is the fact that it comes in October, which is a good month for weather. Columbus, of course, has no more need to have a legal holiday named for him than St Patrick. If Senator Sullivan feels that the workers of the State need, and can afford, more recreation, that is a good reason for a new holiday if so be that the workers concur in the opinion. But do they? Is anything known of their sentiments in the matter? Has anybody asked their views? The papers say that the new holiday is a compliment paid by Big Tim to the Italian vote.

Without being sure about it, we suspect that this new holiday ought to be repealed. But practically it would be much better to leave it alone and repeal the law that makes a holiday of Lincoln's birthday. That comes in the wrong month and is a preposterous waste of legalized leisure. A holiday on the 19th of October (discovery-of-America day) is good for something, even though it does please the Italians. A holiday on February 12th is good for nothing, even though it commemorates Lincoln.

Must Have Heroes

Our people can no longer go overnight without a popular hero. Willie Whitla had to be found on the day that Theodore Roosevelt got out of sight of land.

Farthest South

We move, respectfully, to incorporate Greater North and South Poles, each to comprise all the area bounded by a circle with its centre at the polar apex, and a radius one hundred (statute) miles long. Estimating the area of the south pole on this basis, Lieutenant Shackleton reached it. He computed that he reached a point 711 geographical miles from the pole, which, reckoned in statute miles, brings him well inside of the Greater South Pole's circumference. Judging from Lieutenant Shackleton's description of the country and the weather, there is very little inducement to go any farther south than he went. Worse than Inauguration day weather prevailed down there nearly all the time. He broke the record by 354 miles, getting that much nearer the pole, and reaching latitude 88° 23'. His sledge journey covered 1,708 miles and occupied 126 days. A motor-car that he took along was of little use, owing to the neglected condition of the roads; but four ponies did better, and scrambled along to good purpose until one was lost in a crevasse, and the other three were eaten. The expedition "succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations." Its main purpose was geographical survey, and that it accomplished handsomely, finding lots of mountains, and among other things discovering coal.

Won't that do? Is there anything left to learn about the south-polar region which it is worth anybody's time and strength to investigate? Both the poles strike the average materially minded observer as nuisances which it takes an unconscionable amount of money, effort, and suffering to placate. Mankind will be considerably eased when both have been found and tagged. Meanwhile Lieutenant Peary is out again after the north pole, a gentleman explorer named Cook is lost in the extremities of the earth and is about to be rescued, and a Frenchman, one Charcot, is on his way to the south pole, quite unconscious that Lieutenant Shackleton has as good as found it and adorned it with the British flag.

Honors Awaiting the Wrights

When the Flying Wrights get back from Europe to Ohio, President Taft will be there to welcome them. But he has promised not to fly with them during his present term. It will be the privilege of our only living ex-President to do that when he gets home.

The Leaderless Democrats

We beg to borrow this heading from an article in the Boston *Transcript* of March 23d:

PARTY WITHOUT A LEADER

THUS THE PRESENT POSITION OF DEMOCRATS

> Disorganized and Without a Head, No Advantage Is Taken of the Many Opportunities Offered in Congress—No Fixed Policy on the Tariff—Hopeless of Securing National Power. Each Man Reaches for What Happens to Be in Sight, and Each Represents Only His Own Section. Some Hope That the New York Meeting May Produce a Leader.

Never mind. It is somewhat rough on the party, but Brother Bryan's lecture business is said to be booming. The New York meeting above alluded to is the dinner to be given on April 13th at the Savoy Hotel, at which Governors Marshall, Johnson, and Harmon and Senator Shively are to speak. The Governors represent Indiana, Ohio, and Minnesota, and Mr. Shively is the new Democrat's Senator from Indiana. They are fit men to be heard from about a national policy for so much of the Democratic party as Brother Bryan does not need at present in his business.

Much Ado about Races

There are penalties about getting in such a point of prominence that some people always listen, and many half listen, to everything one says. President Eliot seems to have said something somewhere in approval of the South's policy of keeping the white and black races separate, and has been quoted widely—and variously; also criticised. One critic of long standing, who hasn't found many things to approve this last half-century, elegantly describes him and President Taft, in their pleasant attitude toward the South, as strewing sugar over bottled spiders. One would think that even Frank Saymour might by this time have discovered, that the whole country favors politeness as between the sections. Meanwhile this is our notion of what Dr. Eliot said. The South's policy of keeping the white and black races separate is a wise one. It is best for blacks as well as whites. Should blacks and whites intermarry freely, both races would eventually lose their integrity, their distinctness. And it is good to keep races of men distinct, each preserving its racial characteristics and ideals. As a rule, the results of the intermingling even of white races are not satisfactory, as compared with unmixed breeds of men. The South's problem is thus less peculiar than has been thought; and it is by no means a new problem. Neither is the South's predicament peculiar in the respect that it has large numbers of citizens untrained in self-government. So has the North, which has received thousands of immigrants who have been denied that training. Many of the Irish, for instance, have not had at home the training in self-government which Americans receive.

Mixed Breeds

If this is President Eliot's position, one can see that it presents material for controversy. There have been great men aplenty who derived their qualities from more than one race, and a majority of us Americans have more than one kind of blood in our veins. For that very reason not many of us will take serious offence because Dr. Eliot thinks there would be more strong men in the world if the various races could find a way to live peaceably together without intermarrying. Presumably he would take due account of the fact that certain races are much more alike than certain others. He cites, we believe, the Germans and Chinese as two races that should not intermarry. Intermarriages between the Germans and the English are quite a different matter. The Scotch-Irish mixture he would probably concede to be a success.

Dr. Eliot as Ambassador to London

Our neighbor the *World*, speaking of the probability, which now appears strong, that President Taft will invite President Eliot to be ambassador to England, and quoting a passage from its issue of December 30, 1909, in which it spoke of Dr. Eliot as an admirable man to send to the Court of St. James', goes on to say:

> The *World* is gratified at having been led to urge Mr. Taft, in filling this high post, to "turn a deaf ear to the twaddle about qualifying wealth and social prestige" the scholars of the country a successor to Lowell and Motley."

We surmise that the notion that Dr. Eliot would make a good ambassador to London popped into a good many minds almost immediately after his resignation, and as a consequence of the consideration of his record and qualities which his resignation naturally started. Certainly we find in the comment pages of Harper's Weekly, dated November 14, 1908 (six weeks and four days before December 26th), the following observation:

> Perhaps if Mr. Taft has not yet engaged any one to succeed Mr. Reid at the court of St. James', it will assist him in his duties to suggest how very greatly President Eliot would embellish that ambassadorial chair. He has dimensions proper to fill the whole of it, and some extraordinary qualifications, as in another page set forth.

His Interesting Qualifications

The "extraordinary qualifications" cited were included in an admiring notice of President Eliot in the same issue, and may be worth quoting; to wit:

> President Eliot has been very useful, unconsciously and incidentally, in establishing standards of living and working. If he had got rich he would not have lived the simple life in the attractive fashion he always has lived it, and contemporary society would have missed the salutary sight of a very eminent man filling a great place, and living and raising a family with apparent ease and pleasure, on, say, the income that a Cabinet officer finds inadequate. To live the simple life obscurely is no great trick, but to live it in a conspicuous public and social office in more asore of a feat and, in a corresponding measure, more useful. What an exceedingly interesting ambassador to England President Eliot would make! With his talent for management he might actually contrive to live on the salary, and—really, what an admirable place that would be to have him in, provided he would take it! What enormous credit he would do us, and how useful he would be to correct a prevalent impression that we Americans are a nervously active and precocious folk and burn out our energies prematurely and are not good testers. Truly it is quite inspiriting to think of Dr Eliot serving a term at the Court of St. James', and all the more so in view of his recently expressed distrust of the expediency of alcoholic drinks.

To live the simple life (comparatively speaking) as ambassador to London may be a more difficult job than Dr Eliot cares to undertake. Ambassadorships and the simple life don't quite seem to be mates, notwithstanding the apparent conviction of Congress that they ought to be. But if any one is qualified to yoke them together and make them seem to be a matched team, it is President Eliot. We should very much like to see him try it—if it does not seem to him too troublesome a task. That, however, does not affect our conviction that our government ought immediately to buy a house in London for our ambassador to live in, and fix his salary at such a sum that he can afford to live in it.

Braille against New York Point

A case in which one-high beats two of a kind is in the matter of raised writing for the blind. There are two systems of this writing, American Braille and New York Point. The Board of Education in New York has agreed to spend money in teaching the blind to read, and must decide which of the two systems is to be taught. In favor of New York Point is the fact that a good many books have been printed in that style, and are in libraries available to blind readers. In favor of American Braille is that its use is much more general, and that Braille systems very like it are in use in Europe and Japan. The misfortune is that more than one system ever developed, but it is possible that both are better for the competition. Every one that knows anything about books for the blind is interested in the choice which the New York Board of Education must make. Helen Keller, who knows and uses both systems, says Braille is the better one.

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A Poet Died*

A poet died the other day. Just as the singing season was about to break, when the burden of beauty is too poignantly exquisite to be sustained, when the sloth of the drowsy winter is cast and the coming harvest in beginning to push the shats, just when the birds, who have been loath to tell their heart's secrets, soften under balmy airs and gentler suns, and the season for breaking silence is heeled on earth's axis under the sun's melting rays—a poet died.

As we make up the stony path of the middle years, more and more the scene grows like a great battle, where the eternal strife of life and death wages ever fiercer and fiercer. At every breathing space we see our friends and comrades falling about us thick and fast as autumn leaves that strew the ground. We realize that, to our eyes at least, the year shall never more bring forth a spring. If this be sad, how much more strange the hush, more ominous the pause and gloom, when a singer's voice falters and the soul takes flight! Out of the world's great choral chant one note will be forever missed, and from life's perfect harmony one voice forever stilled. Only few hearts open and few lips soften,

"With the soft flame and heat of songs that shine,"

and the beauty of the whole world is dimmed and its music keyed lower to-day, for a poet has died.

This was a glad and buoyant poet; a virginal sunset soul, as kind as only those can be who have lived sheltered from life's more sordid and more cruel sights. Life lent her for sheer beauty and luxuriance to deck the earth, which quite unwittingly she did, wearing a body of ethereal loveliness as carelessly as other bodies wear the raiment; indeed,

"Her body other bodies well might bear
As soul—yea, which it all but predestined were
For all but her to take as fleshly wood."

Then, as if for once to show how lavish and munificent it could be when it would, life lent her the singing voice and the power to translate experience into poetry. Who that has seen shall ever forget the slim and swaying length of her, the ruddy crown upon the head, and the eyes so full of fire and joy when she recited her own early poem "The Faun"?

"I saw a faun!
An eerie faun, that danced along the woodland path,
All in the feathery freshness of the year,
An hour after dawn.
The sunbeams yet were pale and weak;
One lay, a shimmering silver streak,
Across the mossy path."

And, alas! what prescience rang in the closing lines that somehow always sounded as a knell when her voice dropped on them:

"Some day when Spring is here in showers,
And wimpling rain blows on light flowers,
And all the new pale green is budding sweet,
I'll find again the print of dancing feet,
His pointed toes will mark the ground,
Though the moist mosses give no sound.
But I shall follow on his track
Into the warm, wet forest, far and far,
Where all the wild things are,
And never, never shall come back!"

This poem belonged to the first volume, *Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic. Cromwell: A Play.* And in the same volume is the exquisite and completely characteristic "In a Poppy Garden," with its rare, keen vision, its felicitous imagery, its almost heart-breaking youth and buoyancy:

"Beyond the gold-green lane the poppy garden
Flutters and flaunts, like sunset seas aglow,
The frosty, fuzzy stalks and blue bat banners
Ranging in row on row.

"Here are some scarlet-petalled, ruby crimson,
Into a crumpled purple withering,
Like tattered velvet old and dim and dusty
Of a neglected King.

"Whiter are these than are the moon-white lilies;
Censers that dainty fragrances exhale;
Each, when the early sun fills with his ardor,
Beams like a holy Grail.

"Pure, pure and shining gold these silk-smooth goblets,
Brimming with drowsy, heady scents to steep
The bold inbreathing spirit in gold visions,
Bright mysteries of sleep.

"And here, oh, here are they the best beloved,
Scarlet and splendid as the soul's desire,
With smouldered hearts hot from the glorious, daring
Welcome of the sun's fire.

"'O, happy dreamer in the poppy garden,
Under the soft, sweet sky of summer blue,
O, happy dreamer in the poppy garden,
When will your dreams come true?'

"'For every dream in this my poppy garden
A springing hope within my heart began:
Hopes are quick seeds at the world's wide garden,
Lord of whose life is man.'"

* Died March 7, 1909, at East Orange, New Jersey, Sara King Wiley, widow of Frederick L. Drummond, and author of *Poems Lyrical and Dramatic; Alcestis; The Coming of Philibert*, etc., etc.

The poet's second volume was a memorial to the one great sorrow that touched her singing heart. When the one who was closest to her took the footless ways of Death, she went down into the valley of the shadow and wrestled; and, when she came among us again, she brought peace in her heart and rapture and the lovely volume, *Alcestis*, in her hand.

Death baffled but did not overcome her: it only taught the seeing beyond sight the love that outlasts death. In that wonderful tale of a wife, who lays down her life to save her husband's, her poet's heart found quieting. In the death scene Admetus says,

"Thy cheek grows pale, Alcestis,"

And the wife, dying to save him, living replies:

"It is joy.
Excess of happiness, as the bright rain
Fallen after drouth bends down the shining flowers.

The summer evening comes, serene and sweet,
The birds are calling softer, one by one,
The cool winds loose their perfumes on the air,
The golden glimmer sinks in greening gloom;
The stillness deepens, and I rest alone.

Farewell, farewell, how easy 'tis to die."

She had no need, indeed, to cry out as did her own Iphigenia:

"How shall I die that never yet did live?"

She lived very freely and fully: "The inheritors of unfulfilled renown rose from their thrones" to greet and yield up their secrets to her; great poets and great nature conspired together to touch her life's most precious lore; and she had, said one who lived closest to her, "not a single grave fault" to mar her powers or dim her seeing. With wide and various interests in the world and all the worlds, she yet remained undecked by any touch of worldliness; in it she was vibrant and ardent and vividly alive, but nothing of its meaner phases ever became apparent to her, and she passed down garden paths where tall blooming lilies screened off on either side all ugliness. When, like flame transformed to marble, she passed on, her hand was arrested while it was setting the last touches to a beautiful poetic drama, "Dante and Beatrice," a lovely treasury of passion, thought, and vision, a legacy to posterity. As for herself, she had, indeed, listened to and heeded carefully the warnings given in the last sonnet of her series named "The Clock":

"Helpless I stand and beckon silently
To all that crowd and hurry past my love.
Do they not know they run a fixed race?
And never shall return as they go by?
Why use they not my moments ere they fly
To hallow and adorn this dwelling place?
So should the essence of exceeding grace
Abide in perfume though the makers die.
They should not load their free limbs chain by chain
Trembling as criminals condemned to pain.
But, like a lordly vessel steering home
Freighted with star-imprisoning jewels, come,
And my last call should be a glad refrain
That soars in meet a final, splendid strain."

The third volume, *The Coming of Philibert*, had shown her steady growth in seriousness and depth; and it holds, perhaps, as its chief message a pean to the power of nobility to beget its like in the world. As the plot thickens round the young Philibert and disaster and death come near him, he says to his arch-enemy:

"I prayed that you might always smile on me,
That I might be a blessing round your ways,
To compass you with service."

We must not weep when a poet dies. Rather should we rejoice, since a poet was born into the world and lived to increase its loveliness. And, although the visible presence escapes our straining eyes, the world is fairer for her sake, and all her scattered jewels shine like veils of golden mist that beautify the world on which men look. The dawn is fairer that she saw it, too; the evening is more perfect, for her singing and all the days and ways of daily going are brightened and made sacred where she passed. She is made one with all fair life, and in the absence of the singing voice, the visible beauty, and the joyous presence her work yet lives a glorious memorial. And yet for us still on the battle-field, how hollow, strange, and ominous the words that echo in our ears: A Poet Died:

"There is no help for these things; none to mend,
And none to mar; not all our songs, O friend,
Will make Death clear, or make life durable.
Howbeit with rose and ivy and wild vine,
And with wild notes about this dust of thine
At least I fill the place where white dreams [illegible]
And wreathe an unseen shrine."

"Tony, M.P.," [illegible] entertaining the [illegible] say concerning the late [illegible] editor of *Punch* and [illegible] ever-ready wit. "[illegible] ing in the crowded [illegible] one night when a [illegible] medalled, came up and effusively shook hands with BURNABY, whose reception betrayed some embarrassment. Observing this, the newcomer said:

"I see you don't know me from ADAM."

"My dear sir," said BURNABY, "I didn't know ADAM."

Mr. P. A. WILMOTT HENDERSON, the Warden of Wadham, Oxford, gives in *Blackwood's* a lively summary of the progress Oxford has made within the last half-century, and many of the more subtle elements of reform he attributes to the advent of woman, who, in the phrase of HORACE, softens the manners. The permission to Fellows to marry has changed academic life at Oxford. Women, moreover, are striving for Oxford degrees, and these academical suffragettes, says the Warden of Wadham, "are less violent than the suffragettes who persecute Mr. ASQUITH—no Oxford ladies have been sent to prison for mobbing Heads of Houses, nor have the proctors been molested in the streets." Wiser and more dangerous methods have been employed, he adds—"the arts of logic and persuasion." And the Chancellor of the university has recently announced that he is going to propose "that degrees shall be open to women on exactly the same basis as to men."

Whatever the place which posterity will ultimately award to RICHARD MANSFIELD as an actor, there can be no question of the high value of his services to the theatre in America and of his example to its traditions. The stage in this country has known no more magnetic actor, and no one who had more truly at heart its best interests. It is, therefore, eminently fitting that a worthy memorial to him should be established in some form. Such a memorial is projected by a committee of distinguished citizens who are hoping to place a bronze bust of the late actor in the foyer of the New Theatre. This committee, which comprises among its members Messrs. PAUL D. CRAVATH, DAVID BISPHAM, JOHN DREW, BOOTH TARKINGTON, PERCY MACKAYE, SPENCER TRASK, BUTLER B. JEWETT, ELLEN D. JORDAN, E. A. DITHMAR, and GEORGE J. GOULD, is prepared to receive subscriptions to the necessary fund for this purpose. Mr. CRAVATH is treasurer, and contributions may be sent to him at 32 William Street, New York.

PITTSBURG, *February 25, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I saw in the WEEKLY for February 13th the notes of two persons who had taken the WEEKLY from 1862 and 1866. Allow me to say that I have been a subscriber to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, BAZAR, and the YOUNG PEOPLE from the first issue of each, and a subscriber for *The North American Review* since 1844, and am still a subscriber to all now printed. The MAGAZINE and WEEKLY are bound, and afford my grandchildren much pleasure in perusing them. I can still read them without glasses at eighty-five (85), and hope to do so for many years.

I am, sir, E. S. LIPPITT.

We guess Mr. Lippitt holds the record as a subscriber to the publications that proceed from the house of Harper & Brothers. We commend his example to all the world.—EDITOR.

EXTRA!

April 1, 1909

THEODORE will have a strong
Guard in Afrikee—
Poultney Bigelow, William Long,
Dear old Bellamy,
All the Ananias Club,
Tillman and his tool,
Ready for the Lion's cub—
April Fool!

Mr. Bryan's lost his voice.
Happened late last night.
His opponents much rejoice,
Showing much delight.
He will never talk again.
Silence in his rule,
Leaving all tasks his pen—
April Fool!

Tariff measure passed last night.
All are satisfied
Every item worked out right
When it [illegible]
No complaint in all the land
Over the new schedule
Happiness on every hand—
April Fool!

[illegible] his fountain pen
[illegible] for [illegible] hour.
[illegible] Hen;
[illegible] Mayor.
[illegible] going to teach
In a Sunday-school;
Carnegie declines to preach—
April Fool!

Kaiser's learning Tiddledywinks.
Wearying of stress.
White House grounds become a links.
Teddy takes up Chess.
Lambs make twenty millions clear
In a Wall Street pool
Carrie Nation praises Beer—
April Fool!

HORACE DONO GARRITT.

Farthest South

THE RECORD OF A JOURNEY ACROSS THE FROZEN ANTARCTIC TABLELAND, WHICH BROUGHT LIEUTENANT SHACKLETON, OF THE BRITISH NAVY, WITHIN 97 MILES OF THE SOUTH POLE

Lieut. Ernest H. Shackleton, who led the expedition

THE story of what may fairly be called the most perilous and courageous exploit in the history of exploration—rivalling even the famous voyage of Sir John Franklin in search of the Northwest Passage, was flashed over the cables from New Zealand last week all through the civilized world.

Over the mountains, glaciers, and crevasses of the huge, unknown South-Polar continent at so high an altitude that, even in the short summer season, a cold was experienced more intense than any encountered in winter among the ice-floes of the north, Lieutenant E. H. Shackleton, of the British Navy, led his determined band of explorers in a desperate attempt to reach the Pole. He broke all records, north and south. And it was only when hunger and exhaustion made farther progress impossible that he turned back, with ninety-seven miles still to be traversed before the goal could be attained.

The following achievements were recorded by Lieutenant Shackleton:

He reached latitude 88 degrees 23 minutes south, a distance of 97 miles from the Pole and some 250 miles farther south than had ever been reached before. He travelled a distance of 1,708 miles during a sledge journey that occupied 126 days.

He found the south magnetic pole.

He discovered eight mountain chains and surveyed one hundred mountains.

He ascended the volcano of Mount Erebus, 13,120 feet above the level of the sea.

He brought back every member of the expedition safe and well.

The *Nimrod* expedition, of which Lieutenant Shackleton was in command, left England in July, 1907, carrying a crew of thirty-two men all told, of whom several were scientists. Among them were Sir Philip Brocklehurst, in charge of the sledging; James Murray, the biologist; and Lieutenant Adams, the meteorologist. On reaching New Zealand the *Nimrod* took on a supply of food for two years, and she was then towed south to the edge of the ice. In a small house at the foot of Mount Erebus, which had been erected during a previous expedition under the same leadership, twelve of the party were deposited, with their instruments, dogs, Siberian ponies, food-supplies and an automobile which could be converted into a sledge. The *Nimrod* sailed away, under orders to return in the following winter, and between January and March of the present year she picked up different parties of the explorers, the last being Lieutenant Shackleton himself.

Much of the work done by the party was, of course, of a prescribed and monotonous character, such as surveying and engaging in various scientific investigations. It was not until October 29, 1908, that the southern party, consisting of Lieutenant Shackleton and three companions, started upon the dash toward the pole. They left with provisions for three months, and travelled south along meridian 108 over high ridges and mounds of snow. Here are some extracts from the explorer's own account of the journey:

"The ponies were attacked with snow-blindness. On November 28th the pony Grisi was shot. We made a depot in latitude 82 degrees 45 minutes; longitude 170 degrees. The pony Quan was shot on November 30th.

"On December 7th the pony Socks, breaking through a snow lid, disappeared in a crevasse of unknown depth. The swingle-tree snapping, we saved Wild and the sledge, which was damaged.

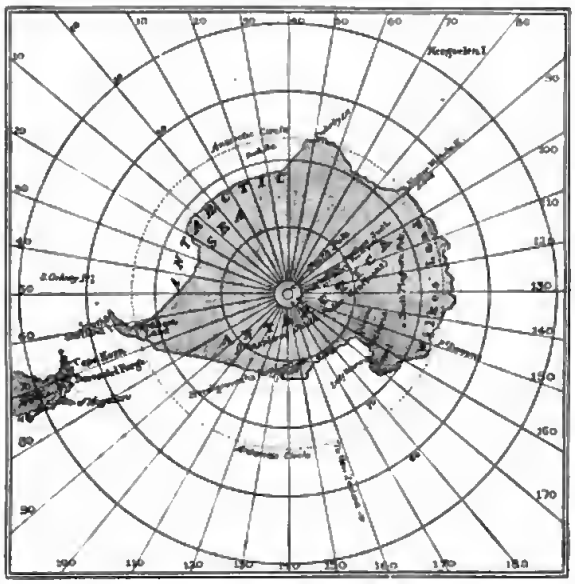
"The clouds disappearing on December 8th, we discovered new mountain ranges trending south and southwest. Moving up the glacier over the treacherous snow covering the crevasses, we frequently fell through, but were saved by our harness and were pulled out with the alpine rope. A second sledge was badly damaged by knife-edged crevasses.

"We reached, on December 26th, a plateau, after crossing ice falls, at an altitude of 9,000 feet, thence rising gradually in long ridges to 10,500 feet.

"Finding the party weakening from the effects of the shortage of food and rarefied air and cold, I decided to risk making a depot on the plateau. We proceeded on January 4th with one tent, utilizing the poles of the second tent for guiding-marks for our return. The surface became soft and the blizzard continued.

"For sixty hours during January 7th, 8th, and 9th the blizzard raged, with seventy-two degrees of frost, and the wind blowing seventy miles an hour. It was impossible to move. Members of the party were frequently frostbitten in their sleeping-bags. We left camp on January 9th and reached latitude 88 degrees 23 minutes, longitude 162 degrees.

"This is the most southerly point ever reached.



The great South-Polar continent and its surrounding seas

Here we hoisted the Union Jack presented to us by the Queen.

"We returned to pick up our depot on the plateau, guided by our outward tracks. There was no food remaining. The blizzards continued, with fifty degrees of frost. We discarded everything except our camp outfit and geological specimens.

"We made a forced march of twenty-four miles on February 26th. Marshall was suffering greatly. I left him in camp in charge of Adams, while Wild and I made a forced march to the ship for relief. I returned on March 1st with a relief party, and all reached the ship at Hut Point, on March 4th.

Mr. Roosevelt superintending the unloading of his guns from the truck which transported them to his steamer

Mr. Roosevelt, with his son Kermit beside him, waving his good-by from the bridge of the "Hamburg"

OFF FOR THE "BIG HUNT"

INCIDENTS OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S DEPARTURE FROM NEW YORK FOR HIS AFRICAN DESTINATION, MOMBASA

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The Ill Gifts They Gave

By Marion Hill

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. STROTHMANN

WHEN looking casually and impartially back into that treacherous black gulf of time known as boyhood, which is lavishly referred to by adults, who have evidently forgotten all about it, as "the happiest period in your life," do not you think you might have managed to weather hurly somehow through its miseries had it not been for the unbearable *hoo-ges* you kept receiving?

Miseries had a happy knack of dissolving during the night, leaving the next day serene and understood, but blessings were shameless for staying where they were not wanted, you had to don them and wear them out, eternally, like a suit of clothes too big for you.

You did not call such things "blessings", no, indeed? you knew deadeelly better, even at that raw age. They did it. They, the assembled multitudinous heads of the household. They were the ones who so flutteringly announced their crimes against your comfort and tranquilness.

That was a frightful day, was it not?—that day when your blessings were all dragged from their retirement, were tugged and ticketed, appraised extravagantly and displayed before your astonished and loathing sight in order that you might express gratitude but curb "Gratitude! For what? For outrages, cads and worry me?"

You have but the haziest kind of remembrance of how the difficulty started. All you know for certain is that you did not hunt for it; did not even expect it. Yet experience should have made you nervous. Luxurious trouble abhors a sense of too much peace.

Was it not inevitable upon some rarely stainless day in your otherwise shockingly besmudged existence, a day upon which you revered your parents, admired your sister, appreciated the cook's patience, were respectful to your Aunt Leila, obeyed your Uncle Edmund and were forced to think pretty highly of yourself, take it all in all, a day in which the heart craved sunshine and industriously set to work to manufacture it in the harmful, that a cyclone of forgotten sin, committed in the near past but mercifully sub-marked till now and luminously dismissed from memory, came swooping jokily through a clear sky and blew down your nothing world around your ears, leaving you nothing substantial to hold to your dizzy consciousness except the just-established fact that you were a criminal of the most loathable description, and always had been? Inevitably!

Conversely, that was the comfort of an apprehensive day; nothing had ever happened.

Don't you remember those days when you crawled dully out of bed with a heart as heavy as lead, with an aged-like conscience which rendered you addle-headed and kept you mistakenly sure that every male voice in the parlor was Junior Baxter's father's voice, and that a long-heralded retribution had finally arrived? Days upon which every alien skirt turning in at the front gate looked like the school-teacher, bringing into the unsuspecting bosom of your family your lurid record which you had hoped was buried in her desk?

A long-heralded retribution had finally arrived

Even when it turned out not to be the teacher, you had another abject thought immediately at hand; it might be little Annie's mother. Semi-occasionally one's own mother may be wheedled; another's never.

Little Annie lived on the block below and had brazenly intruded herself within the range of a twig that brother said *stuck*, but it was a mere twig, which you let fly, with the utterly unconceivable result that little Annie's susceptible eye began to darken and swell.

Now, little Annie's brother could, hyperbolically speaking, knock her senseless with a beam, and little Annie would have the complaisance to arise unscotched; but let you so much as pass her on the opposite side of the way, you with a twig in your hand, and little Annie would bloosup and swell.

Oh, those days of clouds and fear! But did the threatened storm ever arrive? Never. The sun always shone on undiscovered, winding up in a velvety sunset of hope, spoked around with radiant rainbows of promise. At night, all peace, you sought the supportation of your bed with an anxiety thankfully mountain from end to end.

Therefore—logically therefore—the Day of Explained Benefits dawned soft and clear.

Somehow, Uncle Edmund, though immune from consequences, was moved up in the unpleasantness. You remember that he was to an unusually good temper; he was expecting a new job—he called it appointment—and he pulled your ear whenever he passed and tripped you up whenever you passed; he tweaked your hair and tickled your bad places, and was a general blight. He was considerably less disagreeable when cross, being quieter, and pleading less. Unfortunately, however, he was seldom cross.

He was the cheerful, spry kind of a man who could jump around like you, do hat on the back of his head, and almost any time could be found hurling a ball at the side of the house and keeping astonishingly high in air to catch it. He always caught it, too. He could juggle three oranges (three, mind you, not two) from hand to hand like a fountain, and then could make them all run down one arm like cause more mis his side pocket; he had good pants.

But this particular morning he was so attentively friendly to you as to be a nuisance. Consequently, you told him some harmless little thing—to go chase himself, or not to get so gas—some trifle in that line, and then heard you and went you upstairs.

What could be the penitential value of one flight up, you never fathomed. Nor did you burden your intelligence by trying. You generally forgot the ins and outs of your crime and of your punishment long before you reached the next floor, having been kept pleasantly busy en route planning what you intended to do with the dole of freedom which accompanied banishment. If you displayed a fair amount of activity you could hope to accomplish several entertainments before you got forgiven and were bidden down-stairs again. This morning you strangely did nothing worse than to sit at a window and gaze peacefully at the landscape, which took on a new and soothing aspect when viewed from the slight eminence to which guilt had raised you. You seldom owned enough square time to waste on the landscape, therefore this meditation upon its beauties was quite an artistic treat to you, and very calming and Christianizing to your nerves; yet what do you suppose they called your pursuit when they caught you at it? —sulking! Sulking was manifestly a shamefully misplaced business for the second story, and could not possibly be permitted except on the ground floor, for your new was banished down-stairs.

Several unavailing times that forenoon you hurriedly and enforcedly changed your location, and you lost a range of sweetness with each dislodgment, so that when you and They unexpectedly all got together in your toy-closet and They began to hunt among the well-preserved things to find the broken things, pausing on the broken things not by hapless accident, but fell design in order to harrow your conscience by telling you how celestially careful were They in tender youth of toys, "which did not begin to be as costly as these," why, you had not any too large a fund of cantinuence left to fall back upon, and you commenced to pursue your brain to make a whole lot of imaginary replies, awfully clever, solutions as regarded Them, and highly palliative as regarded yourself.

The resultant situations, all mental ones and consequently adjudged by you to be safe, became so dramatic that You lost your preservative sense of your own chicanery, and said aloud—that's the horror of it, *aloud*—"I'd like to know what they are."

An innocent enough remark when viewed in a detached way. However, it came hotly on the heels of a pointedly accusing statement from Them that you might to be a veritable angel of propriety considering the extravagantly many things, valuable all of them, that you owed to your parents.

Well, what you said, you said; there was no getting out of it.

"*Like to know what they are?*" Iterations and reiterations of this luckless speech fairly buzzed around the apartment, darting at you like hornets. It had a fearful sound, there's no denying. Still, once it was said, you were faintly glad, being likewise faintly curious. If *but* had They done for you? Come? What *had* They done? Not that you made the roostabe of being audible tears; no, indeed. But y[illegible] grew agape and when They appointed [illegible], your mother, to marshal before [illegible] ranges you [illegible] ageg with interest.

Of course, your [illegible] a trip-hammer, [illegible] brazen query had [illegible] The accident had be[illegible] solcted, for some re[illegible] than this.

Finally, after so[illegible] was answered. Y[illegible] and they sounded [illegible] highly satirical hun[illegible]

Briefly, they were [illegible] sister, new clothes, [illegible] school. A ghastly quintette!

It was with an [illegible] that the list was presented to you, [illegible] mentations, so that you [illegible] item with a fluent wealth of thought, peculiarly and, of course, dumbly your own.

The house!

The house yours, forsooth! Certainly. They had kept the matter very dark up to now. In your humble experience there was not a spot in the whole of the house's length and width where you felt safe to draw a breath without permission. From cellar to attic it was well-nigh bursting with beatuses where you mustn't do this and couldn't do that and oughtn't to have done the other. If you careened through it gayly, you were scorated for "kicking out the furniture"; if you crept through it laggardly, you were appraised of your having "scuffed out the carpet"; if you ran down-stairs, you

Taking your most expensive cake of paint

were accused of shutting with destruction against the newel-post; if you desperately took to the banisters and slid down as quiet as feathers, you were absolutely *anathema marenatha*, because of a coat button which scored a damning trail.

Use you, the home was man-traps and spring-guns from front to back. You were hurried forth from it when you didn't want to go, and you were bundled back into it at times when the whole night world was imploring you to remain outside. It jailed you, full of chores, on Saturday mornings when other boys were free; the less home they had, the freer. It vaguely hypocritically open in welcome to all people of no interest to you, and was hermetically closed to your favorite, exuberant exotics.

Home Uncle Edmund never had one. According to his authentic and exhilarating accounts, he spent his tender infancy in gutters and under freight-cars, piling up magnificent reminiscences for adult life. He did not, therefore, know a dull minute, nor ever had known one.

And that the society of your little sister could be construed into a blessing merely betrayed the dotage of the mistress.

Now, your little sister was all right when confined within her particular realms—she was harmless in your evening prayers, was interesting when tied (tight) into her high chair, and was positively dear when safely asleep in her crib, but in all her untethered moments, which were entirely too many, she was boundlessly dangerous.

She was a cyclonic lunatic when she crept quadrupedic and smiling into the middle of your games, and, though you were in a trembling perspiration of disappointment and anguish, you were supposed to welcome her with goo and rapture. She played; oh yes, she played; but she played hind side foremost, so to speak—using the toy engine for a hammer, and turning the hammer into a sliding "choo-car"; nursing your rubber ball as if it had been a doll and using your plaster soldiers for balls, by hurling them against chairs until they weakly gave up the fight and resolved themselves back into plaster; dropping the fire-holder in the [illegible]-tub, making a boat of it, and then standing [illegible] in order to gaze at the floating shoe [illegible] of awfully moist candy to "paint" [illegible] bed-sheets and books, and taking your [illegible] of paint to suck for candy.

[illegible] she had begun bind suite foremost [illegible] all day till you daren't speak [illegible] then shrieking all night till you [illegible] sleep; and she grew out of long [illegible], instead of the other way about, [illegible] correct for girls.

[illegible] she was in the house, she was entirely violent [illegible] you took her into the street, as you were often obliged to. Her one idea on the highway was compounded of the determinations to fall down a coal-hole, to stand under a flowing hydrant, to get bitten by a suspicious dog, scratched by a sick cat, to eat something uneatable, to roll under the hoof of a kicking horse, and to choke on a cobblestone while being rescued.

She was supposed to be puny and weak, an incarnate appeal to your chivalry, yet only by exerting your full and brutal strength, your legs curled frantically around

a hitching-post and your two fists e nched to her skirts, could you prevent her from going fifty times a minute to frightful death. Nor was she grateful for salvation, for, saved from suicide of the gorest description, she would like as not fall into a tantrum of rage, stretch herself rigidly out on the pavement and treat her head to a purposed succession of bumps which stunned you far more than they did her.

Then, when you were ministering to her, examining those bumps, a prettence of sorrow upon your face, and the realest kind of fury at your heart, there was always sure to be a fire in the neighborhood, to which every boy but you raced with a joyous whoop. *A blessing?* The only time you could ever fancy little sister a blessing was when you realized there was one of her instead of two.

So new clothes were to be taken with gratitude, were they?

"Dear goodness! how that boy grows! It's perfectly frightful. He shoots up through his things like a reed. He's never fit to be seen. I can't keep him covered. And his suits rust more and more every year."

That's how new clothes began. No, more strictly speaking, they began with the old ones. Don't you remember? The old suit was dangled remorselessly before your eyes, and you were taken to account for every hole and rip, were flayed spiritually for every tray, were pronounced morally accursed by reason of every missing button, were seared for every stain and were scourged to the soul for every inch of growth made by your wrists and ankles—nothing else seemed to grow very much—just your arms and legs.

After this weary beginning, you had a hair-cut, were soused, soaped, scrubbed, scalded, rinsed, dried, aired, garbed, hatted, outraged, and hurried off to the tailor's, where you were decentfully invited to select what you wanted.

Therefore, when you picked out gray, they immediately bought brown. And when your need was unpardonably fastened to a Norfolk suit, all in one merciful piece, as concerned the top of it, they chose a baggy sailor affair, blousy and clownish, with a "shield" bearing an anchor, the most indefensible and unanchored article of dress known to boydom, always slewing to one side and flapping out under one ear.

Finally, when you announced your actual craving for a skull cap which you could practically glue to your hair and forget, what did They put on top of you but a pie-plate atrocity called a tam-o'-shanter? a thing which is invariably cocked over the eye when it isn't knocked into a gutter. And you had privately and prematurely sworn to Jimmy Baxter that you would never wear another! You knew just what Jimmy would say. He said it, too, and a great deal more. If They only had to wear the things, They would be more careful. If They only had to bear the contnmats, They would be more pitiful. And a gray Norfolk meant so much to you, so much—if They had only known or cared!

Grateful for music lessons? Ha! But there's no short trance enough for the hideous comedy of it. You fotgave the piano-teacher everything except that you had to get washed behind the ears for him. Being a reasoning creature, you could quite see why your hands were scoured in his house, for those members were embarrassingly in evidence during the whole set-out, each wart sticking up like Popocatapetl, and each dusty knuckle in for a crack of his pencil before the bout was over; you could see, too, why your face had to be excavated, for he glared at it considerably; you even could dimly futhom the reason for your bathed toes and your best shoes, because your feet had hidden antics to perform with the brass flappers on the underneath; but your ears had nothing whatever to do with the entire circus, and ought to have been left alone.

After this you had a hair-cut

And was the absurdity over for good when the professor went, after you had turned digital somersaults and double handsprings for him through page after page of variously tailed notes? Not much it wasn't. It spread plagueously all over the week and you were made to waste good hours of daylight in practising. Scales; that was the word, and a precious applicable one, too, for the performance was indubitably the scalpel of your whole enforced repertoire. To sit in a dim and lonely parlor with nothing for your back to do, nothing for your legs, and enough too much for your hands) to spend tortured hours nubbing your cramped fists up and down a keyboard, jutting first two fingers ahead of your thumb, then three fingers ahead of your thumb, and never having enough digits left over so as to end on the right note; to have a diabolical tick in a box called a metronome perched on top of the piano, wagging off a crazy time for you which never by any chance matched what you were doing down below; and, through it all, to hear the laughing shrieks of your unenslaved comrades healthfully playing tag in the cheerful street—is as condemned a "blessing" as ever yet fell to the lot of boy.

Still, there is one, just one, which is even more accursed. It was in your hat. Oh yes, you got it. It kept you incarcerated for the five sunshiny days of every week and liberated you but for rainy Saturdays and blue-law Sundays. It devoured the properest hours of daylight, and presented you with the useless dawns and indifferent twilights. It was always firmly in session during a parade, and never during Sabbath-school, when it might have been of some use. It made you cram your head with a wild lot of things which could be found in books any time you wanted to look for them, and as they were always correct in the books and always wrong in your head, of what earthly value was the studying? It never by any chance let you create an item which you strongly happened to know, but always asked you the one question which you had skipped. You were sent there because you didn't know anything, yet when those in command *proved* that you didn't know anything, they punished you for it. School!

No wonder your mother stopped when she reached this word, in itself ill-omened enough to check the fluency even of a parrot in delirium. Yet her cessation was due to a greater cause—the cook approached with a grievance.

You escaped. Considering a moment, you arrived at the conclusion that the game had reached a point where your correct play was to flee, not only the room but the house. So you snatched some bead-gear and flew.

As you butted madly down the front steps you nearly daubed the auspicious postman into space (he was coming up), and you observed from that very moment. You did not so much as care to ask him if he had a letter for you, a task which you generally felt in honor bound to attend to daily, not for the reason that you expected a letter or ever got one, but solely because it made the postman so mad. *They* were wont to maintain that "mad" was a wrong word to use, and recommended the substitution of "angry"; but you knew *mad* when you saw it the postman got mad. They for philology; you for fact.

Dodging the postman, you had the further good luck to bump into the grocer's opportune horse, sending that angular animal galloping for full a block, empty push-baskets jouncing out of the back of the cart all the way—an exhilarating sight. The open world is a sure cure for the blues.

Of those succeeding hours of rich and lingering length, when you were *no home* and at peace, you have no glimmer of memory.

But you will remember coming home in the evening.

You were running at full tilt, therefore quietly. When trying to creep noiselessly a boy rattles like a barn door; contrariwise, when running at full tilt one moves with the swift silence of the shadow of a flying bird. And you were practically on top of him before you or he knew it—Uncle Edmund, in trouble, sitting with his face hidden in his hand, a crumpled letter at his feet.

Uncle Edmund, the laugher, the whistler, the singer, the clog-dancer, the tickler, the romper, the eternally sanguine, had low, like this, on the back porch!

To come suddenly upon a man's trouble is a bad business. You lacked precedent for appropriate action. To stumble upon a boy's trouble in a simpler affair, there are cut and dried remedies to be applied. First, you can hurl yourself upon him and chew his ear like an entertaining wild animal; second, you can throw a stone at his dog; third, you can tell him that you know who his girl is; fourth, you can sit down at close range and howl with derisive laughter. Any one of these attentions is guaranteed to effect an instantaneous improvement.

But Uncle Edmund!

"What is the matter?" you whispered, awed. You couldn't even skim away undetected, thus evading the sympathetic rense, which were woshon, for his startled, haggard eye had caught and was holding you.

He smiled with dreary meaqueress, passing his hand across his forehead as if to brush away the menace of too much musing.

"Just a little knock-down in my luck, old chap." Rising, he picked up the letter and rammed it from sight into one of his pockets.

The "appointment" had evidently failed to get around.

"I am sorry," you croaked. You didn't want to croak; oh no, indeed. You wanted to be ardent in your

Waste good hours of daylight in practising

utterance, for you were sorry; therefore speech came in gutturals and with difficulty; still, the sincerity of the confidence you two had offered made instant bond between you. As a man you had spoken, and as to a fellow man he answered.

His strange gentleness clutched at your throat.

"I never had your advantages," he said, quietly, his hand a moment on your shoulder. "Make the best of them, old chap. You see that road?"

You nodded. "I came home on it," you said.

"Some day you'll go away on it—"

"Far?" Oh, how you hoped it! You shook as with cold, but you were hot. You forgot the man, seeing only the vista he had opened. To travel, to go forward, to see something, to get somewhere! "Far?"

"As far as you are fit—no farther. Make the best of them, old chap."

He took away his hand (your shoulder raised it oddly), and went slowly into the house.

You were alone in the dramatic dusk, your heart suddenly aflame with the brightly evanescent visions of youth and hope, something dormant and wonderful stirring restlessly within you—the remote potential for which you had no name—your spirit listening to an almost audible yet wholly mystic diapason which linked timefully the past to the future, both of them splendid, its repetend bolding triumph, yet manifest, too, till the listening brought as much pain as joy; real things became imbued with pursuant unreality, so that the town road grew glorious and shimmered into a radiant pathway to the near stars, and, somewhere upon it, mahnat, perhaps, glowed your ultimate heritage—for you to reach if—if you made the most of your advantages.

Advantages? Those things you had been hearing about all day?

Then, with a snap in your brain, the exaltation was over and you were but stupidly standing in your back yard. Furthermore, you smelled waffles and learned with a spasm that you were frightfully frightfully hungry. Plainly, your place was activch at the family board, not supinely on the spectral edge of dreams.

So you sought the inside cheer, glad of the light, glad of the home voices; but unaware equally of each gladness and of its familiar cause.

Not Yet

By Hunter MacCulloch

NOT yet, not yet man's Easter morn is breaking,
O weary watcher of the Eastern sky,
Whose faith is firm, though heavy eyes are aching.
Alas! the night is long in passing by!
Dawn has on cloudy mount her beacon set
Not yet, not yet!

Not yet, not yet has ceased the drums' loud rattle,
Nor boom of guns throughout the age-long night,
Telling of slaves who fight their masters' battle
To prove anew that only might is right.
Dawn's flag of truce is on the ramparts set
Not yet, not yet!

Not yet, not yet has man, the captive, risen,
And burst the chains that bind him, night and day,
In ignorance and poverty's drear prison,
Whereon 'twas written he was doomed to stay;
For ended is his term of bloody sweat
Not yet, not yet!

Not yet, not yet man's Easter sun ascending
Peace and good-will sheds over all the earth,
To every evil passion brings an ending,
To human nature gives a second birth—
For has he gone beyond love's alphabet?
Not yet, not yet!

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AN AMERICAN ACTRESS IN AN INTERNATIONAL PLAY

MISS MARIE DORO, WHO IS NOW APPEARING ON TOUR IN "THE RICHEST GIRL," A COMEDY WRITTEN IN COLLABORATION BY A FRENCHMAN, PAUL GAVAULT, AND THE ENGLISH PLAYWRIGHT, MICHAEL MORTON

The Wonderful Northwest

City-building on Puget Sound—a Triumph of "Nerve"

A GREAL deal has been said of the "faith" that inspired the early settlers in New England, but in some lights it seems a weak and wavering thing contrasted with the spirit that in less than fifty years has built the modern cities of the Northwest in what was only yesterday a grim fir forest clothing bleak hillside above a storm-belabored coast.

There is probably nothing more striking in American history than the rapidity with which a high measure of civilization has been developed on the Pacific Coast. That the conservative other half of the world has discerned sound value and substantiality in the progress and establishment of the Northwest is not difficult of demonstration. The proof lies in the fact that for all this progress, for all this creation, the careful and painstaking East has furnished the sinews. It has provided dollars without stint. This indicates two things, first, that the lending East has faith in the security and, second, that the dividends are eminently satisfactory. But if other demonstration were lacking of the soundness of the growth which has distinguished the Pacific Northwest, the haste of the great transcontinental railroads, the enthusiasm of such shrewd traders as Mr. Hill and Mr. Harriman, the Canadian Pacific and the men who control the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, for example, to invade with their tracks this tremendously productive and rapidly growing section, would be fair proof of the soundness of the investments.

In 1860 Seattle had 3,533 inhabitants. In 1887 the first train reached Puget Sound over the Northern Pacific, and ten years later Seattle had grown to a population of 42,837. In 1900 it had some 80,000 inhabitants of all sorts, and eight years later this census had been more than trebled. In the story of civilization there is probably no record of more astonishing increase. Hard times had assailed it in the early nineties, almost to the point of destruction, but there is an element of luck in all gambles, even in that of empire-building. Alaskan gold, in successive waves, came to the rescue of Seattle, and with the advent of the Milwaukee in 1904, followed by the Union Pacific purchases of tide land terminals in 1906, the period of permanence began to dawn.

In building, Seattle stood fifth in 1908 of all the cities in the United States. A decade has seen the annual building record multiply itself by twelve. Only New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis, the smallest of them more than four times as great in population, exceeded the $13,000,000 record of Seattle for construction during the year. The clearances of Seattle banks last year summed up $64,000,000, and at the beginning of 1909 six of the twenty-six banks carried a total of deposits as large as all the bank deposits of the State eight years ago. Within five years seven stock insurance companies have been established with a combined capital of more than a million dollars, and eight mutual companies have been started during the same period. Post-office receipts are more than three-quarters of a million annually. Property transfers have come to the mark of $70,000,000 a year. Imports were multiplied by fifteen during the past decade, and $18,000,000 worth of stuff is now landed at the tide-land docks and wharves of Elliot Bay. Exports in the same time have risen from $4,000,000 to $22,000,000, which is almost exclusive of lumber, the greatest commodity of all.

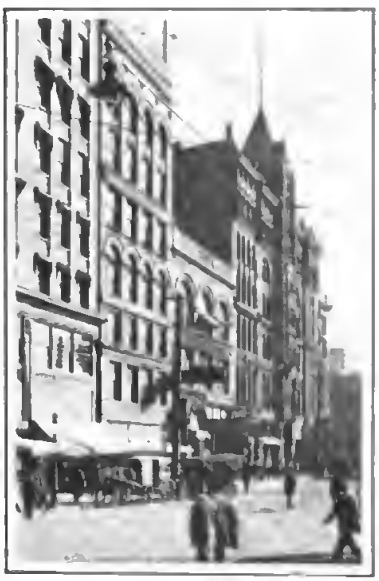
When Mr. Villard planned the Northern Pacific railway to the coast he led its tracks to Tacoma as the most logical terminal in the Pacific Northwest. It was easier of access than Seattle, to which a spur was run when circumstances warranted. In the point of harbor facilities it is possibly better situated than any other city on the coast. From the beginning the patronage of the Northern Pacific was the key of Tacoma's increase, as it had been of its creation.

Tacoma is to-day the main outlet of the Northern Pacific to the coast, and the coast commerce developed a stable commercial tendency which to this day is apparent, and which, despite the periods of depression in 1893 and in 1907, has proved the city's salvation.

There are a great many men employed in the industries of Tacoma, which accounts in a measure for the quietude of its streets. Over four hundred mills and factories in representative industries showed an output of $45,000,000 in 1908, employed twelve thousand operators, and disbursed three-quarters of a million of dollars in monthly wages. In lumber Tacoma is probably the heaviest producer and shipper in the Northwest. The Tacoma smelter produced metals to the value of nine millions. There are 170 wholesale mercantile houses, whose jobbing trade for 1908 amounted to $45,000,000 more. The maritime commerce aggregated over $45,000,000. More than $26,000,000 worth were sent from her wharves to ports outside of Puget Sound. Wheat shipments aggregating 11,500,000 bushels, and flour 800,000 barrels making an aggregate value in breadstuffs of $13,500,000. Over 116,000,000 feet of lumber and 105,000 tons of coal were shipped by sea. On one little railroad running out of Tacoma there are thirty-two lumber camps in a distance of sixty miles. In 1908 $1,600,000 was expended for municipal improvements, and an expenditure of $2,000,000 has been authorized for the construction of a power plant to furnish light. The clearing-house total of business for 1908 was $218,000,000. In 1899 the total clearance was $45,289,836.

Since the extension of the Great Northern railway northward from Seattle and Everett an extraordinary development has taken place in Bellingham. There were two hillside towns—Whatcom and Fairhaven—a mile apart, overlooking one of the most beautiful bays on the coast and the exquisite inland scenery of the Sound, flanked by mountains and valleys in which grew the heaviest of fir timber. The logging of this and its milling brought men here. The establishment of the great ensuing concerns brought more men and the expenditure in the town of a large sum of money. At one time there was a clearly defined purpose among the large owners of property to make of Fairhaven a big city. Large plans were made, and a hotel built that would do credit to any place. Times changed. At last, in an accession of wisdom, the two towns were merged and compromised upon the name of Bellingham. For the time that has elapsed since its creation this infant municipality has made almost inexplicable progress.

The original settlement of Seattle as it looked in 1860, at what is now Pioneer Square, the corner of James Street and First Avenue



Pioneer Square, Seattle, as it looks to-day—the location is exactly that shown in the opposite photograph

A view of Tacoma, with Mount Rainier in the background, and the yards of the Northern Pacific Railroad in the foreground

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Irrigation as a Wealth-producer

No clearer demonstration could be furnished of the proverbial importance of the farmer to national prosperity than is found in the increase of values, of population, of manufacture and commercial and financial exchange, since Government enterprise, the railroads, and the westward impulse of people began to populate and develop the territory tributary to the coast.

"The Inland Empire," by which is meant eastern Washington, southern Idaho, and northeastern Oregon, will continue to make rich contribution to the wealth of the coast cities and of the United States when lumber, the first great source of riches in the Northwest, shall have become a memory. The products of this immense district, which stretches from the Blue Mountains of Oregon and Idaho on the south to the Okanogan highlands and the Colville Mountains on the north, and from the Bitter Root and Coeur d'Alène ranges on the east, westward to the Cascades, have no limit in point of variety. Even at this early stage of its useful history the lines of cultivation and industry carried on are widely diversified, and the fruits thereof amazing in quantity. Yet, until recent Government projects supplying water, which alone was needful for productivity, made this semi-arid waste fit for human uses, it was to all appearances one of "the lands that God forgot." Nature had combined all the elements of fertility save water; but with a foresight that is suggestive of a Higher control, there towered in close juxtaposition to the sage brush wastes the mountain ranges with snows furnishing inexhaustible water to the rivers that traverse them.

It was, perhaps, because the ultimate necessity had not arisen that large irrigation of this table land between the Rockies and the Cascades had never before been undertaken. It was doubtless the absorption of all the Federal lands which had been opened to homesteaders that hastened the great reclamation works of the Government, which, thus far, have cost something like $150,000,000, established 75,000 miles of canals, carried water to over 10,000,000 acres, and added to the agricultural production of the United States $250,000,000.

This "Inland Empire," which sooner or later may come to feed a great portion of the West and still have plentiful products to send abroad, is already sending into the channels of commerce great quantities of fruits and cereals, vegetables, wool, beef, pork, and mutton, as well as the products of the dairy, the apiary, and the poultry yard; and, as yet, the territory available has been barely scratched. It is probable that in time $50,000,000 will be spent in the State of Washington alone, and 1,500,000 acres be redeemed to fertility. Idaho, which but a little while ago was not counted of value for much save mining and the grazing of range cattle over the sage-brush and bunch-grass country, is by this utilization of its rivers rapidly becoming a garden. In 1902 its agricultural products had a farm valuation of $12,000,000, which in the next five years was increased to $20,000,000, even while the building of irrigation plants was in its earliest stages. With the installation of irrigation reservoirs and ditches land in Northeastern Oregon, which a decade ago commanded no price worth naming, is held to-day, like that of Idaho, at from one to three or four hundred dollars an acre, or even more. In the valley of the Yakima, in Washington, a sage-brush tract so great that the beholder cannot help but marvel at it, cattle once found with difficulty a meagre pabulum. To-day Yakima ranks with Hood River and Wenatchee in fruit production, its general farming is enormous; its potatoes, which are esteemed like those of Maine and Long Island, are produced in quantity as high as 600 bushels per acre, it has turned out vast quantities of mutton and wool, its lands, once worthless, have reached a point where they command as high as $2,000 an acre, and its principal town, a place of forty thousand inhabitants and with irrigation ditches running along its streets, has bank deposits mounting into millions, and during the recent panic, it is asserted, was one of the few cities in the United States where cash was paid on demand.

All this because of a few ditches, and, as yet, they are only few. Private enterprise has followed the Government into the business of irrigation, and, since private money is at stake and a prompt return is needful, is doing the job up brown. Three hundred thousand acres of land are now watered in the Yakima Valley, and Government employees are constructing new reservoirs and ditches upon the higher levels, which will in due course add 500,000 acres more to the productive area.

Irrigation has made the barren regions of the Northwest into blossoming and fertile lands. The photographs show the same valley before and after being reclaimed by irrigation. Its apple orchards now sell for $3,000 an acre

In certain parts of this great inland district the snows of winter, held in some mysterious fashion in the hills, provide sufficient moisture for the growth of grain by "dry farming" methods. So productive have these areas proven, under careful treatment, that the district has become known far and wide as "the bread basket of the world." Individual wheat-growers in this section have produced as high as 133,000 bushels in one season. The total yield here of wheat alone ranges from 40,000,000 to 60,000,000 bushels. This does not include barley, of which some single counties produce as much as 1,500,000 bushels, nor yet oats, which show as high in cases as 150 bushels to the acre.

Romantic Bungalow Life on Puget Sound

All about the shores of Puget Sound, on the islands as well as on the mainland, quaint habitations are to be found.

"It is a saying that a man with nothing save an axe and a frying-pan can live and thrive well in the islands of Puget Sound, and there are hundreds of such whose little log houses, or shacks of even a less substantial nature, look out from these shores, which still in many instances are heavily timbered, upon the idyllic beauty of the inland sea. If they choose to work at all they can find ready occupation at the lumbering or the fishing or any other of the industries that require more muscle than mind, for while there is no harder place in America for the dependent commercial factor to secure employment, main strength, like money, is in unceasing demand.

This easeful pioneer way of life becomes, they say, an incurable malady. A little work will pay for the bacon, the tea, the sugar, and the other small necessities; the woods and the sea provide food in unlimited abundance.

Outside of Seattle, across the tide flats and beyond the sluggish mouth of the Duwamish River, are bluffs which run down at a forbidding angle to the beach. They are covered with woods of a second and deciduous growth. Back on the uplands are the finished dwellings and paved streets of a city colony, reached by a trolley which mounts the hill from the ferry landing at West Seattle. But here along the beach, with the waters at their feet and the bustling streets behind them, have settled a multitude of people who, while following one or other of the occupations which the city offers, still live more or less in the fashion of the island settlers. The Seattle Electric Company a few years ago ran its tracks along this water front on trestle, mile after mile, and the city roadway followed suit. Where these squatters—for they are squatters, though many of them own their little plots—used to walk over the sands from the nearest landing place, they now journey by electric tram and plank gangways which, lifted above the tide, lead into their extraordinary dwellings. Some of these have been built after modern models, and are bungalow homes of a very attractive type.

Getting back to nature in Seattle's suburbs—bungalows on the east side of Puget Sound

Like the island settlers these beach dwellers had their firewood at their doors, brought in unbeatable supply by the waves from many a far-away lumber camp. The whole beach is littered with logs for miles. Every incoming tide, and particularly every storm, washes up a new supply of fir and cedar timber, and the crosscut saws, axes, and wedges of this strange colony are busier busy redeeming these monsters to suitable size for burning.

Taking an example from the original beach combers, a great many people from Seattle, some of them people in humble occupations, but many fairly equipped in this world's goods, have gone still farther out on the beach, built bungalows and taken up on a slightly more advanced plane the free, primitive life of the old squatters, among whom are to be found to this day a number of practically unmixed Indian blood.

There is, probably, no cheaper living anywhere, or one which couples with the freedom of outdoors such close touch with the business life of an active city.

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The Northwest's Great Coming Exposition

A FAIR WHICH WILL EXHIBIT THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE PACIFIC ON THE SHORES OF PUGET SOUND

THE Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, to be held in Seattle this year, from June 1st to October 10th, has several very rational reasons for being. Unlike most, if not all, of its predecessors, it is not commemorative at anything. The Pacific Northwest has little or nothing to commemorate. Its history reaches back only a half century or so. Other world's fairs have been held to mark anniversaries of momentous events in history. They have been milestones down the long journey from the past. The fundamental purpose of the Seattle exposition is, rather, to establish a new point of departure for the future. The section of country which this exposition will reveal to hitherto uninformed people, as well as the population who have in hand its making, are distinctly the apostles of the new.

In its essence this exhibition, upon which ten million dollars is being expended, is purely educative—not, as so many similar exhibitions have been, an effort merely at visual instruction in mechanical processes and the like, but a series of lessons on a few big national truths. These to force in the contention of the coast country that in the natural course of human destiny the Pacific, so lately discovered, is to be the scene of the most important world movements during the centuries just now to come. The inevitable and vital relation of America to the drama here to be enacted, the profound interest of the American people in its outcome, its determinative importance to the destiny of the United States, seem to be the key-note of the undertaking.

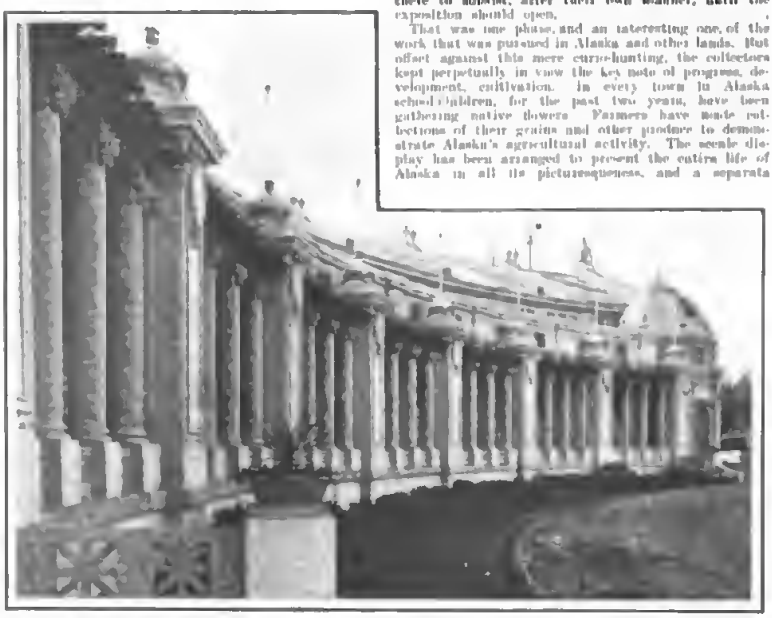
Of course there are narrow souls in Seattle and elsewhere who look on it merely as an opportunity to pick up a few doubtful dollars. Thus is the small and sordid view. This exposition, if its promise be fulfilled, will bring the unknown to the known. It will make real to children—some of them of an older growth—the familiar old pictures in the geography. With the governmental assistance which is being so lavishly lent, it will give to Americans generally a clear comprehension, which they never have had, of the American domain which lies beyond the tide line of the Pacific Coast. It will bring Hawaii, the Philippines, and Alaska under the educational stereoscope. What has heretofore been lamely or one-sidedly presented to the American people in print will be shown in actuality. The life of the "little brown men," their industries, their products, and themselves, will be shown here. We shall know much more when this show is over of the new possession that was added to the United States when Dewey cut loose with his guns against Cavite. The island life of the Hawaiians, which has been perhaps least of all understood, will be as familiar six months from now as is the daily procession of people on Broadway.

In every possible way the entire Pacific Northwest hopes and intends to make this Fair a demonstration of its own growth and possibility, to exploit thereby its lands, its waters, its forests, its irrigation, its astounding volume of water power, its agriculture, its fisheries, its lumber, its industry and progressiveness, and its promise as a field for the investment of capital. But beyond and beneath all these, the exposition has a mission and meaning. It is to be to all the United States a lesson in magnified commerce. It is to show forth the huge volume of trade which it is possible for this country to carry on with the lands that border the Pacific—lands with eighteen millions of square miles of area, a billion of population, two billion dollars annually of exports, and an equal amount of imports. The significance of the exposition in this direction is shown by trade figures, in which it appears that in the "tropical Orient," by which is meant all Oriental countries south of central China, which has half the people and two-thirds the imports of the Oriental world, the imports aggregate one billion dollars annually. Of this, Europeans supply sixty-six per cent. and are constantly increasing the total, while Americans supply only one per cent; and their total is increasing very gradually, if at all, despite the fact that all the imports drawn from Europe are of a nature that the United States can readily produce. The remaining thirty-three per cent. represents Asia's commerce with itself.

The same thing is true in South America. It appears from consular reports that Colombia alone imported last year for local use 12,604,534 pounds of rice, of which busy Germany supplied ninety per cent. and the United States less than four per cent.

No world's fair held in America hitherto has presented the life and the needs of the countries concerned in this huge volume of trade in any adequate manner. And whether Seattle cab drivers, speculators, and other such factors realize their expectations of gain or not, this drawing together of the stores of the Pacific in such manner that the commercial requirements and possibilities of these lands may be grasped will probably be, in the time to come, by far the greatest fruit of the enterprise, from the standpoint of American prosperity and growth.

In order to show forth to the full the possibilities of our own possessions, the Federal government has gone to an amazing extent in its determination to transplant, as it were, portions of Hawaii and the Philippines to Puget Sound. The foreign governments, notably that of Japan, which has always found a sturdy spirit of friendship among the Puget Sound people, are preparing on their own account exhibits unprecedented in completeness and studiously contrived to make plain the nature of the life and industries of their people. Japan has already appropriated about $200,000 for the purpose. European nations also have moved vigorously in plans for competent display.



The facade of Agriculture Hall. The series of pergolas, from which hang flowering vines, form a decorative feature of the grounds

From the day when it was first determined to hold this exposition, the line of curio and exhibit collectors on it has of a verity "gone out through the ends of the earth," and "there has been no speech nor language where their voice was not heard." Not alone foreign countries, but every commonwealth in the United States and every city of importance have been besought to make exhibition of its wares and wonders on the shores of Puget Sound. Many of them, even as far east as the Atlantic States, have consented with something more than willingness and erected buildings of merit, realizing that here was a great sample room where their own progress and advancement, as well as the things they had to market, could conveniently be shown forth to all the world. From a commercial standpoint, it is plain that this manner of display is cheaper and probably more efficacious than the sending of a corps of unskilled salesmen into China, Japan, Burmah, India, Australasia, or the countries in South America.

While Italy, Greece, and the Mohammedan East were being scoured for art treasures, Alaska was gone over with a fine tooth comb, from Point Barrow down through the Seward Peninsula to the most southwestern point of Prince of Wales Island. All through the summer of 1907 the seekers there were gathering old relics of Russian occupation; bones, tusks, and teeth of prehistoric animals which had been rescued from the glacial ice; nuggets and dust from every mine in the possession; cabins, tools, weapons, and mining mechanisms, rude and otherwise, employed in the removal of Alaska's unmeasurable store of gold. The last ships that came down in the fall of 1907, by sail as well as steam, were still bringing these exhibits—tons upon tons of them. They not only brought every form of handicraft, implement, boat, dwelling, and weapon used by the fur-wearing tribes of the north, their totems and their monuments, but they brought representatives of these tribes as well—fish eating humans, who, through the winter seasons, were cast out upon Uncle Sam's Canal, a tributary of the Sound, there to subsist, after their own manner, until the exposition should open.

That was one phase, and an interesting one, of the work that was pursued in Alaska and other lands. But offset against this mere curio-hunting, the collectors kept perpetually in view the key note of progress, development, cultivation. In every town in Alaska school children, for the past two years, have been gathering native flowers. Farmers have made collections of their grains and other products to demonstrate Alaska's agricultural activity. The scenic display has been arranged to present the entire life of Alaska in all its picturesqueness, and a separate map, graphically drawn, to show how small a part of this extraordinary land has thus far been exploited.

The same thing has been done in other countries, particularly in our Pacific possessions.

To make any suggestive approximate outline of the range and extent of the exhibits, which are to be displayed in the divers buildings scattered over the two hundred and fifty acres of exposition grounds, would be a manifest absurdity, but men familiar with similar expositions that have been held in the past declare that, from an educational standpoint, the display along all lines will probably be unprecedented, and the new features which the Pacific countries have provided will make the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition unique in the category of such things.

One of the vistas from the exhibition grounds—Lake Washington in the foreground, the Cascade Mountains in the distance

The Fisheries Building at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. This will house the fisheries exhibit of the State of Washington

The Pacific Coast Country as a Sportsman's Paradise

By E. E. Ellis

President Washington State Sportsmen's Association

A common scene at a Northwestern railway station

NOTHING could be more demonstrative of the newness and the rapid development of all this Northwestern country than the fact that within a short journey of the hearts of cities like Tacoma, Portland, and Seattle there still remain such hunting and fishing as few parts of the United States—save, perhaps, unless it be in the unsettled portions of Texas or the far North—can offer. In January, just a little way up-country from Tacoma, a man out hunting for birds killed, in a single day, ten wildcats and a cougar—and still Mr. Roosevelt must go to Africa for excitement! It is commonplace to see huntsmen disembarking from the trains in any of the great stations, their habiliments covered with mud, bringing home long strings of ducks or other game birds. And to have got these it is in most cases likely that they have been absent from their business only for a matter of a few hours. Up and down the Columbia from Portland, almost anywhere out among the islands of Puget Sound or along the shores, southward from Tacoma or northward from Seattle, anywhere eastward along the lines of the great railways, back in the foot-hills of the Cascades and beyond, there are good hunting and good fishing to be had. Island of pheasants the "game hog" lives and has his being. For example, a Long Island hunter who should bag twenty-five ducks in a day's shooting, even at the expense of long exposure to cold and wet, would consider himself a man of skill. Along the Columbia, in Oregon, there are people who grumble unceasingly because the semblance of a law, which now prevails, insists that not more than fifty ducks shall be killed each day to a single gun. That such people keep within the limit, under the present system of inspection, is hardly to be believed. Some small measure of protection is afforded in Oregon by the prohibition of the sale of game. Strictly construed and lived up to, this would work a hardship to the diner at restaurants or hotels in some cities who had a taste for canvasback or pheasant. But methods of evasion are many. A restaurant proprietor has many friends, and each of them may make him presents from an overflowing "bag." The decisive quality in getting game for dinner under the title of "fancy chicken" or some kindred invention seems to be merely the quality of the "wink." Thus this regulation, which, in its essence, is meant to forestall the "pot hunter," is, in a large degree, brought to naught. In the Northwestern country there are "sneak boats" of a peculiar fashion, propelled by an invisible scull under water at the stern, in which a party of four gunners can invade the very heart of a flock of ducks on their feeding grounds, and be almost invisible until they are ready to begin bombarding. This sort of thing spells slaughter, and it is against such practice that the more scrupulous of the hunting fraternity are now endeavoring to legislate.

There can be no doubt that game is being butchered wantonly in many parts of this section. The Islands in Puget Sound have been full of deer from the beginning of time, but stories of their destruction are told which take rank for the sport of the future. One man related for a fact that he had known of a thousand carcasses of venison being shipped from one of the islands of the Sound. The elk, once so plentiful, have been almost wiped out, save among the Olympics, although over in Wyoming, where the people make it a business to carry out hay for them in the heavy snow, the herds are known to be increasing at a satisfactory rate, in spite of the legal hunting.

The duck grounds along the Sound are prolific, but they no longer show the immense flocks which inhabited them. In the fall, when the cold weather starts in British Columbia, they may be seen—ducks and geese alike, thousands upon thousands—winging high overhead southward to the feeding grounds in Oregon and California. Its feeding grounds are meant, in this connection, "fed grounds," for in these States the wise men, watching the handwriting on the wall, have established places in backwater and swamp lands where are planted the wild rice, celery, and other aquatic growths upon which the wild duck fatten.

Such grounds have also been established recently in Washington, and it is said that a perceptible improvement is shown in the number of birds which halt in their southward flight. The legislation now being urged looks to perpetual prohibition of hunting over these grounds, and there is even a desire on the part of many sportsmen to prohibit the killing of game birds entirely for a period of two years.

The great, untouched hunting ground of the Pacific Northwest is in the Olympic range, sixty thousand acres of which have just been set aside for a national park. This serried line of snow-capped mountains running north and south along the Pacific is still, save for the small lumber towns at the water's edge, practically virgin wilderness. Experienced huntsmen say that no sheep or goats are to be found in this range as there are in the Cascades and the Rockies, but the supply of feathered game, of bear, cougar, elk—upon which a ten years' "close season" has just ended—and deer is as great as it ever was; as great, indeed, as that of Alaska, Montana, or any of the great game States of the North.

The reason why the game is still so plentiful in the Olympics is that they offer no temptation to the tenderfoot. There are stages running a little way inland from the lumber ports at one or two points, but hunting in the Olympics means camp outfit, packhorses, and a heart for any fate.

The Olympic Mountains from Puget Sound. One of the Japanese like effects of landscape which are to be had in the wonderful Northwest country

The game laws of this region, which are of comparatively recent creation, have many flaws. A new law has been promulgated for the State of Washington which provides for a State Game Commissioner of high efficiency to replace the present imperfect system of wardens. Almost unbounded as the supply of all kinds of game has been, it is nevertheless apparent to the true lover of the chase that present conditions, while seeming in many respects to protect the game, are really fostering its destruction. Even in this

Oregon, the Garden of the Northwest

ONCE upon a time there ran across the State of Oregon from its central-eastern boundary to the upper regions of the Willamette River a military land-grant road. This was the ancient trail along which labored the voyagers from the Middle West in their prairie-schooners during the sixties, the leisurely but determined and ever sanguine pioneers of the Pacific Northwest. In little companies they halted along the way and set up their humble roof-trees.

Keeping close together for the sake of safety and companionship in the solitude, their clustered dwellings became the nucleus of little hamlets, which, after the first migration, ceased to grow. Others of the exodus moved on to the Willamette, which to their eyes, wearied by the monotony of the plains they had crossed, seemed like the Eden which in truth it is. Slowly they filtered down along the river, picking out each for himself the farm lands that he fancied, until the most persistent came at last to the present site of Portland. Most of these early migrants, it is said, came from Missouri and other Southern States, and brought with them the true loving spirit of the home land. For fifty years, at least, they have inhabited the Willamette Valley, gaining from the soil by a minimum of effort more than they could possibly use, accumulating more acres, sitting upon them industriously, and caring little whether the world moved or not. Up and down the valley of the Willamette of this year of grace speed the trains of the Southern Pacific. There are towns, all of them thriving, some of them growing to the magnitude of cities, one of them beautiful with the buildings of a State University. There are junctions from which, through the passes of the Coast Range and its towering timber, branch lines run to the harbors of the Pacific. The old military road lands have been sold to a Minneapolis land company, for the most part, and by it distributed at small price to settlers from the East, who, during the coming season, will flock in to take possession of their little holdings. It is not at all strange that the Harriman line, projected across the State from the eastern border, has followed in the main the course of that ancient survey. In his labor of developing the Northwest, Mr. Harriman sometimes builds railroads into a wilderness. Here he will find a population ahead of his contractors, and a product which his trains can carry to the junction point with the main line and down the Willamette Valley to tidewater. Thus on two sides of a diamond, one by the Columbia Valley, the other by the Willamette, he will draw the output of all central and northern Oregon into the Portland market-place. From both sides of this diamond small lines are projected into the agricultural and grazing section at its centre, and, as railroads have ever done, these branches or "feeders" will open new territory and find a profit for the labor of new colonists. On the west the spare before mentioned will perform the same office. There is timber no end on the eastern slope of the Coast Range, unsurpassed in quality and infinite in variety. The valleys of these western counties, where they have been [illegible] from a logged-off state, have shown immense [illegible] and on the western slopes, aside from [illegible] of the sea and the forest, there is growing [illegible] industry which some day will rank with those of Denmark and Holland.

All along the Willamette Valley, in the country outlying the [illegible] in the valleys of the Coast Range, [illegible] production of fruit, which commands highest prices in every market in the world. The peaches of Medford [illegible] of Rogue River are on a par with the [illegible] Yakima, and Wenatchee, and small fruits are grown without limit. It is not hard to see that within the next decade tremendous growth is in store for Oregon. It has phenomenal soil, equable climate, and millions of feet of standing timber.

It is inevitable that what happens to Oregon will happen to Portland. Save for the products which find their way out eastward or southward by the avenues already mentioned, the products of all this industry must inevitably find its way to the great and growing city at the mouth of the Willamette. As all roads led to Rome, so all ways in Oregon lead to Portland. It is distinguished from all the other cities in the Northwest by the fact that it has at its very door an agricultural country productive of everything needful to sustenance and possibly unexcelled anywhere on the Continent. In 1850 Portland had 821 inhabitants; in 1908 they numbered over 200,000. The mills of the city cut every year 600,000,000 feet of lumber. Its annual bank clearances are $2,300,000,000, and its taxable property over $420,000,000. It has $15,000,000 of bank deposits, and a water plant that cost $4,250,000. It has two thousand manufacturing plants, in which $30,000,000 are invested. This growth has been uniform and rational. There was something behind it, and what the potential wealth and productiveness of Oregon together with the output of eastern Washington and Idaho mean to the future of Portland may be read in the increase of the value of its realty. A single instance is illuminative. A tract of eighty acres in the eastern part of the city was offered for sale fifteen years ago at $20 an acre; after subdivision it was disposed of last year for over $400,000. It will be interesting as time goes on to see how nearly Portland fulfils the confident prophecy that some day it would become the New York of the Pacific.

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Developing the Resources of the Northwest Coast Country by Electricity

THE multitudinous streams and rivers which have their source amid the perpetual snows of the Cascade Mountains and empty into the Puget Sound basin rush on their way to the sea through narrow canyons, and tumble over declivities in a fashion that is wildly picturesque. Until the electrical age arrived, the only use foreseen for these rivers was in the irrigation of the lands along their courses and the means which they offered for floating the timber of the back country down to tidewater.

The electrical engineer, also invaded the Pacific Northwest barely ten years ago, has changed all this. The snow water of the Cascades has come to be the most potent agent in the upbuilding of the cities of the coast and the villages tributary to them.

When the likelihood of large development in the Pacific Northwest first became apparent, a Chicago firm installed at the falls of the Snoqualmie River a plant generating current to the amount of twenty-five thousand horse-power. Promptly upon the heels of this, the Boston company which controlled the street railway systems, lighting, and power in Seattle, Bellingham, Everett, and Tacoma, erected at Electron, on the Puyallup a thirty thousand horse-power plant costing $3,500,000, to supply current to Seattle and Tacoma, which are respectively forty-five and thirty-seven miles distant. From the head works near the snow line of Mount Rainier the water is conveyed for eleven miles to the reservoir, from which it is precipitated through pipes to the power plant in the valley below, where after utilization it is restored to the river.

At the falls of the Nooksack a three thousand horse-power plant has just been installed to supply the requirements of Bellingham. A new undertaking known as the White River project is about to be instituted by the same company, and will involve an expenditure of $7,000,000. While the initial installation will be only twenty thousand horse-power, provision is made for increase to an ultimate capacity of eighty thousand.

What this utilization of hydro-electric force means to general development it is not difficult to understand. Between the towns of Seattle and Tacoma, where elaborate electric limited trains have been run during the past five years, as well as local cars, little towns have sprung up and grown at a rate that is truly amazing. Extension now planned will repeat this development over the entire length of the coast, and another decade will without question see in operation a network of inter-urban lines connecting all the cities and towns from the British Columbia border to Grays Harbor on the Pacific Ocean.

Bearing in mind that up to 1886 a few little bob-tailed horse-cars were the only attempt at traction in the Puget Sound cities, it is interesting to know that Seattle, on March 31, 1889, put into operation the first electric car west of the Mississippi. The man who did it was laughed at, but the success of his enterprise resulted in an epidemic of electric line building. The panic of 1893 spelled disaster for most of the companies, and by 1898 every traction corporation in the city of Seattle was in the hands of a receiver, and the equipment was a mockery. It was not until 1900 that the Boston interests, before mentioned, entered the field, consolidated and renovated the entire system. Millions were spent, millions are still being spent; the city's growth, the development of suburbs and the regrade and paving improvements have required an incessant outpouring of money; but the street car has steadily kept in advance of population, and to-day over 300 cars are operated in Seattle, and more than 1200 men employed in the train service alone.

Trolleying through primeval woods—an example of suburban and interurban electric operation in the Pacific Northwest

A Puget Sound electric train of the type to be used for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

A Northern Land Where it is Always Spring

One of the marvellous floral growths possible to the prolific Northwest. A gigantic cluster of "Fortune's Yellow" cultivated by a citizen of Portland, Oregon

AN Assistant Secretary of the Navy, sent out from Washington on a momentous errand, leaned over the rail of a government vessel that was making her way through Puget Sound to the navy-yard just across the bay from Seattle, and watched the jagged and snow-covered crests of the Olympics gleaming in the spring sunshine.

"How," he asked, "do vessels make out here in the winter?"

"Well enough," replied the unsuspecting native.

"But don't they have trouble with the icebergs?"

"Not so much as you might think," said the Seattle man, as much in anger as in sorrow. "Our average low temperature here for the last half century has been about forty degrees above zero. You must be thinking of Massachusetts."

The bosom of the Northwesterner transports many kinds of pride. These affect his gait in some measure, and beyond any question are apparent in his figure; but the thing in which he glories most intensely is the climate of his country; and the unforgivable sin, to him, is not to know that roses have been seen to bloom plenteously in the Pacific Northwest in February, when the Eastern States, even as far south as Virginia oftentimes, are busy shovelling snow. One winter comes along, maybe, in an ordinary lifetime, when the farmer cannot pick his own time to go out and plough, and the agricultural and horticultural work that New York and northern New Jersey perform in late April or early May this part of the Pacific Coast has finished before the last days of March. The isothermal lines that girdle the globe make a wide northerly sweep to get into the "Oregon country," and the climate of Washington is little, if any, harsher than that of France, and never as hot in midsummer as Tuscany becomes in early June.

A cluster of "Madame Alfred Carriere" decorating the home of a resident of Portland. The growth reaches a height of forty feet above the ground

Rose culture is a hobby with people in the North Coast States. The photograph shows a luxuriant rose-garden in the yard of a citizen of Seattle

The unprecedented and wholly eccentric winter that has just passed will be talked of west of the Cascades for fifty years to come, and events will be fixed by it, just as the aged darkies of the South refer to "the summer of the falling stars."

When the storm of January, 1909, made its way over the mountains and deposited something less than a foot of snow all over Washington and Oregon, it put an end to city traffic in Portland, Seattle, and Tacoma, and for a fortnight threw the Northwestern railroads practically out of business. Some men believe that it ruined the famous peach trees of North Yakima, though that remains to be seen. Thousands of little boys who were born in the Northwest slid down hill in good thorough fashion for the first time in their lives, as their daddies had told them of doing many years before, "back East."

It was a fine novelty at first, and everybody revelled in it, and no business could be done, the city governments had no facilities for cleaning the streets. Such a thing was unheard of. There were no snow-ploughs, and desperate common councils talked about building some, but nobody remembered how. There weren't snow-shovels enough in Oregon and Washington together to clean the sidewalks in one ward in New York of a winter's morning. Just when things were getting strenuous, the "chinook" came—a warm south wind like a simoom, which punctuates with its visits a winter season—and brought rain in its wake. The snow went like a Pittsburger's money. People once more paddled about their business in high boots and rain-coats and chortled for joy. The flood that followed washed out railroad tracks in every direction. Travellers bound West were tied up in Spokane and Walla Walla for days. Bridges were swept away, but it kept on raining and the coast was happy.

In the winter months these Northwestern people are contented and absurdly well if it rains steadily. A succession of dry clear, cold days, such as the New-Yorker delights in, will keep every doctor's gig in the coast cities going day and night and quadruple the trade of the apothecary. But to the unacclimated, with a tendency to bronchitis, rheumatism, or melancholia, the first coast winter is an ordeal.

From November on till February, it rains and rains and rains. In Portland they modify the misery by calling it "Oregon mist," and the faithful coast man insists that it isn't wet like ordinary rain. Women in Seattle and Tacoma go umbrellaless about their shopping, and even the ostrich plumes must be eliminated, for somehow they never look draggled.

These months of rain which will not "go away" are the one point upon which the loyal inhabitant of the Northwest feels, upon a pinch, forced to defend his section, and he really seems to believe all he says. That anybody should like snow in winter in preference to clean, musical, and almost ceaseless rain passes the Washingtonian or Oregonian understanding. They loved it, too, a few years ago, back in Pennsylvania, or Maine or Minnesota, when they were little. They say they are wiser now.

But, when the sun has journeyed northward a way, spring comes with a rush such as the East knows not. There is no lingering in laps. Every town door-yard laughs with roses. All creation seems to grow green in a night. There is no timidity about seed time. The farmer would as soon expect the sun not to rise as look for a killing frost after the winter rains have departed.

There are, in effect, but two seasons in the country west of the Cascades, and for his summer the dweller here has no call to apologize. When the tender green creeps over the fields and tips the branches of the deciduous trees, he knows there stretch out before him eight months of pure delight, of flawless skies, of golden days in which the thermometer plays peacefully on the comfortable side of ninety, with a few days each month of moderate rain to keep the dust down and assure him that winter is coming!, and cool nights which insure wholesome sleep for man and goodly growth for the things of the orchard and the field.

Then the Oregon or Washington man is more than ever content. He smokes his evening cigar before an open wood fire, reads about people dying by dozens of sunstroke in Chicago and New York, and goes to bed, pulling his warm blankets up around his fortunate neck, pitying all poor souls that live elsewhere, and thanking the good Lord for the Japan current which keeps the winter warm and eke for the snow-capped mountain ranges that keep the summers cool.

To the west, on the Pacific, there is rain all summer to make the pastures green and soft, and to create, by the same token, a dairy country that some day will outstrip Holland. In Tillamook, the Oregon county that lies west of the Olympic Range and along the ocean, there is an annual fall of "mist" that aggregates 110 inches. When you stop to think of it that is only between nine and ten feet. It is humorously remarked there that the cows are web-footed, but, despite this embarrassment, Tillamook butter has already got fame in far lands, and as for thunder and lightning the Northwest knows as little about them as it does about skees and toboggans.

Inland, in the districts shut off by the mountains from the ocean moisture, the annual rainfall varies widely—a dozen inches, maybe, within a distance of as many miles. This is only one of the natural oddities that the stranger observes everywhere in this part of the United States. On the plateaus, where there is practically no rain during the summer months, irrigation and dry farming solve the farmer's problem. From the great rivers, fed forever by slow-melting mountain snows, water is carried over hundreds of thousands of acres, and makes gardens of what once was waste. It disturbs the Eastern visitor at first. To the unaccustomed eye this absolute dependence upon flumes and ditches seems hardly natural.

"But," says the coast farmer or orchard man, "it's the only way. Water your crops when they need it and as much as they need. My fields can't be dried up for two months on end and then be swamped for the next two. I get a crop and make money whether it rains or not."

Judging by bushels and bank accounts, he seems to be right. And regarding the climate as a factor in public health, Seattle and Tacoma point with pride to the fact that their death rate is only seven or eight per thousand. In the records of the Seattle Health Department, it is vigorously underscored that the mortality in 1905 was lower than that of any municipality in the world.

What the Northwest is Doing for Education

By Harvey W. Scott

Editor of the Portland "Oregonian"

THE worst thing that can be said about the educational institutions of Oregon and Washington is that they are young. When they are older and richer, no doubt their work will be broader than it is at present. But it can hardly be more efficient in the ground that it covers or more sincere.

From the beginning of the history of the State of Oregon, provision has been made for both the common schools and higher institutions of learning. The denominational colleges scattered over the State were established at a very early period in the history of Oregon, and they have steadily gained in power and influence. The State University, which was opened for students in the year 1867, has enjoyed a steady development ever since. The support which it receives from the State Legislature amounts now to $125,000 a year, which may not seem very liberal to the Eastern mind; but, when the small population of Oregon is taken into account, it indicates a determination to make sacrifices for education.

The position of the State University in Oregon is now secure. Politics has largely been eliminated from its management, and its future growth will be along desirable lines. It has now 579 students, with a prospect of a large increase next year.

The State Agricultural College is a still larger institution than the State University, and, since it has an income from the United States government as well as from the State Legislature, its resources, both actual and potential, far exceed those of the State University. It has well developed courses in all the industrial arts and engineering, as well as in dairying, horticulture, and all the branches of agriculture. The attendance at the Agricultural College this year exceeds 1,300 students, and the rate of growth is such that within a year or two the enrollment will exceed 2,500.

The common schools of Oregon are supported by a fund amounting to some three million dollars, together with special taxes levied by the districts. The schools compare favorably with those of any State in the Union, and the effort to improve them is constant. Illiteracy in Oregon had fallen to three per cent. ten years ago, and it is now below that figure. Persons desiring to locate in Oregon either in town or country need not fear any lack of educational facilities. In almost every town there is a State high school, and in many of the larger places there are colleges supported by the various churches. Pacific College at Forest Grove is one of the oldest and best of these institutions and is perhaps more [illegible] endowed than any of the others.

The city of Portland has been [illegible] in supporting educational institutions. [illegible] schools maintained by the [illegible] with word schools. [illegible] academy known as the [illegible] largely attended [illegible]

schools flourish in different parts of the city. Within a few years the Reed Institute, endowed by the will of the late Amanda Reed, will be opened for students. This school will be largely devoted to industrial subjects, and there is a prospect that it will give to the young people of Portland and Oregon industrial and technical education no good as can be obtained in any State of the Union.

To make this brief account of education in the Northwest more nearly complete, it may be added that the educational institutions of the State of Washington are, on the whole, larger and more liberally supported than those of Oregon, partly because Washington has a larger population and partly because its school fund has been more thriftily managed.

Washington has a flourishing State University at Seattle, and its Agricultural College at Pullman in the eastern part of the State gives courses of instruction which include most of the work done in ordinary colleges, besides agricultural and mechanical courses. Washington also has a system of State [illegible] schools which adds to the efficiency of its [illegible] system, and its numerous denominational colleges [illegible] as such colleges do in Oregon and in [illegible] the United States.

[illegible] may be said that education throughout [illegible] has received a surprising amount of [illegible] in the beginning, and is more advanced [illegible] than it is in some of the older [illegible] in the East.

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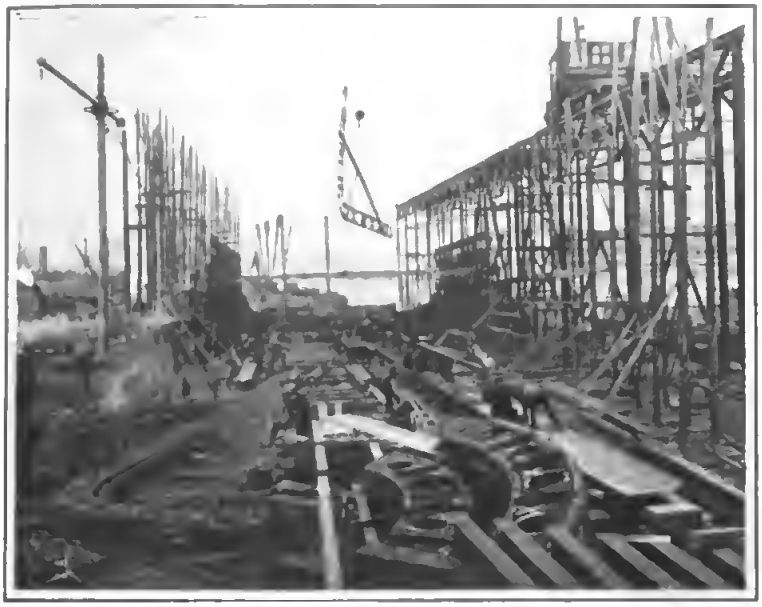
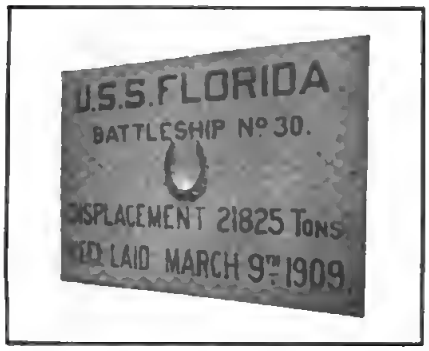


A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CRADLE IN WHICH THE "FLORIDA" WAS BORN. FIVE DAYS' WORK HAS BEEN DONE, AND ONE OF THE SHIP'S GREAT RIBS, WEIGHING 4,000 POUNDS, IS BEING PUT IN PLACE BY THE TRAVELLING-CRANE ON THE RIGHT. IT WILL BE NOTED THAT THE BATTLESHIP HAS ALREADY BEGUN TO TAKE SHAPE

THE DESIGNER OF THE "FLORIDA," NAVAL-CONSTRUCTOR W. J. BAXTER, WHO WILL SUPERINTEND THE SHIP'S CONSTRUCTION TO THE MOST MINUTE DETAIL



THE SILVER HORSESHOE NAILED ON THE HEADBOARD OF THE "FLORIDA'S" CRADLE TO WARD OFF EVIL HAPPENINGS DURING HER INFANCY. THE NAILS WERE DRIVEN IN THE HORSESHOE BY REAR ADMIRAL GOODRICH, COMMANDANT OF THE YARD, AND NAVAL-CONSTRUCTOR BAXTER, AND "CLINCHED" BACK OF THE BOARD BY MISS HEATHER BAXTER, THE CONSTRUCTOR'S DAUGHTER. AS SOON AS THE HORSESHOE HAD BEEN FASTENED THE "FLORIDA'S" FIRST KEEL PLATE WAS LAID WITH INTERESTING CEREMONY

LAYING THE "FLORIDA'S" FIRST KEEL-PLATE, MR. BAXTER (IN WHITE GLOVES) SUPERINTENDING THE WORK. AS SOON AS TWO PLATES HAD BEEN LAID AND A THIRD SET UPON THEM THE LITTLE GIRLS AT THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE PLACED SILVER BOLTS IN THE BOLT HOLES, AND THUS FASTENED THE PLATES

PUNCHING RIVET HOLES IN THE "FLORIDA'S" FIRST KEEL-PLATE IN ONE OF THE SHOPS OF THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD

WHAT WAS ACCOMPLISHED THE FIRST MORNING. THE VERTICAL KEEL OF THE SHIP CREEPING, PLATE BY PLATE, ALONG THE BLOCKS

THE BIRTH OF A BATTLESHIP

HOW THE WORK OF BUILDING THE MONSTER FIGHTING-SHIP "FLORIDA," WHICH WILL CARRY TEN 12-INCH GUNS, IS PROGRESSING AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD

Photographs by Walter L. Bentley

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"MOVE ON!"—BUT THE

DRAWN BY JA.

STION IS: COULD THEY?

OMERY FLAGG

THE RUBAIYAT OF BRIDGE

By Carolyn Wells

FOR I remember stopping by the Way
To watch Four Celebrated Champions play.
They Differed on the Discard, Make, and Lead!
Whatever One Said,—Said The Others, "Nay!"

Why, if a Soul can fling the Rules aside,
And let his Card Sense be his Only Guide,
Why'n't not a Shame, why'n't not a Shame for him
By Stunt and Fiddle-Faddle to Bridge?

ON BALDNESS

I has been discovered recently that there are no bald-headed men in our Insane Asylums. Other interesting facts about bald people are the following:

You never see a bald-headed man wearing his own hair.

No one ever saw a red-headed bald man.

Most bald men keep their hair in their wife's name.

No bald-headed woman has ever been known to admit it.

Bald-headed men never appear in public with their hair marcelled.

If everybody was bald from birth the hair-cutting industry would be paralyzed.

If a man loses his hair no amount of advertising will restore it to him.

No woman was ever drawn to a bald-headed man by capillary attraction.

Baldness cannot be cured by having your hair pulled, as you can cure toothache by having a tooth pulled.

The bear has more hair to the square inch than any known animal, and yet there is nothing in the world that is barer than a bald-head.

There are other interesting facts about baldness no doubt, but none of them occur to us at this moment, so we will content ourselves with saying in conclusion that the head of a bald man in the front row of the modern theatre shines like a good deed in a naughty world.

DR. WOODPECKER. "DEAR ME! I MUST BE MORE CAREFUL WHEN I KNOCK ON PEOPLE'S DOORS; I'VE PECKED A HOLE IN THIS ONE."

HIS REWARD

"I wonder what they will do about the reward for that diamond necklace of Bingleton's?" said Dawson. "He offered a thousand dollars for the arrest of the thief, and the fellow was arrested the other night by one of the police dogs."

"There will be no trouble about that," said the Genial Idiot. "They'll give the dog a thousand bones."

THE IRRELEVANCE OF PRUE

He came at eight, he stayed till nine;
At ten he still was there;
And he was talking fit and fine
When midnight chilled the air.

Yet he can't get it through his head,
Nor comprehend to-day,
What Prue referred to when she said,
"We *move the first of May!*"

HORACE DIBDIN GANTRY.

SOME CURIOUS UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE

SOME parents try to bring their children up by taking them down, not realizing, perhaps, how downhearted a child is apt to feel when he is brought up with a round turn. Some take their children down by blowing them up, and then running them down because they are puffed up. It is a paradox of life that when a youth is doing well we call him "a rising young man," but when he gets on the wrong side of the market and goes up, we call him a fool. If a man is uppish in his manners, everybody is down on him; and when he gets down in the world we turn our noses at him. Sometimes a man will call us up on the telephone, and call us down when he gets us. People of lofty birth when they travel try to get the lower berth when [illegible], leaving the upper berths to the [illegible]. The first man down-town in the morning [illegible] the first one up, but in business generally [illegible] which the upper hand is he who gets in [illegible] door. When an idle young man gets down to work, his friends want to know what he is up to, and if he meets a nice girl and wants to tie up to her, her father is apt to tell him he can as soon as he buckles down.

Altogether this is a queer world in respect to its ups and downs.

FROM MOTHER GOOSE'S NURSERY RHYMES

If I had a motor that wouldn't go,
Do you think I'd wallop it? Oh no, no!
I'd swap it off for an old gray goat,
Or any old thing that would really vote.

EXPLICIT

A VERY young clergyman, who not long ago was given a church in Dover, Delaware, evinced a decided nervousness on the occasion of his first service. He had stumbled through the various lessons with la-

BRATIS

PLIENT. "MR. BLISHAW IS IN JAIL, SOR, AN' OI HAVE COME TO SEE IF YEZ RIN GET HIM OUT."

LAWYER. "WHAT IS THE CHARGE AGAINST YOUR HUSBAND, MADAM?"

PLIENT. "THE CHARGES? 'DIVENS, MAN, THEY DON'T CHARGE HIM ANYTHING; THEY KEEP HIM THERE FREE!"

crensing difficulty, but it was when he reached the announcement of future services that he collapsed entirely.

"Services will be held next Sunday," he stammered, "at the north end at 10 A.M., and in the afternoon at the south end at half past two. Infants will be baptized at both ends."

THE SILENT GUN

IT is a great relief to unostentatious people like ourselves to know that science has at last brought the voiceless rifle into being. It will fill a long felt want in many communities. Entirely apart from its use by bloodthirsty people who will now be able to land their prey from a distance in safety and without fear of detection, its domestic and social uses, as these occur to us, appear to be of incomputable value. Think, for example, what a boon it will be for suburbanites who are afflicted with tiny hired men to be able to sit unobserved in the quiet recesses of a library window and shoot the loafing hireling in some chosen portion of his recumbent anatomy with a dumdum bullet made of dough that will sting, as with a sharp, flicking slap, rather than puncture his epidermis! Then when, as sometimes happens, we have a cook who ought to be discharged, and there is no one in the house with the courage to go down-stairs and do it, how efficacious the noiseless discharge of this dumb rifle when, hid behind the kitchen door, without fear of the betrayal of our presence by the raucous noise of an explosion, we pepper the lady with showers of shot made of narrow-bat pence from a cartridge constructed of toy-balloon rubber, the same being calculated to hurt her feelings rather than to do any serious damage to her person. And, finally, at the height of the lecture season how fine it will be when we find ourselves in the presence of a speaker with no terminal facilities, one of those gentlemen with marathonic perorations, to be able at the beginning of the third hour, or perhaps somewhere near the close of the second, surreptitiously to putt one of these noiseless six shooters from our pockets and, with no sound or smoke to betray us, to give him a volley of missiles made of waffles, or buckwheat cakes, or of fish balls, every time he ventures again to open his mouth! Verily, even in times of peace, the silent gun will have its advantages!

BY WIRELESS FROM THE JUNGLE

"I AM sorry, Mr. President," said the Lion, as he shook hands with his distinguished guest, "very sorry indeed, that the Leopard wears spots instead of stars. Had he had the latter we could have given you a more appropriate reception committee."

"Thank you, but I don't see how you could have done better," said the visitor, graciously.

"We could have appointed him and the Zebra to receive you," explained the King of the Jungle, "thereby displaying the stars and stripes in your honor."

"Father," said the baby Hippopotamus after the parade was over, "what has that great Editor come here for?"

"He is going to write a book, my son," replied the aged Hippo, entitled, "Who's Zoo in Africa."

"Mercy sakes!" cried the terrified Monkey, shinning up the tallest tree in the forest. "I heard a rattlesnake for sure that time."

"Nonsense," retorted the sophisticated Chimpanzee. "That ain't a rattlesnake, it's the ex-President's typewriting machine."

"Yes," said the Tapir, proudly, as he talked with the distinguished visitor at the reception, "my hide is three inches thick."

"Well, what of it?" said the Honored Guest. "Over in Washington we have several breeds of animals with hides thicker than that. We call them Senators, Malefactors, and Undesirable Citizens."

"So," said the Visitor, as he interviewed the Python, "I am told that you are a direct lineal descendant of the justly celebrated Serpent of Eden."

EVE. "WHAT A BEAUTIFUL ENGAGEMENT RING THAT WOULD MAKE!"

"Yes," replied the Reptile, proudly. "My family was founded by the original Apple-Python."

"Well," said the Wildcat to the Skunk, "did you meet him?"

"Yes," replied the latter, "and he was most courteous. He addressed me throughout as Mr. Polecat, instead of using a shorter and uglier word."

A MERE GUESS

"WHAT degree is your son going to take at college, Mr. Witherberry?" asked the clergyman, as he made his pastoral visit.

"Well," said Mr. Witherberry, scratching his head in apparent perplexity, "I ain't certain as to that, Mr. Chokedigh, but I rather imagine from the persistence with which he has been telegraphing home for financial assistance over since he went to college that he's qualifying for a C. Q. D."

UNREASONABLE

YES, George, as you say, the conversation of a barber while cutting your hair is apt to be sheer nonsense; but what can you expect in the way of mature speech from a mere shaver?

FROM A PHILOSOPHER'S NOTE-BOOK

THERE is no use in shedding tears over spilled milk, because it was probably half water anyhow.

A match that is based on money is seldom useful in lighting the fires on the Altar of Love.

A bonnet, or a hat, costing from $150 to $200 is a poor sort of rap to set for a cautious lover.

If you choose to sleep on a bed of roses, you should exercise very great care lest you roll over on the thorns.

The man who first said that figures never lie must have lived in an age when the sheath gown was fashionable.

People who try to climb into Society by means of the Church speak very low when they call themselves "poor, miserable sinners."

THE PHILOSOPHIC BEGGAR

In a city stamped with plenty,
Full of dolce far niente,
I observed a beggarman upon the way;
And, by Jove, the chap was smiling
In a fashion most beguiling,
And he seemed the happiest man I'd seen that day.

I had little time for chinning,
But I asked him: "Why this grinning?
Are your rags and tatters then a merry joke?
Is this hunger you've been vaunting,
And these pennies you've been wanting,
Just a sort of passing whim that ends in smoke?"

"Not a bit!" he said, instanter.
"My hard luck is far from banter;
But the thought has just now flashed across my mind
That I really should not hanker
For to be a worried banker
Who must find the cash he gives his womenkind.

"I don't have to buy rich sables,
Motor-cars, and pearls in cables,
For to keep my wife a smiling all the *while;*
And I do not have to worry,
Nor to hurry, or to scurry,
For the cash to dress my daughters up in style.

"I can win a smiling dimple
With a present that is simple,
And a dollar's all I need to meet the call,
So I think upon the whole, sir—
Yes, I do, upon my soul, sir—
That I'm better off than others, after all!"

And that is how it came to be
He got a dollar out of me!

BLAKENEY GRAY.

GIVING THE GAME AWAY

The Kings of No Man's Land

By Victor Rousseau

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE GIBBS

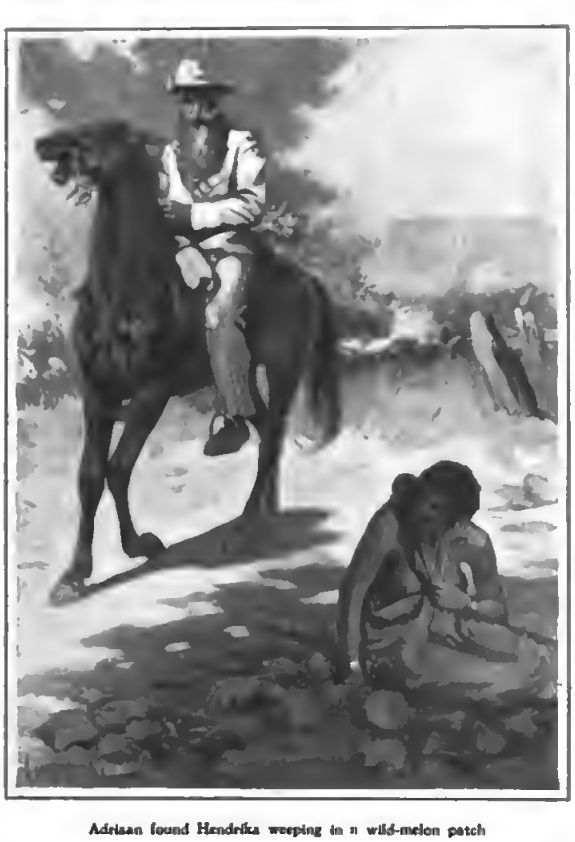
THERE is a new king in No Man's Land to-day.

No Man's Land lies in the half-breed belt that has been peopled and left behind them by the migrating Boers. It begins near the great salt pans, where the black Mahololo races yield to the yellow Tottios and the dwarf Bushmen. It is half desert and half pasture; it is half hills, half plain, and its inhabitants are black, yellow, and white; Tottios, Mahololos, and half-breeds; half nomad, half squatters, half savage, and half beast.

Governments have located troopers there and forgotten them until they died of the fever and left the land lawless once more. Kings have come into the land and conquered it, but in the end the land has conquered them, as it always will, till the salt pans go dry and the sand, always advancing east out of the great desert, sweeps over No Man's Land and obliterates it.

There are no aged or sick in No Man's Land. Where do they go? Perhaps the baboons, that bark from the cliffs, know; or the old crocodile that roars beside the ford, where the Mahololo girls go with their gourds for water, or the white ants that have heaped up their habitations; or the bald vultures.

Adriaan Ferreira rode transport between Griqualand and the Diamond Fields during the dry season, or traded blankets and knives for sheep in Khama's country; but when the wet winter came the old longing for solitude urged him to drive his stock down to the sweet veld country that begins where the salt pans end, a line of verdure drawn us by a ruler to bound the wastes and the sands. Thus Adriaan came into No Man's Land one morning and found Hendrika weeping in a wild-melon patch, her child upon her back, strapped inside the blanket which was her garment.



Adriaan found Hendrika weeping in a wild-melon patch

Mixed white and Tottie blood flowed in Hendrika's veins. During the life of the old crone who had borne her she bore the menials contentedly and carried water from the spruit in a tall gourd, which she balanced upon the top of her ochre-reddened hair knot. Afterward, by virtue of three cows, she came into the possession of a prospector, who sold her for a wagon, a donkey team, and two kegsheads of brandy to an itinerant gun runner, who was found dead one day in No Man's Land after an altercation with King Bottlejohn, with a knife heft between his shoulders. Bottlejohn was king of No Man's Land, but he was more than a king, he was a skilful herder; he knew where the wild gourds, that fatten stock, were to be found, and where to avoid poison tulip. Adriaan Ferreira was riding into No Man's Land to consult with him when he came upon Hendrika, kneeling under the vast sky, weeping in the wild-melon patch.

He reined in and sat watching her for a while, letting his Basuto pony crunch at the gourds, while Hendrika, seeing him, burst into louder lamentations and tore her hair; he watched her, a little puddled with Cape smoke, but a fine figure of a man, scratching his head and tugging at his bronze beard perplexedly.

"What is the matter, girl?" he cried at length. "Why do you make that noise?"

"My child is a wizard and they have cast me out of the kraal," Hendrika wailed, beating her breast.

"Is he a devil's child?" Ferreira asked in awe.

"No," cried Hendrika. "He is King Bottlejohn's, but he has cut his top teeth first. See!" She raised the child's face, black with clustering flies, pulled up the lip and disclosed two milk white incisors in the upper jaw.

"Hemmel!" swore Ferreira. "have ay, cast you out for that? Who turned you away?

"King Bottlejohn," Hendrika sobbed. "But it was the Mahololo women compelled him. They have always been jealous of me. To-night we shall crawl back, and then perhaps we shall stay—who knows?" She cast a coquettish glance at Adriaan.

The Dutchman gazed upon her in meditation. Hendrika must have been seventeen—that is to say, in the flower of her age. Her hair was long, her skin but little darker than his own; bracelets of hammered copper flashed on her wrists and ankles. Adriaan had a black taint in him, by reason of which he had found no peace among the company of his kin, he was one of the hated Catholic Ferreiras, but ter me the bush plum, sardonic and cunty as the half breed takhaars of the bush veld, who sing psalms instead of hymns, call in witch doctors to tame of sickness, and cut their hair round the edge of a pudding basin. Now the blood sang in his veins, and a fierce and desirous joy rose up and filled him. He bent down from the saddle and, seizing Hendrika, lifted her to the pommel, biting, struggling, and shrieking, while the baby's large head, covered with flies, lolled loosely from out the blanket. When she clawed at his beard Adriaan bound her arms with a strong rein of hippopotamus hide; and thus he rode away, laughing, now loud, now silently.

Presently Hendrika ceased howling and shot a glance at her captor sidewise. How handsome he was!—far more so than the lean Bottlejohn, with his crisp tufts of wool and watery eyes. Adriaan had jaws like fortresses, and his square beard reached half way to his waist; it was a little tousled by bee cat's claws, but—hemmel! what a fine figure of a man! Hendrika nestled closer and uttered a little gurgle of laughter. Then Adriaan untied her arms.

By afternoon they had come riding into the village of King Bottlejohn, who reigned there over his mongrel Hottentots and Mahololos. Adriaan shouted for him.

The gaping crowd parted and a yellow, wearsend man looked up from a little tunnel in the ground, through which, [illegible] he had been inhaling dacha smoke.

[illegible] forward, his steps staggering drun[illegible]nes, his eyes bleary.

"That's my w[illegible]t," he yelled, recognizing the rider

"I have take[illegible]reira.

Bottlejoha w[illegible] but, pulling a knife from under his [illegible] with all his power at the big Dutch [illegible]om pierced Adriaan through the th[illegible]ng quivering there. Two little jets of b[illegible] spurt, like intermittent fountains, over the [illegible] Ferreira raised his arm and brough[illegible]ig-crop with all his might upon the [illegible]l.

"You dirty yellow monkey," Ferreira cried, springing from his pony, the knife still quivering in his thigh, "I'll teach you how to claim my property! Do you want to work for me or shall I thrash you?"

"I'll work for you, Baas Adriaan," groaned Bottlejohn, sitting up in the dust and rubbing his head ruefully. "How much will you give me?" he added, hastily.

"Two pounds a month," Ferreira answered. "Much tig?" he continued, good-naturedly, "you be a good servant and you'll find me a good master." Then, as if by an afterthought, he said, turning to the fawning crowd:

"I'm going to be your king."

Hendrika plucked out the knife and bound up the wound. She brought grass for a couch, collected wood, and began unconcernedly to cook the supper in Bottlejohn's hut, in Bottlejohn's pot, upon the smouldering embers of the fire which she had herself lit for Bottlejohn.

That is how Adriaan Ferreira came to be king in No Man's Land.

They loved him for his power, but they hated him for their individual wrongs. He sent them north, westward, and south, to bring back stolen diamonds from Kimberley, to harry the flocks of far-off farmers. When they returned empty handed he flogged them and drove them out of the kraal.

His strength was prodigious. Once, when the guard ian fires had gone out in a rain storm, and a lion, leaping the barricade, entered his hut and dragged him forth by the arm, he seized the mane between his jaws, bit through the muscles and flesh, and killed the monster.

Ferreira had two companions, Bottlejohn and the child. Hendrika he tolerated and treated kindly, when he was sober.

Both he and Bottlejohn were outcasts from among their people; both had seen something of the outside world. They were of that nomad class that traverses the great plains, now heard of in Kimberley, now in Johannesburg, now hundreds of miles southward in the old colony, picking up a livelihood by diverse means, impelled like flotsam restlessly across the wastes. Thus each was driven to seek the other's company. At night they would sit side by side, boasting and drinking brandy. Then the Boer's tongue would loosen, his sardonic mood would lift, and he would clap Bottlejohn upon the back and call him his friend. Bottlejohn never contested the Boer's supremacy. Once, though, when they had been drinking into the dawn, Adriaan, opening his eyes from a light doze, saw Bottlejohn saunter his hut, fingering a knife. He laughed, and the Hottentot slunk out into the night.

"Have a care," whispered Hendrika. "Some day he will kill you. A white baas will forgive. A black man will forget. The half-breed does neither; he is like the jackal that pretends to be dead. The hunter comes up to skin him—then the jaws snap. Watch him, and do not eat his food or drink his brandy."

Adriaan Ferreira laughed into his great beard and flung the Hottentot a marrow-bone; nevertheless, he slept lightly thereafter. To see the Tottie cringe filled him with pride—the pride of one who has broken men to his service.

Adriaan's other companion, the child, was always beside him. It was a strange, weazened thing; it took no notice of Bottlejohn, but would crawl after the Dutchman around the hut or into the circle of the kraal, its hands and feet making strange, serpentine tracks through the dust. It never cried; only that constant shuffling, scraping sound indicated its presence. It seemed to follow Ferreira through the sense of scent, for it was blind from ophthalmia, as many children are in lands of the fly.

One day when Adriaan was away hunting, Bottlejohn came sidling up to Hendrika.

"Be off, you miserable monkey man," said Hendrika, with lazy disdain.

Bottlejohn's yellow face became pallid with rage.

"Ah, take care! Don't get too proud," he sneered. "Some day the longing for his own people will come over him again. Then he will grow tired of you and take a white girl. And he will break you and cast you away into a ditch as I break this stick."

Hendrika filled her pipe and blew the smoke into the ex king's eyes.

"You are like a babiaan whose wife has been caught by the hunters," she answered. "He runs up and down chattering and biting his tail instead of trying to rescue her. Adriaan Ferreira is a man such as a girl loves, not a miserable, yellow babiaan man without a beard. Begone, or I shall tell him to thrash you."

Bottlejohn pointed two fingers at her, stamping his feet derisively.

"Ho, ho!" he laughed. "He is tiring of you already. Last night when he was drunk he beat you. See, there are the weals."

"He is a man. A girl loves to be beaten by a man with such a beard as his. Begone, monkey."

"[illegible]it!" shrieked Bottlejohn, frantic with [illegible]night I shall come and kill him w[illegible] I shall cut off his beard to make [illegible]-[illegible]thamen, and I shall throw his [illegible]te mushes. No, I shall bind him and [illegible] with honey and bury him to the throat in a [illegible]ill alive; and I shall sit beside him and [illegible] just how a babiaan chatters," said [illegible]

"[illegible]row the child will die. Even Baas

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Adriaan cannot protect it from the Makololos, for it is not only a wizard, it is also blind; and so it must be thrown to the sacred crocodile."

"It is not blind," Hendrika shrieked, leaping up, her eyes aflame.

Bottlejohn's features relaxed into a wolfish smile.

"Yes, it is blind, you know that it is blind," he said. "Nobody but myself has discovered so far; but to-morrow I tell the Makololos. Their women hate it, because it is a wizard."

"You will not tell; you will not tell; you will not tell!" Hendrika shrieked, clinging to his arms.

"Yes, I shall certainly tell," responded Bottlejohn, smacking his lips. "Unless—" He paused and came nearer. His voice sank to a whisper. "Which would you rather have, the child or Baas Adriaan?"

"I want the child," she whimpered, beginning to tremble.

"How would you like both?" Bottlejohn whispered. "You can make the child see, and you can have Baas Adriaan forever, to hold him so that he can never go back to his own people and take a white girl."

"How? How?" she pleaded. "I have mixed herbs with tortoise shell and given it to him when he was drunk—"

"That is no good," said Bottlejohn. "You want his eyes. You must take Baas Adriaan's eyes and give them to the child. I know the secrets of the witch doctors. If I had Baas Adriaan's eyes I could take out the child's bad eyes and put them in, so that it would see. And if Baas Adriaan had no eyes he could not leave you. You should become his dog, and feed and care for him till he grew old."

As he unfolded his plot Hendrika stood fascinated beneath the power of it.

"You swear that you can make the child see with Adriaan's eyes?" she stammered.

"Yes, he would see," said Bottlejohn. "Otherwise he must be thrown to the crocodile. Do you want him to die? All right, then, I will go and tell the Makololo women."

"No, no, you shall take Adriaan's eyes," Hendrika murmured. "And then he will be helpless and cannot leave me," she murmured, ecstatically.

"Then listen. To-night, when he is drunk, put dacha in his brandy. He will not notice it, and presently he will fall into a heavy sleep from which he will not easily be awakened. That will be about the time of the rising of the full moon. Then stand in the door and whistle, and I will come to you."

At dusk Ferreira came in, bad-humored, for he had been unsuccessful in his hunting. After the supper Hendrika coaxed him to drink.

"Allemachtig! Where's Bottlejohn?" he swore. But the ex-king could not be found, and, grumbling, Ferreira went to his cups. Hendrika, sitting in her corner, ground dacha between two stones. Furtively she slipped some into the brandy-bottle, so Adriaan's eyes closed and his head lolled helplessly upon his shoulders. Then she went to the door and whistled, just as the full moon swung into the sky.

"Be quick," she whispered in frantic appeal, and hid herself within the shadows of the Makololo huts.

Later Bottlejohn was squatting over his enemy, smoking dacha in a short cob pipe, coughing the acrid clouds out from his lungs, winking his bleary eyes, gloating and muttering. Presently, with deft, soft touches, he began to shave off Ferreira's hair and beard.

A scream of agony rang through the village. They leaped up, Hottentots and Makololos, they came running from their huts, brandishing knobberries and axes. They saw a crouching figure dart from their king's house and into the darkness. And then, staggering, stumbling, clapping each hand alternately to its bleeding face, a thing came out into the space of clear moonlight in the centre of the kraal. It was a man, a man they did not know; a bald and beardless figure, naked and ghastly white. That rocked and threshed its arms and howled, howled always meaninglessly, like a wolf.

"Ho, ho! Baas Adriaan!" cried Bottlejohn's voice tauntingly from among the shadows. "Hail to our king! I have your eyes, oh king."

But the creature stood rocking itself, threshing its arms, and howled.

The stupefied Totties and Makololos drew nearer with amazement. They blinked at first in stupefaction; then interest grew. This was their king, blind and degraded. That stood and howled before them. Each man glanced furtively toward his neighbor to see what he would do.

"Kill him! kill the bald monkey!" shrieked Bottlejohn, hurling a heavy axe. It plunged into the ground between Ferreira's feet. He stooped and picked it up, and, ceasing to howl and rock, he drew himself up to his full stature and stood motionless, silent as white men stand when death is imminent.

"Kill him! kill him!" screamed Bottlejohn again.

This time a murmur went up like the hum of hyena bees, or the low growl of lions when they scent blood; again like the anger of wolves against the stricken member of the herd. They closed in, teasing, taunting, snarling, yapping, and baiting their king, yet waiting to rouse their bloodthirst before they satiated it.

And Adriaan Ferreira, raising his weapon, began to swing with it rhythmically, his senses strained upon their advent.

Suddenly a Makololo, bolder than the rest, raised his spear and rushed forward. At the exact instant the axe descended, smashing his skull like an egg-shell. The man crashed forward upon his face, tore at the dust and lay motionless.

Then the attack began. They came upon Ferreira from every quarter, thrusting with spears; one stamped behind while his companion attacked in front; but in the *mêlée* they could not free themselves, and the broadaxe cleft a clear path within the circle of its descent. Seven times it fell, and every time it crushed out another life beneath it.

Somebody cried, "He sees, he sees!" and they drew back in consternation, panting and tremulous, watching their king fearfully. Gradually a slow, shuffling sound broke in upon their ears. It was the blind baby, crawling out from the hut in search of Ferreira, dragging its length serpentwise through the sand. All eyes were focussed on its slow approach.

When it reached the body of the first slain Makololo it stopped, scratching and pulling, then, diverting its course, it came toward Ferreira again, leaving a broad trail behind it. Fear seized the assembled throng.

"It is his wizard," they whispered, one to his neighbor, their knees shaking beneath them.

But Ferreira had heard the soft, stealthy movement. He raised his arms, he swung his weapon and whirled it fiercely downward. The shuffling was stopped short. A gasp went up.

"He has killed his wizard," cried Bottlejohn from out of his corner. "Kill him; he cannot harm you."

The axe fell from the Dutchman's hands. A groan burst from his lips, and, with no thought of resistance, he sank down on the ground. So they came in upon and bound him, while he made no resistance. His head lolled drunkenly upon his shoulders; blood and saliva trickled from his half-open mouth.

At Bottlejohn's command one brought honey-comb from the silos, squeezing it over Ferreira's head.

He understood, and once more the doors of life came over him. He writhed under his bonds, struggling for freedom. His arms, which pounded the earth like flails, sent up great clods of mud. His skin burst under the ropes, blood oozed from his nostrils. Bottlejohn crouched over him in ecstasy.

"You stole my wife, Baas Adriaan," he chanted, puffing at his cob pipe. "You kicked me and called me a kaffir. Ha! Presently your bones shall be picked cleaner than carrion. Take spades, you dogs, and carry him to the ant-hills."

Hendrika had lurked behind, crawling upon her stomach through the tall mealie stalks and into the jungle. There, hidden behind a cactus tree, she saw twelve men go past, carrying their burden. An hour afterward, at dawn, she saw eleven return.

She crept along the trail stealthily till the tall ant-hills came into view; then, wriggling from mound to mound, she gained the shelter of a large heap that sloped toward a depression in the ground, with lumps of earth and clods surrounding it, as though it had been freshly excavated. Here, not twenty feet distant, Bottlejohn sat, smoking his pipe and running his thumb along the edge of his knife, while he muttered and gesticulated downward.

Beside him was a human head, a head apparently severed at the neck, yet of a living man, a ghastly shaven thing, with pits for eyes, dilated nostrils, jaws slightly apart. The thing was turned sidewise, as though listening. It was all visible through a yellow film that dripped, drop by drop, to the ground.

Hendrika could hear the very faintest and yet continual rustle of leaves. Then she perceived that the little white moving things, like grains of rice, that poured forth in a steady, unending stream toward the place where Bottlejohn sat beside the head. And all the trail was marked with droppings of honeycomb.

The Hottentot was fighting with sleep to glut his vengeance. His head drooping upon his breast, drunk with the liquor from time to time he would open his heavy lids to snarl at the thing beside him.

"You stole my wife, Baas Adriaan!" he shrieked,

A bald and beardless figure, naked and ghastly white

then his eyes closed and he collapsed into momentary unconsciousness. Hendrika crept nearer, nearer. Bottlejohn started up once more.

"You kicked me and knocked me down," he shrieked, thrusting his yellow face within two inches of the head of the Dutchman, his yellow fangs protruding over the loose chops that he licked ceaselessly. But the head remained motionless, bent slightly sidewise, as though in mockery, the jaws slightly apart. There was no sign that it had heard. Hendrika crept nearer.

"Ha! they are coming, the little white soldiers," cried the Hottentot, starting forward once more. "They are here. They will devour you piecemeal, till there is not so much as one mouthful of flesh left on your bones." Hendrika was close behind him now. As he thrust out his face she gave him a quick push that sent him sprawling forward, and instantly the jaws snapped close, catching him by the fleshy part of the throat. He shrieked and writhed, pounding the emotionless head; then, as the strong teeth crunched through sinews and cartilages he screamed with mortal terror and pain. And the clenched teeth bit steadily through, the face emotionless, set slightly sidewise, till the blood spurted from the great veins and arteries and the rattle of the death agony went up. A cloud of dust rose up and hid the scene. Slowly the groans died away. The dust subsided. All was now motionless save for the onward march of the little white soldiers in myriad numbers, and the flight of Hendrika homeward, to No Man's Land, to some new master.

An April Wooing

By Francis Medhurst

April's lady, you can change
  Swift as April days.
April's self could not arrange
  Moods of more amaze.
April's golden note one hears
  In your laughter play
Why so sudden do your tears
  April showers essay?

April's lady, in your net
  I am helpless quite
April days shall May forget?
  Will this be my plight?
April gone your smiles will pass,
  Frowns be all the rule.
Must I own myself, alas,
  But an April fool?

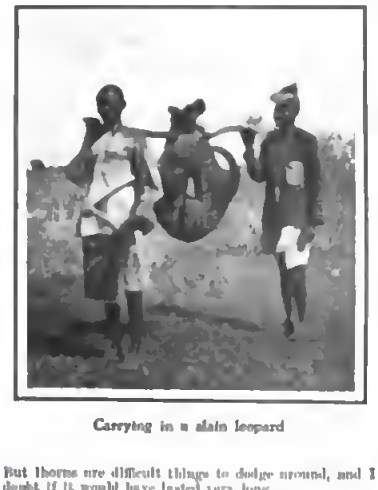
Hunting Ahead of Roosevelt In Africa

By John Jay White, Jr.

THE WRITER OF THIS HUNTING DIARY WAS ACCOMPANIED BY DR. W. S. RAINSFORD, FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, NEW YORK, ON AN EXPEDITION THROUGH THOSE REGIONS OF AFRICA IN WHICH MR. ROOSEVELT WILL PROBABLY HUNT

THIS is the last of a series of four articles, which have appeared in recent issues of HARPER'S WEEKLY, *descriptive of some hunting adventures of Mr. John Jay White, Jr., and Dr. Rainsford, of New York, in those portions of East Africa which will probably be traversed by Mr. Roosevelt.*

CAMPED *in the Wilderness, August 5th.*—Yesterday I nearly provoked the party with some amusement in the shape of a funeral, with myself acting the principal rôle. Fortunately, Dr. Rainsford is a clergyman, and would have undoubtedly given me a fine send off. I was walking through some thorny brush after an impala I had wounded. I had gotten some little distance ahead of my gun-bearers, when I saw, about fifteen feet away, a rhino feeding calmly. It did not see me, and I walked off as if the soil of Africa was covered with fresh eggs and I had made a bet not to tread on any. Just as I took my unattended departure the blessed rhino-birds rose up off his back, where they had been roosting, making quite a noise and considerably accelerating my stealthy steps. These intelligent feathered things generally give the rhino the alarm if anything untoward is about to happen. Fortunately I did not come down wind on him. About twenty yards away I met Nur Jama with my light rifle, and with one single gesture added him to my retreat. A little farther back I encountered my second boy with my heavy rifle, at which I leaped like the lion on its prey. The mule men and photograph slave needed merely the word *kifaro* (rhino) breathed into their alert ears to make them slip through the bushes like phantoms. I followed, stepping rather heavily in my excitement as I brought up the rear. We had hardly got well out of the brush when he caught our wind and came out at a trot, fortunately about sixty yards on one side, and went off without seeing us. I never want to be so near a rhino again, even in a zoo. Another step or two and I would have been right on it, and then a lively game of tag would have ensued.



Carrying in a slain leopard

But thorns are difficult things to dodge around, and I doubt if it would have lasted very long.

The lions made such a row around camp last night that I didn't sleep well, and consequently feel a trifle weary. Also, you should see the flies here. I have named it "Fly Camp." They are simply awful, and we hope to move to-morrow to the Buffalo Camp, as this should go in next day, when we send thirty-six slaves in to the Boma for more *posho*. Keeping your porters in flour and rice is the great problem of African travel. By law you should give each man one and one-half pounds a day, and you can see how much a *safari* of eighty-five men uses.

Buffalo Camp, August 7th.—Sent Hassan, the askari, and thirty-five porters over to Laikipia Boma for *posho*. On their return, fifteen will go around by the Junction Camp and leave their loads there, and then come up the river to meet us. The others will return here as rapidly as possible. Left at 6.45 for a ravine not far off, where the guide thinks we may find Colobus monkeys—went to the bottom and walked along it. A very beautiful spot, the tops of the trees in places not reaching to the level of the *veldt* (prairie). There were tall junipers and tropical trees, with cacti of various sorts and a dense mass of climbing vines all along the little stream which ran through it. The tree ferns were very beautiful. After an hour

Leopard, monkey, and oryx-antelope skins

saw a band of Colobus and got two, which is all your license allows, with a shot gun and buck-shot. One was very large, measuring six feet four inches from the ends of the fore paws to the tip of the tail. They have very fine fur, black on the head and body, and white on the sides of the rump, with long white bushy tails. Nothing else seen, so back to camp. Dr. Rainsford went out after buffalo, but saw nothing, not even fresh sign. We have the best water here we have found so far, a little stream of pure water, not liquid mud—very delightful drinking.

August 8th.—Off early to see if we can get any meat for the porters, who are out of it and clamoring for more. Went down to where we saw the big band of eland, but saw nothing, and were returning disgusted when we saw two oryx in the scrub. Went after them and got them both, so that we shall have porters' meat for the next few days. On the way back gathered three large handkerchiefs full of fine mushrooms. Saw a few shenzback, and tried to get one for our own table, but could do nothing. Rainsford out after buffalo, but nothing done. Country full of abandoned manyattas (or reed and mud shelters where the Masai and their cattle spend the night). The country is alive with flies, which follow the cattle. They are very annoying and stick and cling to everything.

August 9th.—Off at 7.30 this morning, over to the salt lick which the buffalo frequent when here. No signs of any, and the place full of cattle tracks. The guide is very much disappointed. He has never brought a party here before without getting buffalo. Mount Kenia (18,000 feet) is about twenty miles north of us. The slopes are covered with woods and tangled jungle, and the buffalo have probably taken refuge there. Rainsford out after Colobus and got two. Not as big skins as the ones I got. We are not having as much rain now; maybe the rainy season is breaking.

August 10th.—A curious thing happened to-day which might have been serious. We left camp at 7.15 after impala. After hunting in the scrub for an hour I suggested swinging out toward the plain in hopes of getting a zebra for the men. On the way we passed a little open glade about one hundred yards in diameter. We had about half crossed this when a large lioness came out on our left and started along the edge. She had not seen us, so she did not hurry, but slunched along like a huge cat. My heavy gun had solid bullets in it, as there were rhino in the scrub. I swung off my mule and came out in front, my gun-bearer following and changing the cartridges to "soft nose" ones. She was only forty or fifty yards off, going very slowly, and I did not think I could miss her. I sat down, got a good rest on my knees, and as soon as I got the gun, pulled the triggers of both barrels without result. Seeing that she was just slipping into the brush, I told the guide to shoot, which he did, stopping her with the first shot and finishing her with the second. I threw open the breech of the gun, and found there were no cartridges in it. Since I dismissed Kombo I have taken on one of the porters to act as my second gun-bearer and carry my heavy rifle. He drew the [illegible] from my gun, and either forgot to put the cartridges in or slipped them [illegible] fell out [illegible] the breech. [illegible]

A black-ma[illegible]

imagine anything more exasperating? It might have been serious, for one of the men, who was about one hundred yards on one side, saw four lions pass just beyond here. Had they all come out it might have been unpleasant, as, seeing us suddenly so near, they might have charged us, and in that case an empty rifle is not of much use. We followed after and saw one of them, but he did not wait for a shot. While there is some satisfaction in having the skin in camp, it is not as if I had got it myself, as I made sure I would do.

Dr. Rainsford was in when we got back to camp. He beat through the jungle where he saw the buffalo before, but saw nothing, and found no tracks.

Camped on the Guaso Nero, August 29th.—Finding we were unsuccessful in getting buffalo where we went, we made a little side trip to a place where sometimes there are a great many, but the cold weather and the heavy rains have apparently driven them elsewhere. I hardly saw a track, and not one buffalo throughout the Masai country. They say that when the grass is short there are a great many. The grass is very long now, owing to the heavy rains of late. The natives burn it when it gets long and dry so that their herds may have new grass, but it will be three months before that happy state of things comes. How it has rained, too, the last few days; it is pouring now. We just made camp in time. We left the Boma on Wednesday and travelled two days, both short marches, till we got to the buffalo country.

Passing the time of day with wayfarers

Yesterday we were off at daylight and hunted till noon, but did not see anything, though we had good guides with us who know the country thoroughly. So we decided to hurry back to Laikipia without losing more time. We started early this morning and tried to push through in one day, but stopped about three miles short of Laikipia Boma as the clouds looked very threatening. We had just time to make camp when down the rain came in torrents. And this is supposed to be the driest month of the dry season. One never knows in Africa what one is up against.

We are expecting to go down by the Ol Bolossait Swamp, to try to get a hippo, and thence to Gilgil on the railway, and so down to Nairobi, but the end of

An oryx antelope—formidable at close range

the swamp where we have to cross it is said to be very bad in wet weather, and may be impassable. For several miles the only path runs through water a foot or more deep and is cut by several deeper channels. If these are full it will be a very difficult task to get the porters' loads across.

We have three Masai guides with us, who evidently think we are full of supernatural power. The gunis has a burning-glass and made the sun light a piece of paper for them. I showed them my camera. I also let them look at some cattle through my field-glasses. They got so excited they nearly knocked me another down in their efforts to explain that the cattle came very near. Then I made them look through the wrong end, and the cattle went so far off they could hardly see them. Altogether they were very much impressed. They want us to come back when it is dry weather and hunt, and we told them that if we did, we would try to get them for guides. It is very amusing to note how almost everything that is discarded by the *bwana* (master) is used by the porters. When my tent blew down and was torn to pieces they made a kind of cap of the bits of canvas. All large tins, like dourtins, are carted along and used to carry water in. Every man looks like the White Knight in *Dier en Wonderland*, with tins, empty bottles, etc., hung all around his belt. Other things are carried in the folds of the blanket belted round them, or in their undershirts, or I should rather say shirts. They seem to like undershirts, which they belt around their waists, and then they drop little things between the shirt and the body down the neck, till their bodies look as if they were covered with huge lumps.

On my way back to Rome, October 21, 1909.—We were riding along somewhere when one of the syces began shouting, "Simba," (lion). I could not see the beast for some time, but finally located it about three hundred and fifty yards off, going through the grass on the other side of the ravine. I tried a couple of shots at it from that distance, but without effect, so told my pony rider to ride it down, while we followed on our mules. It being my first experience at the sport, I was not very intelligent and went off without my gun, my gun bearers running after me through the long grass. When I arrived on the scene of action I thought the lion must have gotten off, for the pony and rider were standing quietly and nothing in sight. I could hear growls, however, and located my prey at bay in a clump of long grass. I got off my mule, and as my gun bearers did not appear I took the guide's gun and, resting it on his shoulder, shot the lion through the chest. It fell, and for a moment I thought I had killed it, as I handed the guide back his gun and looked well pleased with myself. Suddenly I saw the letter S movement of the tail, which precedes a charge, and immediately the lion bounded out of cover. It was hit hard and didn't go very quickly, but first charged the pony and rider, as they often do, especially if the pony is white, as mine is. I don't know why they dislike a white horse, but such seems to be the case. It was a magnificent sight to see as it came along in huge bounds, with its mane standing up around its head like a big ruff. I was quite fascinated by it, and stood there without my gun in the most interested manner. The pony and rider quickly galloped out of reach, and then it swung around and headed for me. The guide shot it as it charged the pony, and as it headed my way I began to think it was time for me to look up some adequate means of defence. Glancing nervously over my shoulder, I saw my two gun bearers legging it toward me, about twenty yards behind. I took another peep at the lion, which still pursued the even tenor of its way, and incidentally myself, and then ran ignominiously toward my big gun. You may publish this statement in any New York paper you wish to, and I will still not be ashamed of my action. I only wonder now, looking back at it all, that I did not run sooner. I grabbed my gun and ran back to where the guide was standing just as he fired again. As I levelled my gun the big beast seemed to soar up into the air. Up it went, head and fore paws pointing straight up, till its hind feet were off the ground. It seemed to hang there for a moment and then came heavily down. I think, without exception, it was the finest sight I ever saw in the animal line. It wasn't dead, however, and a wounded lion is always dangerous till it is killed, so I took my little gun (so as not to spoil the skin) and shot it two or three times more. It was about fifteen or twenty yards from me when it collapsed, and I confess to a certain sense of relief when it was all over. The skin is said to be one of the finest ever shot in British East Africa. It is not extra large 10 feet 6½ inches as it lay, and about 11 feet when off), but the mane is magnificent, very black, and reaching half-way down its back. Much singing and merriment ensued. When the first lion is shot on a hunting expedition the sportsman is expected to bucksheesh heavily. It cost me about one hundred rupees in tips to pacify every one.

Porters fording an East-African river

The World in 2009

By Henry Paradyne

IT is fascinating to engage in speculation as to those changes upon the political map of the world which will have occurred one century hence. It is, of course, in Europe that the chief alterations will have occurred. But let us first glance at our country. What will be the destiny of the United States?

The answer to this can be supplied immediately by a comparison with the Roman Empire. The establishment of Constantinople as the capital of the East, and the Eastern Empire's separation from Rome, are paralleled in the story of the American Revolution. We may look, then, for a progressive decline in the strength of England, in inverse ratio to our own increasing power; Australia, already American in her political organization, will gravitate, with Canada, into the Union; finally the English speaking peoples will be reunited under American auspices. That is as far as we can look forward legitimately.

America will be absorbed in the solution of her social problems. Democracy, which has never really existed, will be coming into its own; and with its advent will disappear the comedy of representative government, which, tried out through several centuries in the classical world and found wanting, is destined to receive its coup de grâce upon American soil. The battle of Socialism will be upon us, to be solved, probably, after some considerable bloodshed, by a sudden illumination of common sense. It will be realized that this insatiable spectre is of the sheet and turnip variety, and about as important as those dogmatic contentions that plunged all Europe into centuries of religious strife. For, while the Marxian Utopia, that ever imminent thunder-cloud that somehow never bursts, will have disappeared, discredited by the failure of its author's own prophecies, the loose, haphazard productive methods of to-day, and our costly and faulty manner of distribution, will have to be organized to prevent their complete breaking down. The solution of this tremendous problem, which will be precipitated by the sudden failure of foreign markets when manufacturing and prohibitory tariffs are universal in all countries, will need all our attention for at least a century to come.

By the year 2009, therefore, no radical changes will have occurred upon the map of the New World. In Africa there will probably be a withdrawal of the white populations from the low lying and tropical portions. But great events will have been happening in Europe.

The twentieth century will be inevitably Germany's—and never has any nation so thoroughly deserved that triumph and success which she has now to reap. Since the days when the German people, arousing one another from their humiliation, shook off the Napoleonic yoke they have gone on from strength to strength, with ceaseless preparation, caution, and sacrifice. In 2009 a compact German population of about one hundred and thirty millions will straddle Europe, from the Baltic to the Adriatic, a Federal Empire reaching out from the Meuse to the Black Sea.

As Saxon England could not remain politically linked to France during the fifteenth century, so it is inevitable that the conglomeration of races which goes to form Austria Hungary must fall to pieces. Forty-three years ago, when the great majority of the German speaking people excluded Austria Hungary from the Germanic confederation, the process of disintegration began. The next step will be the voluntary entrance of German speaking Austria into the Germanic Empire. To avoid its swamping by the preponderant Slav element of the Dual Monarchy, German speaking Switzerland will be annexed for "strategical reasons." Holland, a Germanic state, which controls the mouth of the Rhine, must drop into the German lap, with Flemish Belgium, the German-speaking maritime provinces of Russia, and probably the Danish island of Zealand, which contains the capital, Copenhagen, and controls the entrance to the Baltic.

But we must not look too far ahead. Before Holland and Zealand become German, one formidable power, England, will have to be overthrown, for England is the pledged champion of these nations—of Holland by treaty guarantees—and must defend them with all her resources so long as she desires to rule the sea. That the sea power of England will forever remain predominant is unthinkable; that it will have been overthrown by 2009 is an improbable contingency. Nations decline slowly. We may expect the twentieth century to witness one titanic struggle, in which England and France will lead most of Europe against Germany, just as when England, under the generalship of Marlborough, led the coalition against Louis XIV. of France from 1701 to 1713. That war dizzled out in a compromise. This will be similar. Upon the Continent, Germany will maintain her conquests; she may acquire Holland and most of Belgium, with a purview against the fortification of Antwerp; Zealand, the key to the Baltic, will not fall to her until a later period.

But Germany's enlargement will carry with it the seeds of her future destruction. Her foreign policy will hinge upon two cardinal pivots—Italy and the Danube. As in the Middle Ages, Italy will be the battle-ground of conflicting factions. Flanked on the west by the hostile powers of England, France, and Spain, the great Teuton Empire will be able to render these impotent only so long as she can force Italy into a close alliance, and, through her, control the Mediterranean. But the control of the Danube will be more vital still. To Russia the future, but not so long as Germany can keep the northern and southern Slavs asunder. Once let these rhose, and Poland and Bohemia will prove the outposts through which Russia will strike into the vitals of her enemy, and bring down the German Empire like a house of cards.

Look at the map, where the Magyars of Hungary and the Latin people of Roumania cut like a wedge between Russia and the Balkan States. Centuries ago the Magyars established themselves on the great plains of Hungary, where they formed the bulwark of Europe against the encroaching Turks. Poland is a Slav people. Bohemia is a Slav people—the Czechs, posted in isolation in the heart of Germany. Servia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro are Slav. A considerable part of Hungary is Slav. All these nations of Slavic origin are stirring to a new national self-consciousness. Perhaps two centuries hence all eastern Europe will be a Slav republic. But before this huge, inchoate population can become knit together into one political confederation Germany will have achieved national unity and become the arbiter of Europe.

England will be travelling slowly in the footsteps of Holland and Spain. Since the Jubilee of 1887, a year that may be regarded as the climax of her prosperity, she has gone down hill with great momentum. The change in her political ideals is a most startling one. For the England of the last century, the champion of oppressed nations, the mirror of justice, freedom, and democracy, no longer exists. Just as in ancient Rome the free democracy was finally overthrown, in Sulla's day, by the aristocracy linked with the new commercial interests, so the Commons, more and more impotent against the Lords backed up by the money powers of the nation, are falling into increasing discredit. Popular government, indeed, hardly exists; the people have voluntarily abrogated their authority, and the spirit of Imperialism, that holds Egypt and India in subjection, has cast a sombre shadow upon England herself.

France, a nation of the second rank, preserving her integrity through firm alliance with England, whose political satellite she will have become, will show slight change. Across the Mediterranean, in Tunis and Algeria, a newer France will be arising through the enterprise of her settlers, perhaps, to counterbalance those northern provinces adjoining Belgium, which, overrun with Flemish and German immigrants, will be ready to drop like a ripe fruit into the maw of her great eastern neighbor.

Denmark (losing Iceland) and Norway may be reunited under a republican form of government, and will, with Sweden, be linked in close alliance with Germany, for protection against Russia.

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HIS NAME IN THE PAPER

DRAWN [illegible] H S WATSON

A Friendly Farewell and an "Ad"

THE day the American forces evacuated Cuba, leaving the island to the government of its own people for the second time, the following amusing advertisement, which has been changed only in the name of the commodity advertised, appeared in the Havana *Post:*

GOOD BYE,
GOOD FELLOWS

of the Army and Navy of the U. S.; restorers of Republics, policemen of two Oceans and other seas, globe-trotters and relief bearers. Good bye and God bless you! And say, excuse the trouble we've given you but we promise you to do better henceforth and wont mind if you come back again, but in citizens' clothes. And listen; we'll have no more risings, honest we won't unless it be in your esteem and mornings, after a good night's rest on the great, grand and glorious Morpheus mattress. Adios, chicos!

Under the advertisement appeared the name and address of the dealers. It greatly amused the men on the battleship *Maine*, one of whom sent the clipping to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

PURITY ESSENTIAL.
In no other form of food is purity so absolutely essential as in milk products. Richness is also necessary, as without richness milk is of little value as a food. Purity and richness are the embodiment of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. As a food for infants or for general household purposes it has no equal. .°.

THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT is "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA." 25 cents a bottle .°.

Use BROWN'S Camphorated, Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the teeth. Delicious. 25 cents per Jar. .°.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SISTER'S TRICK

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How a sister played a trick that brought rosy health to a coffee fiend is an interesting tale:

"I was a coffee fiend—a trembling, nervous, physical wreck, yet clinging to the poison that stole away my strength. I mocked at Postum, and would have none of it.

"One day my sister substituted a cup of piping hot Postum for my morning cup of coffee, but did not tell me what it was. I noticed the richness of it, and remarked that the coffee tasted fine; but my sister did not tell me I was drinking Postum, for fear I might not take any more.

"She kept the secret, and kept giving me Postum instead of coffee until I grew stronger, more tireless, got a better color in my sallow cheeks and a clearness to my eyes. Then she told me of the health-giving, nerve-strengthening life-saver she had given me in place of my morning coffee. From that time I became a disciple of Postum, and no words can do justice in telling the good this rarest drink did me. I will not try to tell it, for only after having used it can one be convinced of its merits."

Ten days' trial shows Postum's power to rebuild what coffee has destroyed. "There's a Reason."

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, $1,000,000

A SEATTLE OPPORTUNITY

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WHEN the writer came to Seattle, in 1884, the population was 7000. In 1888, when we engaged in business, it was 27,000. In 1900 it was 80,671 (federal census). To-day it is between 200,000 and 300,000.

It is by all odds the leading railroad center of the Pacific coast, and will soon be the chief city of the coast, and ultimately one of the great cities of the world. It is the metropolis of the richest section of the United States, the entrepot to Alaska, the land of gold, and the shipping point to the Orient by the shortest and best trans-Pacific route. It possesses mountain and water scenery unsurpassed in Switzerland, a delightful climate, and, above all things else, is animated by "The Seattle Spirit," a spirit of enterprise and unity that overcomes all obstacles.

With a population doubling every five years since its birth, the opportunities for profitable real estate investment need no comment. Our latest subdivision is Exposition Heights, a beautiful tract sloping down to the lake front and adjoining the grounds of the State University, the site of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. It commands a charming view of Lake Washington, the Cascade Mountains, and Mount Rainier, the highest peak in the United States.

Lots 40x100 feet (some larger), with alleys, $450 to $700, with a few fine corners at $800, either cash or half cash and the balance in one and two years, or one-fourth cash and the balance $25 a month with interest. The property is located in the line of the best growth of the city, and is reached via the University car-line. Title absolutely perfect, abstracts and expert legal opinion free to all purchasers. Only one-fourth of the property to be sold at present prices.

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Exhibit of the American Company at the Al Yukon Exposition

THE exhibit of the American Woolen Company is one of the most attractive and artistic exhibits in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition. It occupies some nine hundred square feet of space, being arranged in the form of a hollow square, on all faces of which are displayed the various cloths and fabrics made by the company, and which are arranged in such a manner as to show very effectively the many styles and colorings.

A special feature has been made of the Uniform Cloths manufactured by the company. In the centre of the most prominent case of the booth is a group of figures clothed in uniforms showing different branches of the government service, while on each side are displayed a few of the many Uniform Cloths made. Particular attention is called to the Olive Drab Uniform Cloths and the new Forest Service Uniform Cloths, both of which have been adopted as standards in the government service, also the Washington Navy Serge and the Olive Auto Cloths.

In the other cases of the exhibit are shown every variety and kind of cloth used for men's wear in the United States.

The display of kerseys, overcoatings, cloakings, and similar goods is very pleasing, the beautiful colorings being finely arranged, and worsteds in fancies, mixtures, piece dyes, and manipulated effects are shown in great variety, as also an almost endless number of woolen fabrics and cloths.

In the centre space is a case containing wools, tops, and yarns showing the different stages of manufacture.

The company has a scenographic model, which is an exact reproduction in every respect of the Wood Worste Mills, making an attractive and interesting feature of the exhibit.

The company in its literature call attention to the fact that it has thirt two plants located in various pla throughout New England and N York, four of which are the larg of their kind in the world—the Wa ington Mills, the Wood Wors Mills, the Assabet Mills, and National Mills.

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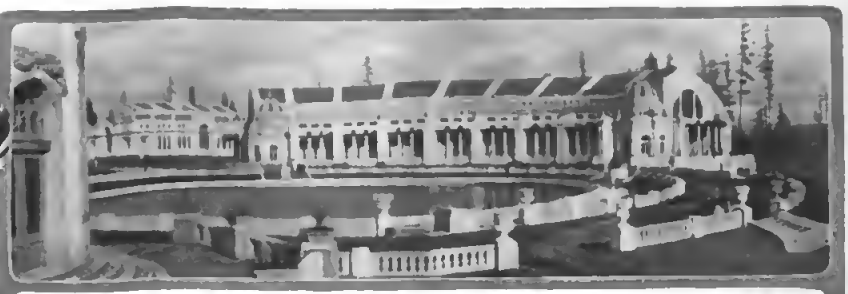

Through the Scenic Northwest

First, the sight of Minnesota and Dakota's grain-fields, after that the magnificent distances of Montana's cattle-plains and farms; then the huge, wild, forested Rockies, then Spokane, the fruit-valleys of Washington, and the towering Cascade Mountains, at the end, the

Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

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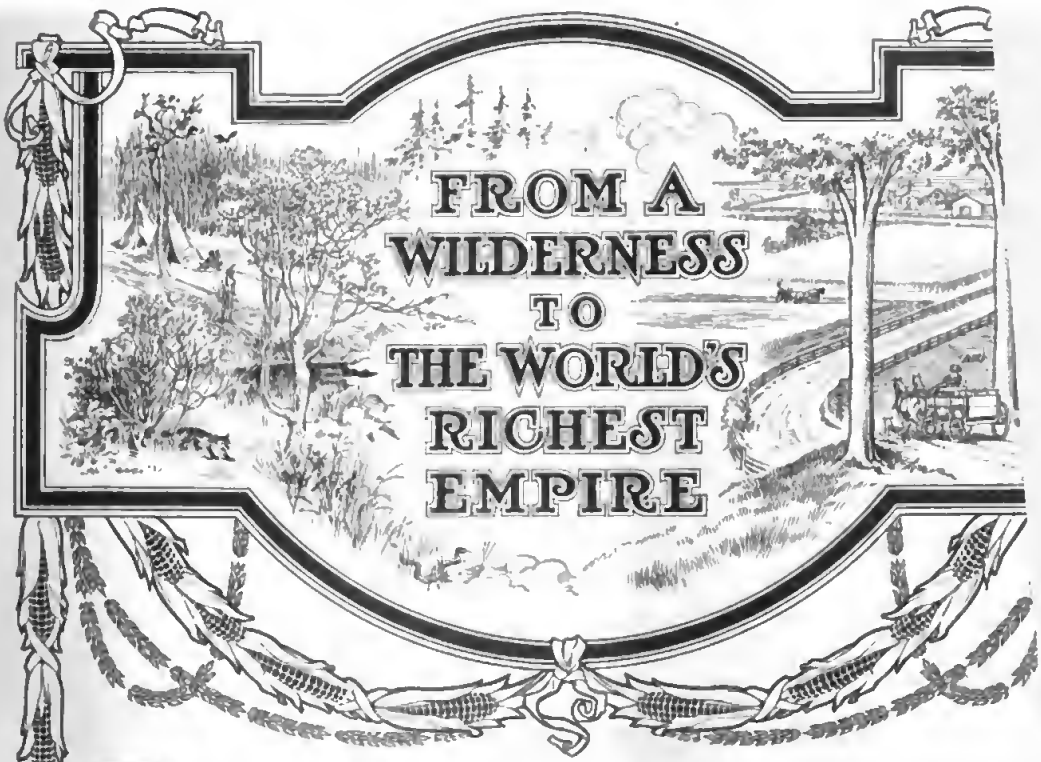

WESTWARD the [illegible] of empire [illegible] as it was in the [illegible] when the Northwest was first given to the world. [illegible] stands on the edge of the wilderness to-day, [illegible] still [illegible] which is still heard. The charm of the wilderness will linger long, but it must be lost at last. The rush of empire will change the face of nature. There must be gain in it, since it is destiny. The best of existence is bread and butter, and this reconciles us to the bleak solitary lakes, in the passing of continuous woods with the charm of their remoteness and lonely loneliness, [illegible] population gets a chance to live. Farms are developed out of deer pastures, cities are builded by the reedy lake, and all the machinery of our complex life gets into motion. We can't keep the wilderness. The Hudson Bay Company lived it, and failed. The Government is trying it in the national forests, but, when the plan is worked out, the irresistible charm of the wild wood will be gone forever. We can only go on in the way allotted us, making farms and building towns and cities, ships and stores, and happy is he who gets in on the ground floor.

In the last three quarters of a century the United States has advanced from the reaping-hook and cradle to the modern harvesting machine, from a wilderness to the world's richest empire. But how many understand that this means we have done more in a century than had been accomplished in all the preceding centuries? Less than fifty years ago the Pacific Northwest country was a wilderness. To-day the far-western states are ranked as a great empire, and there is only one way to explain this marvellous industrial development—the harvesting machine did it.

Without the harvesting-machine no such growth would have been possible. Fertile prairies and rich valleys alone could not supply our necessities. Railroads and the telegraph would only place us in a worse predicament if we had no means of harvesting the grain crops.

The Harvesting-Machine Indispensable

The farmer has all spring in which to sow his seed, and he has all winter in which to thresh the grain; but the harvest season [illegible] only a few days—the grain must be cut and put in the shock during these few days, or the labor of the whole year will be lost. Therefore the area of grain that can be grown depends upon the area that can be properly harvested. With the reaping hook and flail a very limited area could be cut, and hence it was impossible to raise more and progress was impossible. With the modern harvesting machine the farmer can easily and quickly harvest all the grain that he can grow. In the United States about 100,000,000 acres are now annually seeded to small grains—wheat, oats, rye, and barley—and another 100,000,000 acres are annually planted to corn.

Solved the Problem of Food Supply

In view of the foregoing it is not too much to say that the harvesting machine solved the problem of food supply and made our wonderful industrial progress possible. Nearly all the work on the farm is now done by machines and implements, and a large army of workmen has been released to assist in developing other branches of industry.

The remarkable achievements in commerce, transportation, and manufacture followed the introduction of the reaper, and our unlimited natural resources—including those in the great Northwest—began to be developed. During the first half of the nineteenth century we exported very little wheat and flour. The increase in our exports of these products during the last half a century has amazed the world. The construction of railroads proceeded with gigantic strides, and we have taken the lead in manufactures. This unprecedented progress in our industrial development was made possible by the harvesting machine, and this colossal achievement has not been equalled in any other department of human activity. The harvesting machine has emancipated the American farmer and lifted agriculture to the high plane of a scientific business, and, incidentally, placed the United States in the very forefront of the world's greatest powers.

United States Leads the World

The United States leads the world in the manufacture of agricultural machines and implements. We have more capital invested in the industry, and in every particular the machines excel those made in other countries. Among the largest manufacturers in this country may be mentioned the International Harvester Company, which supplies a considerable percentage of the machines required to harvest the grain crops of the world. The company has thirteen manufacturing plants, four of which are located in Chicago, the plants in that city representing the largest productive capacity in the world devoted to the manufacture of harvesting machines, agricultural implements, binder-twine, and knitted lines. The output includes binders, reapers, headers, header-binders, rice-binders, mowers, corn-binders, huskers and shredders, hay rakes, hay tedders, sweep-rakes, hay-stackers, hay-presses, knife grinders, binder-twine, wagons, cream-separators, silage implements, gasoline-engines, manure-spreaders, and automobiles, together with duplicate parts of all machines and implements sufficient to keep the company's large number of branch houses well stocked with repairs, so that the farmer may be accommodated with extra parts when they are needed.

A Great Industry

In the manufacture of its products, the company combines so many factors and upon so vast a scale that it may be said to represent in the highest degree the unparalleled industrial progress of the United States. In addition to its manufacturing plants the company owns its own forests, coal and iron mines, blast-furnaces, and steel-mills. In these the iron-ore from the North and timber from the South are transformed into many different kinds of agricultural machines, hundreds of thousands of which are required for each year's harvest, and in the twine-mills whirling spindles twist more than 70,000 tons of twine to bind the grain crops. Millions of dollars have been spent to make the manufacturing plants as automatic as the inventive genius of man can make them. The company pays more than one million dollars a month to its army of employees, and in order that the machines may be kept abreast with the times in improvements a large staff of skilled inventors and designers is employed. Central warehouses are established in more than one hundred cities for distributing the company's product throughout the United States and Canada, and there are foreign agencies in every part of the civilized world.

Agriculture Basis of Wealth

It is becoming more and more generally understood that the prosperity of the country depends wholly upon the prosperity of the farmer, therefore anything that enables the farmer to achieve larger results directly affects the wealth of the whole nation. The International Harvester Company employs twenty-five thousand workmen to build machines and implements designed to assist the farmer in growing larger crops. The modern self-binder easily accomplishes the work that would require from ten to fifteen men to do in the old way. Thus it will be seen that modern agricultural machines have not only released from the farm an army of workmen that can go into the mines and mills, but the machines make it possible for the agriculturist to cultivate larger areas and harvest heavier crops. The large increase in the number of farms clearly establishes this fact, and shows how rapidly we have moved forward from a wilderness to our present advanced position. The number of farms in 1850 was less than one million and a half; to-day we have nearly six million farms, more than one million of which were brought under cultivation during the last ten years, the increase in acreage during the same period amounting to nearly four hundred million acres. Inasmuch as agriculture is the basis of our commercial supremacy, any industry that encourages farmers to adopt more profitable methods materially assists in substituting the prosperity of the whole country.

Finance

CAN WE SPARE THE GOLD WE ARE LOSING?

By Franklin Escher

THE fact that the thermometer happens to be out of order and unaffected by the temperature will hardly keep most of us from noticing that a room is becoming too hot or too cold; no more will the fact that the money market has so far remained unaffected by the great quantity of gold we are losing deceive the observant man into the idea that the loss of all this gold is of no consequence. The money market, ordinarily a pretty fair thermometer of our financial temperature, may have become so choked up with supplies of unwanted bank notes that its efficiency as an indicator has become impaired, but this will hardly keep the man who is accustomed to look a little but ahead of him from seeing things as they actually are.

The shipment of great quantities of actual money from one country to another seems always to arouse very general popular interest, added to at the present time by the more specific interest of business men and investors who have come to realize what great proportions the outflow of gold from the United States has already attained. For nearly a year, now, the movement has been against us, and during that time we have shipped out gold to Europe and the Argentine amounting to nearly $100,000,000. In the meantime, owing to the volume of bank-note circulation and the great amount of money made idle by the depressed conditions of trade, the loss of the gold we have sent out has been absolutely unreflected in the money market. To claim, however, that we can spare any such amount of gold without feeling the ill effects later on, is little short of openly expressing the pessimistic belief that a decided trade revival is not near at hand.

But however much we may later on miss the gold which we so cheerfully parted with during the greater part of last year, the question now is rather of the causes and effects of the present efflux. We have sent out direct to London, during the past few months, a sum of gold greater than the whole amount we have sent to London during the past eight years. At the same time we have been sending to Argentina a sum very much in excess of the total of any full year's movement to that country. Altogether, since the first of January, we have shipped away nearly $35,000,000 of our gold.

These are big figures and suggest that if this outflow is to be continued much longer, the financial markets of now, as well as the commercial markets of later on, may have an unpleasant factor with which to deal. What are the reasons of the present outgo of gold and what are the prospects of its continuance?

The first reason which suggests itself is naturally concerned with the merchandise movement. There has been a decline in our exports during the first eight months of the fiscal year, beginning last June, of nearly $200,000,000. During that time imports have decreased in the inconsiderable sum of $24,000,000, leaving us $176,000,000 worse off than last year so far as the balance of trade in our favor is concerned. Now the merchandise movement is recognized as being no longer the controlling influence on the outflow or inflow of gold which it was once thought to be. At the same time it is as true now as it ever was that most of the supply of foreign exchange originates from merchandise exports, and that when merchandise exports are small the supply of exchange will be small. Exchange in small supply naturally makes for high rates. If the demand for exchange becomes sufficiently urgent, gold has to go out.

So much for the question of the small supply of exchange. From what sources springs the urgent demand which is responsible for the continued gold exports? From two sources—first from the necessity of our making payment for American securities which the foreign holders have been selling back to us; and second, from the fact that money has become so overplentiful here that there has been a continuous demand for exchange with which to transfer balances to foreign points where they can be employed to better advantage.

With regard to this question of foreign sales of American securities, it is coming to be recognized more and more how the foreigners utilized the period of high prices after election to sell out a larger part of their holdings of "Americans" than has been generally thought. The degree of optimism regarding the business outlook which obtained here between election and Christmas was by no means equalled on the other side of the water. To the foreign mind it was only another case of American overenthusiasm, and one of which they were in a position to take a practical advantage by selling us back our stocks at high prices. Between the first week in November and the middle of February the movement went on continuously, the high level of foreign exchange reflecting plainly the great demand for exchange with which to pay for what we were taking off the foreigners' hands.

While no figures are available as to the extent of this repurchase of our stocks, the mere fact that in spite of all the bonds we were selling abroad exchange remained so consistently high, shows very plainly that we were making payment for a very large amount of something. And that something was no less than a very large volume of American stocks. Here we were, placing tens of millions of our newly created bonds on the other side, and yet all the foreign exchange which these operations brought into existence was inadequate to supply the demand. Here were two extra counter forces in operation. We were selling bonds in Europe, and thus creating great *supplies* of foreign exchange. On the other hand, we were buying back our stocks from Europe, and that was creating a great *demand* for exchange. Now, the demand greatly exceeding the supply, it follows that, large as we know our sales of bonds abroad to have been, the amount of our stocks dumped back on us must have been even larger.

If the year-long outflow of gold, however, were due only to the necessity of our making payment for stocks we had bought, there would be little necessity for regarding the loss of gold as an event of serious economic importance. But, unfortunately, the question of the repurchase of our securities is only one of the reasons for one part of the great gold outflow. What has counted above everything, what has really been at the bottom of the whole export movement, is the fact that money has become unhealthily cheap that we have been literally sending away our gold because we didn't know what to do with it here.

Economists are at present talking very learnedly about a law, formulated by one Gresham, regarding the "extrusion" of the better by the worse circulating medium. Translated into plain English that means that when the volume of a mixed currency like ours becomes too great for the needs of business, gold will be driven out by the bank note circulation. And that is literally what is happening at the present time, was happening all through last year, and what makes the big loss of gold we are sustaining a matter of practical interest to every business man and investor in the country.

Since the heyday of our prosperity in 1906 the circulation of national-bank notes has increased in the astonishing sum of $150,000,000. Called into existence by the financial disturbances which began early in 1907, and more particularly by the low price of the bonds on which they are secured, these notes have shown only the slightest response to the very much lessened demand for them. That the $620,000,000 of bank-notes in the country at present constitute a volume of currency much greater than there is any need for, is something which is generally admitted. And that, in view of the way in which our currency is constituted is little less than admission that the presence of all these unneeded notes is positively harmful.

For it is due to this enormous increase in the volume of bank notes that money conditions are in their present unhealthy state, and it is due to the present state of the money market that gold in such large quantity is going out. For a year, now, money has been steadily flowing from the country into the reserve cities, which in turn have been sending it along to New York in order to earn the two per cent. which the banks here usually pay for inland deposits. The money comes to New York because there is no use for it in the interior, but there is no more real use for it here than there is there. Still, the banks are paying interest on it, and so they have to cast about for some way to loan it out and make it earn its keep.

For a long time, now, the foreign markets here offered a more profitable field for lending operations than our own, and as a result there has been a steady flow of this unusable capital to London and Paris. It is worth while to pause for a moment and note the true meaning of such a condition. This is money which belongs in the interior of the United States, and should properly be in use to carry on the business of those sections. But because the volume of currency has become so unwieldy that a setback in business causes the notes to come pouring into New York, New York in self-defence has to send away the money to some foreign city where it can be made to earn its interest.

But worst of all, it is not the undesirable and unwanted bank-notes which are sent out of the country, but gold, which forms none too large a part of the total of our circulating medium. If more currency comes pouring into New York than the banks know what to do with, the shifting of the balances to foreign markets begins at once, not with bank notes but with bills of exchange, and finally, gold.

In other words, too many bank-notes displace gold. And that is exactly what is going on now. More bank-notes are in existence than there is any possible demand for, and as a result the better part of our circulating medium is being steadily crowded out. We are rich in gold, and when the necessity arises can well afford to send away large quantities, but the present case is no necessity. It is nothing else than an excellent illustration of how our foolish currency system creates conditions which are more than likely to result in money trouble later in the year.

The idea that the fact that money rates have remained low right along shows that we can well afford to lose the gold we have sent out, is based upon a total misconception as to the constitution of our currency. Carried to its logical end that theory would be that as long as the banks printed their notes fast enough we could go ahead and export all the gold in the country without doing any harm. In that case after a while we should have a currency composed entirely of national-bank notes and greenbacks. Such an idea is manifestly absurd. Gold in this country is the real basis of currency and credit, and not only do we need all the gold we have in the country now, but we need all the gold which is being produced, and all the gold which is being so foolishly crowded out.

Later on, when [illegible] need will become very much more pressing than it is now. This is a country of quick change, and a general revival of business take place and money [illegible] quickly in demand. First the rural sections and the small towns will be calling upon the larger cities for currency, and then the latter will begin to draw on New York. If in the meantime New York has banked these deposits in London, it may take time and a disagreeably high rate for money before the gold can be brought back.

What can be done about it? Little, until two conditions are changed. The first is the creation of such quantities of bank-notes at a time when their existence does very much more harm than good. The second is the payment of interest by the New York banks on "country-bank deposits," the system which draws money here and heaps it up in the banks at times when it is all but unlendable. That slack business in the interior should release money and make rates low is terrible, but that it should then come streaming into New York, from there to be redistributed among the banking centres of Europe, in one of the most remarkable phenomena of our remarkable currency system.

F. Z.—Will you please explain how a "short sale" is made? (2) When a broker sells stock short for me, who makes the interest on the money he gets?

To take an actual case, suppose you tell your broker to sell 100 shares of something at 105. He sells the stock and gets a check for $10,500. In order to deliver the stock he has sold he has to borrow the stock, and in order to borrow it he has to put up the $10,500. The interest he receives on this money he keeps himself.

K. V.—The extent of the rise in Wisconsin Central has been very great. Will you please tell me through your financial column just how much it has been, and whether you think it is justified?

As late as July of last year the common sold at 16 7-8, and the preferred at 39 1-2. The former is now around 50, and the latter above 80. These are big advances, it is true, but in the meantime, it must be remembered, the road has become a subsidiary of Canadian Pacific, and will be used to give that system the entrance into Chicago it has tried so long to get.

C. W.—Is there any authoritative source from which I can get the figures for the amount of copper on hand?

The newly formed Copper Producers' Association issues what are probably the most reliable figures obtainable. The figures come out about the tenth of the month. They show that on January 1st there were on hand, in this country, 122,000,000 pounds; on February 1st, 144,000,000 pounds; and on March 1st, 175,000,000 pounds. It is feared that the next report will show over 200,000,000 pounds on hand.

T. L.—If here in Montreal they are claiming that the putting through of the Grand Trunk Pacific to the coast will mean such a development in gold-mining as will add enough to the world's gold supply to depreciate the metal in value. Is there any sense in this? Can you tell me the government's tax on production?

Gold deposits in northern British Columbia are known to be large, but we doubt very much whether the opening of the railroad will stimulate production to a degree sufficient to have any influence on the world's supply. We understand that the government levies a tax of two per cent. on all gold mined in the Dominion.

L. H.—What is your opinion of the New American Ice Company's 5 per cent. first and general mortgage bonds from an investment point of view?

The bonds will yield an attractive income and appear to be amply secured. The mortgage of $3,000,000 is said to cover as a first charge real property which is either now unencumbered or from which all encumbrances will be removed by application of the proceeds of the bonds, amounting to an estimated value of $3,273,800; and is to be a general lien, subject to existing encumbrances, on substantially the remainder of said company's property and rights.

C. C. E.—In your article on "Treasury Deficit and Tariff Revision" you say, "That the old Dingley schedules need to be thoroughly overhauled is something on which every one seems to agree." Permit me to say that I don't agree, and that I should like to have you give me just one good reason as to why the tariff need be meddled with at all?

Without entering on any long argument, it may be said that the one great reason why the Dingley tariff needs to be radically changed is that there has been a complete change in business conditions in this country since the present tariff went into effect.

B. C.—How does the present price of copper compare with the price made during the panic? It seems difficult to get the figures, and I should be obliged if you would give them to me.

Copper may have been sacrificed at private sale during the panic, but we should say that the low price on electrolytic could be called 11 3-4 cents.

C. S. T.—I see that wage reductions among the independent steel companies are becoming very general. How can the big company make steel in competition?

The Steel Corporation is entrenched much more firmly than its competitors, but can hardly keep on paying the old scale of wages very long after they have been in generally reduced everywhere else.

V. C. I.—Am thinking of putting quite some money into Baltimore and Ohio or into Atchison. Which do you favor?

Atchison. Baltimore and Ohio is a more seasoned stock, undoubtedly, but Atchison is a strong, growing road in a growing territory. Harriman and Hill activities in the Southwest speak well for the development of that country—make it seem not improbable, indeed, that the new field will be developed just as the Northwest was developed.

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Power Station, Dallas Electric Light and Power Company
Power Station, The Lowell Electric Light Corporation
Extension Harvard, Charlestown and Lincoln Wharf Power Stations, Boston Elevated Railway Company
Reconstruction of Gas and Electric Plants, Baton Rouge Electric Company
Georgetown Power Station, The Seattle Electric Company
The White Building, Metropolitan Building Co. of Seattle
The Henry Building, Metropolitan Building Co. of Seattle
Reconstruction and Extension of Power Station, Pawtucket Electric Company
Puyallup Water Power Development, Puget Sound Power Co.
Power Station, The Columbus Power Company, Columbus, Georgia
Nooksack River Water Power Development, Whatcom County Railway & Light Company
Interurban Railway, Terre Haute to Clinton and Power Station Extension, Terre Haute Traction & Light Company
Interurban Railway, Terre Haute to Sullivan, Terre Haute Traction & Light Company
Taylor's Falls Water Power Development, The Minneapolis General Electric Company
Hauser Lake Water Power Development, United Missouri River Power Company
Wolf Creek Water Power Development Capital City Improvement Company
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Launching a New Steamboat for the Hudson

THE *Robert Fulton*, the splendid new steamboat of the Hudson River Day Line, was launched upon the Delaware River at Camden, New Jersey, on March 20th, her sponsor being Miss Anita Merle-Smith, granddaughter of Commodore Alfred Van Santvoord, the founder of the Day Line. The boat was christened with water from the famous spring at Clermont-on-Hudson, where Robert Fulton often quenched his thirst.

The keel of the *Robert Fulton* was laid on January 16th of the present year, and the rapidity of construction was made possible because the entire work was done under cover, thus avoiding any delays

The "Robert Fulton" taking the water

caused by inclement winter weather. She is 348 feet long, 56 feet wide over guards and 12 feet 9 inches in depth of hold. Her engine will develop 3,850 horse-power, and her propulsion will be by side wheels with feathering buckets.

The interior decoration of the new boat will be most appropriate and artistic. Mural paintings will illustrate early scenes of river life on the Hudson the epoch making events together with portraits of the men prominent in the development of steam navigation.

The *Robert Fulton* has four decks and accommodations for 4,000 passengers. She is expected to be in operation between New York and Albany by May 29th.

The Comforts

Each day I touch the little things
That she was wont to wear—
Her glove, her shoe, the silken snood
That bound her shining hair

How can it be that she is gone,
When these unfaded stay,
As fragrant of her charm as on
The hour she went away?

Sometimes I half forget, and as
I pull the latchet-string
I think how glad I'll be to hear
Her word of welcoming

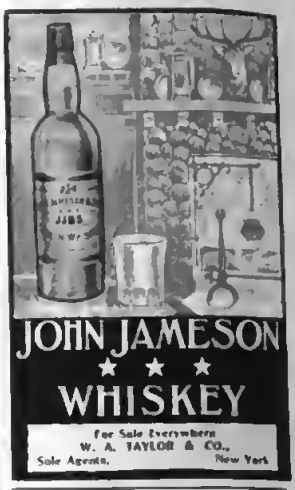
And when the wakening is more,
Than any poor heart can bear,
I touch again each little thing
That she was wont to wear

CHARLOTTE RUCKER.

The Origin of the Check

London fogs have world-wide reputation. It is but fair, therefore, to credit them with any circumstance to their advantage. At the beginning of last century, owing to the pea soup atmosphere which even then obtained, the robberies of messengers with cash became so frequent that business men in self-defence had to devise a remedy.

They invented the check, which did away with the necessity of carrying sums of money on the person, and thus put a stop to the perquisites of snatch thieves.



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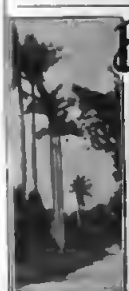

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The New Ministers to Spain and Argentine

Among the first appointments of United States envoys made by Secretary of State Knox were those of Henry C.

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Henry C. Ide

Ide as minister to Spain, and Charles H. Sherrill as minister to the Argentine Republic. Mr Ide was formerly the first

Charles H. Sherrill

governor of the Philippines; Mr. Sherrill has practised law in New York City, and was on the staff of former Governor Higgins

Preserving Life or Regulations?

The German army is noted for its splendid discipline, and the new recruit learns immediately that the strictest obedience to orders is his principal duty. The command of a superior is absolute law, and never to be questioned. However, the inflexible rigidity of this system often has been criticised because the private soldier gradually ceases to think or have an idea of his own, and becomes purely an automaton, directed entirely by his commanding officer. Of course such discipline is admirable in the ordinary routine of military affairs, but when the exceptional and unexpected occurs the soldier is often caught off his guard and is unable to rise to the emergency.

During the past winter there was recorded an extraordinary example of the effect of German military training as displayed by a soldier on duty near Bromberg. The man was posted as a sentry, and was stationed close by Sensburg Lake, which was frozen over at the time. Herr Arthur Kriede, a prominent landowner of that locality, who happened to be skating on this lake, broke through the ice when only a few yards from the bank. As the unfortunate man clung to the edge of the ice and vainly tried to draw himself out of the water he shouted for help to the sentry, who had witnessed the accident, but the latter refused to render assistance. The military regulations positively forbid a sentry to leave his post under any circumstances, and, since the soldier in question could not give aid to the drowning man without infringing the regulations, Kriede perished before his eyes. The tragedy of it all was that there were several long poles lying near the water's edge, and the sentry need only have run down the bank, extended a pole to the drowning man, and have drawn him to safety.

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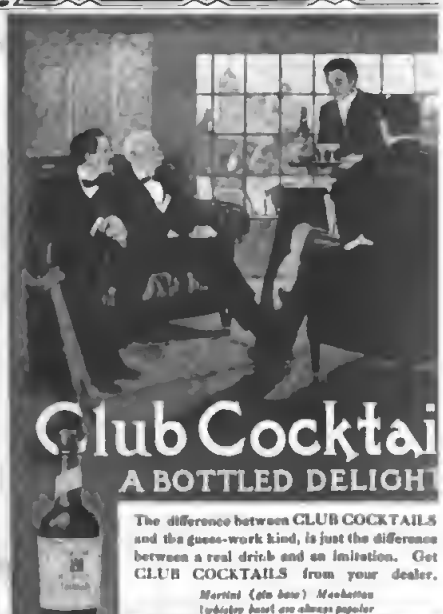

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

INDUSTRIAL NUMBER

April 10 1909

Price 10 Cents

Summary of 64th Annual Report

OF THE

New-York Life Insurance Co.

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, President.

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Exclusive of Revivals and Increase in Old Policies

*$139,384,700

*This new paid business is exclusive of over Eighteen Millions of increase in Insurance-in-force by way of miscellaneous additions during the year 1908.

TOTAL ADMITTED ASSETS,

$557,286,671

TOTAL PAID-FOR INSURANCE IN FORCE, JAN. 1, 1909

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The Company's Expenses for New Business in 1908 were 87.6% of the amount allowable for New Business under Section 97 of the Insurance Law of New York, and its Total Insurance Expenses were 54.4% of the amount allowable for Total Insurance Expenses.

Balance Sheet, January 1, 1909.

ASSETS.

1. Real Estate	$12,645,993.97
2. Loans on Mortgages	58,706,413.36
3. Loans on Policies	87,316,641.44
4. Loans on Collateral	500,000.00
5. Bonds (market vals. Dec. 31, 1908)	375,516,651.02
6. Cash	9,124,131.44
7. Renewal Premiums	7,413,992.69
8. Interest and Rents due and accrued	6,062,846.84
Total,	$557,286,670.76

LIABILITIES.

1. Policy Reserve	$459,209,411.0
2. Other Policy Liabilities	6,357,583.5
3. Premiums and Interest prepaid	2,763,130.8
4. Commissions, Salaries, etc.	1,011,983.3
5. Dividends payable in 1909	7,602,905.1
6. Additional Reserve on Policies	3,129,402.0
7. Reserve for deferred Dividends	67,181,561.0
8. Reserves for other purposes	10,030,693.8
Total,	$557,286,670.7

INCOME, 1908.

Premiums:		
On New Policies	$5,424,856.35	
On Renewed Policies	72,069,813.64	
Annuities, etc.	964,255.31	$78,458,925.30
Real Estate Rentals		1,032,739.55
Interest on Mortgages		2,363,915.99
Interest on Policy Loans		4,414,464.94
Interest on Collateral Loans		34,861.11
Interest on Bonds		15,238,937.53
Interest on Bank Deposits		264,222.12
Other Interest		3,045.62
Other Income		624,882.13
Total,		$102,435,994.29

DISBURSEMENTS, 1908.

Payments to Policy-holders:		
Death Losses	$22,131,290.77	
To Living Policy-holders,	27,059,967.63	$49,191,25
Paid to Beneficiaries under instalment contracts,		154,801.8
Commissions on New Business		2,447,491.9
Renewal Com'ns and Other Pay'ts to Agents		1,572,468.1
Medical Examination and Agency Supervision		692,919.9
Branch Office Salaries		1,630,045.0
Home Office Salaries		1,401,672.0
Taxes, Licenses and Insurance Dept. Fees		962,385.2
Rent and Real Estate Taxes and Expenses		1,011,043.4
General Expenses and Profit and Loss		1,107,923.2
For Reserves to meet Policy Obligations		42,263,985.0
Total,		$102,435,994.2

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LIII New York, April 10, 1909 No 2729

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MR. HARRIMAN'S OPTIMISTIC RETURN

Mr. E. H. Harriman returned to New York on April 1st, from a three months' tour of the South and West. To the newspaper representatives who met him he expressed optimistic views concerning the country's immediate future, and requested them, since it was April-Fool's Day, to "Line Up," and allow themselves to be photographed by Mrs. Robert Goelet, who, in this picture, stands beside him

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

The Sayings of Harriman

On a most alert mailbox, Mr. Edward H. Harriman, returned to this town last week after having travelled ten thousand miles or more through the West and Mexico. He was as spry as a cricket, and weighed 136 pounds, mostly brains and energy. Also, in the language of the reporters, he talked freely. In fact, he had indulged his recent liking for loquacity at various stopping-places, and some of his remarks had been twisted to such an extent that he welcomed an opportunity to make corrections. For instance, he hadn't said that he was "going to build" a railroad in Mexico, because he has already done $25,000,000 worth of construction there, and is still digging away. Not so many years ago the expenditure of that amount of money would have attracted some attention, but such big things are constantly being done nowadays that nobody had heard anything about it. Then, too, he had referred, not to the United States Senate, but to a United States Senator, as "inebriated," and to a State Attorney-General, not the United States Attorney-General, as "subservient." Why he should have taken so much pains to deprive the wonderful Corsican of an accurate characterization we have no means of finding out. Besides, it doesn't matter. But we think Mr. Harriman errs when he attributes the bad business condition of 1907 to "a subservient court's decision." Judge Landis did not crook the pregnant hinges of the knee. He was out for himself, not for Roosevelt, and made a bold dash for frenzied popularity, somewhat to his subsequent discomfiture as a lawyer and a judge.

Railways and Politics

What Mr. Harriman had to say about the relations of the State and Federal administrations to the railroad corporations was not new, but was put rather more pithily than usual. In a nutshell, the weaker lines need the superior credit of the strong companies to enable them to get money for improvements; consequently, agreements to that end should be permitted instead of being prohibited, as at present, by the Sherman Act. Sentiment has become more favorable to the railroads, but the restrictive laws enacted by the States while they were being egged on by President Roosevelt and Secretary Root still stand; so there will be nothing doing for the present in Georgia and Texas, although those are two of the States most in need of better transportation facilities. Mr. Harriman has no objection to "regulation by a qualified arm of the government"; in fact, he thinks it ought to be had; but he wants it to be truly and sanely regulative, not ignorantly and blatantly antagonistic. The anti-rebate law he considers all right if it be impartially enforced, but he fails to see how general observance of the provision can be brought about so long as the many parties in interest are forbidden to enter into agreements to that end. All of which seems to be as sensible as it is frank. We shouldn't wonder if the sayings of Harriman would begin to have effect in Washington as well as in State capitals after a while. There is no reason why they shouldn't have. He has great power for good, if not for evil, and knows what he is about. Last year his railways carried one billion four hundred million passengers and six billion five hundred million tons of freight one mile. Moreover, achievement long since supplanted money-making as his chief incentive to endeavor, and incidentally his former ingenuous friend who "will never forgive him"—for what?—is no longer on the spot, blunderbuss in hand, eager to pounce upon his human prey for the gratification of a vengeful spirit and the rousing of the vox populi, vox humbug.

Dr. Eliot

Mr. Harriman's rival as an expounder of matters which the public ought to know is President Eliot. Dr. Eliot also is fluent, and, just now, talks more than Mr. Harriman and over a much wider range of topics. He is an expert in education, and talks oftenest to educators, but he has definite opinions on pretty much everything that concerns human life and social relations, and he does not care who knows what they are. That he is right in all his views is not likely, but he is a very wise man indeed, and when he seems to have said an inconsiderate thing it usually turns out that he has been misreported. He is a stimulating voice in the world. To disagree with what he is reported to have said is often easy, but to disagree with what he actually has said is a useful exercise requiring thought and knowledge.

The papers say Dr. Eliot has declined the ambassadorship which President Taft offered him; but he says himself that he has not decided yet. He should not be urged to take it, gratifying as his acceptance would be. As far as he is concerned, there would be nothing to gain by being our ambassador at London, and the burdens of the job might tire him out. To a man of seventy-five the choice of service should be left absolutely free. If he still has strength to work, let him work and so be the happier, but it is not to be expected that he shall have surplus vigor to spend on concerns of comparative futility. Franklin was seventy when he went to France for the last time, and seventy-nine when he returned to be President of Pennsylvania and help in framing the Constitution. But to continue in age labors to which one has been accustomed is a different matter from undertaking an entirely new employment.

Excitement Wanted

We wish President Taft or somebody would get excited over that libelling of the government's brother-in-law and give the court proceedings a push. Brother Joseph Pulitzer's appeals to stand fast for the Freedom of the Press are running to empty'n's.

The Real Tariff Issue

Tariff schedules are complicated, but the main question in our present tariff-making is simple. Shall the American people have any substantial relief from the outrageous tribute they now pay, in the form of high prices, to the protected industries? That is the real issue. That has been the issue at every tariff-making since the war, and every time—the Wilson-Gorman case not excepted—the selfishness of the protected few has found ways to prevail against the rights and interests of the millions out of whose pockets the protection comes. It is the protectors who appear to be in most need of protection. Certain proposed reductions of duties in the Payne bill have given them hope; but as one little joker after another is found hidden away in the schedules, that original hope lessens. As we see the same old predatory forces lining up, and hear the same old sophisms of greed, we begin to fear that even the slight concessions which the bill makes may be withdrawn. We remember that the Senate usually writes the tariff bill that passes, and that the House's disregard of the unpractical consumer, who wishes to live more cheaply, is as nothing to the Senate's contempt for people absurd enough to object to being robbed.

Protection a Misnomer

The fact is, the word protection, as applied to our present way of making tariffs, has long been a misnomer. We have got beyond what it stood for. It stood originally for a kind of principle, which, logically carried out, would of itself set some limit to the rates. The only principle discernible in our recent tariff struggles is

> The simple plan,
> That they should take, who have the power,
> And they should keep who can.

But this applies only to the scramble at Washington. For, if we look at the whole matter by and large, the consumers, being the vast majority, have the power to get proper treatment. Yet ordinarily they hardly get even a respectful hearing. There is no denying that the fault is in large measure their own. In the present instance, we would again point out that it is not yet too late for the people to make their will felt in Congress. The mails are open. Public meetings have not lost their effectiveness. There were never so many printing presses at work, and probably a majority of the newspapers lean to the side of common honesty—all the more decidedly since they have had their own little object-lesson from the paper trust. We believe American public opinion to be more intelligent, more alert and responsive to straightforward appeals, than ever before. Let it be brought to bear. If that means delaying the bill, let it be delayed. We are not unmindful of the advantages of expedition. But better delay and a decent law than haste and another abomination, which would be followed, sooner or later, by another agitation, and another suspense of business.

Wanted, an Opposition

If one asks why the consumer's side is not better presented at Washington, a wave of the hand toward the Democratic side of the House is the sufficient answer. There sit the accredited representatives of the great historical party whose chief glory is its long tradition of championship of the consumer's cause. Yet not one really able speech has yet come from the opposition. Worse than that; the log-rolling seems actually to have begun on that side of the House before the bill was even introduced. Cannon won his fight against the insurgents in his own party by the help of Democratic disaffection; and the price may be paid in legislation as well as in committee assignments. Alleged Democrats are openly announcing that since the game is grab they propose to get what they can for their districts. Mr. Underwood, of Alabama, next to leader Clark the ranking Democratic member of the Ways and Means Committee defends duties on raw materials. He sits for the Birmingham district, whose chief industries are like Pittsburg's. Mr. Broussard, of Louisiana, is accounted a protectionist, and will doubtless be heard from if anybody says "sugar." There are other instances of the way the South's solidarity helps to keep Democracy from meaning anything in particular in national affairs.

Whose is the Fault?

But the solid South is not the only reason why that great historical party's present representatives in public life are incompetent to advance effectively the one issue it has held since its birth. Why, we might also ask, is the strong tariff-reform sentiment of New England not fully voiced—or voiced only by a nominal Republican? Less than twenty years ago the Democratic party presented the cause of tariff reform to the country as ably and convincingly—and as successfully, so far as the people's votes could give success—as it ever was presented. One need only recall a few of the names of the party's leaders at that time—Cleveland, of course, and Carlisle, and Mills, and Wilson, and the two Russells and Patrick A. Collins, in Massachusetts, and Bayard and Gray in Delaware, and—but it is really depressing to go on with the list, and then have to stop and try to remember who were the leading Democratic orators last autumn. The responsibility for the change rests mainly on the shoulders of William J. Bryan, of Nebraska. It is his fault if his party has forgotten how to defend its faith.

Hughes as an Object Lesson

What the right sort of opposition could accomplish, even now, by going straight to the people, one can imagine by simply imagining Governor Hughes a tariff-reform Democrat. We wish he were—if that wouldn't prevent his being Governor of New York. What he has done, and is doing now, by going straight to the electorate of this State, by no means the best in the country, shows conclusively, to our mind, what could have been done for tariff reform if the Democrats, under the right leadership, had gone before the voters of the entire nation and forced that issue. Why is not this the time for the men who must supplant Bryan, if the party is to regain its character, to come forward? We should like particularly to hear from Governor Harmon, of Ohio, and Governor Johnson, of Minnesota.

Meanwhile, lacking a competent opposition in Congress, the country turns its eyes to the man in the White House. The chances are only too good that in the end President Taft must face responsibility almost as great and as trying to his moral courage as that which Cleveland faced when his party deserted him on the money question. If the worst comes to the worst, we believe he will meet it with something of Cleveland's spirit.

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A Tax on Knowledge

The PAYNE tariff bill provides for a duty of twenty-five per cent. on books less than twenty years old. This item brings in a revenue of about half a million dollars a year, which is good as far as it goes, but not important, and might better be raised on something else. The tax on books hits books of substance and merit for which there is not enough demand in this country to warrant their publication here under the protection of the international copyright law. Such books—histories, biographies, memoirs, travels, scientific or philosophical works, and poetry—are expensive enough at the best, and it seems considerably inexpedient to add to the cost of them by taxation. The reading of these more substantial works ought to be encouraged. The quicker the habit of reading them is acquired by an appreciable number of our people the sooner it will be profitable to publish them here under copyright protection. A tax on good books is a tax on knowledge, and a tax on books less than twenty years old is a tax on news in the world of learning. A scientific book twenty years old may still be interesting as a curiosity, but it is apt to be too much out of date to be of value to students.

What Would Lucius Take to Free Us?

It is conservatively estimated that every day of delay in the enactment of the tariff bill into law costs the people of the United States at least $10,000,000.—Mr. Congressman TAWNEY *as reported.*

Bang goes the price of a *Dreadnought* every day we wait! It makes legislation very costly. In the end it may seem economical to buy the country's freedom from the chains of high protection, just as it would once have been a vast economy to buy the freedom of all the slaves. How much, for example, would LUCIUS LITTAUER take in behalf of himself and Johnstown to let the tariff down on gloves, instead of poking it up? A wonderful man, LUCIUS LITTAUER; he can get things done. ROOSEVELT discovered that in Albany ten years ago. LUCIUS has now undertaken to make the women of the country do something handsome for Johnstown. No doubt they will.

A Sort of Democrat

While I am a Democrat from surface to core, I am a protectionist.—Congressman HANSON.

You can't be a Democrat from surface to core and be a protectionist. You can be a sort of a Democrat, and that's all. Nobody can blame you, though, young as you are, for thinking differently, or supposing that there is no connection between the Democratic party and any particular set of political convictions.

Cleveland Took Early Notice

We *have* changed the subject. It is GROVER CLEVELAND we are talking about in this paragraph, not his successor once removed. But this is what Mr. GEORGE F. PARKER, writing in *McClure's*, reports Mr. CLEVELAND to have said about that successor, very soon after he went into office: "ROOSEVELT is the most perfectly equipped and the most effective politician that far seen in the Presidency. JACKSON, JEFFERSON, and VAN BUREN were not for a moment comparable with him in this respect." And this is what, according to the same authority, RICHARD OLNEY says Mr. CLEVELAND said ten years earlier—away back in 1893, when he and his Cabinet were discussing the appointment of a new president of the Civil Service Commission: "I have known this young man ROOSEVELT since 1884, and I tell you that, without exception, he is the most ambitious man and the most consummate politician I have ever seen." What we wish to remark is the many evidences that CLEVELAND'S fame is growing all the time. Of that fierce detraction which he long endured so sedately we hardly catch a single echo nowadays. As each successive contribution is made to our knowledge of his life, it offers fresh reasons not for admiration merely, but for a very human liking. One set of his detractors would have had us believe him stupid, though well-meaning. Time has justified most of his judgments about public questions, and now we have, apparently, an instance of penetration in judging men which enabled him to get ahead of the rest of the country by about fifteen years.

Germany, England, and Russia

It seems to be accepted news in London that Germany, on March 25th, sent peremptory orders to Russia to recognize Austria's annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and that the orders were promptly, though most unwillingly, obeyed. There followed profound humiliation and wrath in Russia, and in England consternation. Seeing Russia cowed by the strong hand, England wonders if her turn will come next, and clamors for more *Dreadnoughts*. The *Dreadnought* situation grows serious. These vessels of offence cost ten million dollars apiece. England has one completed, and will complete two more this year and three next year. Germany has none now ready for use, but will complete two this year and five next year. Nothing counts for much against *Dreadnoughts* but *Dreadnoughts*. England and Germany are building them against each other. In 1911 England expects to have fourteen or sixteen of them, but Germany, unless she increases her programme or is building them on the sly, will have no more than ten.

Putting Up the Price of Peace

To build these tools of war is only less serious than not to have them. Mr. LEWIS NIXON points out in the New York *Times* that the superseding of two-million-dollar battleships by ten-million-dollar ones makes a very grave increase in the cost of peace, and very soon, he thinks, and unless something checks present tendencies, there will be 30,000-ton battleships that will cost fifteen million dollars. The reader and observer is invited to compute for himself how long this sort of thing can go on, and how soon war will begin to look cheaper to England than peace. Who live by the sword shall perish by the sword, but quicker by the *Dreadnought*. What shall destroy the *Dreadnoughts* before they devour civilization? Mr. NIXON suggests a machine, liable to invention any day, that will enable one battleship to discharge enough electricity to kill everybody aboard another ship five miles off. Then there is a good deal doing in air-ships, and DE LE BOX, in Paris, predicts that Hertzian waves will presently make war impossible, but maybe not for a generation or two. Meanwhile there may be an intervention of common sense. But what an extraordinary stew of fears and hates Europe is getting into! It recalls Professor FERRERO'S admiration of this country's good fortune in being comparatively free from political hatreds.

The Country in Suspense

The *World* is still "gratified at having been first to urge Mr. TAFT" to appoint Dr. ELIOT ambassador to St. James'. Oh, well, let it go at that. He isn't going, anyway. What we should like to know now is whom the *World* proposes to send to Paris, Berlin, Rome, and St. Petersburg.

The Slope Goes Wild Again

The dispute between the Pacific slope and the clergyman's daughter who wanted to marry a Japanese was decided, as it should have been, in favor of the young lady. Her argument was very able. Marriages between Japs and Americans seem to us considerably inexpedient, though not necessarily unequal. It is not necessary to go crazy about things that are no worse than inexpedient. The slope has got the Oriental rattles very badly indeed. It cannot seem to realize how very close a first-class Japanese comes to being a first-class human being.

Sounds Like a Good Law

The Presbyterian ministers of New York declined the invitation of the chairman of the New York Presbytery's Temperance Committee to support the bill now before the New York Legislature, which provides that the saloons in New York shall be permitted to keep open on Sundays from one o'clock in the afternoon until eleven at night. The Presbyterian ministers liked some things in the bill, but they could not endorse Sunday opening. The purpose of the bill is to abolish the Raines-law hotels and promote virtue, temperance, and honesty. The present law permits clubs and hotels to sell intoxicants on Sunday, but requires all other saloons and liquor-stores to be closed. Under that law came to abound the "Raines-law hotels," which are designed not really to do a hotel business, but merely to secure to their keepers the privilege of Sunday selling. These "hotels," as everybody knows, have been promoters of vice. It has been a hardship for decent saloon-keepers to have to set up fake hotels in order to get Sunday privileges, and it has been contrary to the interests of public morals to have them do it. Besides that, the other saloons which were not fake hotels have been under constant temptation to sell on Sunday, contrary to law, and the police have been under constant temptation to receive bribes to let them do it. All that has been very bad. The new law, which the Presbyterians were invited to support, would do away with all that. It also provides for a gradual reduction in the number of saloon licenses by issuing no new ones until the proportion of saloons to the population shall be one to a thousand persons. At present it is three times as high as that—one to three hundred people—and there are far more saloons than can be honestly and decently conducted with profit. The plan is not to cancel without reason any existing license, but to issue no more until by cancellation for cause (law-breaking), or by voluntary surrender, the number of saloon licenses has been reduced to the proportion above named.

And Can Be Enforced

To clean out the Raines hotels with the more certainty the new law compels them to have at least twenty-five bedrooms instead of ten, as now. This is a good law, devised, not to attempt the impossible, but to secure a great improvement in existing conditions. Since it legalizes Sunday selling (as the present law also does), perhaps we ought not to have hoped that the Presbyterian ministers would endorse it. That a few of them do attests that those few have had a splendid accession of common sense.

Unnecessary

The New York Custom-House has seized half a dozen monkeys and as many parrots, and is going to sell them at auction for non-payment of the duty of twenty per cent. which the law exacts. Why this duty on monkeys? Is it useful as a revenue-raiser? Does our domestic monkey need this protection against foreign competition? And parrots? Why tax parrots? Can anybody locate the jealousy, influential with lawmakers, that instigated this import tax on parrots and monkeys? It is not needed. Ours can hold their own against the universe.

Miss Garden Not to Marry

MARY GARDEN will not marry, at present, Prince Somebody who seems desirous to become her husband. Miss GARDEN says no-siree.

A singer should not be married. I will amend that statement. No woman on the stage should be married. They do not have time properly to care for their children. Suppose I had a child. Could I attend to it properly, jumping about the country singing as I am forced to do?

No, indeed. When MARY GARDEN gets married she will retire. No more singing except in her home. To sing is divine, but to sing and neglect children and husband is—bah!—wretched.

Miss GARDEN has an interesting gift of discourse, which in its directness and certain hold on human interest reminds one of those possessed by JOHN L. SULLIVAN and Mr. DEVERY.

Is a New Law Needed?

The Legislature of New York State might do worse than take prompt and practical notice of the fact that a photographer from a New York afternoon paper (we quote the *Times*) attended, on March 27th, a private funeral with his camera, and insisted upon photographing the proceedings. Neither the remonstrances of the mourners nor the orders of a deputy-sheriff availed to budge him at all from his place or his purpose. If no law now covers such cases, a law should be drawn that will.

Curtailing Intellect's Reward

In one of the McADOO tunnels the last car on trains is now reserved for women. The idea seems to be popular, and may be adopted in the Subway and on the Elevated. If it is, it will involve the elimination of a refuge of intellectual superiority. At present folks of more than ordinary intelligence observe that the cars at the extremities of trains are less crowded and less draughty than the cars in the middle. So they ride in the first or last cars, leaving the stupider people to crowd into the middle ones. But giving over the last car on trains to women would leave only the front car as a refuge for the intelligent.

How About Crazy Snake?

The deportment of the Oklahoma cowboys who half hanged the son of CRAZY SNAKE, Creek Indian, to make him tell where his father was is unpopular hereabouts. The impression that any dispute between CRAZY SNAKE'S Indians and the citizens of Oklahoma must have at least two sides is based on a long record of American experience. If CRAZY SNAKE is up against the local justice of Oklahoma, we are sorry for him. And that the local authorities of Oklahoma should have jurisdiction in an Indian outbreak case is a little confusing to memories that recall different precedents, and are used to think of Indians as wards of the Great Father at Washington.

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On Symbols and Reality

It was a thousand years ago that the schoolmen fought out their issue between Nominalist and Realist and Nominalism, so called, passed away and Idealism reigned in its stead. Since Mr. BRADLEY'S brilliant book, *Appearance and Reality*, the same which a lamented contemporary called "The Disappearance of Reality," realism in some perverse and suicidal form has been the fashion in metaphysics. Yet, as the witty philosopher indawked, the real reality has disappeared, and we are all, at heart, nominalists to-day. We are ruled by names, and after names we chase.

We live in words, not ideas, and govern our lives by formulas, not ideals. What is the whole success of Christian Science but a wonderful jumble of words with which the minds of many are charged—to the apparent good of the bodies and souls of some of them, we must hasten to add. Mrs. EDDY'S book, like Hamlet's speculation, is—"Words, words, words." Out of "love" and "error" and "mortal mind" a rune is woven and a magic spell is made. It recalls the absurd epigram in *Punch*, summing up the conflicting opinions of idealists and materialists in a formula as adequate and soothing as a nursery rhyme: "What is matter? Never mind. What is mind? No matter."

We use our words without stopping to think what they stand for, and what we cannot name we never even think of. Conversely, whatever we hear spoken of, we forthwith desire. Numbers, for instance, beyond a very few, are not apprehended even symbolically. No one can have an active and immediate sense of the difference between two million and two thousand and yet on Wall Street, men are eternally shouting and scrambling to write the one instead of the other. It is a pity that the name should obscure the thing. In this Protestant country we talk of institutional religion, and straightway forget that all real religion is an inward, hidden experience. In Catholic countries there is established a perpetual adoration of the Sacrament, and—in so far as one can see—men straightway forget what principles dwell in that Sacrament and should rule the heart. Names, in the beginning, were but symbols, were, it one likes, just the magic spells. If you named the creature aright, as ADAM named the beasts in Eden he was yours thereafter to serve you. Is it because we can all now make out the black marks set upon white paper that the name no longer brings the reality with it? The man of genius has retained his primitive power: to the man of science his unintelligible letters and signs stand for huge forces, for crushing atoms and for spinning worlds: to the poet the merest mention of every-day sights suffices to evoke wonderful experience; the mountain peak is "vinted all night by troops of stars"; the tides come in thus—

"The seamds and seas with all their flunt drove
Now to the moon in wavering morrice move"

On they become,

"The moving waters at their priest like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores."

And the lapping waves are

"The sargy murmurs of the lonely sea."

The nightingale sang makes him see

"How tiptoe Night holds back her dark-gray hood."

That ironic inquirer, SOCRATES, took a malicious pleasure in unsoding words to show how hard it is to strike out any clear idea—how much harder to get at truth through the medium of words. A greater than SOCRATES, though he uttered many words of incomparable beauty, treated them as symbols of no value in themselves, like earthen cups or rustic wine-flasks, to be used and thrown away—of the seven words from the Cross upon which devout men, the world over, are meditating at this season, only one is of eternal beauty, apart from the setting and the circumstances. He spoke by choice in parables and deliberately used now one set of words and now another, that the symbol might seem as nothing, and the thing signified all.

Yet the sign has for us, at any rate, its own value; rightly used, it may have force and beauty. And in our limited lives we can but think through images of form, of sound, of feeling. It is our only means to the end, as with all means earnestly purposed, the way itself becomes fair, becomes desirable, and by an added grace does service to the end again. Life furnishes constant examples of this law: we learn that renouncement is the only way to happiness, and straightway the practice of renouncement becomes a happiness. The symbol itself becomes a good—in love-letters for instance, or in a "settlement," in books or church services. The moment the symbol is *realized*, is loved for its own sake, and yet on the key to something beyond. It has become, too, a piece of real life, a potency.

The form of realization matters little, only its force. Not what we believe so much controls the life as how intensely we believe it. The casual traveller in Italy, if he cared to note, might see how, on Good Friday, foolish waxen images of the Blessed Virgin are set up in glass cases at the corners of the streets and on the corners of houses. One casual traveller did so see them in Florence, and smiled and shrugged. The little figures were all dressed in up-to-date conventional mourning, with crêpe veils and—save the mark!—a tiny white pocket handkerchief apiece. The direct Latin mind saw nothing incongruous in treating the far-away event as though it had happened yesterday. And after a while the traveller came to fall in with the manner of thought, and if not always to share, at least to feel ashamed of his inability to share.

Once in a little hill village in Tuscany he saw the dead Christ carried to his tomb up the steep street in wistful and commemorative pageantry. All the population that were not in the procession were at their windows or on their doorsteps, or packed close against the house fronts to leave the narrow paven way clear. First came a band playing the dead march; then roughly costumed Roman soldiery with the centurion LONGINUS in their midst. Then followed boys bearing aloft on tall poles the instruments of the Passion: nails, spear, sponge, reed, the cream of thorns, pincers and hammer, dice and seamless coat, the scourge that struck, the hand that buffeted. Then came the clergy and companies of men with banners, intoning all a Latin hymn, which could not drown the shuffling of steady feet upon the pavement, still other men bore on a bier the dead Christ, wounded and half naked as his friends had taken him from the cross. NICODEMUS was there, and JOSEPH of Arimathea, old figures with all the piteousness of age. More soldiery followed the watch that Scribes and Pharisees were so eager to set. The silence all around, the mingled sounds, the flickering lights in the midst of darkness, which made the world of every-day stand far and strange, seemed to draw near the great, the far-away event. The lights and figures passing out of sight and bound again as the road dipped and rose; the different strains of music irregularly heard, as wind and sea are heard in storm, and through all the march of human foot falls, and above all the throb of human emotions—these things awoke vibrations in the most indifferent heart, stirred deeper currents than day by day may feel the remoteness. The singing grew shriller as girls in white and blue came by, and behind and before were and grave women, who had borne children and seen them die. These bore the image of the sorrowing Mother, dressed as a widow like their own widows, and the veil and the handkerchief seemed foolish no more, but only very poteous as grief is ever poteous. We must cover our faces and wipe our eyes, and the little rags of black and white are sacred tokens and holy pledges of the unity of all mankind in mourning. The Mother of Sorrows there stood for all sorrowing motherhood, for all who have faced the mysterious finality of death. The ancient story was relived again, grown universal, and included all ages and all forms of faith. And the terror and pity of death and sorrow, the everlasting beauty of pardon and love, purified the heart and cleared the vision.

So the symbol rude enough, realized the central truth of human life. There is no symbol which cannot be vivified by the loving heart. No word—art—nature—science—culture, however vain—that love may not charge with potency. And our danger to-day is not that we should use too many symbols, but that we should respond inadequately to those we have: not that we should forget the ideal goal in the care and cure of daily life, but that we should fail to grasp it. For when all is said, the only real is the abstract, and in this fleeting universe of the senses the only refuge is the unchanging love at the heart of life.

Correspondence

PROHIBITION IN THE SOUTH

NORTH CAROLINIAN, ATLANTA, *February 6 1909.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR:—Last fall you noticed an article from the pen of Garrett Brown in regard to the growth of the temperance sentiment in Alabama. Now since the article in other parts of the country is come to receive more favorable notice, I would be pleased to explain why Mr. Brown's opinion is not correct, and attempt, as well, to explain what is understood here to be the real cause of the prohibition success in Alabama and other Southern States. His contention as to the rapid spread of the prohibition sentiment rests on the supposition that zealots in two of the leading churches of the State had come for the first time to influence an ill-qualified vote, born to our State since the disastrous Civil War.

Alabama some years ago restricted her franchise, and from the first the law cut loose nearly as many whites as negroes from the poll; as was expected, the advantage to the white people was gained from the upper class. Such, then, is an electorate made to vote for representatives to frame prohibition and railway laws; and while it is likely the local-option feature in the railway legislation may not be able to meet the demands of the United States Constitution, this very feature is our prohibition laws is most sure to be approved, since the State acts in this way alone to secure a higher civil community.

No law lessens the tendency of a worthless class of white people, as a last resort, to find association with negroes on their level, while, on the other hand, no danger is coming from the upper class of white people associating with the better class of negroes. To the low type saloon is given the fullest share of blame for perpetuating certain conditions favorable to crime. At these places was kept a supply of mixed liquor, so poisonous in its effect, it might cause the sanest and strongest man to reel in his mind and in his step, while, dealt to a poor negro, become inform by the habit to drink, it forced him to go on any errand of crime.

Those who have become familiar with the street life of Southern cities must have always in mind the stalwart negro men and women holding to most insignificant employment, since it affords to them chances to be frequently at the places making a traffic of the meanest liquor. Was there censure for the poor negro? No. That feeling is long since gone. For years a comparatively young but infirm class of both women and men made the burden of city government. In their condition what could a city gain by arresting and convicting for petty crimes?

Thus in the maturity of habit we notice here; the whole race, like the Indian, yields all too easy to the use of liquor, and if we may not censure the wretched beings long gone over to the power of drink, we are to be touched keenly as the effects of liquor on the large class dependent on hard work for means of support.

After a night of deep drinking in one of these saloons, a man who had for years kept his place and goal standing passes like an evil spirit over to the side of those making not their years in penitentiary service. Any stranger, to see the inner side of our penitentiary walls, and having a chance to stand near while the guard at the mine calls his convict force to their daily toil, would surely be surprised at the number of negroes wearing stripes, but to any one making his home to the South, the cause of this is well known, since the courts have revealed it time and time again.

I am, sir,

JACK GRAVES

IS THIS A CHRISTIAN COUNTRY?

NEW YORK, *February 8 1909.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In the "Comment" columns of HARPER'S WEEKLY of January 30th, you have a paragraph discussing whether this is a Christian country. In the course of this article, referring to the Hebrews, you say, "are they not pretty comfortable here, in the main, as it is, and in so far as our laws go?" You also state that it would be profitable for the Hebrews to lie low and content themselves with the privileges they have at present—privileges which "our laws secure them."

However, I agree with you that the stand taken by the Union of American Hebrew Congregations is futile, untimely, and impolitic. I also grant that this country is a Christian country in a certain sense, but are not citizens of the Hebrew faith an integral part of the American people? Why then, say that "our" laws give them privileges, when the Hebrews—or, for that matter, any other religious sect of Americans—are a necessary factor in the formation of our laws? Are they not part of the whole American people? "Fair chances in trade and free enjoyment of religious preferences" are not privileges. They are part of the inherent and unalienable rights of every American citizen, irrespective of race, creed, color, or religion.

Hoping that this letter will find space in your columns,

I am, sir,

LAWRENCE WEISMAN.

IN THE DRILL

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Don't you think the reading public is tired of J. D. Rockefeller? What's the matter of having some half-dozen of Cole Younger and the James gang? They ran some personal danger when they robbed the people. Their only fault was in not robbing more and enslaving colleges for the long-haired sons of rich men to play shinny and kick football in. Or, is not building monumental libraries for giggling girls to chew gum in? I understand there is another criminal in the cabinet who tanks the I. S. Commerce law. Let us have a picture of him knocking little balls around the pasture with a crooked stick, but let *Puck's* Bird have the monopoly of Uncle John D. Do you plant potatoes so't you can plough 'em both ways or in the drill?

With kind regards to Mr. Pulitzer,

I am, sir,

S. V. LOOMIS.

The Song of the Toiler

I can hear the birds a singin',
And the little woodchucks call;
And the tree-bush is a flingin'
Balmy odors over all.
O the hammock is a swayin',
And there's fuzz upon the perch,
For the law is off the tarpon
And the Palm is on the Beach.

O the air is soft and balmy,
And there's blossoms on the trees;
And I have a flimmy dammy
Sort of feeling in my knees
That suggests the time of flowers
And a sun prepared to blench,
While the law is off the tarpon
And the Palm is on the Beach.

I can see the stars a shinin'
In a hazy summer sky,
And I find my soul a pinin'
For the buzzin' of the fly,
And I want to wander idly
Where the swiels shrilly screech,
And the law is off the tarpon
And the Palm is on the Beach.

I can see that sparklin' ocean,
With its lazy, ripplin' swell,
And I have a sort of notion
It would suit me pretty well
To go sportin' in its waters
With the sardine and the leech
Where the law is off the tarpon
And the Palm is on the Beach.

But alas for me! I'm toiling
In a frigid northern clime:
In the busy marketroom boiling
For the necessary dime
That will keep my wife and daughters
Safe beyond the Sheriff's reach
While they eat their fresh broiled tarpon
'Neath the Palm upon the Beach

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Petroleum, the Advance-Guard of Civilization

LITTLE more than fifty years have passed since an interesting incident happened in Titusville, Pennsylvania, where the great lumbering firm of Brewer & Watson, entirely as a side issue, employed men to gather petroleum—then called "Pennsylvania Rock Oil"—from the surface of pools and slowly moving streams. At that time two men would hold a blanket close to the water, and it would absorb the scum of oil floating on the surface. They would then wring out the saturated oil into a small barrel mounted on wheels, which they trundled from pool to pool. Oil was used mainly for medicinal purposes, and sold for about twenty dollars a barrel.

One day a clerk in the lumbering firm approached Doctor Brewer, and asked for a set of books.

"The oil business is growing so big," he said, "that I find it difficult to keep the accounts on loose sheets of paper."

Doctor Brewer stepped to a shed back of his office, and picked up a discarded ledger having about half of its pages unfilled.

"There," he remarked, handing the book to his clerk, "use this. I guess you can keep in the last half of it all the oil accounts that will ever need to be written down."

Not long afterward, Colonel Drake—the Columbus of petroleum production—finally succeeded in securing capital enough to drill the first oil-well; and thereby marked a new epoch in the history of mankind. Since that time the production, refining, transportation, and use of oil has become one of the greatest industries of the world, one of the greatest blessings and conveniences for which human beings may be truly grateful. Everywhere has American petroleum penetrated—almost everywhere, to be exact, for in the deepest jungles of Africa some savage tribes have not yet learned its uses, nor have certain of the peaceful Eskimos, who dwell far to the north of American civilization, on the ice-clad shores of the Arctic Ocean, as on some of the great white islands separated from the mainland. But it is safe to say that before long even these Eskimos will discard the primitive strips of smoking blubber by means of which they still light and heat their driftwood houses or snow igloos, replacing them with modern lamps and portable, efficient oil-stoves.

The petroleum industry at first consisted in producing and refining crude oil, and selling it. To-day, however, it includes also the storage of enormous quantities on "oil-farms," the transportation of it by networks of pipe lines, tank cars, wagons; the production and distribution of natural gas, together with the manufacture of many by-products such as lubricating oils, paraffin wax and candles, gasoline, various naphthas and other motor fuels; while the industry as a whole also manufactures barrels, cans, cases; builds engines, pumps, and other machinery used in its operations; manufactures stoves, lamps, wicks; maintains fleets of tank steamers, sailing-vessels, barges, here and abroad; operates tank cars and wagons in Europe and the Orient, as well as warehouses and wholesale and retail distributing plants.

In the Kansas field alone the stock of crude oil in storage at times amounts to more than forty million barrels, worth fifteen or sixteen million dollars; and in the year 1906, the single greatest American oil company alone produced 23,000,000 barrels of refined petroleum, which is estimated to be sufficient to last an ordinary family nearly 450,000 years. During the same year that company manufactured nearly 6,000,000 barrels of naphtha and still other millions of barrels of lubricating oils, and paraffin wax and candles to the extent of millions of pounds.

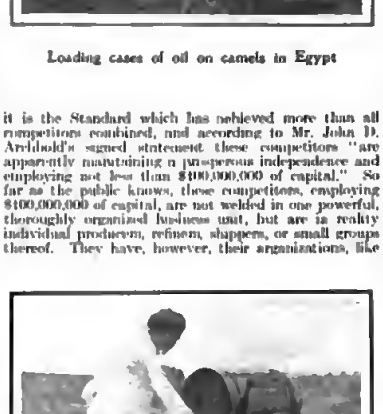
Twenty years ago the largest exporter of petroleum was proud because at his dock at Bayonne, New Jersey, he used to load one ship a day carrying about 5,000 barrels of oil. At present the Bayonne works continue to load one ship a day—but each steamer carries on an average 60,000 barrels. And in a single day, of the past summer, ships at the Bayonne works were loading petroleum, or its products, for Germany, Calcutta, New England, Australia, China; while across the way on a railroad siding a train of tank cars was preparing to carry refined oil to distributing stations throughout New Jersey. These various vehicles represented a transportation service consisting of 65 steamers, 19 sailing-vessels for foreign service, 105 barges, 20 tugs, 9 towing-steamers, 6 launches, and 9,200 tank cars for American use. The largest tank steamer now in commission will carry in one year between New York and London fully 37,000,000 gallons of oil, whereas under former conditions of sending the product abroad in barrels, at least fifty sailing-vessels would have been required for the same quantity of cargo.

The main trail to Fez, in the Sahara

Much has been written and said about methods by which American petroleum has succeeded in reaching its commanding position as a world fuel and illuminant. Denunciation without end in public prints, proceedings in court after court, State after State, have been aimed at the one greatest single enterprise in the field—the Standard Oil Company—but the fact remains that while independent companies have always been in existence,

Loading cases of oil on camels in Egypt

it is the Standard which has achieved more than all competitors combined, and according to Mr. John D. Archbold's signed statement these competitors "are apparently maintaining a prosperous independence and employing not less than $100,000,000 of capital." So far as the public knows, these competitors, employing $100,000,000 of capital, are not welded in one powerful, thoroughly organized business unit, but are in reality individual producers, refiners, shippers, or small groups thereof. They have, however, their organizations, like



A hawker of oil on the Indian plains

the National Petroleum Association, which operates for combination, offensive and defensive, in a generally effective way.

In the early years of petroleum production the business was so speculative, so filled with risks, hazards, quick fortunes, sudden failures, that it became utterly demoralized. There was no system, no stability, no reasonable assurance that capital invested therein would have the same general security that capital enjoyed which was invested in iron-mills, steel-plants, or other established lines of manufacture. And it was because of this wholesale demoralization that the Standard Oil Company was created; its history is a history of the evolution of the petroleum industry from a mass of uncertain fluctuations to a conservative, highly organized business enterprise. Many able, keen, experienced men have been numbered among the "independents," but the master minds of the Standard possessed the quality of genius which, deflected in other directions, has produced great military commanders, famous explorers, and other pre-eminent leaders of mankind in one field or another. The genius of a poet, an artist, a musician, may differ in kind from the genius of a chemist or a surgeon; but it is "genius" none the less, the rarest and most effective attribute of man, whether he be prophet, priest, king, or captain of industry. The group who founded the Standard not only possessed acute genius, but the faculty of drawing to them other men possessed of extraordinary embodiment of perception, loyalty, industry, invention, application, and sound, deliberate judgment. And this fact is admitted by those who are most strongly opposed to what they term Standard Oil "methods."

Without entering in any way upon the controversial elements connected with the Standard, it may be interesting to note some evidences of the marvellous efficiency to which it has attained in the commerce of the world. It is well known that it now owns and controls about sixteen and a half per cent. of the petroleum produced in the United States, and that it owns and operates approximately 75,000 miles of pipe lines. It is not so well known that for many years about 60 per cent of its products, manufactured in America, have been sold and consumed abroad, but this is true. Perhaps the incessant development of this enormous demand in foreign lands may have some connection with the further fact that during the panic year beginning in October, 1907, while all over the country wages were cut and men were laid off in mines, mills, railways, wholesale houses, retail stores, yet the Standard cut no wages, laid off no men. Instead it employed more men during that trying period, paid out more than usual wages, and brought into this country more foreign money (in exchange for its products) than in any other year since its organization.

It is now nearly thirty years since the Standard seriously undertook to engage in the export trade, to carry American petroleum and its products to the peoples of the whole world. In that time its foreign sales have aggregated almost $1,700,000,000—and of this stupendous amount of money, that fully nine dollars out of every ten have come back to this country to pay American workmen for their labor, American producers for their crude oil, American capitalists, large and small, for their investment in the securities of the company. The foreign market for petroleum was not conquered in a day or a year or a decade. It has taken unremitting labor, very large expenditure of capital, ceaseless planning, diplomatic negotiations without end, and extraordinary energy to win the trade of the world whose golden harvest comes rushing back to the United States. Europe, the civilized portion of the earth in general, was a comparatively easy conquest, but when Americans undertook to introduce their petroleum into the homes of Far-Eastern peoples, wild races of the mountain fastnesses of Asia, and the almost impenetrable jungles, it were another story. Under the shadows of Mount Everest is a permanent station from which American oil is sold to the savage little Gurkhas, and to which it is carried on men's shoulders along the winding trails of the Himalayas to the very borders of Tibet itself. Kerosene produced and refined and packed in Kansas, Illinois, Ohio, forms the cargo of innumerable little boats floating on the bosom of the Ganges, the Indus, and other great rivers of the Orient; while in a thousand localities elephants bearing it in cases lumber through deep forests, and long lines of bullocks have the product slung along their sides in cans. There is a station for American oil at Khyber Pass, the gateway of Afghanistan; others at Bombay, Madras, Karachi, Calcutta; at Muscat, Arabia; in the Celebes Island; in Sumatra, Java, Borneo; while ceaseless efforts have been made to compete in Japan with Japanese petroleum, and in Russia with the Russian product. Siam, Liberia, the Congo, Morocco, the Soudan, are yet to be wholly conquered, although much headway has already been made.

Some years ago a keen, shrewd, enterprising agent was sent from America to study the possibilities of petroleum trade in China. The first thing he realized was that if the three or four hundred millions of Chinese could be taught how to use kerosene, the great company he represented would never need to look for another market. The population of the Chinese Empire alone could consume more oil than America could ever be reasonably expected to produce and refine.

This agent found that the Chinese were using the crudest of lamps, smoking, ill-smelling, and having no chimneys. What the Chinese people needed first of all was a good, effective lamp, cheap but perfect. He sent back word to America, and expert designers, chemists, physicists, were put to work to design such a lamp. In less than a year they succeeded in producing a lamp which cost, with chimney and wick complete, about eleven cents to manufacture. Now right here is an illustration of American enterprise and foresight. Instead of selling these lamps at twelve or fourteen or fifteen cents, and making a manufacturer's legitimate profit, the Standard actually transported them around the world and sold them in China at seven and one-half cents each, and in the year 1907 more than 750,000 of them were thus sold at an actual manufacturing loss; but the Americans were glad to regard this loss as an investment for education. Their main object was to teach some 400,000,000 human beings how to use American petroleum as an illuminant and as a fuel, and once having done that the future would take care of itself.

The men who are to-day in charge of the great industry will never live to see their dream of world conquest an accomplished fact; but the people of the United States can hardly fail to reap unexpected benefits from it in future.

It is a far cry from the day, half a century ago, when Doctor Brewer gave his clerk that old half-filled ledger wherein to "keep all the oil accounts that ever would be written," from the day, a few years later, when the indomitable Colonel Drake sank the first well in the swampy woodland region beyond Oil Creek.

Loading oil upon donkeys on the Persian Gulf coast

Round the World Afoot

THE RECORD OF A JOURNEY THROUGH MANY COUNTRIES WITHOUT MONEY, UNDERTAKEN BY THE AUTHOR, WHO WORKED HIS WAY AS SEAMAN AND LABORER, AND EKED OUT HIS EXISTENCE BY PERFORMING VARIOUS OCCUPATIONS

By Harry A. Franck

I.—A JOURNEY THROUGH RURAL FRANCE

THE month of August was drawing to a close when I swung my wardrobe over one shoulder and, wandering down the Boulevard St. Germain, struck the highway to the southward. Thus far I had tramped the highways of Europe alone. Beyond Normandy, my first night's resting place, I came upon two wayfarers in the shelter of a giant oak enjoying a regal repast of hard bread, which they rendered more palatable by dipping each mouthful in a brook flowing by at their feet. I declined an invitation to share the feast on the plea of an ample breakfast; but our routes coincided, and we passed on in company. They were young miners walking from Normandy to the great coal-fields of St.-Etienne. Thanks to that freemasonry that exists between those who meet "on the road" in any clime, formalities were quickly forgotten, and before the first kilometre post rose up to greet us we were exchanging confidences in the familiar "tu" form. I had soon added to my vocabulary the nickname of the French tramp. My new comrades not only addressed me as "mon vieux," but greeted each wayfarer we encountered on the highway by the same title, until it came to have no familiar a sound in my ears as the "-fack" of the American hobo. Its analogy to our "old man" is at once evident.

There are stern laws in France against freely wandering from place to place. A lone traveller may sometimes escape attention, but I knew full well that in two we were sure to be called upon to give an account of ourselves at every village we traversed.

The author tramping into Paris

The officer ended the examination of the two books and handed them back with a gruff, "Bien." "Now, then, les vôtres," he growled.

"Here it is," I answered, ignoring the plurality of the French term, and I drew from my pocket a general letter of introduction to our consular service signed by the Secretary of State. The gendarme, who had expected another book, opened the paper with a perplexed air, which increased to blank amazement when, instead of familiar French words, his eye fell upon a half-dozen lines of incomprehensible hieroglyphics.

"Hein!" he gasped. "Quoi? Que diable! Qu'est ce que c'est que ça?"

"My passport," I explained. "I am an American."

"Ha! Américain! Diable! And that is really a passport? Never before have I seen one!"

It was not really a passport, by any means. I had none. But monsieur le gendarme was in no position to dispute my word if I had told him it was a patent of nobility.

"Very good," he went on. "But you must have another paper. Foreign vagabonds cannot journey in France without a document to prove also that they have been working."

Here was a poser. It would have been easy to assert that I was merely a traveller and no workman. But it would have been still easier to guess where such an assertion would land me. I rubbed my unshaven chin in perplexity, then suddenly struck by an inspiration, dived into my bundle and dragged out my discharge from the cattle-boat.

"Hah!" grumbled the officer. "More foreign gibberish. What is that 'vilaine langue' the devil himself couldn't read?"

"English," I replied.

"Tiens! Que c'est drole que cette machine-là," he mused, holding the paper out at arm's-length and scratching his head helplessly. However, with some assistance, he made out one date on the document and, handing it back with a sigh of resignation, gave us leave to continue our way.

"Apropos," he cried before we had taken three steps. "What country did you say you came from?"

"America," I answered.

"L'Amérique! And being an American you come to work in France? Oh, mon Dieu, what idiocy!" and, waving his arms above his head like the fans of a Dutch windmill in a stiff breeze, he fled for the shade of his office.

The ways of my companions would have made them laughing stocks to American vagabonds. They looked forward to no three full meals a day. The hope of a "set down" never intruded on their field of vision. In fact, they considered that the world was going very well with them if they collected daily sous enough for one or two lunches of bread and wine. Yet wine they would have, except for breakfast, or they refused even to eat bread. Like almost all who tramp any distance in France, they "played the merchant," and were much surprised to learn that I ventured along the highways of their country without doing likewise. That is, they carried over one shoulder a bundle containing a couple of dozen of cheap shoe-strings, a few packages of thread, needles, thimbles, and similar articles in demand among rural housewives. The demand was really very light. They *did* make a sale of two or three sous' worth here and there, but the market value of these wares was their least important utility. By carrying them the miners evaded the strict laws against vagrancy and the soliciting of alms. Without the bundles they were beggars; with them they ranked as "peddlers." It was a ruse that deceived no one, not even the gendarme. But it satisfied the letter of the law.

Still engrossed in a discussion of the character of the officer who had detained us, we reached a large farmhouse. I lingered at the roadside with one of my companions. The other entered the dwelling, ostensibly to display his wares. He emerged shortly after with a loaf of that hearty, coarse bread of the peasants under one arm. No, madame had not been in need of anything from his pack, but "she made me a present of this loaf."

It was while they were visiting several houses of a village in quest of sales—or crusts—in the dusk of evening that I lost sight of the two miners. I had already passed the village inn and, being always averse to retracing my steps, I kept on in the increasing darkness. I might have been less eager to press on had I suspected the distance to the next village. It was fully three hours later that I stumbled into the village of Les Ifs-sières and called out somewhat feebly for supper and a bed.

I had walked sixty-nine kilometres, and it was not strange that I slept late the next morning. Besides, the day was Sunday, and, what with satisfying the curiosity of a company of peasants in the wine-room and drinking the health of several of them, the morning was well advanced before I set out again. Beyond the village stretched the broad white ruts, endless and deserted. All hope of falling in with the miners again had fled. The long journey before me would

A typical French peddler who has spent his life tramping the country

We were still some distance off from the gendarmerie of the first town beyond our meeting place when an officer appeared in the doorway and, advancing into the highway, awaited our arrival.

"Où allez vous autres?" he demanded, with officious brusqueness.

"A St.-Etienne."

"Et vos papiers?"

"Voilà," cried the miners as one man, each snatching from his pocket a small flat book showing plain signs of age and hard usage. The gendarme received the proffered volumes with a grunt, stuffed one under his arm, and fell to examining the other. The complete biography of its owner was enclosed between the greasy covers. The first leaf bore his baptismal record, followed by a page for each of the required three years of military service, all much decorated with official stamps and seals. Then came affidavits of apprenticeship variously endorsed and vised, and, last, a page for every firm which had employed the miner, giving dates, wages, testimonials, and reasons for dismissal or leaving. The miner bore the scrutiny with fortitude. With his official "book" at hand, the French laborer has little dread of an interview with the minions of the law. After each term at his trade, he may, if he sees fit to travel a bit, give variations of the old "looking for work" story, though, as the date of his last employment grows more and more remote, the gendarmerie becomes an increasing obstacle. But without such documents no one may tramp the highways of France. One who travels on foot for any other reason than poverty, or who, being poor, will not make his way by begging, is a being too enigmatical to be understood by any race but the Anglo-Saxon. To the French gendarme his mode of travel is proof absolute that he is a "miserable sans-sous" to whom every law pertaining to vagrancy must be strictly applied.

The two French tramps who accompanied the author on the road

have been less lonesome in their company, for with all their "playing the merchant" they were interesting fellows. I had planned, too, to photograph them before we parted, but the chance was gone and I plodded on in solitude, wondering when I would meet again so picturesque a pair.

As I passed a clump of trees near the highway I was suddenly aroused from my revery by a shout of "Holà! L'Américain?" What could have betrayed my nationality? I halted and gazed about me in surprise. My eyes fell upon the grove and I beheld my companions of the day before, hastily gathering up their possessions and hurrying out of the shaded spot to overtake me.

We journeyed along as before, being obliged to repeat our stories and produce our papers at each village, and once were even stopped in the open country by the mounted gendarmerie. The miners played in poor luck all through the morning. A single sou and an aged quarter loaf were all that rewarded their diligent efforts. By the time we reached Briare, in the early afternoon, gaunt hunger was depicted on their countenances. A ravenous appetite caused me to share their depression of spirits, and, breaking the silence of an hour, I hinted my willingness to stand the "compte" of a meal for three.

There was in Briare, as in every town of France larger than a hamlet, an inn whose proprietor catered to the trade of the vagabond class. None but a native tramp could have found the institution without repeated inquiries, but the miners, needing no second invitation, and aided by some peculiar instinct, led the way down a side street and into a squalid *cul-de-sac*. The most acute foreign eye could not have descried in the alley a suggestion of a café, but, pushing back the dilapidated door of what looked from the outside like a deserted warehouse, we entered a low room, gloomy and unswept, and made our way through a very forest of huge wine barrels to a table in the rear. Around it were gathered a dozen peasants and a less solemn pair who turned out to be "of the profession."

The first greetings over, the keeper set before us the usual dinner of the French tramp—a loaf of bread of "deuxième qualité" and a bottle of wine, demanded immediate payment, and having received it, resumed his seat on a barrel. His shop was, in reality, the wine cellar of the café that had its gilded façade on the main street. But the same liquor that would have cost us there a half franc a litre sold here for four sous. One of the miners, having gained my consent in the extravagance, invested two sous in raw fat pork, which he and his companion ate with great relish. I was content to do without such delicacies, for after hours of trudging in a boiling sun the coarse bread and simple wine made a far more appetizing feast than the uninitiated would expect.

In the course of the afternoon I produced my kodak and photographed the miners—a proceeding that caused them infantile delight. Both declared with great vehemence that it was the first time in their begrimed existence that they had ever been "tirés,"

A French laborer dressed in his best

though it was not entirely clear whether the term as they used it should be translated "drawn" or "shot." We found a lodging in a farmer's wheat-stack. With two such vagabonds I was a bit chary of spending the night in so deserted a spot, for a kodak and the handful of coins from which I had paid our dinner was a plunder worth a roadsters' conspiracy. But my fears were ungrounded. Morning broke with my belongings unmolested, and we set off at sunrise after an hour's work in picking the straw and chaff out of our hair and clothing.

I left my companions behind soon after, for their mode of travel resulted in far less than the thirty miles a day I had cut out for myself, and passed on into the vineyard and forest country of the Department of Nièvre. Harvest time was over on the few fertile farms that were not given over to the culture of the grape. The day of the gleaners had come. In the fields left here by the reapers peasant women gathered with infinite care the stray wheat stalks and, their aprons full, plodded homeward. To the thrifty French mind there is nothing so iniquitous as to waste the smallest thing of value. Before this army of bowed backs, however, one could not but wonder whether the idea that labor also may be wasted has ever occurred to them.

The most extravagant of its inhabitants were already lighting their lamps when I entered the village of La Charité. To whatever benevolence the quiet hamlet owed its name, it was typical of those rural communities that line the highways of France. A decrepit gray church raised a time-mellowed voice in the song of the evening "angelus." Squat housewives gossiped at the doors of the two rows of dull stone houses flanking the route. From the neighboring fields heavy ox-carts, their yokes fastened not at the necks of the animals, but across their horns, lumbered homeward. In the dwindling light a blacksmith hastened to finish his task of uniting the flat iron shoes on the feet of one of these patient brutes tricedup on his back in a frame before the open shop. In lieu of the familiar sign, "Ici on loge à pied et à cheval," the village inn was distinguished from the private dwellings by a mere bundle of dried fagots above the door. I entered, to find myself in a room well stocked with wooden tables, with here and there a trio of villagers over their wine and cards, blowing clouds of smoke at the unhewn beams of the ceiling. In answer to the customary signal—the tapping of pipes on the tables—an elderly woman appeared and inquired in the cold, brusque voice of formality wherein she could serve me.

"You have lodgings, n'est-ce pas?"

A sudden startling silence greeted the first suggestion of a foreign accent. Cards paused in mid-air, pipes ceased to draw, tipplers craned their necks to listen, and madame surveyed me deliberately, even a bit disdainfully, from crown to toe. Evidently satisfied with her inspection, she subdued her scowl, admitted that she had been known to lodge travellers before, and hurried off to bring the register, while the smoking and the drinking and the card-playing were slowly and half-heartedly resumed.

Madame scrutinized intently each stroke of the coarse pen as I filled in the various blanks, puzzled several moments over my "passport," and dropped all her brusqueness with the stiff dignity that had hidden her natural loquacity.

"What! You are an American? Why, another American has lodged here. It was in 1882. He was making the tour of the world on a bicycle. He came from Boston"—she pronounced it with a distressing nasal—"but I could not understand his French. He did not pronounce the r. He said 'fonce' when he meant 'français.' Instead of 'terra,' he said 'téah.' I will give you his bed. He had not many hairs on his head. He too eut rageût also in America? He wore such funny pince nez. You'll find that fine wine. He had hurt his foot—" And thus she chattered on, through my supper and up the stairs to my sleeping quarters.

The room once graced by the man from Boston was stone floored with whitewashed walls, and large enough to have housed a squad of infantry. Of the two beds it contained—carefully curtained off and scrupulously clean—I should have preferred the one nearer the window. Unfortunately, my compatriot of the pince-nez had chosen the other, and madame would not hear of my violating the precedent thus established. It would be a strange human, however, who could not sleep well after a long day's tramp and a bottle of wine in the average bed of a rural French inn. For however he may live during the day, the French peasant insists on spending the night in cleanliness and comfort—at least when he pays good sous for the privilege. The price of this lodging, and the usual one in towns of similar size, was fifteen cents.

There were times when my restless efforts to spend as few sous as possible for a lodging brought me to temporary grief. The night following my sojourn in La Charité is a case in point. I arrived in St. Pierre le Moutier some time after dark and, upon inquiry for the cheapest auberge, was directed by a villager up a dismal side alley. On the fringe of the open country I stumbled upon a ramshackle stone building, one end of which was a dwelling for man while the other housed his domestic animals. Inside, almost indiscernible under a sputtering excuse for a lamp, huddled two men, a woman, and a girl, around a table that canted up against the wall as if it had borne the weight of too much wine in its long existence and become permanently unsteady on its legs thereby. This charming company was so preoccupied in devouring huge slabs of a coarse bread and a watery soup from a common bowl in which floated several stray cabbage leaves, that my entrance passed unnoticed.

Advancing to attract attention, I brought disaster. For in the semi-darkness I slipped on one end of a board that supported two legs of the tipsy table, causing the bowl of soup to slide into the woman's arms and the loaf to roll about on the earth floor. The mishap was evidently no new experience and aroused no comment, but it gained me a hearing and brought me into the general conversation. Of the two men, one was the proprietor and the second a traveller of the tramp variety who, though posing as a Parisian, spoke a decidedly mongrel language. With the fluency of a stranded tragedian he launched forth in a raging narration of his misfortunes. French at all resembling the educated tongue had become as familiar to me as English, but the mixture of patois and slang in which the fellow unbridled the story of a persecuted life would have daunted an international interpreter. I caught the drift of his remarks by making him repeat each sentence twice or thrice, but he ended finally with a: "Heing! 'Tu comprends ma'reux le frinch" and I was forced to admit that, if the jargon he got off was "frinch," I certainly did.

There is really no reason why the French conscript should go hungry in autumn. That he does is due to a national prejudice unknown in America, and dumbly strange among a people to whom the slightest waste is an abhorrence. At the time of my journey food sufficient to provision an army of vagabonds was spread out within reach of any passing wayfarer. The highway was lined from Fontainebleau to Lyon with hedges of great thorny bushes bent double under their burdens of blackberries.

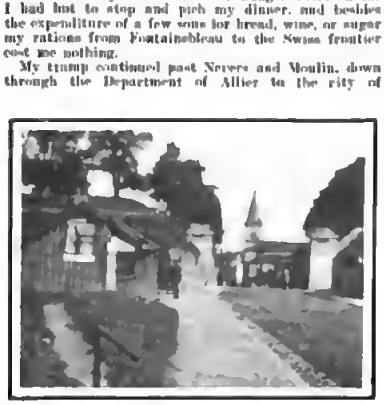
When first I espied them I could not but look with suspicion on a fruit left ungathered by the thrifty peasantry. But the next morning, coming upon a patch where the berries hung in great clusters, I satisfied myself as to their identity and fell to picking a hatful. Thus engaged, I was overtaken by a band of peasants on their way from the communal village to the fields. They halted to gaze at me in astonishment, then burst into uproarious laughter.

"Mais, mon vieux," cried a ploughman, "Que diable cas tu faire de ces choses-là?"

"Eat them, of course," I returned.

"Eat them?" roared the peasants, in chorus. "But those things are not good to eat," and the notion struck them as so droll that their guffaws still came back to me after they had turned a bend well up the road. Every Frenchman I approached on the subject held the same view. The two miners travelled for hours with a gnawing hunger, or invaded lonely vineyards at imminent risk of capture by the country gendarmerie, to eat their fill of half-ripe grapes, sour and acrid. But when I, from my safe position outside the hedge, held up a bush heavy with berries, their response was always the same: "Ah, non, mon vieux. Not any for me." Obviously I could not regret that the inhabitants were ignorant of one of the resources of their country. For whenever hunger overtook me I had but to stop and pick my dinner, and besides the expenditure of a few sous for bread, wine, or sugar my rations from Fontainebleau to the Swiss frontier cost me nothing.

My tramp continued past Nevers and Moulin, down through the Department of Allier to the city of



The "bureau d'octroi" outside Verdun

Roanne, stretching out along both banks of the upper Loire. Beyond, having traversed a few kilometres of almost tropical vegetation, the highway began a winding ascent of the first foot-hills of the Alps. Cultivation bespoke the thrift of the French peasant even here. Far up the ragged hillsides stretched tarraced farms, each stone walled step of the great stairways planted with thick grape-vines. Higher still, only the tiny spaces in sheltered ravines gave sustenance to the most sturdy toilers, wrinkled patches where even the plough was impracticable. It is here that may be seen the nearest prototype of that painful figure known far and wide, that dreary being who leans on his mattock, stolid, unaspired, hopelessly gazing away into endless, meaningless space. Nearest, because his exact original no longer toils in the fields of France; he has moved southward.

By the time I reached the summit I caught myself singing—or making a stout attempt. The road began to descend. The forests fell away. The tiny fields appeared once more, and the hellat of the mountaineer was silent. A colony of laborers, engaged in the construction of a reservoir destined to store up the water-supply of Lyon many miles beyond, gave me greeting from the doors of their temporary sheds. Lower still I turned in at an auberge already half-filled with a squad of soldiers.

Here is an interesting figure, the French conscript. He differs considerably from our type of soldier. The American trooper is, at least, no model of conduct. In the days of peace he is more often than not a boasting, boisterous rhurl, full of riotous braggadocio, overriding the common bounds of society, looking down on civilians as less wise and feebler than himself. Tommy Atkins, too, has a touch of this boastfulness in his make-up. It is a characteristic of the voluntary, the mercenary, soldier. The conscript has little of it. He feels small inclination to display to civilians his wisdom even in military matters, for well he knows that even the jolly innkeeper may be able to tell a tale of his days "sous le drapeau." That makes the conscript's favorite story weak and insipid by comparison. It is hard, too, to be boisterous when one is sad at heart. Often sad in strange places I chatted with conscripts in journeying through France, and almost without exception they were sad. Conscription is to the French youth a yoke which an adverse fate has fastened on the children of men akin to disease and death. He dreads its coming, serves under secret protest, and marks it down as his bank of life as three years utterly lost.

There is, indeed, a note of pessimism everywhere prevalent among the masses in France. It is not a universal note, nor even a constant one. Land-viewed "calamity-howlers" are less in evidence then in our own optimistic land; but even amid the merry chatter there hovers over every gathering of French workmen a gloominess, an infirmity, an intangible something that speaks of lost hope, of fatalistic despair. Illicitly and unconsciously a craftsman of chance acquaintance expressed the inner feelings of his class. "Ah, mon pauvre pays!" he sighed. "Il ne n'est plus ce qu'elle était."

Chattering groups of Lyonese, mounting toward the freer air of the upper hills in Sunday attire, enlivened my morning tramp down the descending highway, once more flanked by sloping vineyards and blackberry hedges. By early afternoon I came in sight of the second city of France and the glistening waters of the Rhône and Saône, whose confluence was hidden in the mass of houses. The vineyards ceased, to give place to mulberry trees. Even on this day of merry-making the whir of silk-looms sounded through the open doors of the wayside cottages well into the suburbs of the city itself. The cottages were succeeded by mansions, the national highway by a broad boulevard that led down to a central square near the meeting place of the two rivers, and the first stage of my journey to southern Europe was ended. Ten days had passed since my departure from Paris.

The Development of the Transatlantic Steamship

By Gustav H. Schwab

THE traveller who crosses the Atlantic in one of the floating hotels of the present day, surrounded with every comfort and luxury that he enjoys on land, and carried from shore to shore at the rate of speed of an ordinary railroad train, does not realize what the conditions were seventy years ago, when sails were the only motive power; nor does he appreciate the difficulties and obstacles that have been met and overcome in accomplishing these wonderful achievements in ocean navigation. We are prone to smile at the archaic prototypes of our modern steamships, at their diminutive size, their clumsy build, their huge paddle boxes, and their single slender smoke pipe, but we do not stop to think of the few brave men of those days who, undaunted by the opposition and ridicule of most of their fellows and undismayed by repeated failure and by lack of patronage, persisted in their efforts to supplant sail by steam, and who finally, by sheer pluck and perseverance, aiding improvement after improvement in the construction of propelling engines and hulls, succeeded in these efforts. When the first experiments were being made in transatlantic steam navigation, the opinions of most people were voiced by an eminent citizen of Liverpool, who, in the year 1835, publicly announced that the project of making the voyage directly under steam between Liverpool and New York was perfectly chimerical, and that they might as well talk about making a voyage from New York or Liverpool to the moon. This worthy gentleman gave as the reason for his sweeping denial of the possibility of the successful application of steam to navigation across the ocean the utter inability of vessels to carry the fuel required. Aside from the widespread prejudice against the employment of steam in transatlantic voyaging, the early pioneers in this improvement met with a lack of appreciation on the part of travellers and shippers of the facilities offered—an obstacle that in the beginning of steam navigation often caused failure.

The "Bremen," the first North German Lloyd steamship which was commissioned in 1857

It has been generally supposed that the first steamship to cross the Atlantic was the *Savannah*, in the year 1819, on a voyage from Savannah to Liverpool, which occupied a period of twenty-five days. As a matter of fact, however, the *Savannah* was a full-rigged packet-ship to which had been added a small one-cylinder steam-engine turning two paddle-wheels which were set in motion in smooth water when the wind failed. For two-thirds of the way across, the *Savannah* depended solely upon her sails, and, as shown by Mr. Lawrence Irwell, in his "Brief History of Ocean Steamships," published in the *Marine Review and Marine Record* in 1902, the log of this supposed steamship is full of such entries as, "At 8 A.M. tacked to westward, got steam up and it came to blow fresh"; "stopped wheels to clean the clinkers out of the furnace"; "started wheels," and similar expressions, which showed that the *Savannah* was not a steamship in the sense in which we employ that term, but a sailing vessel equipped with an auxiliary engine.

The credit of having been the first vessel propelled by steam to cross the Atlantic Ocean would appear to belong to a vessel built in 1831 in Quebec by a Scotchman, engined in Montreal, and named after King William IV., the *Royal William*. After trading between Quebec and Halifax for a year the *Royal William*, owing to the depression in business due to the Canadian cholera epidemic in 1832, was sold at sheriff's sale, when she was bought by some business men of Quebec, who determined to send her to England for sale. Leaving Quebec on August 4, 1833, Mr. Picton, Nova Scotia, the *Royal William* arrived in London in twenty-five days, having, as her captain wrote, steamed the whole way. Her dimensions were: length over all, 178 feet; breadth of beam inside paddle-boxes, 29 feet 4 inches; outside paddle boxes, 43 feet 10 inches; depth of hold, 17 feet 6 inches; and coal capacity, about 350 tons, with side-lever engines of 200 nominal horse-power. After a short career in the Portuguese trade she became a Spanish war vessel, in which capacity she was active for a number of years.

Although the *Royal William* may justly claim the distinction of having been the first steamship to cross the Atlantic Ocean, and thus to have shown the way for others to follow, the establishment of a regular steamship service between the Old and the New World met with little encouragement. According to an interesting article on transatlantic steamships in the *Nautical Gazette* of May 5, 1904, the general verdict, as founded upon the experience in the use of steam in the government service of Great Britain, seemed at that period to be as follows: "To accomplish a voyage of the same length as that across the Atlantic, two tons of coal will be used for each horse-power of the engines; that is to say, if the engines are of 300 horse-power, they will consume 600 tons of fuel before they reach the terminus of a 3,000 mile voyage. But a spare supply must also be carried to provide against accident or delay, so that the quantity must be raised to 700 tons. On the other hand, if the tonnage of the vessel be more than four times its horse-power, the latter will be inadequate to its propulsion at the ordinary rate of steamships. The tonnage of the vessel, therefore, could not exceed 1,200; and, after making allowance for cabins, machinery, boilers, ship's stores, etc., the space left for fuel would not contain more than 500 tons, which would all be consumed before the vessel arrived within 500 miles of the Atlantic coast." It was argued, therefore, by scientific authorities that a steamship, to be able to cross the Atlantic, must either be accompanied by a tender containing a supply of coal, or must rely upon a coal depot established somewhere on the ocean.

In the face of such arguments it must be admitted that it required great strength of mind and courage to pursue the plan of a regular steamship service across the Atlantic. Some Bristol merchants who were distinguished by these qualities made up their minds that practice was better than theory, and in 1837 set about constructing a wooden steamship to which they gave the name of *Great Western*, 230 feet long, with 40 feet beam and 450-horse-power, of 1,340 tons, and equipped with paddle-wheels. Although her sailing day and the elegance with which she was fitted up were announced in advance, only seven passengers could be prevailed upon to embark upon this vessel, her unusual size giving rise to apprehensions in the minds of many as to her safety. Three days before she left Bristol for New York, the *Sirius*, a smaller vessel, 178 feet long, of 703 tons and 320 horse-power, also built of wood and moved by paddle-wheels, employed in the trade between London and Cork, left the latter port for New York. Both vessels met with heavy weather. The *Sirius* had the start by about 700 nautical miles, but was the slower vessel, as her speed did not exceed eight knots an hour, whereas the *Great Western* had made eleven knots an hour on her trial trip. The race across the Atlantic, the first transatlantic steamship race, ended in the victory of the *Sirius*, which arrived at Sandy Hook in the evening of April 22, 1838, reaching the city the following morning. At 3 P.M. on April 23d the *Great Western* came up the bay to her anchorage, her voyage having occupied fourteen days. The average of the *Great Western* was 186½ nautical miles per day, that of the *Sirius* 130½; the hourly average of the *Great Western*, 7¾ knots; that of the *Sirius*, hardly 5½ knots.

Whereas the *Sirius* was found to be unavailable for the Atlantic service, and was therefore used for the purpose of opening communication between London and St. Petersburg, Russia, the *Great Western* remained in regular service between Bristol and New York until 1847, when she was sold to the Royal Mail Steamship Company, on which line she ran until 1857, when she was broken up. The performance of the *Great Western* and the *Sirius* conclusively established the supremacy of steam in the development of the future navigation of the Atlantic, and sounded the knell of the old sailing passenger packet ships.

These pioneer steamers were followed in 1838 by the *British Queen*, built on the Thames, and engined on the Clyde. This steamship was of larger dimensions than the *Great Western*, measuring 275 feet in length, with 61 feet beam including paddle-boxes, and 27 feet depth of hold. Her tonnage was 2,016, and

The pride of the North German Lloyd, the express steamship "Kronprinzessin Cecilie," passing New York's skyscrapers on the way to her pier

her horse-power 500. Although on her first voyage from Portsmouth to New York, July 12, 1838, she carried a full complement of passengers and 800 tons cargo, reaching New York in 14½ days, she made only a few round trips, as lack of business, both in passage and freight, rendered her unprofitable to her owners, who sold her to the Belgian government in the year 1841. A sister ship of the *British Queen*, the *President*, built by the owners of that vessel, made her first voyage to New York in the fall of 1840, and on her return voyage from New York met with very heavy weather which forced her to return to New York three days after sailing thence in order to replenish her coal supply. The *President* left New York on her last voyage March 10, 1841, for Liverpool, with twenty-three passengers, and was never heard from since that date.

The Great Western Steam Navigation Company, the enterprising owners of the *Great Western*, now conceived the startling idea of constructing a steam-vessel of iron, to be named the *Great Britain*, and originally to be provided with paddle-wheels, but finally built with a screw propeller as her motive power—it is alleged owing to difficulties encountered in securing forgings for her paddle shafts. This vessel's tonnage was 2,675, her length 322 feet, her beam 51 feet, and

The main dining-room on the "George Washington," the largest German steamer afloat. Due in New York on June 20

her depth 31 feet; her engines were of 1,000 horse-power, acting on a six bladed iron propeller 15 feet 6 inches in diameter. The engines consisted of four cylinders 88 inches in diameter. The propeller shaft was driven by four endless chains passing around a drum. After a few voyages between Liverpool and New York the *Great Britain* ran ashore on the Irish coast on her homeward trip, but was finally floated, sold, and placed in the trade between Liverpool and Australia. The company that had owned her was obliged to liquidate, owing to poor returns from the steamship business.

Another spasmodic attempt to establish a regular transatlantic steamship service was made by a British company that chartered one steamer, the *Royal William*, of 617 tons, and 276 horse-power, for a few passages between Liverpool and New York in 1838 and 1839, and bought another steamer, the *Liverpool*, of 1,150 tons and 481 horse-power, which, after making six voyages to New York, was sold to the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company, in whose service she was wrecked in 1848.

These initial efforts were not calculated to encourage new enterprise in transatlantic steamshipping. There was still a wide-spread prejudice against iron as a material for ship construction on account of the danger of corrosion and of compass deviation, as well as much doubt on the subject of the profitable employment of steam in the propulsion of vessels.

The results of the experiments in introducing steamships on the Atlantic led Mr. Samuel Cunard, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, who was an owner of sailing vessels trading from Boston and Newfoundland to Bermuda, to consider the establishment of a regular mail steamship line across the Atlantic Ocean, to take the place of the unreliable sailing-vessel service. It is said that Mr. Cunard had examined with interest the performances of the *Royal William*, built in Quebec in 1831, when she periodically called at Halifax, and that the results obtained by that vessel convinced him of the ultimate supremacy of steam over sail in ocean navigation. At this time the British government, impressed with the possibilities of steam on the ocean, decided to create a regular mail service with Halifax and Boston, in view of the irregular character of the steamship service then conducted by private capital. The Admiralty, therefore, advertised for a contract mail service, and gave Mr. Cunard the opportunity for which he was waiting. He went to England to prosecute his scheme, securing the co-operation of Mr. George Burns, of Glasgow, and Mr. David MacIver, of Liverpool, who were also ship-owners, and who soon perceived the sound basis of Mr. Cunard's plans. With their aid Mr. Cunard succeeded in obtaining financial support.

Against the competition of the Great Western Steam Navigation Company, Messrs. Cunard, Burns, and MacIver, through the advantageous terms they offered, succeeded in obtaining this mail contract, which was to be performed by four steamers, at first running monthly, then fortnightly, between Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston, for a lump sum of $300,000 per annum, afterward raised to $500,000, and in 1848 to $725,000, when the service was made a weekly one, alternating between Boston and New York and Halifax. This service was a few years later changed to a direct service between Liverpool and Boston, and Liverpool and New York. The first steamship despatched by the British and North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, familiarly known as the Cunard line, under this contract was the *Britannia* on July 4, 1840, from Liverpool. The *Britannia* was a wooden vessel, propelled by paddle-wheels, and capable of maintaining a speed of about 8½ knots an hour. Her length was 207 feet, her displacement about 2,000 tons; her engine developed about 750 horse-power, and she consumed about 40 tons of coal per day, or nearly five pounds of coal per indicated horse-power. Following the *Britannia* the Cunard Company constructed several additional wooden steamers, the last one built of this material being the *Arabia*, of 2,400 tons and 2,000 indicated horse-power. In the fifties the prejudice against iron had been overcome, and iron steamships then became the rule rather than the exception. The first iron steamship of the Cunard Company was the *Persia*, built in 1855, followed by the *Scotia* in 1862, both still equipped with paddle-wheels.

On the Continent of Europe the establishment of a regular British transatlantic mail steamship service was followed with interest, and in 1845 the merchants of Bremen, Germany, with the co-operation of the United States Consul, Dudley A. Mann, in Bremen, took up the project of steam connection between Bremen and New York. The result of these efforts was the formation of the Ocean Steam Navigation Company, which opened a regular line of steamships between the two ports, in 1847, under a mail contract with the United States government, at a compensation of $200,000 per annum. Two wooden steamers were built for this service, the *Washington* and the *Hermann*, about 230 feet long, with 39 feet beam, and propelled by paddle-wheels. The financial returns of this enterprise were unsatisfactory; and when Congress, in 1857, refused to continue the mail subsidy, the steamers were withdrawn and employed in the Pacific.

Another Continental venture was the establishment by an American company, the New York and Havre Steam Navigation Company, of a line between New York and Havre, calling at Southampton, in 1848, under a mail contract with the United States government for $150,000 per annum. This line consisted of the *Franklin* and the *Humboldt*, 203 feet in length, with 42 feet beam, and 2,183 tons. Both steamships were wrecked early in their career, and were replaced by the *Arago* and *Fulton*, about 283 feet in length, with 40 feet beam, which ran until the breaking out of the Civil War, in 1861, when the United States government took both vessels.

The New York and Liverpool United States Mail Steamship Company, popularly known as the Collins line, was established in 1847 by E. K. Collins, in competition with the Cunard line. This line received a mail subsidy, at first of $385,000, and later on of $858,000, from the United States government, and operated four wooden paddle-wheel steamers—the *Atlantic*, *Pacific*, *Arctic*, and *Baltic*. The *Arctic* was run into by a French steamer in 1854, and sunk; the *Pacific* left Liverpool for New York on September 23, 1856, and was never heard from again. The *Atlantic* and *Baltic* were afterward placed on the line to Panama, and were taken by the United States government for use in the Civil War. A fifth steamer, the *Adriatic*, built in 1857, only made one trip, and was then laid up and finally sold.

The famous *Great Eastern*, the conception of the celebrated designer and engineer Brunel, built at the end of the fifties, was a marvellous creation for those times, for her length was twice that of any steamship theretofore built, her tonnage five times greater, and her power double. On a draught of thirty feet she displaced 30,000 tons. The *Great Eastern*, unfortunately, as a passenger and freight steamship, did not pay her expenses. She was probably ahead of her time. After making a few voyages across the Atlantic she was utilized in laying ocean cables, and ended her days transformed into a museum.

The Hamburg American Packet Company, of Hamburg, Germany, established in the year 1847 as a sailing packet line between Hamburg and New York, following the trend of ocean navigation, placed in service, in 1856, two iron screw steamships, the *Borussia* and the *Hammonia*, of 2,020 tons, 375 nominal horse-power, and a length of 320 feet, with 38 feet beam, which made the voyage from Hamburg to New York in fourteen to fifteen days. These pioneer steamships were quickly followed by others, until in 1867 the company owned ten transatlantic steamships. Fortnightly departures were established in 1860, and this was in a few years followed by a regular weekly service.

The first company definitely to adopt the screw as propelling power was the Liverpool and Philadelphia Steamship Company, known as the Inman line. The screw steamship *City of Glasgow*, built on the Clyde in 1850, was purchased by this company in 1854, and was followed by the steamers *Pioneer* and *City of Manchester*, built in the United States—the first American transatlantic screw steamers. Other steamers were built, and a regular service was maintained by the Inman line between Liverpool and Philadelphia and New York, respectively.

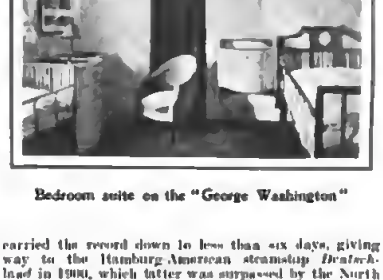
Under the leadership of Hermann Henrich Meier, a prominent merchant and public-spirited citizen of Bremen, Germany, the North German Lloyd, Bremen, was organized in the year 1857, for the purpose of conducting regular steamship communication with European and transatlantic countries, combined with marine underwriting and a towage business on the River Weser. The new company began operations with four iron screw steamships which were ordered to be built in Scotland and England for the transatlantic service between Bremen and New York. Three smaller screw steamships were also acquired for the line between Bremen and British ports. The *Bremen*, 334 feet long, with 42 feet beam, and 700 horse-power, inaugurated the service on June 19, 1858, arriving in New York after a voyage of fifteen days. She was followed by the *Hudson*, the *New York*, and the *Weser*, of similar dimensions. The *Hudson* was burnt in Bremerhaven, the harbor of Bremen; and the *Weser* was so badly injured on her first voyage to New York that the company decided to sell her. These vessels were replaced by others, and additions were

Breakfast room of a suite on the "George Washington"

made to the fleet as business increased, so that in 1867 the company was able to make the service a weekly one with eight steamers.

In the further development of the ocean steamship, after the successful inauguration of regular steamship services across the Atlantic, rapid strides were made toward greater economy and higher efficiency. The first and most important of these improvements consisted in the change from the single-expansion to the compound engine, in which the same steam, after passing through one cylinder at high pressure, entered a second cylinder at lower pressure, passing thence to the condenser. At a later period the compound engine gave way to the triple-expansion engine, thus securing still greater efficiency and economy, and to the quadruple-expansion engine of the present day; and now the claims of the steam turbine are under close scrutiny and investigation as the motive power of the future.

Steel was adopted as the material for the construction of steamship hulls instead of iron, resulting in an economy in weight and space; and another important step was the substitution of twin screws for single screws—a change that not only insured an increase in speed, but also greater safety in case of accident resulting in the disabling of a screw, the breaking of a shaft, or the loss of the rudder. The time of voyage has been steadily reduced by one steamship line after another as improvements were adopted in type of vessel and engine. In 1862 the *Scotia*, of the Cunard line, cut the time from Queenstown down to less than nine days. In 1869 the Inman steamship *City of Brussels* reduced it to less than eight days. In 1892 the Union steamship *Alaska* held the record of less than seven days. The Inman steamship, *City of Paris*, again captured the record in 1889, herself in turn to be distanced by the Cunard steamship *Lucania* in 1894. In 1897 the North German Lloyd steamship *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*



Bedroom suite on the "George Washington"

carried the record down to less than six days, giving way to the Hamburg-American steamship *Deutschland* in 1900, which latter was surpassed by the North German Lloyd steamship *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, in 1904, in average speed across the ocean; and at the present date the record is held by the new Cunard steamships *Lusitania* and *Mauretania*. Competition among steamship lines and improvements in motive power may be expected to result in further reductions in the time of passage across the Atlantic as the years roll on.

Side by side with the growth of the fast express steamship has proceeded the development of slower vessels in which the aim has been to supply an equivalent in size of vessel, comfort, roominess, and appointments for the speed which is the distinguishing feature of the express steamships. Such vessels are the *Adriatic*, *Baltic*, and *Celtic*, of the White Star line; the *Carmania* and *Caronia*, of the Cunard line; the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria* and *Cleveland*, of the Hamburg-American line; the *Rotterdam*, of the Holland

(Continued on page 31.)

The Meanest Knaves

HOW PRISONERS ARE ROBBED AND CHEATED BY THE DISHONEST LAWYERS THAT INFEST THE COURTS AND PRISONS

By Frank Marshall White

DRAWINGS BY H. RALEIGH

A WRITER of romance would be censured of libelling the legal profession if he should create a lawyer who would first take for a fee the last seven dollars of a friendless immigrant woman about to become a mother, her husband being in prison, and then make her sell her bed, the only article of furniture left in her wretched lodging, in order to bring the payment for his services up to ten dollars. His invention would be called grotesque if he should make a lawyer take $750 from a woman who had killed her paramour, refuse her twenty-five dollars of it to enable her to escape to her native country, and afterward allow her to be tried and sentenced without rendering her legal assistance.

These are not imaginary incidents, however. They are matters of record in the courts of New York City. And there are scores more of cases almost as bad! The lawyers concerned are practising to-day in full professional standing!

The first instance mentioned above grew out of the case of a Russian immigrant who arrived in this country a year or so ago, and afterward took to wife a young countrywoman of his whom he had met on the steamer coming over. They had been married a little more than eight months when another woman appeared on the scene, also from Russia, and, claiming the man as her husband, had him locked up on the charge of bigamy. The other woman, on the verge of maternity, penniless, and with no means of support, still thought of the man in prison before herself, and went to a lawyer to ascertain if anything could be done for him. Knowing full well that the charge against the prisoner was such that he could not help her, the lawyer, nevertheless, told the woman that he must have ten dollars before he could take up the case. She went home and sold all her poor clothing, except what she had on, and all her furniture but the bed which was essential for the forthcoming event) for what she could get—seven dollars. The lawyer took the seven dollars, but said that it was not enough; he must have the additional three dollars. She told him of her woful plight; she had sold everything she possessed except the bed; she would need that, for the child was to be born in a few days. He could see, she said with confusion, that what she was saying was truth. (Her condition, which would have inspired at least sympathy among the lowest tribe of savages, and, considered with her other misfortunes, might have excited the pity of a rat, was apparent.) The man of law answered that her affairs were none of his; he required three dollars more to go on with the case. In shamefaced appeal she declared that, if she sold her bed, her child must be born on the floor, for she had no friends, no money, and no place to go. That did not concern the lawyer, either; he must have the three dollars or he could do nothing for her. The woman went away, sold the bed, brought the money to the lawyer—and he took it! And, having taken it, he made no effort to obtain bail for the prisoner, nor had he intended to when he made the forlorn creature strip herself of everything she possessed to gratify his lupine rapacity.

Another woman appeared on the scene

In the other instance referred to an Italian tenement of vicious life had killed a man during a quarrel in her apartment. She had been thrifty, and had $750 in a bank. After her arrest a lawyer offered his services, which she accepted. On her being arraigned in the police court and remanded, the lawyer, who "stood in" with the attaches of the court, took her to his own office and, being informed of the amount of her malodorous savings, told her that he must have it or he would surrender her to the officers of the law. The woman went with him to the bank, drew the money, and handed it over to him, begging him to return twenty-five dollars of it that she might go in the steerage to her home in Italy. The lawyer refused. He had taken her to his office by connivance with the court attaches, and as soon as she had given up her money one of them appeared and re-arrested her. She was convicted, and is now serving a sentence of fifteen years. The lawyer who had taken her money did not appear at her trial.

Another incident involving the same sort of knave: A short time ago the newspapers had a story about a lady's maid, who had been taken into custody by the police early in the morning in one of the all-night restaurants along Broadway, clad in finery she had stolen from the wardrobe of her mistress. The mistress had had the girl arrested, and she was committed to prison for trial on a charge of grand larceny. To the lawyer who had got hold of her in prison she gave all the money she had—fifty dollars. That was not enough, the shyster told her, after he had returned the money. (The rogues always take everything a client may have before fixing a price for their services.) Had she no friends with money? he asked. The girl admitted that she had a friend employed in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, who had in custody for her a gold watch, some jewelry, and a bank book. The lawyer made her give him an order for those articles and a power of attorney to draw the money from the bank. Having absorbed these, he went to her for more money, in the mean time doing nothing at all for her professionally. Ascertaining that her resources were now entirely exhausted, he inquired about her relatives; had she parents, brothers, sisters—any relatives? The girl had but one relation living, an uncle, who was a poverty-stricken farmer in a Western State. The lawyer wrote to the uncle, explaining that the niece would certainly go to prison for a long term unless money was forthcoming for her defence; and the farmer sent on his little savings, which the legal gentleman added to his own bank account. He has as yet done nothing at all for the girl, who, at the time of writing, is still in prison awaiting trial.

He made the forlorn creature strip herself of everything

Stories of this nature might be related *ad infinitum*. On a single day, while the writer was investigating these conditions, two instances of the voracity of these sharks were brought to the attention of the magistrates—and there are a hundred cases that do not come to light to one that does. In both instances the victims were social outcasts—the one a woman whose undoing inspired little sympathy, the other a degraded male miscreant who deserved none at all. These wretches are easy prey for the wolves of law. The woman had paid a lawyer $250 to appear for her in court. When she was arraigned before the magistrate the lawyer did not appear. Another of the species later came in his stead, however, and demanded and received one hundred dollars before he would go on with the case. The man in the other case, after having been committed to prison, was found by the lawyers to have something more than $500 in a bank. They made him give them a check for the entire amount, put up $200 of it as cash bail for him, and, dividing the balance among themselves, left him to his own resources.

The New York police courts swarm with the human vermin that fatten upon those of the miserable who, innocent or guilty, fall into the clutches of the law. About every police court in the five boroughs there are offices facing the temples of justice in which sharp-faced lawyers are awaiting their victims like so many spiders in their webs. From twelve to twenty members of the profession haunt the environs of each court, keen with their fellow-conspirators for the bleeding of the unfortunate.

The method of procedure in separating a prisoner from his money is something like this: On the way to court the policeman who has made the arrest may say to the victim: "You are in a bad scrape. Have you got a lawyer?" In nine cases out of ten the prisoner has not, and the policeman goes on: "Well, you'll need a pretty good one to get you out of this. I'll send a friend of mine to see you in the court-room." The corridors of the police courts are teeming with the lawyers and their runners, and the particular shyster with whom this particular policeman is doing business knows as soon as a potential client is brought in. The prisoner is scarcely within the confines of the court before one of the lawyers comes up to him and announces himself, his first question being invariably, "Have you got any money?" any available cash being transferred to the keeping of counsel to begin with. The next question always is, "Have you got any relatives or friends with money, and how much have they got?" Then, according to the probabilities of getting more or less out of a victim, is the treatment accorded him. The lawyer will say, perhaps, "I can fix this for you all right if your friends can raise—" Anything from five to a thousand dollars, or more, as matters may have developed. "The policeman who made the arrest is a friend of mine, and his testimony will be in your favor, provided we can get enough money together to make it worth his while." In case the arrest is made on a warrant the lawyer will claim friendship with the judge, and to prove it will often step up to the bench and address the magistrate familiarly—if he happens to be that kind of a magistrate. If it takes time for the victim to raise money the lawyer may have the case adjourned until it is forthcoming, or until the fact is demonstrated that it is not forthcoming at all. No money being available, however, the police-court sharks have been known to go through a prisoner's pockets and appropriate anything of any value at all, even to sleeve-links, shirt-studs, or a pocket-knife. They have been known to send their runners to the home of a prisoner to bring away his household effects, and the Yorkville court reporters declare that one of these thieves once brought to his master's office, among other portable property, a baby's milk-bottle and a jar of milk.

Men and women unfamiliar with legal procedure,

"Have you got any money?"

and seeking the aid of the police courts for the redress of wrongs, wives beaten or deserted by their husbands, victims of assaults or thefts, are a source of revenue to the shysters. They are picked up by the lawyers or their runners in the corridors of the courts or the streets, and, unaware that justice is supposed to be free, like salvation, are made to pay, without the knowledge of the judge, anything they may have, from one dollar to ten, or even twenty-five dollars, to secure the issuance of a summons or a warrant.

It occurs more often than not that when a lawyer has squeezed everything out of a client that he possesses, and exploited his friends and relatives as well, he deserts him absolutely, no matter what the size of the retainers he may have been paid. Sometimes a lawyer, in these circumstances, will rid himself of a client who has pleaded not guilty to an indictment by taking him into court and altering the plea to guilty without consulting him. Frequently a lawyer who has been paid from one hundred dollars to five hundred dollars to secure bail for a client will allow him to go back to prison at the request of a professional bondsman, because the latter has reached the limit of his property margin and wishes to surrender the man who has already paid in order to collect from a new customer. Only a few days ago an elevator attendant in the Criminal Courts Building found a poorly dressed woman weeping in the corridor, who, in response to his kindly questioning, told him that her son in prison was to be brought up for trial that morning. For the lad's defence she had paid a lawyer twenty-five dollars—all that she had, and she said that he now refused to go on with the case unless she gave him twenty-five dollars more, which it was impossible for her to obtain.

How are these conditions to be remedied? Ten grand juries have condemned the prison system of exploiting the unfortunate. The Prison Association exposed the same scheme of extortion by "skinners, sharks, and shysters" half a century ago, and asserts that the abuse is greater now than then. The Association recommends an amendment to the penal code whereby lawyers shall not be able to see prisoners without an order from the committing magistrate, suggesting that, while such action might result, in some cases, in the magistrates having favorites among members of the bar whose interests they might desire

She gave all she had

to serve, any tendency in this direction would be checked by the publicity attending it.

The duty of cleansing the prisons of their legal vermin lies between the district attorney, the Prison Association, and the Bar Association. The district attorney has made a commendable effort to break up the shamefol system, but he is powerless to deal with the leeches that make for the continuance of the evil without the co-operation of other officials. During his term of office he has secured the conviction of twenty-one corrupt lawyers, fourteen of whom were tried for swindling their clients. According to the records, however, more than three hundred lawyers have appeared in the criminal courts during the last three months, and an official who is in a position to know is authority for the statement that certainly half of them pursue habitually methods that are at least questionable, which means that at the lowest estimate there are one hundred and fifty members of the bar practising in New York to-day who ought to be "doing time." It should be understood that, owing to the ignorance of the victims of the lawyers, it is almost impossible, through their testimony, to secure the conviction of offenders. The victims are easily frightened into the retraction of statements they may have made; or, once having suffered in the courts, one of their principal aims in life is thereafter to keep out of them. Very often, too, the character of the victims is such that no jury would accept their evidence. Then the shysters always have at hand their parasites, skilled in perjury, to counteract the testimony of witnesses against them. A very recent case brought to the attention of the district attorney was that of a lawyer, accused by a woman of stealing fifty dollars from her husband. Her story was that she had called upon the fellow, her husband being under arrest, and had put the bag down on his table. The lawyer had opened the receptacle and taken the money from it, refusing to return it, although she had not, and did not, retain him in the case. The matter was laid before the grand jury and the lawyer was indicted, but when the case came up for trial the woman refused to appear. She had been "got at," and now declared that she had told the lawyer that he might take the money.

The Prison Association reports that the testimony of prisoners and their friends, who have been victims of the "skinners, sharks, and shysters," furnishes abundant proof of these nefarious practices; but the association will have to do something more than make recommendations to the Legislature in order to effect results.

An Elk Herd that Invaded a Town

By A. W. North

During the month of February last the settlers of Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, that celebrated outlaws' stronghold in past days, gave of their hay to save the lives of the elk herds that hunger drove into the settlement.

For three weeks there had been a blinding and continuous snowfall. Then came a thaw, which, followed by a renewal of the storm, served to harden the snow crusting it even against the sharp stamping of elk hoofs. By February 8th the elk, enfeebled by hunger, had trooped down from the frozen ranges to their ancient feeding grounds in the low willow lands of Jackson's Hole. The Hole is a mountain valley extending north and south some seventy miles, east and west from five to ten.

Here came elk down the Teton Pass, from the Shoshone and the Grosventre mountains, from the Yellowstone Park over fifty miles to the south, from the sources of the Green River—even from distant Montana. Small herds arrived the 8th and 9th; by the 10th of February they roamed about the settlement of Jackson in thousands. Starving cows and dying calves came first; then lordly bulls, fear gone, hunger triumphant. They ate the willows as their forebears had done; but settlers had grubbed out many of the willow flats, fencing and planting them. Over the fences, through the fences, went the elk herds; they fell upon stacks of hay.

At first the settlers were angered; hay and cattle-raising are two great sources of income in Jackson's Hole. But then the elk were starving! Soon the herds crowded into the streets of Jackson. Cows and calves, starving and dying, lay down before the doorsteps of the citizens. At night men slept in haystacks to keep their antlered friends from devouring and trampling them to pieces. About the 14th the people of Jackson's Hole held a meeting, and agreed to give liberally of their hay to save the elk.

Making no claim to heroism, members of no S. P. C. A., no Audubon or humane society, they opened their barns and granaries, hauling to the starving animals ricks loaded down with the alfalfa hay.

News of the starving elk reached Cheyenne on February 12th. A week later the Governor of Wyoming signed a bill appropriating five thousand dollars for their support. Meanwhile, Hon. D. C. Nowlin, a fine, grizzled veteran, for seven years Game Warden of Wyoming, had hurried to the Hole. I saw him helping load a wagon with hay for the elk.

"How many are there?" I ventured, pointing down the valley to the great brown herds.

The Warden paused a moment.

"Twenty-five hundred in that first band. Five thousand in the one beyond. Twenty thousand within a radius of ten miles of us. Just realize it, sir, there are thirty-five thousand elk in this Jackson Hole region to-day. The unusual winter, plus the contraction of the range, has brought about this awkward-of-gathering of starving elk. Better get some pictures, for civilized man has never seen the like of this before, an' he's slow at believing what he hasn't seen." The old chap smiled over his final statement, then added, "Say to people whom you meet that we are doing our best, that the mountaineers here have shown a sure fine sentiment."

"How many people are there in Jackson?"

"Only a hundred, yet in the past ten days they have given the elk a hundred and fifty tons of hay!"

The elk were everywhere, a great brown squadron of them, cows and calves, spike bulls and splendid many antlered bulls. We were close to them, not a hundred paces distant. We came closer, perhaps fifty yards. Then a grand old bull threw back his noble head and trotted across the road before us, fifteen hundred followers at his heels. A thousand stood fast, long-eared, with dark humped shoulders, brown-gray ladies and cream-colored rumps.

We began to throw out hay.

"Twenty elk can subsist on the feed of one cow," explained the Commissioner.

Forming into great rents, the two squadrons swung around in our wake, seizing upon the alfalfa with avidity, their poor shrunken sides swelling out gratefully.

They seemed to have little fear. Only some of the great bulls kept away on the outskirts. But even they followed us longingly. Away to the left two cows reared up on their hind legs, striking downward viciously at each other with their fore legs. Many of the calves, hungry, emaciated children, squealed over the welcome provender.

We threw out more and more hay.

"Let's give that poor starveling a dinner," said the Commissioner, pointing to a cow crumpled down in a forlorn heap.

Then I began to notice those that were down. I counted eleven calves and cows, mostly calves, seven of these were dead.

"Help came too late for them." There was a note of sincere sadness in my companion's tone. "We couldn't give help to all at once," he continued, "and a cow elk is like a sheep. When she's down, she's down and out. No fighting grit."

And so it seemed, for though we revisited our first starveling twice, giving her abundant hay, each time she merely essayed to rise, paying no heed to the alfalfa, which the others promptly appropriated.

The hay which we had thrown out was now gone. The squadrons, resulting, stared at us hungrily. Was it mere imagination that made me see a pathetic thankfulness in their great sad eyes? I will not say. But they were very close, not sixty feet away, and their eyes were expressive, almost humanly expressive.

Out went the balance of the hay.

Regretfully we drew back. Mr. Commissioner drew my attention to the willows. "The elk do love willow bark. It's even more to their taste than hay. It'n queer about this hay feed, anyway; as soon as the elk appease their hunger with it they grow timid, retreating to the mountains and searching for willows. Indeed, alfalfa doesn't seem to agree with many of them."

At ten o'clock that night, as I crossed the square in my hotel, I nearly bumped into half a dozen elk.

This morning I was aloot at six o'clock, ready for an early stage. But half of the Jackson's Hole people are Mormons, and as such dearly fond of music and dancing. And a dance several miles down the valley had sent the Jacksonians to bed in the small hours. Wasn't I the only being awake? Not quite! Up against the drug store crowded a good fifty elk; twice that number stared hard at the hotel barn; a small herd bleated the way to the saloon; five hundred more were scattered about the village.

At 7.30 the sled-driver and I were bowling along the frozen road leaving Jackson. A half-dozen elk trotted along before us for a furlong. We crossed the Snake River on a pontoon bridge. A hundred yards upstream a splendid old fellow was fording most deliberately. He threw up his great seven-point head and stared at us curiously. I think of him as my last view in Jackson's Hole.

The Teton Pass, down which the elk trooped

Starving elk seizing on the alfalfa hay supplied by settlers

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A DRAMATIC EXPONENT OF WOMEN'S WAYS

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF MISS GRACE GEORGE, WHO IS NOW APPEARING AT THE HACKETT THEATRE AS THE HEROINE IN THOMPSON BUCHANAN'S NEW COMEDY OF FEMININE WILES AND MOODS, "A WOMAN'S WAY"

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The Taxation of Life-Insurance

By Darwin P. Kingsley

THE heavy burden of taxation which is now borne by people insured under various forms of level premium life insurance policies has been the outgrowth of two causes; first, a fundamental misapprehension on the part of legislators of what life-insurance really is, and what relation it sustains to society; and, second, a pressing need of revenue to cover the expenses of local government. On this subject a committee of the National Bar Association said, in 1907: "The individual who misappropriates trust funds deserves censure and punishment, but it is just as dishonest to steal under the protection of law as without it, it is just as dishonest for the State to lay unholy hands on trust funds as for the individual, and the States commit a monstrous injustice when they seek, even partially, to maintain themselves by legislative raids on trust funds."

If treated by the State as it treats some kindred interests, neither life-insurance accumulations nor life insurance premiums would be taxed at all, beyond a sum sufficient to cover supervision by the State. "But why should they not be taxed?" asks the legislator. "Why should they not bear a proper proportion of the entire expense of government?" The average legislator is unable to see that there is any material difference in the transactions when one man directly buys a piece of real estate or stocks on a bond and pays for it out of his savings, and another man puts his savings into the premiums of a life-insurance policy, and the premiums in turn are invested by trustees in the same kind of securities.

Is there, as a matter of fact, a fundamental difference in the two transactions? I answer yes, there is. The man who invests his savings in a life insurance policy has paid money into a common fund which is dedicated to a peculiar purpose. It is no longer his asset. He has certain contractual rights, but that is all. The insured, in his premium payments, becomes to some extent a collectivist; in his contract rights under those payments he is an individualist. He has found the zone of harmony between these two great principles. His payments go into a fund the function of which is measurably to make good the loss to society which attaches to the uncertain tenure of other people's lives as well as his own, and the steady loss which attaches to the advancing age of all. This he does primarily in the interest of his own family, but also, in an equal degree, in the interest of all his fellow insurers, and, by reason of the kind of work done, in the interest of the State. The purpose of this fund is like the purpose of any endowment which may be made by an individual for a beneficial or an eleemosynary purpose. If a man personally gives a large sum of money for the support of a hospital or a church or a school, that money, generally speaking, is not taxed. Why not? Simply because the State has always believed that such funds were so largely dedicated to the general interest of society that they should be relieved from taxation, even when invested in securities which, representing private investment, would properly be subject to taxation.

For the same reasons I claim that funds accumulated under level-premium life-insurance policies should not be taxed for general revenue purposes. If the fund is essentially the same, except that it is created by many people instead of by one person, why should the State discriminate against it? Why, rather, should not the State discriminate in its favor?

No funds which take merely the form of an endowment devoted to some eleemosynary purpose are or can be as effective for the benefit of society as are the funds which are accumulated by a standard life-insurance company. These funds perform a unique service. They represent more in value than the sum which could be realized at any time by their sale, or by the sale of an equal amount of other securities representing an ordinary beneficial endowment. They are part of a social plan singularly clever and strong. They are instantly available in the form of money in almost any point in the world where the condition which they are intended to relieve exists. They also represent the only programme by which some portion of the strength and breadwinning power of a man, prematurely taken away, can still be available for the protection of his family and the indirect protection of the State. In other words, life insurance funds have a peculiar social efficiency which is lacking in ordinary endowments.

The State has always treated these funds differently from other funds that are really kindred. The State, for example, never taxes the premiums of a fraternal or beneficial order. Why not? Solely because the State recognizes that the money is devoted to a purpose so worthy that other property may fairly pay an additional tax in order to relieve this property. Deposits in savings-banks are not taxed, except that portion which represents the surplus of such institutions, and for the same reason.

The premiums and accumulations of level-premium life insurance companies represent a combination of these two—fraternal insurance and savings-banks, they supplement and strengthen both; they substitute for the imperfections of the fraternal plan an exact, strong, and scientific programme, they so quicken and broaden ordinary savings as to take away their individualistic character and make them of value to general society. They leave nothing to chance.

Yet, while the State taxes neither the premiums of fraternal insurance nor the accumulations of savings-banks outside of surplus, it taxes the premiums of life insurance heavily and unequally! It taxes some of the investments in which life insurance funds are placed. It constantly increases the burden. Under supervision by forty-six separate sovereign authorities, the policy-holder has substantially no remedy.

Which, after all, really serves the State more effectively, savings-banks or life-insurance? Fraternal orders or a plan of mutual self-help which is strong and lasting as well as just? Which has the stronger claim for exemption?

Life-insurance would not complain if, through fees and taxation levied equally by all the States, it was required to pay the cost of efficient governmental supervision, but in the United States alone funds dedicated to this beneficent purpose are depleted annually by an amount which approximates $10,000,000! This vast sum, paid into the fund I have described, is diverted by the various States and applied to the general expenses of government.

The people of England now tax themselves directly in order to provide pensions for the aged. Level-premium life-insurance is merely a plan by which society itself, without charity—and assistance from the State is charity—may do the same thing. England accomplishes this highly beneficent purpose through general taxation. The insuring public accomplish it by taxing themselves. Yet the State, by additional taxation, punishes this thrift and self-respect. Seeking to relieve the State of a burden which English society has been obliged to assume, this large class of citizens is heavily mulcted!

Some enthusiasts who have a deep appreciation of what life-insurance means socially, advocate governmental insurance. That is not consistent with the genius of this country—at least not now. The majority of men, however, and nearly all those who take part in legislation, go to the other extreme, and because of a lamentable lack of knowledge of what life-insurance is doing, or through indifference to it, avail themselves of this ready and easy means of raising revenue. The fraternal order which does its worthy work unscientifically and uncertainly is spared; but as soon as the fraternal order changes its programme and becomes a real life-insurance company, operating on well-established principles, and necessarily accumulating the funds which represent the burden of advancing years, it is no longer spared. It becomes the prey of the State, and is forced to carry a large portion of the burdens of government.

The average legislator cannot get out of his mind the size of these accumulations. If such accumulations are considerable, that fact alone invites taxation. Whether funds accumulated by any institution are large or small depends solely on the extent of the service which it is rendering society. If one company has only a few hundred people insured, its accumulations are relatively unimportant. If another company, operating on exactly the same plans, has a million people insured, and is obliged to pay ultimately two billions of dollars in the effective and singular way which I have described, its accumulations necessarily become very large; but they are no different accumulations from those of the smaller company. They are not different from the accumulations of the savings-banks, except that they are dedicated to a larger purpose. The premiums which create the funds are not different in their nature from the premiums of the beneficial or fraternal order.

So long as the plan is unscientific, the State spares it. As soon as it becomes scientific, exact, and unquestionable, the State taxes it. There are few conditions in modern society and in the operation of governments that are more anomalous than these, and perhaps none in which the attitude of the State is more completely indefensible.

The Book and the Child

By Esther W. Bates

IN that precise township where the ancient inns of the Pyncheons still dwell, where St Gaudens' Puritan holds kinship yet with the elderly inhabitants, where Browning clubs are now in their early fervor, and the atmosphere suggests much of that dear provincialism of early Boston, it is my good fortune to be a schoolmistress. The children of this city are the natural scions of a free republic. They bear the names that the antiquarian loves to hear. Tenacious of their rights and sturdy in their opinions, they follow, but may not be driven. Their instruction may arise to the proud eminence of friend and equal, but never may be be brooked as a superior.

These are the children, then, to whom I present that remote subject, English literature, and, in the academic words of the syllabus, "encourage the reading of good books for the enlargement and growth of the spirit." The town library, famed for its courtesy and public spirit, provides for the relaxation of the casual reader a penny-a-day system for circulating the popular novel. It features the six best sellers, and duplicates largely the fictional output of all the leading publishers. Here it is that the academy boy and girl may be found daily. This is the fount of all their imaginative activity.

It was a boy, hanging about the desk one recess for the purpose of warmly recommending to me *The Lightning Conductor*, who roused the sentiments of his class by inquiring hotly why people who wrote classics never wrote anything interesting; why, in all common sense, the class could not read *Beverly of Graustark* for literary study instead of *Sir Roger de Coverley*; why on earth anybody should read Addison anyway? Accordingly, I looked about for some books which were accepted classics, or else which had soaked somewhat higher from a literary point of view than the lighter and more fleeting favorites that had so taken their fancy. From these I posted a list for supplementary reading. The perusal of one novel, one short story, and one poem from the list were required monthly, and then the children were invited to report their impressions with perfect frankness. Like all true New-Englanders they have convictions, and, like their forebears, it is vitally necessary to give utterance to them.

The list, prepared with no intention of being either typical or exhaustive, was made purposely heterogeneous, in order to snare any wandering fancy possible. The writer cast back to her own youth to remember the classics she had embraced so passionately then, the ballads that had sung themselves into her memory, and the heroines who had identified themselves so generously with herself. Of the older books *The Arabian Nights*, *Don Quixote*, *The Scottish Chiefs*, *The Last of the Barons*, *Redgauntlet*, *Pride and Prejudice*, *Dombey and Son*, *The Newcomes*, and *Middlemarch* were listed. To these classes, composed almost wholly of the modern boy and girl of good American birth, the aforementioned books were pathetically unfamiliar. To overcome that natural prejudice against books which were recommended by an Olympian, the moderns were represented by *Daisy Miller*, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, *The Virginian*, *Jerome, a Poor Man*, *The Prince and the Pauper*, and that enchanting idyl, *Deephaven*. If herein I made concession to admit the less immortal, it was that I might, if possible, attract every child somehow. The short stories included "The Brushwood Boy," Owen Wister's "Philosophy Four," "The Man Without a Country," "Marjorie Daw," "The Courtin' of Dinah Shadd," "The Manuscript Found in a Bottle," and "Pet Marjorie." The experiment would never have been possible without that most generous assistance which I received from the public library.

These were undoubtedly mildly enjoyed, but the poems, where poetry was tolerated at all, were extraordinarily popular. The ballad was selected largely because of its swinging rhythm and because the story held the interest. Since the analogy between the childhood of the man and the childhood of the race always holds significance, and the ballad measure was one of the earliest forms in a people, it must and did follow that the ballad appealed most to the child. They were given "The Ballad of East and West," "The Dream of Eugene Aram," "The Lady of Shalott," "The Blessed Damozel," "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "The Courtin'," "The King's Tragedy," and that sombre apologue of Robert Buchanan, "The Ballad of Judas Iscariot."

For popularity among the poems, "The Ballad of East and West" triumphantly led the van. "The Ballad of Judas Iscariot," however, made a close second, while "The Courtin'" appealed more to the boys and "The Lady of Shalott" to the girls. "The Dream of Eugene Aram" greatly took that budding psychological sense which is so fascinating to speculate upon at that age. "The Blessed Damozel" attracted none so far as could be ascertained, although itself an adolescent product. "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix" was tartly discarded as too childish, because, forsooth, it had been presented in the grades. "The King's Tragedy" did not win any favor.

Among the boys Poe was a masterly favorite and evidently an old acquaintance. They unconsciously betrayed much familiarity with his books and his life. They had the fixed idea that he was a desperate character, and every story was the result of either intoxication or a disordered mind. Needless to say, this belief greatly increased his prestige.

It has seemed from time to time, however, that the majority of these average American children are neither imaginative nor romantic. In their work, the utilitarian in literature is surest of a hearing. Franklin's *Autobiography*, and more especially his prudent sayings, clang longest in the memory, and sturdy interest that lagged and slumbered through *Silas Marner* awoke here and marked these maxims for its use. The knave, the wastrel, and the vagabond find no kinship among these youths. Poor Goldsmith, madcap Lamb, and the improvident Dick Steele are received with contumely, and derision greets any recital of their idiosyncrasies, and *The Vicar of Wakefield*, in my experience, has never been even mildly liked by a class in a secondary school. They have a degree of sentiment, but it is emphatically different from the eighteenth century's immortal species. As a matter of fact, they are not old enough to find anything universal in a human document that does not touch their own age. To this, however, I must admit exceptions.

The one novel which was read universally and ardently by girl and boy was Owen Wister's *The Virginian*. It went from hand to hand impatiently, it was discussed at recess, covertly recommended to one another, quoted, imitated, and beloved. They chronicled their joy freely, though sometimes with a fine patronage. "*The Virginian* took human life at sufficiently frequent intervals to prevent the book from becoming dull."

The Opportunity in New York Real Estate

By Joseph P. Day

IN speaking of the real-estate situation and its future it is proper to analyze and review some of the conditions in the past and present before we begin to theorize as to what that future may be.

During the six years prior to 1907 the tendency, not alone in New York City, but all over the country, was toward an upward real-estate movement. The financial conditions of 1907, of course, retarded progress in all developments, and as showing the working of the great natural law of action and reaction between the financial and real-estate situation at that time, it is necessary only to give an illustration.

Prior to that sudden depression, nearly every manufacturing establishment was enjoying its greatest era of prosperity, and many were laying plans or had them under way for the extension of their business by the enlargement of their plants or the addition of new ones, and in doing so buying more real estate. The banking or loaning institutions were the channels through which these extensions could be brought about. With the sudden crisis at that time, all money that could possibly be called in was withdrawn, and this compelled a great many of the manufacturing companies throughout the United States not alone to suddenly stop all their plans for enlarging their business, but forced not a few of them to close down altogether. The next step in the downward scale was that the great mass of employees who were thrown out of employment instead of drawing, as they were preparing to do, on their savings accounts to buy homes for themselves or to secure more land as an investment for part of their savings, were compelled to draw on these reserve accounts for their necessary wants.

At that time there was no leader who would dare to name the time when prosperous conditions would be restored. It is plain to see how these conditions mightily affected real estate.

As to the present, we have worked through these unfortunate conditions, and we are again in full swing toward the great upward movement of prosperity. Practically all the factories have reopened, and most of them are again working on full time. Financial institutions are now even going out of their way to secure good loans. The rate of interest on mortgages has been decreased. The building loan operation market is again active, and as a still better barometer of conditions, people are not alone beginning to inquire about real estate, but are actually making purchases for investment. It will not be the fault of present conditions if there is not a rapid rise in realty values to the level they attained two years ago. True, going through such an experience as that we have just passed, there was more or less elimination of investors who did not use proper judgment or who were poorly advised in their acquirement of real estate.

The *Real Estate Record and Guide* says: "The total amount of mortgages put out on real estate in the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx from January 1st to February 15th this year approximates $40,000,000, as against $40,000,000 in the same space of time the year before, showing more than one hundred per cent. increase on money put out on mortgages."

From the point of view of the writer, real estate is one of the best assets for the foundation of a fortune, and in New York City numerous families can be mentioned, like the Astors, Goelets, and Rhinelanders, whose present great fortunes were started in the acquirement of small parcels of real estate. The original John Jacob Astor, with one of his partners, began purchasing land in the lower end of Manhattan Island. Mr. Astor, watching the northward trend of the city, kept disposing of the parcels in the southerly part as the section built up around him, and his policy was to continually keep buying farther north. To show how much his judgment in these matters was better than that of his partner, the real estate held by his heirs to-day is worth tens of millions of dollars, whereas his partner, who simply kept acquiring in what was then the southern portion of New York, although his heirs are worth many millions of dollars, did not accumulate anything like the fortune which the Astor estate controls.

Another illustration of foresight and judgment in the acquirement of real estate was brought to light by the recent death of Mary G. Pinkney. A great part of the estate she inherited from Archibald Watt, who acquired in 1826 a part of the John Delancey farm. Mr. Watt paid for this farm $62,500, or an average price of $1,562.50 a square block. The estimated value of a block to-day is around $7,500,000, and when Mrs. Pinkney's will was offered for probate the value of the then remaining real estate was stated to be worth $30,000,000.

Transportation facilities, of course, have a great deal to do with the enhancement of real-estate values. With New York City as an example again, there were some cabbage farms ten miles out on Long Island, which only seven years ago were selling for $300 an acre, and which to-day are being disposed of at from $1,000 to $10,000 an acre. With the announcement of the Pennsylvania Railroad's great plans for improvement of its terminal and trackage to extend through Long Island, farmers who did their own truck-driving of their garden produce into New York, suddenly woke up to the fact that they were very wealthy men, by reason of these proposed transit improvements which to-day are being actively carried through. The same thing can be said about the Island of Manhattan itself, where the same conditions existed at the northern end of New York City.

New Jersey is soon to see a great upward movement, with the centralization of practically all the railroads running through that State into the Hudson Terminal, or commonly called Manhattan tunnel systems into Cortlandt Street, and Thirty-third Street and Broadway, New York. Prior to the installation of the tunnels between New York City and New Jersey, the conditions of transit conveyance were practically the same as obtained nearly a hundred years ago, when the first ferryboat was built and began to cross the Hudson River. This tunnel system, through the great transportation system which is outlined, is going to tremendously increase and benefit real estate in all sections of the sister State, by bringing them closer to the great metropolis, New York City.

With the complete resumption of business activity, **real-estate prosperity is at hand.**

A Club of Queer Appetites

By George Jean Nathan

PUREE of kangaroo, boiled salt horse, mink soup, filet of cinnamon bear, grilled whale blubber, boa-constrictor cutlets—such are the items upon the menu of the Club of Queer Appetites which meets in New York City at intervals and eats a hearty meal—and enjoys it!

While seated around a camp fire in the north of Canada eight years ago a group of sportsmen, smacking their lips over the annual dish of baked musquash, conceived the idea of holding a dinner in New York City every year at which there should be served the rarest and oddest dishes that hunters could gather from the four corners of the earth. These men, who had hunted in far-off and wide, agreed that some of the best and most appetizing food they had ever eaten was that which laymen considered *hors de course* as well as out of the question, but which they knew, from camp experience in strange countries, to be just the opposite. In the group of sportsmen were Dr. G. Lenox Curtis, who has had twenty years of hunting experience in Canada and Mexico, Dr. Robert T. Morris, who has made many expeditions into Labrador and the Hudson Bay country, and Leander T. Chamberlain, the African traveller.

Upon their return to New York these men, acting with F. G. D. Roberts, W. H. Drummond, M. T. Rogers, Ernest Thompson Seton, and others interested in the world of hunting, organized "The Canadian Camp" and, with three hundred and fifty sportsmen from all over the globe in attendance, held their first dinner in Madison Square Garden. At present there are one thousand members who sit down to the "Camp's" dinners, which have been made semi-annual.

A glance over the menus that have been provided for these various camp-fire feasts discloses what is undoubtedly as weird a collection of seemingly impossible dishes as could be conjured up. Fried alligator, baked skunks, boa-constrictor fricassee, fried rattlesnake, roasted Amazon monkey, broiled Pacific Ocean whale, grilled whale blubber, baked Winnipeg porcupine, field-mouse stew, and roast cataio have been among the *pièces de résistance*. Despite the fact that doubt has sometimes been expressed as to the authenticity of these dishes, it is stated positively by the officers of the organization that the food served is always genuine. And when it is chronicled that on the directing board of the organization there appear such names as Henry van Dyke, Cy Warman, Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, Admiral Dewey, Rear-Admiral Evans, Earl Grey, Sir Louis Jetté, L. F. Brown, Robert E. Peary, Robert Bell, and the Earl of Minto, and that many well-known sportsmen and physicians are among those who belong to the "Camp," the serious foundation of the organization is made evident.

Huntsmen in Africa discovered that fried rattlesnake was just as edible as frogs' legs, and that baked monkey meat tasted like wild geese. Arctic explorers found that whale meat properly cooked, was as good as the best tenderloin steak. Porcupine meat, it was learned, was not unlike veal; and from these discoveries there resulted the similar elaborated dishes that were served at the "Camp's" dinners. It is interesting to note that Persian-lamb stew was first served at a "Camp" banquet six years ago, and has been introduced into several metropolitan hotels within the last year.

Roast cataio (a cross between a buffalo and a cow) provided by Col. C. A. Jones, was served, for the first time in public, at the banquet in February, 1906. Filet of Bornean rhinoceros, the gift of Prince Henry of Prussia, was served at the dinner held in March, 1905. Newfoundland seal flippers, presented by Justice W. J. Carroll, of the Supreme Court, St. John's, and tiger steaks, sent by Prince Louis of Battenberg by special messenger from H.M.S. *Prince of Wales*, were eaten at the November, 1907, feast. At the latter, also, coffee from the *Roosevelt* (for one year within 402 miles of the north pole), presented by Commander Peary, was served. Boa-constrictor cutlets, furnished by Abah D. James, and man-eater from Tsavo, given by Colonel Paterson, were among the dishes at the dinners during the last two years.

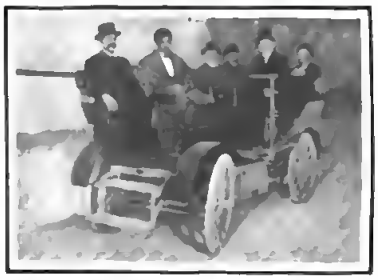
Mr. Roosevelt, who has shown considerable interest in the "Camp," has promised to send it some elephant meat from Africa, and Commander Peary promised that he would see to it that the organization is provided with musk-ox for one of its future spreads.

One of the most peculiar vegetable dishes served at the banquets has been Mexican cactus. Dr. Curtis, who is president of the "Camp," discovered a species of the plant while in Mexico two years ago that contained an albuminous fluid that was both tasty and healthful. This plant has been partaken of at two of the dinners. Dr. Curtis is authority for the statement that he has frequently served muskrat and beaver in his home, and that his family have found the meat just as palatable as have the sportsmen. "Almost everything is edible," he says, "and a lot of the things that are supposed not to be are in reality the most appetizing of all."

Aside from the mentioned *pièces de résistance* that have graced the "Camp's" banquet tables there have been numerous other dishes which the sportsmen have considered not at all unusual, but which a man accustomed to the every-day table-d'hôte life would regard as peculiar, to say the least. Among these *hors-d'œuvre*, as they might respectfully be termed, there have appeared such preparations as mountain lamb (with horns) *à la* Edward VII., purée of kangaroo, boiled salt horse in campers' style, purée of Indiana raccoon, Lake Champlain trout fish, roast Kentucky wild turkey, mink soup, escalopes of black sea bass, filet of cinnamon bear, roast Japanese Okito duck, lumber-camp cheese, Newfoundland-rabbit pie, spitted Vancouver Island banded pigeons, Lake Martindale trout, wild-lily bulbs, wild celery, and Indian turnips.

Some menus of the Canadian Camp Club's dinners. Among the dishes served are broiled whale, roast monkey, baked porcupine, boa-constrictor cutlets, puree of mink, filet of bear, kangaroo soup, seal flippers, and boiled salt horse

"LENDING A HAND" TO LAUNCH THE WRIGHT AEROPLANE AT PAU, FRANCE. THE "HELPER" IN THE FUR COAT IS LORD NORTHCLIFFE, AND NEXT IN LINE ON HIS RIGHT IS THE HON. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR. THE BRITISH WAR OFFICE HAS ASKED THE WRIGHT BROTHERS TO GIVE A DEMONSTRATION IN ENGLAND



THE SENATORIAL SUBWAY. AN AUTOMOBILE TO CARRY SENATORS THROUGH THE TUNNEL BETWEEN THE CAPITOL AND THEIR NEARBY OFFICE BUILDING

THE FIGURE OF A HORSE CONSTRUCTED BY PHILADELPHIA CAVALRY VETERANS OF THEIR CIVIL WAR EQUIPMENT OF CARBINES, REVOLVERS, AND THE LIKE

ELMER W. LORING, PRESIDENT TAFT'S FAVORITE GOLF CADDIE AT HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA, WHOM HE HAS SENT TO THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA. THE PLAYER ON THE RIGHT IS POSTMASTER-GENERAL HITCHCOCK

THE FIRST FILIPINO SAILORS IN THE UNITED STATES NAVY, WHO SHIPPED AT MANILA ABOARD THE BATTLESHIP "KANSAS" WHEN SHE WAS ON HER WORLD-GIRDLING VOTAGE WITH THE BATTLESHIP FLEET

THE BUZZARDS OF VERA CRUZ, MEXICO, WHICH ARE SELF-APPOINTED AND VALUABLE ASSISTANTS TO THE STREET-SWEEPERS

RIDING ASTRIDE AT HAWAII. ONE OF THE INTER-ISLAND PRINCESSES IN THIS YEAR'S FLORAL PARADE AT HONOLULU IN HER FLOWING, DIVIDED SKIRT

CHIPS FROM THE WORLD'S WORKSHOP

ODDS AND ENDS OF INTEREST AT HOME AND ABROAD

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AN OLD

"NOW, FIRST CONSIDER, UNCLE, I'M THE BIRD THAT LAID THAT GOLDEN EGG, AN

DRAWN

LE REVISED

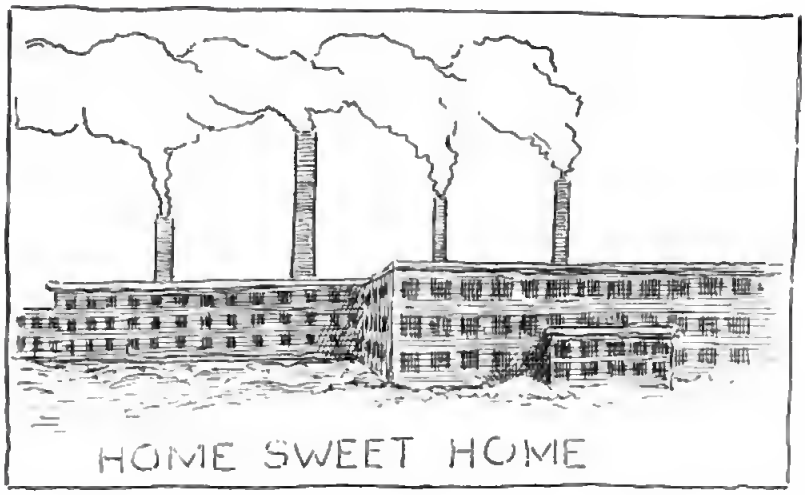
DO TOO MUCH CARVING ON MY ANATOMY, YOU MAY SPOIL THE BRAND OF FRUIT"

KEMBLE

AN OLD FA

"NOW, FIRST CONSIDER, UNCLE, I'M THE BIRD THAT LAID THAT GOLDEN EGG, AND IF

DRAWN BY



BLE REVISED

OU DO TOO MUCH CARVING ON MY ANATOMY, YOU MAY SPOIL THE BRAND OF FRUIT"

W KEMBLE

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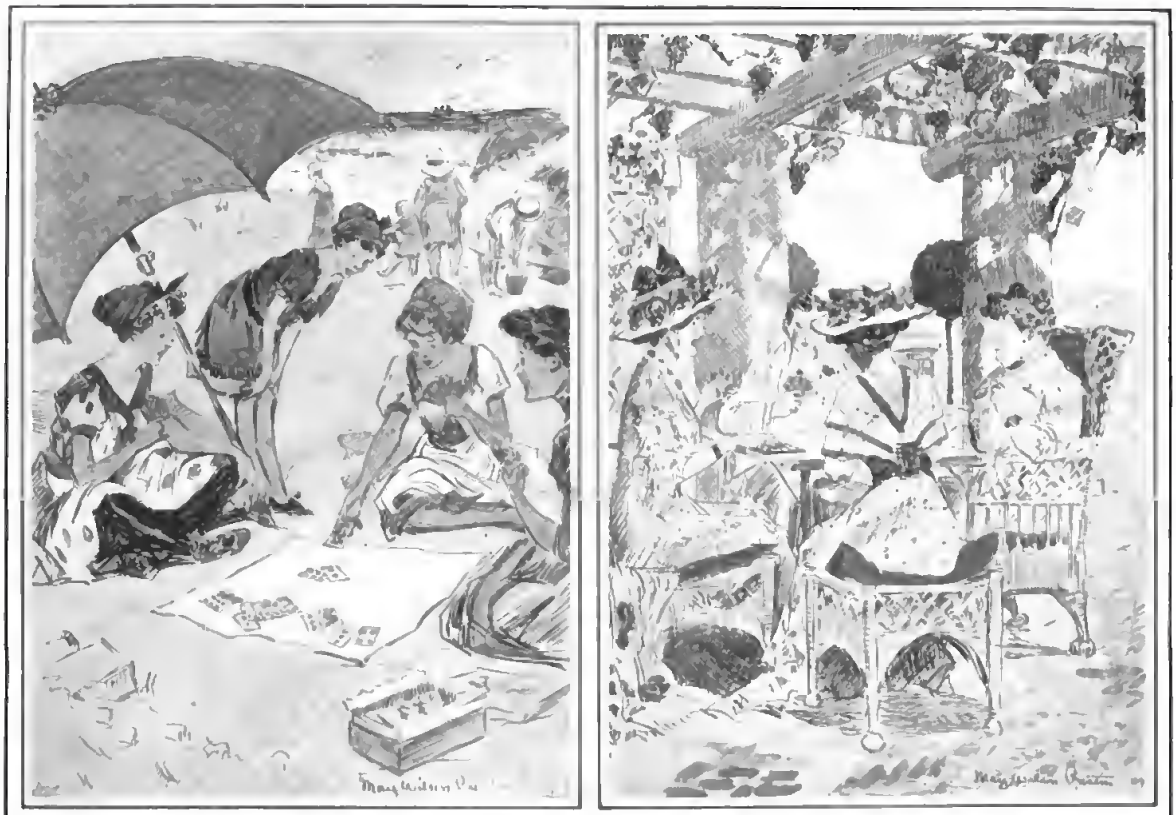


THE RUBAIYAT OF BRIDGE

By Carolyn Wells

And if the Card you hopefully Finesse
Capture the Trick,—your Partner Smiles! Oh, yes!
And you smile Broadly! But if it be Catchy
By the Fourth Hand,—your Smiles are somewhat Less!

But if in Vain down on the Stubborn Score
You gaze: and make it No Trumps, just once more,—
With Strength in Every Suit. But with No Ace,—
How then,—when Dummy calmly Lays down Four!

FROM THE NEW YORK *GADFLY*, ISSUE OF APRIL FIRST

SENATOR CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW resigned yesterday).

Hon. William Jennings Bryan has accepted the position of General Counsel to the United States Beef Trust.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt, late of Washington, has abandoned his African trip, to accept the Presidency of Haiti, on a salary of two dollars a word for all his Presidential Messages.

Mr. Booker T. Washington was the recipient of a dinner, at Washington, last night, from his friend Senator Tillman.

Mr. Fingy Connors, of Buffalo, has joined the staff of *The Outburst* as a contributing subscriber, and will have charge of the department of Belles Lettres.

Governor Hughes has purchased a large stock-farm up near Syracuse, and will go in for the breeding of fast horses at the close of his administration.

The Grand Council of Tammany Hall has just passed a resolution authorizing the annual payment of ten per cent. of its receipts to the Conscience Fund.

The American residents of London will present Ambassador Reid with a handsomely bound copy of *The Simple Life* on the occasion of his retirement from office.

THE OBLIGING PRESIDENT

During a short lived revolution, there came to be the head of the government in a little Central-American republic a man who was above all things courteous, and who was, moreover, very anxious to gain the good will of the foreign consuls. One of the latter, having heard that a certain countryman of his had died, addressed a note to the head of the new government, in which he stated that his own government would be grateful for a certificate of death of the individual in question. A few days later the consul received the following communication:

"Esteemed Señor, I blush to say that I cannot at present comply with your Excellency's request for a death certificate of the man named. I sent my soldiers, but he got away, to my shame. I shall use every effort to catch him, however, and hope to send your Excellency the desired certificate at an early date."

Needless to say, the consul lost no time in communicating to the obliging President the information that the certificate was undesired, in view of the fact that the individual was able to "get away."

CAN THEY?

(*"Can Americans talk?" asks Mr. John R. Frate, in Harper's Weekly.*)

"Can we talk?" Well, we should guess, sir,
That the answer must be, "Yes, sir."
For the Yankee is a talker from the start.
His complete vocabulary
Is a thing extraordinary,
And you'll find his epigram is rather tart.

When you get him on an outing
Where there's half a chance for spouting
He'll be equal to his opportunity;
And whene'er he's out a-stumping,
Why, he keeps his voice a-humping
Till his audience is yelling, "C. Q. D!"

For another Talking Winner
Just attend some public dinner
When they have their After-Dinner speakers out—
Try to sit and calmly listen
While their paragraphs are blissin'
Like an endless stream of water from the spout!

If you still need satisfaction
Of our Yankee's vocal action,
Take a train 'most any time for Washington,
And in Congress take your station
While the Statesmen of this Nation
Are dilating on the deeds that we have done!

We've likewise our Clubs for Women—
Spite of their falals and trimmin'
In our ladies you will meet your Waterloo.
If you really want a corker
As a steady All Talker,
We will bet upon the ladies, ten to two!

There's no need of more rehearsing
Of our virtues in conversing.
On our critics we have surely got the drop.
Their objections all are bubbles,
For the chiefest of our troubles
In conversing is we can't know how to stop!

HORACE DEEP GAFFIN.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.

A USEFUL INVESTMENT

IT would be a fine thing if these Maxim silencers were to prove themselves worthy of their name by forever silencing a number of maxims that have long since outgrown their usefulness. "Water won't flow uphill," for instance. Any man who has ever sat on the deck of an ocean steamer on a stormy day and seen ton after ton of water flow uphill till it overtopped the smoke-stack a hundred times an hour, knows how absolutely false is any such statement as this. Then there is "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." How preposterous that is! What man with ten canary birds in hand wouldn't willingly swap them off for one canvas-back duck or a nice juicy wild turkey in the bush, provided he was a good shot? If it were "A bird on toast is worth two in the pantry," or "A bird on your wife's Easter hat coats more than three aviaries on the farm," there might be some sense in the assertion. And, oh, those people that tell us that "Flies are thickest where the sugar is"! What idiocy! Wall Street sells more sugar in an hour than is grown in a year, and everybody knows that there are no flies on Wall Street! Truly, on behalf of our growing youth let us hope that this Maxim silencer will get busy and put an eternal quietus on such misleading maxims as these!

A GENEROUS SOUL

AT the railway station of a certain Alabama town a number of passengers, who were waiting for a train long overdue, had distributed themselves on the platform, their feet hanging thereover.

Presently there came along a native, a sour-faced individual, with a rope in his hand. It subsequently transpired that he was looking for a stray mule. He came out of the bush opposite the station and stood for some time looking up and down the tracks. Then he directed his gaze to the group of waiting passengers

GARDEN HOSE.

on the platform, with their feet hanging over. He regarded them listlessly for quite a while, then suddenly he called out:

"Hey, there! You all!"

"What is it?" demanded some one, startled by the sudden cry.

"Whut your feet?"

This injunction to "h'ist" was complied with by all with alacrity, for, as they looked down over the platform, they perceived a big rattlesnake just coiling for a strike. A handy grindstone was dropped on the reptile, despatching it, of course; and one of the men thanked the native for his timely warning.

The latter smiled grimly. "I don't s'pose I deserve much thanks," said he, "but some men who have lost a mule an' been huntin' for it for three days would have been kinder ornery 'bout that snake. However, gents, there ain't nuthin' mean 'bout me!"

SOMETHING COMING TO HIM

A VERY recent Secretary of State one day looked up from his desk and suddenly asked,

"Do you speak Spanish, Mr. Jones?"

"No, sir, I am sorry to say I do not," the clerk addressed replied regretfully.

"Too bad, too bad!" the Secretary commented, and turned again to his papers.

The clerk had visions of an offered appointment as Secretary of Legation at Madrid, and that very night set diligently to work to acquire the language of the Dons, and with unusual success. Two months later he ventured to suggest:

"Mr. Secretary, a short while ago you asked me if I was familiar with Spanish. At that time I was not, but I have since mastered it."

"Indeed? Very good," the Secretary said. "Have you become really proficient in the language in this short time?"

"It seemed to come easy—I suppose that accounts for it, sir," the clerk modestly admitted.

"Excellent!" the Secretary said. "You have a treat in store for yourself. Now you can read *Don Quixote* in the original!"

GREEDY HUSBAND. "MY DEAR, AREN'T YOU GLAD I BROUGHT YOU THIS CELERY?"

FEMININE SACRIFICE

Hant, hant, hant!
Oh, Fashion, at thy decree;
And I would that my tongue could welcome
The things that taste good to me.

Oh, well for the Alderman's wife,
That she bravely starves to get slim;
And well for the tailor maid
Who runs and jumps in the gym.

And the stately hips go off,
('Tis surely a wondrous feat!)
But, oh, for a touch of mayonnaise!
And the taste of a thing that is sweet!

Hant, hant, hant!
Oh, Fashion, at thy decree;
But the tender grace of a rounded form
Will never come back to me!

CAROLYN WELLS.

THE REMARKABLE FEATURE

WHEN Mr. Taft was in the South, a "Cracker" did him some small service, which was paid for, and, like the man, forgotten. Some time after the President-elect observed a seedy individual hanging about the golf links.

"Is there anything you would like?" Mr. Taft presently asked, good-naturedly, having just made a wonderful drive.

"Thar sho is. Ah'd like to see yo' inauguration!"

STARTING AN ENDLESS CHAIN

BOTH father and mother struggled valiantly to teach little Effie to repeat the letter "A." The child emphatically refused to pronounce the first letter of the alphabet, and after many vain efforts the father retired from the fight discouraged. The mother took the little girl on her lap and pleaded with her affectionately.

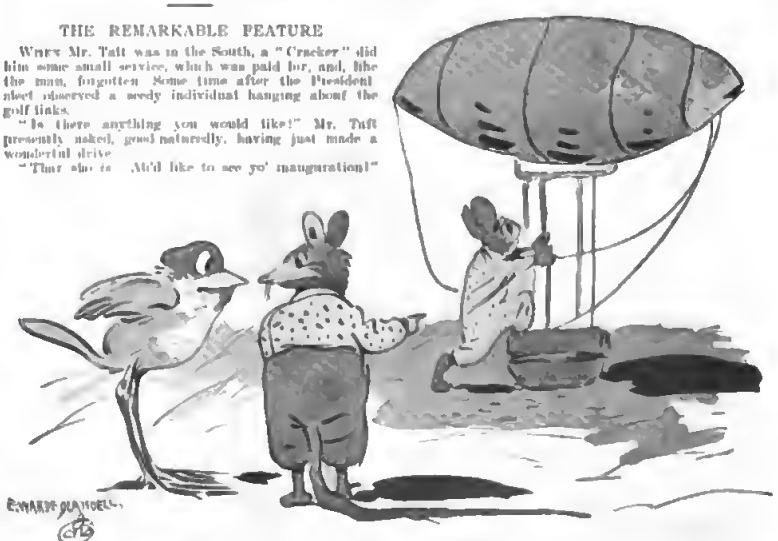
"Dearie, why won't you learn to say 'A'?" she asked.

"Because, mamma," explained Effie, "den as soon as I say 'A' your an' papa will want me to say 'B.'"

OBLIGING

"Your name, Alice, and my daughter's being the same makes matters somewhat confusing," said a Germantown woman to a new domestic. "How do you like, say, the name of Bridget?"

"Well, mum," returned the cook, "it's not meself that's over-particular. I'm willin' to call the young leddy any name ye'd suggist."



MOUSE. "WHAT A FINE MAN THAT AERONAUT MUST BE!"
SPARROW. "HUSH!—I'D JUST AS SOON GO UP WITH HIM."

The Lucky M. Passicousset

By George Weston

DRAWINGS BY W. POTTS

H, but Jean Baptiste was the lucky poet!

For not only had he the proper pallor, the long black hair, the drooping tie and the look unutterable, but he enjoyed as well the platonic friendship and the critical odiees of Madame Picard; and when the fact is disclosed that Madame Picard presided at the desk of Picard's Restaurant on the Rue Nassau (contiguous to the Subway and the Fulton Street exit), it will be seen beyond the shadow of a doubt—publicly!—that Jean Baptiste was the lucky poet, preeminent on Olympus and to whom Parnassus was the nearest careless step.

"Ah, M'sieur!" Madame Picard had murmured one day to Jean Baptiste, who sat at the favorite table by the side of the cage where Madame had her desk—"Ah, M'sieur, but I call that grand!—exquisite!—merveilleux!"

"But, Madame!" exclaimed the lucky Jean Baptiste, "consider the source of my inspiration!"

And moved by the measure of her admiration he recited the verses again, a flower picked from his book *Mr. Nemesis*, and as he made recitative he placed his lips close to the interstices of Madame's cage, his right hand holding his MSS and his left hand on his heart, while over his countenance shone the sweet and melancholy exaltation of a poet who has lunched extremely well.

"M'sieur was speaking," said Madame, unclasping her hands at last—"M'sieur was speaking of the source of his inspiration."

"Rosalie!" murmured this very lucky poet.

"M'sieur!"

"Non, non! Call me Jean!"

"Jean!"

"Rosalie! Thou art my life, my soul, my all! Ah, Rosalie, when I have become rich and famous—!"

"Yes, yes?"

"Then shalt thou no longer be the Widow Picard, but Madame Jean Baptiste Passicousset. . . . Ma chère!"

Wherefore it happened that every day Jean Baptiste paid for his lunch with a dollar bill, for which he received in change a smile of tenderness, a look of significance, and four silver quarters—four silver quarters that were later converted into a dollar bill at the stationer and tobacconist's shop conducted by Madame Chauvelot, near the corner of l'Avenue Sixième and la Rue 30me.

Ah, but that was a snug and cozy place: the stationer and tobacconist's shop conducted by Madame Chauvelot. In the window hung the latest copies of *Le Figaro*, *Le Petit Journal*, *La Mode Illustre*, and *Gil Blas*, a display which not only gladdened the heart of the passing expatriate, but which cast into the interior of the shop a discreet shadow, from which Madame Chauvelot arose like a vision behind the counter and the show-cases to gladden the expatriate's eye as well as his heart with her complexion, her eyes, and a certain plumpness of form which furnished the last snug and cozy touch to an already most famously snug and cozy place. What wonder, then, that Jean Baptiste leaned over a certain counter by the hour, lucky poet that he was, breathing romantic stanzas to Madame Chauvelot, and begging—nay, imploring!—the felicity of her criticism thereon?

"For thou, Madame," he had one day whispered to her—"for thou art my inspiration!"

"Ah, M'sieur!" said Madame, "if M'sieur only knew how proud he made me! It is so few that take the trouble to study me! They see me here and they think I have no thought above a bottle of ink, no soul above a cigaret Bastos, but—ah, M'sieur!—it remained for you—!"

"Louise!"

"Jean!"

"My despair! And my delight! I love thee, Louise! I love thee to distraction! Listen, ma chérie! When I have become rich and famous you shall free yourself from him who drives me to madness, and then—and then—!"

Very young was Jean Baptiste, and very much in earnest, with his long black hair, his proper pallor, and his look unutterable, and when he had kissed Madame's hand with the salutation of esteem and respect it was the most trifling detail that he consented to Madame's whim that she should have the joy of furnishing the paper, pens, and ink necessary for his compositions, not to mention the cigars and cigarettes—the fragrance of Havana and the aroma of Turkey—so essential to literary meditations and labors, especially when used in conjunction with a *petit de fine gras* or a can of smoked sardines such as were so admirably furnished by Santerre's Epicerie Française.

Yes, yes; Santerre's Epicerie Française!

An épicerie of epicurean delights was Santerre's, hiding beneath the Elevated on l'Avenue Sixième and only known to those who were favored by the gods. Such French loaves, such olives, such sardines à l'huile, not to mention the petits pois, the saucisson de Lyon, the rillettes de Tours or the fromage de Gruyère! Rare ravishments, these, and only to be excelled by Madame Santerre herself, as she occupied the desk by the door like a queen on her throne, while Paul and Jules attended to the wants of her customers. Pale and of a languor exquisite was Madame Santerre, with a laugh of enchantment that ended as unexpectedly in the lower register that, having heard it once, no mortal man could take rest with his heart until he had heard it twice, and having heard it twice, he was chained forever. Yes, pale and of a languor exquisite was Madame Santerre, with full red lips like two poems of promise, and dark dreamy eyes like metrical measures of mystery, as Jean Baptiste categorically pointed out to Madame on a certain memorable occasion.

"But I must hasten away," he softly cried, as he settled himself a little more comfortably by her desk—"but I must hasten away while the inspiration of Madame's eyes is still upon me, or else—!"

"Or else, M'sieur?" murmured Madame.

"Eugénie! May I call thee 'Eugénie'?"

"M'sieur may call me anything he wishes!"

"M'sieur!"

"Jean, then! There!"

"Ah, Eugénie! I may call thee anything I wish? Then listen, my enchantress! When I have become rich and famous, I shall not rest until I can call thee 'Madame Passicousset'! Ma chère!"

"Ma vie!"

"Mon inspiration!"

In short, what more natural than that the future Madame Passicousset should refuse payment for those comestibles with which Jean Baptiste refreshed himself in the intervals of his poetic elevations, or what more graceful than his occasional gift of a bottle of olives or a tin of sardines to Mam'selle Fournier, the petite and piquant assistant of Fournier's French Laundry—Mam'selle Fournier, whose barest glance was a sauce, her lightest word a condiment, and her simplest movement a spice, a relish, and a flavor of delight?

"I have come to leave this slight token of remembrance," Jean Baptiste had once remarked to her—Jean Baptiste, the lucky poet. "Voilà! And now do you know what I am going to take away?"

"Oui! Tra-la! Your laundry?"

"My laundry! Non, non; more than that—ah, ineffably more than that! I am going to take away an inspiration for an epic no less! I will even recite the opening lines. Behold! 'Dedicated to Clothilde!'"

"Ah! Let me see that again!"

"Behold! 'Dedicated to Clothilde!' Clothilde!"

"You dare?"

"I dare! Call me Jean!"

"The impudence of—Jean!"

"Ah, Clothilde, ma chère! When I have become rich and famous and thou art Madame Passicousset—!"

A lucky, lucky poet, as will be seen, who thus solved the problem of his laundry bill with less pains than a less accomplished genius might have taken in rhyming "June" with "moon"—a rhyme nevertheless appeared in the first couplet of his Verses To One I Love.

"M'sieur," said Mademoiselle Dejoie, timidly, after Jean Baptiste had read these verses to her one day when she had come to collect the rent, "were they really written for me?"

"For whom else?" asked Jean Baptiste, with a wealth of reproach in his proper pallor, the droop of his tie and his look unutterable.

"Forgive me, M'sieur," said Mademoiselle.

He gazed at her as Coquelin might have gazed at a gamin in the gallery, but as he looked he noted for the first time perhaps the limpidity that dwelt in the blue of her eye, and the wistfulness that played about her smile.

"Nay," said he. "The verses are unworthy, and I will compose even more beautiful lines. Ah, Gabrielle, you are to me my inspiration, and when I am rich and famous it is thou whom I shall ask to share my happy lot! Gaby?"

"Jean!"

And after she had left him he was still smiling in retrospection and dreaming a little, it may be, over the perfection of his lunch that day, dreaming a little, it may be, over the box of cigars that graced his table, over the delicacies that crowded his cupboard, and the linen that filled his bureau, when his literary agent burst into the room crying:

"Your *Mr. Nemesis* has caught at last like wildfire!" Adding with a gesture of triumph:

"Why, I've had three applications to-day for the dramatic rights alone!"

And still adding, while Jean Baptiste listened in a state of indescribable emotion:

"Yes, sir! Just as sure as you stand there, *Mr. Nemesis* is going to make—you—rich—and—famous!"

Jean Baptiste sat at his desk next morning writing—ah, most feverishly!—while his newly acquired valet, rejoicing under the euphonism of Alphonse, watched his master through the door of the anteroom with the contentment of a valet who was supremely happy; for it had ever been the ambition of Alphonse to wait upon a great man, and the groans and torments of Jean Baptiste as he writhed in the throes of composition were sweetest music to the ear of his serviteur, who alternately brushed M'sieur's other suit, feasted his eyes on M'sieur's photograph that embellished the morning paper, and listened for his master's voice.

A step sounded on the stairs outside, and a minute later Alphonse tiptoed into the presence of Poetry, discreetly closing the door behind him.

"M'sieur," said he, "a lady!"

"Her name?" groaned Jean Baptiste.

"Madame Picard."

Whereupon Jean Baptiste buried his face in his hands and suffered, while Alphonse rejoiced in secret and blessed the day.

"Consider the source of my inspiration!"

"Five!"

"Malédictions upon that M. Sacanville!" groaned the unhappy Jean Baptiste. "Fool, fool that I was!" And looking up at the three-happy Alphonse, he commanded, "Show the lady in!"

Alphonse tiptoed out and almost immediately tiptoed back—alone.

"M'sieur," said he, veiling his happiness with an effort that cost him dear, "there are now *two* ladies," and reading the card in his hand, he whispered, "Madame Chauvelot!"

"Hélas!" groaned Jean Baptiste, and shaking his fist at the window, he cried, "Malédictions upon that M. Sacanville who has robbed me of my happiness!"

A slight disturbance arose in the anteroom, and Alphonse opened the door an inch, peeped through, and gently closed the door again.

"M'sieur," he whispered, his voice trembling with joy, "there are now three ladies!"

"Three!" groaned Jean Baptiste.

And hearing another step on the stairs, Alphonse peeped out into the anteroom again.

"Four!" he sighed in perfect bliss, and suffering himself to lower his eye to the level of the keyhole, he arose in an ecstasy and whispered, "Five!"

Jean Baptiste was still groaning, when the door suddenly opened, and the five ladies debouched into the room to find the poet with his face buried in his hands, and noting them carefully between his fingers, he perceived that the predominating idiosyncrasy of each lady's expression denoted suspicion at the presence of the others, a suspicion that was mingled in each case with the pardonable pride of one who has been the inspiration of so much genius.

"Ah, Mesdames," sighed Jean Baptiste, "you have found me at a time when I am desolate, pursued by my creditors"—he made a subtle gesture that subtly referred to each of the others—"and a ruined man destined to become the laughing-stock of a cold and cruel world!"

And it is difficult to say who started the most violently: Alphonse, Madame Picard, Madame Chauvelot, Madame Santerre, Mademoiselle Fournier, or Mademoiselle Depoie—Alphonse who saw his ambitions falling in fragments at his feet or Mesdames, each of whom had been dreaming of exchanging the rigor of a desk for the dias of a salon wherein all would whisper one to the other: "Voilà! It is Madame Pasiemasset! She is his inspiration!"

"A ruined man, M'sieur?" cried Madame Picard.

"A ruined man! Listen, Mesdames! Two days ago, when I was wretchedly in need of funds, an irresistible stranger called upon me and handed me a card bearing the historic name of Sacanville. 'M'sieur,' said he to me, 'you are a man of genius.' I bowed to him, perceiving that he was a gentleman of judgment and perception. 'M'sieur,' said he to me, 'Art is a hard mistress and the scale of her wages has become a hissing and a byword.' And again I bowed, recognizing in him a scholar of understanding and circumspection. 'Now I,' said he to me—'Now I am a man who is moderately rich, and I, too, would become a man of genius, exchanging a modicum of wealth for a modicum of genius. Is there not, M'sieur,' he said to me, 'some poor book that you have published and the rights of authorship of which you would sell to me for, say, five hundred dollars?'"

Everybody groaned, but Alphonse groaned louder than the others.

"I said to him 'M'sieur, I have a book on the market which is most strangely hanging fire, a book of prose entitled *Mr. Venezia*, but five hundred dollars is a laughable offer. Call it one thousand dollars and it shall be a bargain between us!'"

And again Alphonse led the chorus of sorrow.

"'Not so,' said he; 'but this is the offer I will make to you. We will draw lots! If you win I will pay you *two* thousand dollars! If I win you shall sell me the rights for nothing, signing a document that it was really I who wrote the book, and not yourself!' Two thousand dollars! A terrible temptation! And, hélas! I fell. He placed in his silk hat two slips of paper, on one of which he wrote 'Two thousand dollars' and on the other 'Nothing!'

"Be good enough to take your laundry somewhere else"

I closed my eyes, placed my hand in the hat, shuddered violently, and drew . . . 'Nothing!'"

Silence fell upon the room.

"So you have sold your book and have nothing in return?" demanded Madame Picard, her voice trembling as she arose.

Jean Baptiste groaned en solo.

"You fool!" she hissed in his ear, "I never wish to see your face again!"

She left in a passion and Madame Chauvelot arose.

"M'sieur," she coldly remarked, "I have a little account in my ledger against your name. Please be good enough to pay it at the earliest opportunity."

She swept out and Madame Santerre arose.

"I can forgive everything but a *fool*," she said. "But a fool I can *never* forgive!"

She vanished and Mademoiselle Fournier arose.

"M'sieur," she said, "I have only this to say to you: Be good enough to take your laundry somewhere else. A man who—bah!"

She, too, disappeared and only Mademoiselle Depoie remained. "What?" cried Jean Baptiste, bitterly, "you are not going with the rest?"

"Jean," she said, "how can I leave thee when thou art in trouble, if I love thee?"

In the anteroom Alphonse was putting on his master's coat and hat and making his choice of the walking-sticks.

"Do not cry!" said Gabrielle, timidly, advancing. "I can wait until thou art rich and famous—"

"Dear heart!" said Jean Baptiste in most uncertain tones, "but I *am* rich and famous—richer than I had thought!"

"But this M. Sacanville—"

"There is no M. Sacanville! I invented him for a trick to see if I were truly loved."

In the anteroom Alphonse divested himself of his master's apparel, and rubbed his palms one against the other with the air of a valet who is going to be happy after all.

"Then, dear," said Gabrielle, "why do you cry if there is no M. Sacanville?"

"I think," said Jean Baptiste, weeping openly, "it is . . . because you love . . . one so unworthy . . . !"

The National Disgrace of France

TO-DAY the French nation stands just where it stood when Louis the Beloved lavored the creation of lotteries as an expedient for raiding the treasury emptied by the follies of the government. The lottery for a charitable object is the most vicious of games. In former times there were but two parties to the lottery scheme: the lottery and the government. In our day there is one more—the advertising medium which holds out endorsed hopes of something for nothing.

France has lotteries for the tuberculous; for the prevention of child extermination (the "drop of milk" lottery); for distressed artisans; for lacemakers; for men on a strike; for men out of employment; for raising funds for the creation of colonies composed of school children—a scheme suitable for a period some thousands of years hence, when communication shall have been established with the planet Mars.

Lotteries gained a footing in France in force of two exceptions to the law of 1836. This statute prohibited chance sales, sales of real estate as well as personal property being included in the prohibition. That law was cut of use, but it was still law, and the two exceptions admitted in Article V. were sales on chance for purely charitable objects and sales on chance for the encouragement of the arts. Three years ago, when all but thirty of the Deputies were present, a motion relieving the Parliamentary commission of the responsibility of passing upon applications for lottery licenses was voted by the inattentive members, and the licenses were made grantable by the simple *ipse dixit* of the Minister.

It is easy to imagine the part played by electoral influences under the new system. The world of the bureaucracy from heads to door-openers is marked by graft. In a corner of the Ministry of the Place Beauvais the chief of the Lottery Licenses Bureau sits, with paws greased, half submerged by a daily increasing flood of applications representing millions of francs. What the chief says, goes. If he approves, the application passes on to take its exequatur from the Minister: if he is unfavorable that ends it. Right here is the darkest of the many shady details of the system. All who understand the subwork of a political electoral campaign know why France has been saddled with so many new lotteries. When asked the cause of the popular scourge, one of the chief schemers answered:

"That is how we raise money for the work that fell back upon us when the priests and nuns went. The priests and nuns attended to the wants of the needy, and now we must do it. They begged, but we are not beggars and have got to raise the money! The lotteries respond to all demands, so we have a lottery of what we need!"

Even if honest, a lottery holds out false hopes to the man who fails to win the prize. He buys a ticket because he hopes to win. The law, taking it for granted that the man cannot win, prohibits sales on chance unless they cover either purposes of charity or some benefit to the fine arts. Sales of this nature are exceptions to the law, because it assumes that men engaged in working for charity or for art must *de facto* be above consideration of selfish interests. The purpose, however exalted, changes as it changes hands in the commercialization of its methods. Authentic documents in the archives of the prefecture show that the majority of lotteries cover gross abuses.

Take, for instance, the Lottery of the Press, which was started ostensibly to raise money for the relief of disabled men of letters and old newspaper men. Millions of francs have been given for the tickets of that lottery by people laboring under the delusion that their money was to go toward helping broken-down brain workers, and that while aiding the deserving needy they, the holders of the tickets, ran a chance of getting a little something for themselves. Who has gained anything by the Lottery of the Press? No one but the members of certain praetorian syndicates.

The French people read the newspapers, they respect the press, and they give their money gladly under the impression that they are helping to purchase a pasture for the literary hacks turned out to die. But the persons who are benefited are not literary hacks, but the creators of the lottery, the promoters, and their accomplices, the weevils of the literary granaries, the advertisement publishers. Sixty per cent. of the members of the syndicates of the press never wrote a line for any creditable publication.

One of the most popular of the latter-day confidence games is La Pochette (the "Little Pocket"). The "pocket" is a sealed envelope containing either three or five lottery tickets. At first each one contained five tickets and cost five francs, but, since Frenchmen hesitate a great while before paying five francs for anything, these "pockets" did not sell rapidly. Then, mindful of the proclivities of the bargain-hunters, the managers issued a three-franc series of envelopes containing three tickets each. The people nibble at this bait, believing that a chance of gaining a fortune is offered at a cut rate, and so the whole world is happy and the scheme is a success.

La Pochette shows its work under a label representing a tramp in the act of exchanging his bed of rags for one of gorgeous elegance, and beneath the illustration is this legend, "A fortune in a pocket." As the schemers advertise "a surprise" in the pockets, every bargain hunter is looking for something nice and manages to save three francs from the absolute necessities of life in order to play this lottery. Three francs is about the amount of the average laborer's day's wages, but the Frenchman is a philosopher and is willing to work hard one day for the chance of winning a "surprise." He laughs in a shamefaced way at his folly. Poor devil! he knows well enough that his "surprise" may be nothing more than a tin cup, but he has one chance in a thousand of winning—what? Who knows? He may get an eighty-dollar wardrobe with a mirror door.

"Cy" Young, the "grand old man of baseball"

Chase, first-baseman of the New York Americans

Hans Wagner, the greatest living ball-player

Mathewson, the premier pitcher of 1908

McGraw, manager of the New York Nationals

"Play Ball!"

THE FACETS OF THE "DIAMONDS" IN 1909

By Edward B. Moss

Doyle, a pitcher for the New York Americans

O'Hara, a new recruit for the "Giant" outfield

"Three-fingered" Brown, the "Cubs'" star twirler

Knight, shortstop of the New York Americans

Manager Stallings of the New York Americans

Chance, manager of the Chicago Nationals

ALTHOUGH the ball and the bat have been hibernating during the winter months, those who are financially interested in baseball have not been idle. Many and startling changes have been wrought in both the personnel and the holdings of the various clubs, and the march of time will be emphasized in more ways than one, as will be shown when the umpire's call of, "Play ball!" rings out within the next few days.

Regardless of the shifting of managers and veteran players, however, it is evident that almost all of the sixteen clubs composing the two major leagues are depending upon recent importations from the minor associations to strengthen the teams in one or more departments. Even the Chicago "Cubs," world's baseball champions, have tried out a number during the preliminary season at Shreveport, Louisiana. There are several new men whom Manager Chance expects to use during the coming season, including Krok and Liese, pitchers; Channell and Stanley, outfielders; Archer and Malone, catchers.

The New York "Giants" have been apparently much strengthened by the addition of some promising junior players, and from a squad of forty four players enrolled earlier in the year a very strong combination appears available. The effectiveness of the pitching staff seems to have been greatly augmented by the acquisition of Marquard, Raymond, Weimer, and Durham, while the securing of Schlei and Meyers gives the New York Nationals stronger catching material than was the case last year. Murray and O'Hara will give the older fielders a hard "rub" for their places, and since all are strong batters there is reason to believe that the 1909 "Giants" will be a stronger combination than the team of last year.

The Pittsburg club is one of the few that have not drawn extensively on new material, and will apparently do battle with few new faces in its regular line-up. Esmond and Abstein appear to be the best of the new fielding material, while Frank and Vail seem desirable additions to the pitching department. The work at Hot Springs has been fast, but at the present time the "Pirates" do not appear much stronger than in 1908. The other extreme is shown in the Boston club, which has been practising at Augusta, Georgia, and has tried out many new men.

The same is true of the Cincinnati and St. Louis clubs headed by Clark Griffith and Roger Bresnahan, respectively. Both have considerable new material to work with in addition to the older players well known to the followers of the senior league. The Boston club manager thinks well of fielder Fred Beck, and predicts a strong pitching staff for this season. Bresnahan will no doubt set his younger players an example that will help greatly in the long schedule of games to come.

Two clubs that appear likely to make trouble for every other team in the league this season are the Brooklyn and Philadelphia combinations. The Quakers have a well balanced squad of old and new players who have been practising diligently at Pinehurst, North Carolina. The same is true of the Brooklyn team which has been training at Jacksonville.

In the American League the race for first place appears likely to be as close as any during the past seasons. The Detroit "Tigers," winners of the 1908 pennant, have been preparing for the year's campaign at San Antonio, Texas. In addition to every veteran who fought for the world's championship against Chicago a number of new players have been tried out. Beckendorf and Stranage appear to be the best of the young catchers, while Work and Speer head the "batting" recruits. Owen Bush, the new shortstop, appears to be a "find." The Chicago "White Sox" are also expected to furnish a sensational struggle for 1909 honors. Despite the absence of Manager Fielder Jones from the training camp near San Francisco, acting manager Sullivan has put the squad through a stiff preliminary campaign with strong Pacific coast teams to play against. The team is strong in every department, especially so in its pitching staff.

The New York Americans under the leadership of George Stallings give much promise. A round dozen pitchers are available, while the infield and outfield appears to be very fast as lined up in the recent practice work. Cleveland, too, should make a strong bid for pennant honors during the coming year. Lajoie's team has not lost strength since 1908, and reports from Mobile, Alabama, where the squad prepared for the league play, are to the effect that the "Blues" are as strong as if not stronger than a year ago. The pitching staff is composed almost entirely of giants, since six of the twirlers, including Cy Young, secured from Boston, are well over six feet in height.

Boston and St. Louis are likely to be the uncertain quantities in the American League race. Both clubs have battery squads composed of old and new material that only actual league play can determine the effectiveness of, and the same is true of the fielding combinations. In contrast to these are the Washington and Philadelphia combinations which have prepared for the fray at Galveston, Texas, and New Orleans, Louisiana, respectively. The capital team has an unusually strong pitching squad well backed up by high-class catchers. Added to this feature the club personnel contains a number of fielders capable of holding their own with any in the league. The Philadelphia "Athletics" have always proved contenders of the first class, and should continue so. The squad, some thirty strong, in its ante-season training has greatly encouraged Manager Mack's plans for pennant-capturing. Several of the new players, particularly Pitchers Files and Krause, infielders Barr and Baker, outfielder Strunk, and catchers Lapp and Kocher, have shown excellent form in practice, and there is every indication of a strong team in the Quaker city for the season just beginning.

Meyers, the "Giants'" new Indian catcher

McConnell, pitcher for the New York Americans

Bresnahan, manager of the St. Louis Nationals

Clark Griffith, the Cincinnati manager

Tenney covering first, Evers of Chicago on base

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The World of Music

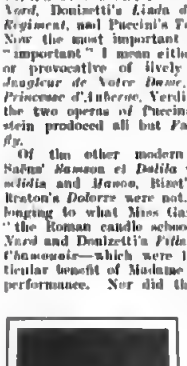
MR. HAMMERSTEIN'S THIRD OPERA SEASON

By Lawrence Gilman

MR. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN continues in his favorite pastime of compassing the impossible. He has just brought to a successful conclusion his third season of opera in New York. For the third time, that is to say, he has confounded disinterested skeptics and interested opponents by giving opera to the manifest satisfaction of his public, without material support beyond that supplied by himself, and in the face of an opposition of the most formidable character—an opposition to which for three years it has been confidently predicted that he would succumb. This deponent is not informed as to whether Mr. Hammerstein, by reason of these activities, is richer or poorer, or whether his financial condition remains unaltered. The point of importance is that he is, as Mr. James would say, still "in the game"; and that he has, on the whole, kept faith with his public. He has given, during the twenty weeks of the season just past, performances of opera which have at least equalled in interest and excellence those of the far more resourceful institution which is his rival; and he has, for the most part, made good his promises and fulfilled the expectations which he aroused.

As to the matter of fulfilled and unfulfilled promises, this is the record: Mr. Hammerstein announced in advance of his season that he would produce three absolute novelties (works that were unknown to New York); Massenet's *Jongleur de Notre Dame* and *Grisélidis*, Jan Blocka's *Princesse d'Auberge*; and that he would add to the répertoire of his house Strauss' *Salome*, Massenet's *Manon*, Saint-Saëns' *Samson et Dalila*, Bizet's *Pêcheurs de Perles*, Breton's *Dolores*, Verdi's *Othello* and *Falstaff*, Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord*, Donizetti's *Linda di Chamounix* and *Fille du Régiment*, and Puccini's *Tosca* and *Madame Butterfly*. Now the most important items on this list—and by "important" I mean either artistically consequential or provocative of lively interest—were Massenet's *Jongleur de Notre Dame*, Strauss' *Salome*, Blocka's *Princesse d'Auberge*, Verdi's *Othello* and *Falstaff*, and the two operas of Puccini. Of these, Mr. Hammerstein produced all but *Falstaff* and *Madame Butterfly*.

Of the other modern works announced, Saint-Saëns' *Samson et Dalila* was given; Massenet's *Grisélidis* and *Manon*, Bizet's *Pêcheurs de Perles*, and Bretton's *Dolores* were not. Of the ancient operas belonging to what Miss Garden has inticitously called "the Roman candle school," Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord* and Donizetti's *Fille du Régiment* and *Linda di Chamounix*—which were to be mounted for the particular benefit of Madame Tetrazzini—did not achieve performance. Nor did the promised revivals of *Hiberia*, *Andrea Chenier*, *Faust*, and *Ernani* come to pass.



Mme. Rider-Kelsey
AS MIMI IN "LA BOHÈME"

This, then, was the répertoire of the season, with the number of performances achieved by each work—(in French): *Salome*, 10; *Thaïs*, 7; *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame*, 7; *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, 7; *Samson et Dalila* 6; *Louise*, 3; *Pelléas et Mélisande*, 4; *Princesse d'Auberge*, 3; *Carmen*, 2; *La Navaraise*, 1; (in Italian): *Lucia*, 7; *Othello*, 6; *Tosca*, 5; *Cavalleria Rusticana*, 5; *I Pagliacci*, 5; *Rigoletto*, 5; *La Traviata*, 5; *La Bohème*, 5; *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, 3; *Crispino e la Comare*, 3; *La Sonnambula*, 3; *Les Huguenots*, 2; *Aida*, 2; *I Puritani*, 2; *Il Trovatore*, 1. To this record should be added one performance of the Prologue to Boito's *Mefistofele*, one performance of the carnival scene from the second act of *Princesse d'Auberge*, 2 performances of the pantomime *La Chair*, and 3 of the pantomime *La Mort de Cléopatre*. The season was of twenty weeks' duration, and comprised performances of twenty-five operas and two pantomimes (as against twenty-three operas in the preceding season, and twenty-two in the first season).

Pasquale Amato
THE ITALIAN BARITONE AT THE METROPOLITAN

Upon the new or unfamiliar operas performed and the new singers brought forward, there has been during the season detailed comment in this place, and there is no occasion now for extended recapitulation; but certain impressions may be set down by way of summary.

The two absolute novelties introduced—Massenet's *Jongleur de Notre Dame* and Blocka's *Princesse d'Auberge*—have been inferior in point of inherent artistic importance to the two principal novelties of the previous season: *Pelléas et Mélisande* and *Louise*. It is doubtful if Blocka's work merited the care which was expended upon its production. But Massenet's opera was indisputably worth while, though on account rather of its delectable "book" than of its musical setting. Upon the other important productions of the season,—*Salome*, *Othello*, *Samson et Dalila*, and *Tosca* (works variously familiar to New York but previously foreign to the répertoire of the Manhattan),—there is no need to dwell. The production of *Salome* was brilliant, impressive, memorable—one of the most effective that Mr. Hammerstein has accomplished; the performances of Tosca have not, in certain respects, been equalled in New York; those of *Othello* and *Samson et Dalila* were both admirable.

Certain other performances, of familiar works, remain pleasurably in the memory by virtue either of affectiveness of ensemble or brilliancy of individual impersonation—as that of *La Bohème*, with Melba, Gilibert, Zenatello, Sammarco, and De Segurola; *Rigoletto*, with Mr. Renaud as the tragic Jester; *Louise*, because of the personations of Miss Garden, Mr. Gilibert, Mr. Dalmores; *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*, because of the marked effectiveness of the performance as a whole.

Of individual achievements none has been more remarkable than that of Miss Garden. To impersonate, even acceptably, such extremely diverse characters as Mélisande, Salome, Louise, Jean the Juggler, would be sufficiently noteworthy; yet in each of these rôles Miss Garden was far more than acceptable: she was

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Two notable impersonations of Scarpia
MR. RENAUD (LEFT) AND MR. SAMMARCO AS THE MINISTER OF POLICE IN PUCCINI'S OPERA, AT THE MANHATTAN

always eloquent and often inimitable. The unfaltering accuracy with which she differentiated those types and exposed their characteristics was beyond praise. This lyric actress has definitely established herself as one of the most powerful and subtle histrions now on the stage. Her dramatic instinct is unerring, her skill is extraordinary. The Mélisande which she has now exhibited during two seasons is an interpretation of exquisite and touching veracity—one of the most perfect things that the modern theatre can show; but her Salome, her Thaïs, her Louise, are scarcely less successful. Miss Garden has been the most brilliant adornment of the Manhattan's season, as, indeed, she was of the one which preceded it. It is pleasant to see that Mr. Hammerstein apparently appreciates his possession of this astonishing artist.

Mme. Melba, during her too brief engagement—she was at the Manhattan for little more than a fortnight—contributed largely, despite her limited stay, to the distinction of the season by her Mimi, her Gilda, and her Desdemona. Mme. Tetrazzini comported herself in the manner which gives most pleasure to her admirers. Miss Gerville Réache as Dalila in Saint-Saëns' scriptural opera gave a gratifying account of herself. Mr. Renaud, among the members of Mr. Hammerstein's singularly able contingent of men singers, was commanding in everything which he essayed. To the impersonations which he had previously made known here he added a superb portrayal of Scarpia, in *Tosca*, and a notable one of the Boniface in *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame*. He was not, to the deep regret of many, seen as Iago in *Othello*—a part which was taken very indifferently by Mr. Sammarco, a delightful singer but an inexpert and commonplace actor. Mr. Dufresne exhibited his nobly beautiful voice and his always impressive histrionism as Jokanaan (in *Salome*), as the Prior in *Jongleur de Notre Dame*, and as Rabo in *Princesse d'Auberge*; and he was observed again with admiration in his profoundly moving performance of Golaud in *Pelléas*. Mr. Dalmores added a carefully composed and highly intelligent Herod and a forcible Samson to his valuable gallery of lyrico-dramatic portraits.

Mr. Zenatello accomplished much that was praiseworthy in two important new assumptions—Othello and Cavaradossi (in *Tosca*). Mr. Gilibert—an exquisite comedian, an affecting and potent tragedian, an invariably delightful singer—gave unabated pleasure in all that he undertook.

Of those singers who were new to the house this season, Miss Labia, among the women, made the most favorable impression. Her Tosca, in particular, was worthy of admiration; and in other rôles she did much that deserved praise. Of the newcomers among the men, Mr. Constantino and Mr. Vieuille were the most accomplished. Mr. Constantino is a lyric tenor of parts, with a voice that is often beguiling and a dramatic skill that is adequate to the needs of most of his rôles. Mr. Vieuille is a singing-actor of fine gifts. He distinguished himself by his beautifully tender and elevated Arkël in *Pelléas et Mélisande*—a part of which he was the original impersonator.

A new Melisande
MISS MAGGIE TEYTE IN DEBUSSY'S LYRIC DRAMA AT THE OPERA COMIQUE, PARIS

Mr. Périer, the matchless and unforgettable Pelléas of last year, was unfortunately absent, and the performances of Debussy's music-drama suffered in consequence; for Mr. Dalmores, who took his place, was not happily cast as the melancholy and wistful lover of Mélisande. It should be noted, by the way, as one of the season's phenomena, that *Pelléas et Mélisande* did not draw to the Manhattan the thronged houses which heard it in the previous winter. The fact has been noted and celebrated with avidity by those for whom Debussy's incomparable music-drama is but an aggravation and an offence; and it has been cheerfully pointed out that the diminished public interest in the work is a triumphant demonstration of the justness of the view taken of it by its detractors, who can find in it nothing but "atmospheric intangibilities," "musical spectrum analyses," and other futilities—for whom it is, as a lyric drama, only "spineless" and "singular." But since when, it would be interesting to know, has the popular drawing power of a work of art been generally accepted as furnishing a true test of its possession or want of artistic excellence? Indeed, it was only a few weeks ago that the same blithe and discriminating critical intelligence which has hailed with manifest relief and approval the supposed obsolescence of Debussy's masterwork gave issue to the salutary, if obvious, truth, that the width of appeal made by an art work is no test of its quality.

Those amiable chroniclers who, by reason of their contemptuous rejection of all art which presents itself in unaccustomed forms, are engaged in the gratuitous task of willing themselves down in an unenviable character for the delectation of future generations, surely do not need to be reminded that the popular appeal of a work of art is usually in inverse proportion to the fineness and rareness of its quality. There is nothing in the least surprising or disappointing in the fact that *Pelléas et Mélisande*, one of the most novel and strange products of modern musical art, should not, after an initial curiosity concerning it had been satisfied, attract in any great numbers that most superficial element of the musical public, the opera-goers. It would be nothing short of miraculous if this unique and exquisite work should, at least in the generation which saw its birth, make its address to more than a handful of appreciators. Its public must inevitably, for the present, remain a strictly limited company—a "small and (let us trust) honorable minority" who are content to share among themselves the remoter and lonelier things of the arts.

Nevertheless, it remains a fact that, as has been said before in this place, the performances of *Pelléas* constituted this year, as last, the most important feature of the Manhattan's season, as the fact of its production is the worthiest and most substantial achievement which Mr. Hammerstein has yet put to his credit as an impresario. It would be a grievous pity if he should ever permit the work to drop out of the répertoire of his house, even if he gives it but a single performance in a season. Mr. Hammerstein has always maintained that he is not laboring in the operatic vineyard for mere pecuniary profit; obviously, then, the honor of the matter must be his chief concern. He cannot better prove his assertion than by continuing to give *Pelléas et Mélisande*, even if it does not "draw" as do *Thaïs*, *Lucia*, and *The Tales of Hoffmann*.

In conclusion, it may be said that the Manhattan's third season has been, if less stimulating and memorable than its predecessor, rich in interest. The quality of its proceedings has been of a well-sustained excellence, and they have had the indispensable element of vitality.

A MAINSTAY OF COMMERCE

DRAWN BY GERRIT A. BENEKER

The Gentler View

GUIDE-BOOKS, ETC.

By Florida Pier

It gives a pleasant sense of being a native in an agreeably foreign land to hear that guide-books are used in the seeing of New York. The sight of a red-backed book in the hand of a sermon-minded tourist relieves us of any dull, stay-at-home feeling we may have had; and even though it seems that, if he have any sense at all, he ought to find his way about, we like the courteous pretence on his part of a Baedeker being necessary.

A story is told of a spirited New York family that decided to visit America, beginning with their own city. They closed up their house and took rooms at a hotel, so that the inconvenient travelling atmosphere should be theirs from the very start. Then they began, armed with guide-books, unfortunately, they met their own dog on the very first block. He jumped at them from the carriage of a friend, and refused to listen to their explanations that they were visiting in a foreign land and must not be recognized. He was put back in the carriage, protesting loudly, and the friend, having promised to cut them for rank trippers, stuck to her word and behaved most objectionably when they asked if she spoke any language but American. This, however, was the worst incident of the morning, and when they had recovered from it a little they proceeded to look at New York's statues. They were astonished to find what a large number there are. Up to that time their acquaintance with them had been limited to a slight encounter between their motor car and a granite gentleman of the name of Thorwaldsen. Now they inspected them all carefully, read up the different sculptors, and laid at the foot of each a decent number of epithets. The lenitiveness of New York's statuary might be called feminine. It is certainly open handed and hospitable. There is a jaunty carelessness about scattering effigies of our Presidents and more than life-sized busts of Italian scientists, not to mention any poets or otherwise notorious gentleman who feel inclined to come along over the public parks and highways. New York appears genial because of her ways with statues, whose petty ideas on appropriateness, thankfully welcoming all comers and managing not to mind the chaotic results.

The next day these new hilarious hoarists began on the public buildings. They were shown everywhere and everywhere saw something new. They spent a pleasing ten minutes asking about an uncle, who sat before them in his official capacity of judge, and squirmed as they raised lorgnettes and stared at him with blank, unrecognizing eyes. It is surprising how many questions there are that one really wants to ask when New York is in its place, a perfect stranger is you, and a thing to be coolly studied. There are such a lot of sites to visit, spots where something old and interesting used to stand. The fact that they are no longer there should not disturb one; imagination is for just such moments, and should be applied determinedly. The past is conjured up—always an easy affair, as dates and sequence are sunk in wondering admiration. Then the proper exclamations are indulged in, and the tourist passes on not one-half so tired as he would have been if the interesting old building had been left extravagantly standing, a thing possessed of stairs to be climbed, and treasures to be pored over in cases of back-breaking heights.

Finally New York is finished; and it takes a goodly length of time, as each member of the sight-seeing family has to buy a souvenir or two and hunt up the house of his or her favorite author. The youngest member of the family in question, not knowing just whom to look up, stood in front of his own house and read in a clear voice, for the benefit of passers-by, an invented paragraph from his guide-book telling of the famous people who lived there, and of a tablet about to be put in place by public subscription to commemorate the virtues of the family's youngest member. When New York is finished even a second breath fails to bring a period within sight, the dimensions of the guide-book are, for the first time, fully realized, and one wishes America was a slightly more compact country. It seems to spread itself absurdly, and one is forced to control one's patriotism, choose a limited section, and postpone the rest for future trips. If any one feels tempted to imitate the family told of let him remember the extreme pleasure he will be giving the inhabitants of the places visited. With both wandering about open-mouthed and her to admire, who knows but America may acquire customs curious and to say costumes? It is a charming outlook for America.

No one is so little regarded as a strictly truthful person. When he utters scribes the world smiles indulgently and pats his affectionately on the constant chatterer. For a truth-teller talks incessantly, there being so many noticeable things that no one has yet said. The most things are found startling by the majority of people, while startling truths lull their ear to sleep. They find truth so exaggerated that it has no value and is too extravagant to be amusing. And so it is both exaggerated and extravagant, as well as non-existent. Nothing can be completely truthful, as each circumstance of which we are ignorant or contemptuous makes the truth with which it is connected untruthful, so that the person who, with virulent frankness states all that he thinks and sees is putting all the weights on one side of the scales, or is adding himself in a last effort to keep his side down, and a balanced weighing is out of the question.

It is the people who see all figures reduced to their average and draw out not what really happened in the particular case they are telling of, but what usually happens and in the long run is likely and possible, who tell what with absurd carelessness is called the truth. The fact that people claim there is such a thing as absolute truth shows how easily pleased they are, and proves them judges of little value. They should instead worship and insist upon an average, an average everything—sight, brain, understanding. It is so unreasonable to listen attentively to a person who swears he is telling the facts of the case. Such a declaration cries him down a charlatan. How can any one person, much less any assembled number of persons, tell what the facts of any given case were? A man's eyes are influenced by his hardened opinions half inherited from a pig-headed grandfather. His vocabulary is the result of his elegant preferences limbed to the best he received when a child, if, added to this, he believes in telling the truth, which is nothing more or less than a hectic interest in the exact dimensions of all details within two feet of one's nose, he is obviously so handicapped that facts and he are as far apart as the two poles. If the world would meekly admit that truth was impossible, the things they decide to believe would be treated with more respect. If they would say with proper humility: "We have eliminated all the parts which we could not understand as well as those which seemed beyond our knowledge and power to deal with. We have decided to ignore a great deal that every one disagrees over, and their each feeling so keenly about their individual view we believe to have been mere eccentricity. There were one or ten details discovered late that did not fit with the ones we unearthed first and had become accustomed to, so we covered these latter details up again and begged that no one would dig in that vicinity. The truth which, you will see for yourself, has been difficult to arrive at is, however the absolute truth, and we insist that it shall be regarded as such." Now, was there ever greater nonsense than that? Yet, though the practice is fantastic, the theory is excellent; it brings simplicity nearer, and by ignoring cross roads and detours we feel the beneficial discipline of the straight and narrow road.

Thus, having gone all the way around a well-travelled circle, the point of departure has a freshly sensible and convincing air as we look at it again when we thought we were running eternally in the other direction.

The New Testament in Braid Scots

To most readers of these columns the very suggestion of rendering the New Testament into the broad Scottish tongue will seem a startling novelty; yet this gigantic work has been done, reverently and well done, by the Rev. William Wye Smith, a clergyman at St. Catharine's, Ontario, Canada.

In the preface to his work Mr. Smith tells of the demand for the Scottish text from the many who are not familiar with the Scots tongue, yet love it, besides those "who like to gang back tae the tongue o' their bairnhood, i' the mirk and shadows o' auld age."

"Let nae man," he warns, "think it is a vulgar tongue—a mere gibberish to be done wi' as sune as ane is hyc the schule-time. It is an ancient and honorable tongue; wi' rites deep i' the yird; aulder than mankis o' the English. It cam doun to us throwe our Gothic and Pictish forebears. It was heard on the battlefield wi' Bruce, it wafft the triumphaut prayers and sangs u' the Martyrs intil Heeven; it dirl't on the tongue o' John Knox, denouncin wrang; it sweetened the heevenlin letters o' Samu'l Rutherford; and aneuth the theek o' many a mutriud cottage it a'en noo carries thanks to Heeven, and brings the blessins doun."

Mr. Smith's most eloquent argument for the translation is:

"Whiles thar has been a chance o' makin the meanin plainer; whiles a Scots phrase o' unco tenderness or wondrous pith could come in. And at a' times, ahint the pen thet was movin, was a puir but leal Scots heart, fu' o' prayer that this sma' effort micht be acceptit o' the dear Maister—and, survivin' a' the miscu'in o' the preekrity and the fashionable—micht bring the memory o' a worthy tongue, and the better knowledge o' a Blessed Saviour, to this ane and that ane, as they micht chance to read it."

The Unhappy Lot of Chinese Doctors

He patches health by contract. Each family from whom he receives a yearly stipend can command his services at will. Hence his interest is to keep down sickness among subscribers, especially since every day of illness means to him not only loss of time, but the deduction of a day's pay from his honorarium.

Comparatively secure is the lot of the ordinary Chinese practitioners, for whom the utmost penalty for a misdemeanor is loss of income, as compared with that of the Imperial court physician. To this high functionary, who attends the high officials also, inability to cure a patient is a matter of much graver moment. Thus in November last the deaths of the Empress Dowager and the young Emperor resulted in the degradation by two classes of five doctors, while the president of the Imperial hospital and two assistants were prohibited altogether from following their profession.

A Boat which Makes Forty-six Miles an Hour

In trial spins on the Detroit River the *Bat*, a peculiar aero-marine motor-boat built by the Detroit Boat Company, attained a top speed of forty-six miles an hour, tearing through the water at a higher velocity than an ordinary railroad train. The original of this craft was constructed in France for the Monaco races, and the design was the invention of an Englishman.

The *Bat* is twenty-three feet long, five and a half feet across the beam, and fourteen inches deep, carrying a four cylinder, four cycle motor developing fifty horse-power. This gives the aluminum aero-propeller seven hundred revolutions per minute and the water propeller 1,250. All the shafting is hung either on ball or roller bearings, and the total weight of the unique boat is 1,100 pounds.

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A PAPER READ AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NEW YORK SOCIETY FOR ITALIAN IMMIGRANTS

By W. D. Howells

THE other day, when an Italian friend so sweetly, so subtly prevailed with me against my nature and habit, to say some words on this occasion, he first caught my fancy with the fact that New York is, after Milan and Naples, the largest Italian city in the world. He said, "There are five hundred thousand Italians in New York," and this sent through me a thrill of that pride in numbers which the American feels when the census justifies his forecast of any fabulous increase of population. To be a greater Italian city than Venice, than Florence, than Rome herself, that seemed indeed something truly great. In my fancy it equalled us at once with those beautiful and storied capitals, and for the moment I walked cosmopolitan with their poets and painters, their politicians and patriots, their saints and soldiers, in the splendor of their deathless memories. Our skyscrapers climbed into the same heaven with their domes and towers, the mansions of our millionaires vied with the palaces of their patricians. It was a glorious moment, but when my friend bereft me of the magic of his presence, the glamour faded, and my heart began to misgive me. How, I wondered, shall we ever assimilate that half-million of Italians? It was toward evening, and the question persisted well through the night, but with the morning a great light shone into my darkness. It was not for us Americans to have the misgivings, but for those Italians; it was not for us to assimilate them, but for them to assimilate us. By this light I looked into the past, and saw that something of the kind had always happened in New York. First the Dutch came, and assimilated the aboriginal New-Yorkers so thoroughly that nothing now survives of them but the name of one of their great chiefs in our municipal politics. After nearly a century the English came and assimilated the Dutch, of whom a procession of Vans in the directory, and the blue blood which latently courses in the veins of our ablest families, alone remain. A century and a half later the Irish appeared, and assimilated us in such measure that if they did not outnumber the Irish of Dublin or Cork, they soon controlled all our public offices. Later came a tide of Germans, overwhelming whole avenues east and west, and making New York the third German city as it is now the third Italian city in the world, though I believe Hamburg has since outgrown us. Later still there have been the advents of northern and eastern and central Europeans, of many stirps and tongues, not to mention the varying Asiatics who have each done their share in our assimilation. Very likely we have not more Russians now than there are in Moscow, but undoubtedly we have more Jews than there are in Jerusalem, and probably more Greeks than there are in Athens; and the process of Hebraizing and Hellenizing as in going on as effectually if not as spectacularly as the previous assimilations. In view of the past changes which we have survived, I should be the last to dread our Italianization, which seems the next change in order, and I sincerely commend my anxieties to the members of this Society, both American and Italian, who will have it peculiarly in charge.

What I wish insistently to observe is that it has always been the new, not the old inhabitants, who have done the assimilating in New York. Each immigration has been an invasion; but while each has transmuted us as a race, it has left us immutable as a community, and established us in a patriotic consciousness stronger than that of any other people. The only difference in the situation now is that New York being a larger Italian city than it has been a Dutch, an English, an Irish, or even a German city, our Italianization must be more pervasive. But still we shall be safe in an experience which is no longer novel. Our assimilators cannot take us into their life, without taking in the ambitions, the ideals, the principles that have kept us Americans through every metempsychosis. The immigrant from whatever source comes to a sense of that imperishable Americanism in a single generation, if not sooner, and often he arrives among us a better American than some of our native breed.

If I cannot say this of our half-million Italians indiscriminately, I believe I say it as confidently as if we were of the same tradition as well as the same aspiration. Our hearts have lately been wrung for them by the unparalleled calamity which has befallen their kindred in the homes they have left, and which their people and their Prince have faced with such insurpassable intrepidity; and it is this very sympathy which encourages me the more to say what I would say, and makes me the surer that I shall not be misunderstood. No one could live among the Italians, as it was once my happy lot to do, without coming to love them, not sentimentally, romantically, but respectfully, self respectfully, for the qualities of mind and soul, which in some noble Italian, under whatever adversity, have recurrently given him the primacy of his day, nor without realizing in that affection and honor that they sometimes have the defects of their qualities. If I venture to touch upon these it is in the hope that our half-million, whom I easily imagine before me here, may be enabled to recognize them the more clearly and to leave them out of their version of the American as much as possible. Their defects appear more frankly, more obviously in those Southern Italians, whose complete evantuation if not evolution awaits them in America rather than in Italy, though there their qualities have won them splendid distinction in the new life of their country. I take it for granted, from what I see and hear, that they form the immense majority of our half-million, and from what I read I am not left to conjecture that they have their share of the faults common to the southern temperament everywhere. I do not think they have more than their share, but apparently they are too often passionate, jealous, revengeful, homicidal, quick with the knife and revolver, and reckless of the law, perhaps because the law was so long in southern Italy the enemy of humanity. In the consult of our Anglo-Celtic-Germanic civilization we have also been willing to accuse them of such small chicaneries as the nimble-witted victim of hard conditions too readily turns to, and from their eagerness to please, are here lanced them addicted to saying the thing which is not. But it is not their minor defects, even if they were peculiar to Italians, or characteristic of any but a small minority of our half-million, which trouble me. I know that such foibles are superficial and provisional, and it is the deep-seated and secular sins of the exceptional among them which most distress any friend of their great race. I read too often in my morning paper that one of our half million has shot or stabbed another overnight in some foolish quarrel, or has killed a woman to keep some other man from winning her, or has killed a man for having won her; or has dropped a bomb into a house to avenge a real or unreal injury or insult. I need not believe that these crimes are as frequent as some think in order to declare that they are more than enough for any race, the greatest race, and I would fain have the Italians get rid of their tendency to them before they begin their work of assimilating us Americans. Until they do so I am afraid they will be tempted to assimilate our own atrocities as something kindred and therefore measurably venial and this is what I should like especially to warn them against. "Leave out of your Latin version of us," I would like to conjure them, "our vernacular solecism of meeting a man, two to one, in plain day on a city street, and shooting him down in cold blood. Suppress such misleading passages of our life as our abominable voluntary madness, in which a man, on the mere warrant of a frightened or wanton woman's word, condemns and puts to death another man whom he has refused any shadow of defence. Do not render our Southern feud by your Southern vendetta in the hope of justifying both; and though you may read that only last week in a little Kentucky town a rejected suitor rolled the bridegroom from the bride in his mother's house, where they were meeting their friends at their wedding reception, and emptied a shotgun into the happy rival's heart, beware of translating such a fact into your acquisitive American, lest civilization shall say, flow Italian, how Sicilian, how Corsican, how medieval! Leave out of the American of your rendering that infernal mob spirit which in Ohio and Illinois and Kansas, as well as the late slave States, bursts in its cruel fury on the most friendless among us, and hunts them to death, hanging and burning, and killing with atrocious circumstances of torture. Treat as no memorable part of our social structure the midnight whippings and tar-and-feathering which the rustic moralists of some of our Indiana neighborhoods are handed to inflict upon the erring. Do not record in your assimilated American the easy divorce, the wanton waste, the shameless graft of the American of to-day; but read into your version of him only the sincere good-will, the unbounded tolerance, the magnificent generosity which you will also find in the original, and which form the clear current running parallel with the turbid stream of our life. Do not add our sins and crimes to yours, because they seem essentially the same; do not suppose that our living the thing that is not will nullify your saying the thing that is not. Add to our virtues of enterprise and perseverance, the frugality which once was ours, and the sobriety which has always been yours, and help that American of your making to constitute himself worthier the mastery of mankind than ever the Roman was."

But now if I turn from the small bad minority of our Italians, to the large good majority, I must feel that I have hardly begun to give the advice I might. I am quite aware that in what I have been saying I have left out the whole counsel of material prosperity. But in a matter like this it appears to me that it is the spiritual that most matters. The material prosperity will take care of itself, in a measure, for as long as there is any work among us, the Italian will be the first to find it, and the last to lose it. The poor we have with us always, and too often the involuntary, the unemployed poor, the victims of conditions which it would be too large as undertaking to criticise here. As long as the conditions endure, there must be from time to time sore need among our Italian half-million as well as among the other six or eight half-millions of New-Yorkers. But what I mean is that the Italians, with whatever need of help from others, are alert to help themselves, to profit by the first smile of fortune in our industrial game, our economic poker, our financial bridge. I would like my fellow native Americans to believe that when a man said to me in Naples, "I love Boston because the first day I landed there I earned my living," he expressed the prevailing spirit of the Italians who come to us. They come ready to love America because they hope to earn their living here the first day they land; and their hope will not be disappointed when the potential American becomes the actual American.

But if I might leave this precarious ground, and pursue these divagations in their unpractical trend, I should like to urge the Italian, when he assimilates us, to ignore our bad manners and our harsh voices. I would entreat him to remember for our sakes the instinctive courtesy of his race, and transmit its politeness and its sweetness to the American of his making-over. I could even wish that he might endow our future fellow citizen with some grace of the beautiful speech which his own children now seem so eager to forget in behalf of the brutal slang of our streets. Why should not his assimilated American be bilingual, and read Dante as well as Shakespeare in the original? Or if this is quite too much to expect of that future busy man, why should not his life express paraphrastically, if not literally, the culture of the great races which shall have united to form him? It is a good deal to ask, I will own, and it is much more reasonable to hope that our Italians will more and more escape the local influences that must retard their work of assimilating such a mass of Americans—Dutch and English Americans, Irish, German, Polish, Russian, Jewish, Syrian, African Americans—in this great frontier town of ours, and enter upon their destined task in the country. The overwhelming majority of them have left Italian fields, and why should not they go out from our streets and assimilate the American farmers, with the American houses and barns, and horses and cattle, tearing and using them in the tradition of their immemorial diligence and thrift? Already they have assimilated the manual work of building railroads, of founding skyscrapers, of embanking reservoirs, of constructing every means of material welfare in which willing hands are needed. But these feats of theirs seem merely temporary efforts, and we evanescent Americans who often like them so much and always wish them so well, would be glad to see them attached to our soil, not as serfs, but as free lords. I, for my own part, would be glad to have them keep at the same time their classic handicrafts, dear to poetry and history, and beloved of painting and sculpture. Some years ago, I sent on behalf of certain Boston ladies who hated to see the Italians lose any chance of bettering their condition, especially if it were a chance involving beauty as well as use, to consult some influential people among them about reviving the art of weaving certain characteristic Italian fabrics. I forget just what; and I thought it well to begin by asking how many Italian women in their community could weave. They laughed, which I felt was not a very Italian way of treating a civil question, and I thought they might be laughing at my Italian; I myself find it often amusing; but when I condescended to speak English with them, they still laughed. At last one of them, with courteous excuses, answered me that there was probably not one of their women who did not know how to spin as well as weave. Perhaps in that far future, when life shall be simplified, such gentle arts will come back to grace and serve it. I willingly leave the question to those Italian thinkers among us who have the interests of the Italian workers so faithfully at heart, and in fact I willingly, perhaps eagerly, leave to their wisdom the whole problem involved in their assimilation of us. In a recent Italian sojourn, it was now and then my good fortune to meet several Italians of their sort, patriots, whose tender love of country was one with a noble love of humanity, but you will not be surprised to learn that I came away with my critical reserves. I came away saying, "These men expect too much of Italy, too much of humanity, too much of themselves. Their hopes are superhuman, they will be disappointed." But here, I trust, we shall find them a little different, they may well have learned from us Americans not to ask too much of human nature. It is in my strong faith in their moderation, their tolerance, their wisdom, that I so gladly trust them with the future of our half-million assimilators, and look hopefully forward to the day when the end shall crown the work. We have been the better, we have really been the more American, for each successive assimilation in the past, and I believe we shall be the better, the more American for that which seems the next in order. Is it indeed too much to ask for that future nationality of ours which the Italians have so largely the charge of creating, that they shall glorify it with such names as have lent lustre to the Italy of our time, and that in the coming time, the Mazzinis, the Garibaldis, the Cavours, the Vergas, the Ferreros, the Mascagnis, the Marconis, shall all be Americans?

Why Wood Decays

PILES driven by the hut-dwellers of the Baltic centuries ago are as sound today as when first placed. The wooden coffins in which the Egyptians buried their dead are still preserved in perfect condition after thousands of years of service.

The longevity of timber under these two extremes of climate and moisture conditions has naturally made people ask, what causes the decay? The answer is fungi and bacteria, low forms of plant life which live in the wood and draw their nourishment from it. The little organisms are so little that a microscope is required to see them, yet their work results in the destruction of billions of feet of timber each year, and the railroad corporation with its cross-tie bill running up into seven figures, and the farmer who spends a hundred or so dollars a year for fence posts, are alike drawing upon the knowledge of experts in all parts of the world in efforts to learn the most economical and most satisfactory method of preserving wood against the inroads of decay. In studying the means of preventing decay, wood-preserving experts have learned many things about the obnoxious fungi which sap the life of timber.

The small organisms can grow either in light or in total darkness, but all of them require requisite amounts of air, food, moisture, and heat. If one or more of these essential requirements is lacking, they cannot live, and the decay of timber will not take place. Wood constantly submerged in water never rots, simply because there is an insufficient supply of air. This condition accounts for the soundness of the old Baltic piles. On the other hand, if wood can be kept air dry, it will not decay, because there will then be too little moisture. The timber used by the Egyptians will last indefinitely so long as it is bone-dry.

There are a great many cases, however, where it is impossible to keep wood submerged in water, or in an absolutely air-dry condition. In fact, a large percentage of the timber which is used is exposed to the weather, and is subjected to decay simply because it contains enough air and enough water for the decomposing organisms to get a foothold. Decay is most serious where the atmosphere is warm and damp, because these conditions are most favorable for its development. In the coal-mines of Pennsylvania timber decays in two or three years because the temperature is warm and constant, and the air is damp. And in the South, the warm, humid atmosphere often causes the timber to rapidly decompose.

Decay may be prevented by two general methods—by treating the wood with antiseptics, thus poisoning the food-supply of the organisms which cause decay, and by treating it with oils which render it water proof. A combination of these two methods is most commonly used, as when wood is treated with creosote, which fills up the pores in the timber and keeps out water, and is also a powerful antiseptic.

The United States government considers the investigations of the preservative treatment of timber of such importance that the business of one branch of a bureau in the Department of Agriculture—the "Office of Wood Preservation"—in the Forest Service at Washington—is given over entirely to the work of experiments in co-operation with railroad companies and individuals in prolonging the life of railroad ties, mine props, bridge timbers, fence posts, and transmission poles. Advice and practical assistance are furnished all who request this advice of the Forester. The lengthening of life of timber means the saving of thousands of dollars annually through doing away with the heavy expense of labor and cost of material for renewals.

"The Man They Couldn't Hang"

A GREAT crowd gathered at the Congregational church in Newton Abbott, in Devonshire, recently to witness the marriage of John Lee, of Babbacombe, to the head nurse of the infirmary in the former village. There was nothing of particular interest in the ceremony to attract so much attention, but the groom's name is probably as widely known as any in that part of England, although this notoriety was gained by a most peculiar circumstance.

Lee is generally called "the man they couldn't hang," and undoubtedly this appellation is deserved, and very appropriate. Just twenty-three years ago he was convicted of the murder of the woman by whom he was employed as butler at Babbacombe, and a sentence of death was passed upon him. Evidently Providence has a special fate reserved for Mr. Lee, because he escaped unharmed, although several attempts were made to hang him at the Exeter jail. The gallows in each instance refused to act, and three times, when the condemned man had taken his stand upon the drop, it failed to fall. The remarkable part of it all was that previous to the actual tests the mechanism always worked perfectly.

The news of the inability to execute John Lee spread throughout the country, creating a great sensation and making famous the Babbacombe murder. So great an impression was made that Lee's sentence was commuted to penal servitude, and he was released a year ago after doing twenty-two years of his time.

The International Collegiate Chess Match

THE American intercollegiate chess team, composed of players from Harvard, Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton, defeated the English team of Oxford and Cambridge talent by a score of four points to one in the cable match held recently. It was the ninth annual contest for the Rice international chess trophy, and the play on this side of the water was conducted at Princeton University in Alexander Hall. The Americans won three games, agreed to call a tie in two of them, and allowed the other to be adjudicated.

The American team playing in Alexander Hall, Princeton University

This victory places the wins at three apiece in the series, with three tie matches, the Americans previously having been successful in 1902 and 1908.

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Finance

IS THIS THE TIME TO BUY BONDS?

By Franklin Escher

ON the train coming in from a Westchester suburb a few days ago three men, a wealthy investor, the vice-president of a prominent bank here in the city, and the financial manager of a large industrial corporation were discussing the advisability of putting money into bonds at the present time. "We have more money on deposit than we know what to do with," said the bank officer, "and we're putting a lot of it into good bonds to make it earn interest. I dare say both you gentlemen are in a similar position?" The financial manager replied that he had but yesterday put $400,000 of his company's idle capital into a block of gilt-edged bonds. The investor expressed himself as considering the transfer of a large sum he had on deposit into some first-class security.

And this condition is typical—typical of the large amount of unemployed capital in the country. Not many of us, perhaps, have in charge the disposal of large amounts of corporations' funds, but to any men engaged in almost any business at the present time, it must be evident how great is the amount of capital not working—how great is the spread of until not "drawing" at all. The banks have it, the business houses have it, individuals have it. "Is this a good time to buy bonds?" No wonder that question is being asked more than any other.

With regard to the advisability of buying bonds, it must be remembered that while there are dozens of grades, so far as the investor is concerned all bonds naturally divide themselves into two great classes. First comes the class of bonds whose security is absolute and unquestioned, and whose price varies only according to the rates obtainable for money. In this class are the high grade municipal and State bonds, railway first mortgages, *etc.* In the other class are to be found countless securities of the greatest merit, but which, with the securities of lower grade, fluctuate widely in price, according to speculative and industrial conditions.

Two main considerations bear on this question as to whether the purchase of bonds at the present time will turn out to be a profitable operation. What has been happening in the bond market since the panic—have prices driven up to an unreasonably high level? Then again, what are the influences bearing on the future trend? We are in the midst of a severe readjustment in the business world; we are faced with the unknown element of tariff revision. Are these obstacles in the way of a further advance in bond prices, or can the course be said to be clear?

Looking back over what has happened since the panic, in the market for the best bonds, it appears that it is upon this class of security more than upon any other that the investment demand has concentrated. Following all the other panics in our financial history, it has been the case that first mortgage bonds have been about the only security into which hoarded money could be induced to return, and 1907 was no exception to the rule. While it took five months for the recovery in other securities to get fairly under way, it will be recollected that the advance in the best grade of bonds began immediately after the panic period, and continued uninterrupted even by the trying times of the opening months of last year, when many securities fell to prices lower than during the panic itself.

During the whole of 1908 the recovery in high-grade bonds progressed steadily. For the first half of the year lack of confidence in pretty much everything else was what was mainly responsible for the steady stream of capital flowing into the best mortgage issues, but with the return of confidence came exceedingly easy money conditions, providing a continuing price stimulus. To investors' buying was added the purchase of large amounts of bonds by banks who found it impossible to loan out deposits, and finally business houses began to put their idle surplus into bonds. From these various sources there came a buying power which during the closing months of the year created a better bond market than had been since long before the panic.

The practical use of analysing so closely what has been happening in bonds, is to get clearly in mind just where the market stands now. For it is really remarkable how much misapprehension has been bred of the big advance in bonds. From the low point made during the panic there have been striking recoveries all along the line, but it will come as a surprise to a good many people in fairly close touch with bond-market affairs when they realize that many of the best known first-mortgage railroad bonds are still selling far below the level reached several years ago. Such bonds, for instance, as Central Railroad of New Jersey general 5's sold at 141 in 1902, against 128 now; Chicago and Northwestern general 3½'s were at 111 in 1901, against 93½ now; Illinois Central first 4's at 116 in 1903, against a present price of par. Nor are these isolated cases. A study of prescat prices of the best mortgage bonds dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange shows that prices were almost uniformly higher some years ago than they are now.

To an investor trying to make up his mind as to whether the present is a good time to buy high-grade bonds, the fact that with all the advance, prices are still away below where they were several years ago, must necessarily be a most important consideration.

Turning to the other class of bonds, it appears that the recovery was of a different order and has left the market in a somewhat different position. For months after the panic, speculative bonds languished. Toward the middle of last year, however, investors began to realise that if there was any warrant for stock prices then prevailing, speculative bonds were altogether too low. During the late summer and autumn a tremendous speculative sprang up in this class of security, and some of the better-known issues advanced rapidly to the highest price in their history. Influenced by the rise in stocks, such speculative favorites as the Union Pacific and the Atchison convertibles were soon selling higher than they had ever sold before. The convertible issues, however, were not alone in making new high records. Typical of the others were the Wabash refunding 4's, which monopolized the trading day after day and at continually rising prices.

All the speculative bonds are by no means at record prices, but a number of them are, and among them some of the issues best known and most actively traded in on the New York Stock Exchange. The fact that a bond is selling higher than it ever sold before is no reason for believing that it will not sell even higher, but is, nevertheless, a consideration which the prudent investor will bear in mind when making up his mind as to whether this is a favorable time to buy.

So much for the present position of the two great classes of bonds, and the forces which have been bearing on their price movement during the past year and a half. What of the outlook? What of the prospect that bonds bought now will yield not only a fair return, but will show a profit on the investment within a reasonable time?

Taking first the best grade of bond, the influences likely to operate for a further rise during the next few months may be summed up about as follows: Continued easy money, which is bound to force investors and institutions into the market for bonds; and uncertainty over the tariff revision, which is driving a good deal of money out of lower-grade securities into the best bonds that can be bought. As against the further upward movement of prices there is to be considered the fact that if there should be any sudden revival of business the withdrawal of capital now invested in bonds would surely bring about heavy selling; furthermore, that continued withdrawal of government deposits from the national banks is forcing on the market a large volume of the highest grade of bonds, acquired by the banks solely to secure such deposits.

Glancing over these influences pro and con, it seems as though the constructive side of the argument had all the better of it. It is true, without question, that a sudden revival of business would cause individuals and institutions and business houses to sell bonds in large volume in order to free their capital, but with business conditions as they are, a sudden revival of this kind is hardly to be expected—certainly it would be over-conservatism to refrain from making a projected investment in bonds because of it. Then, again, with regard to the release of high grade bonds which have served as collateral for government deposits, it must be remembered that this is a very gradual process, and that as long as money remains almost unloanable, as it is now, there is but little inducement for the owning banks to dispose of their bonds. It is a weight hanging over the bond market, there is no use denying, and the further coming issues of government bonds are anything but a bull argument on bond prices, but with the outlook in the money market serene as it is, these are all influences which can only be reckoned as remote.

The great overwhelming argument, of course, in favor of higher prices for the best grade of bonds, is the world-wide ease in money. Not overlooking or losing sight of the fact that our foolish currency system has thrust out of the country since the first of the year $35,000,000 of gold which we may well want later on, it is, nevertheless, perfectly plain that money is in over-supply and is likely to stay so for some time to come. If any proof is wanted of the dullness of general business throughout the country it is necessary to go no farther than the figures showing how currency still comes pouring into New York. Week after week it is the same story. The money, not wanted inland, comes here, and the banks loan it out for next to nothing to anybody who will take it off their hands, or send it away, or buy bonds with it—and yet so great is the supply that call money rates slide down the scale to just a trifle above one per cent.

What is there on the horizon to bring about a change in these calm conditions? During the closing weeks of 1908 the hoarding of gold by the Bank of France made the perennial "war cloud" seem to presage worse weather, but even that cloud seems to have now entirely disappeared. After that same John Bull's very successful attempt to transfer some of our idle gold into his own pocket, and to get us to settle a small bill of $20,000,000 he had run up with Argentine. Still not the slightest ripple in the monetary situation. Just at present there seems to be absolutely nothing in sight apt to bring about any change in existing conditions.

And as long as money conditions remain as they are, the drift of prices of good bonds is bound to be upward. Originating from investors, banking, and business houses, and money-lending institutions of all kinds, there is coming and will continue to come a continuous demand which will keep up just as long as these institutions are crowded with funds which they cannot otherwise profitably employ. Focussed upon the comparatively small available supply of the best grade of bonds, such a demand can only result in prices moving one way.

With speculative bonds the case is somewhat different. The better grades of them are also unquestionably affected by easy money conditions, but as a price-stimulating force, low money does not have nearly the same effect on these bonds as it does on bonds of the better grade. Indeed, the influences which bear upon the price movement of speculative bonds are not far different from those governing the movement of the stock market. Speculative bonds rise and fall with stocks, and the investor contemplating the purchase of bonds of this class at the present time must be governed by considerations about the same as if the question were of buying stocks.

But so far as the advisability of buying high-grade investment bonds at the present time is concerned, the question is far less complicated. Stimulated by the various kinds of buying which have been analyzed, prices of the best bonds have had a large and sustained rise, but are even yet far below where they were during the similar low-money period a few years ago, granted that money rates remain down—and there seems now to be hardly a chance that they will rise for a good while to come—it is difficult to see why prices should not equal or at least approximate the previous high level. It is this idea which is probably responsible more than anything else for the present confident buying of the high grade issues. To the conservative man they offer a more attractive field for investment than most other classes of security.

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1. G. C.—Missouri Pacific is selling at about one-half its former price. Why does no one say a good word for the road? It is a great property and has better chances than a good many others.

Persons who study values have many good words to say for Missouri Pacific. As a trading stock, however, it has become exceedingly unpopular. But notwithstanding its financial troubles Missouri Pacific is an immensely valuable property, and with the completion of the Gentis' Pacific extension (the Western Pacific) should show steady traffic improvement.

K. S.—What are the relative advantages now of the purchase of Atchison stock as against the 4 per cent. convertibles?

Mainly a matter of income. The stock pays 5 per cent. On the other hand, by buying the bonds you secure a call on the stock if it goes up, and if anything goes wrong with the market, the bonds will hold up better than the stock. When you buy the bonds instead of the stock, the income you forfeit is a kind of insurance.

D. L. Y.—I have about $1,000 which I want to put away—absolutely secure. Would you advise me to put it into a savings-bank or to buy a 4 per cent. bond with it?

Put it into the savings bank, where you will receive $40 a year interest. By buying a bond you might get $43 or $45 with a reasonable degree of safety, but the difference is hardly worth the trouble.

F. V. K.—I own twenty-five shares of Union Pacific bought at 185 in the fall of 1906. Have carried it all through the panic. My friends tell me to sell it now. What do you think?

Unless you have some particular reason we do not see why you should part with your investment now. Aside from any question of whether the market is going up or down, it is usually a bad plan to carry an investment for a long time at a loss and then let go of it as soon as you are even.

D. E. B.—I have ten shares of Great Northern and ten shares of Northern Pacific. Am thinking of selling the former and putting the whole thing into Northern Pacific. Would I be likely to make money doing this?

There is little to choose between the two stocks you mention—so little that there seems to be no object in making the change you suggest. If you keep your investment divided between the two, you will be sure to get some of the benefit of any big rise which may take place in either stock.

W. G. L.—I am all the time hearing the argument that in view of the increasing gold production, stocks are a better buy than bonds. Where is the sense in this?

The idea is that bonds, being evidences of debt, are really money, and that as more money is dug out of the earth, the same amount will buy less food or clothing. On the other hand, as commodities go up in price, dividends should naturally be higher.

B. C. T.—Can you recommend me any bond legal for savings banks in this State which will net me $5.50 a year on an investment of $100.00?

The Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific first and refunding 4's due 1934, and the Louisville and Nashville general mortgage 6's due 1930 will probably suit your requirements.

K. L. J.—Do you think that the increased immigration means anything in the way of better times? With so many men already idle I should think it would be a bad thing. In a general way, I know that immigration is increasing. Can you give me the figures since the first of the year?

We are firm believers in the return of better times before very long. While the increasing immigration may for the time being add to the number of the unemployed, with the return of prosperity work will be found for those who want work. For the first three months of the year arrivals have been 179,500, which is 123,000 more than last year. Departures were 39,238—166,220 less than last year.

A Cartoon in Snow

THE accompanying photograph shows a caricature of Prince von Buelow, Chancellor of the German Empire, modelled

The snow statue of von Buelow

in snow. It was the work of several socialist sculptors, and was made in the court of their club-house in Berlin.

Varieties of "the Staff of Life"

BREAD has almost universal use, although various nations like different breadstuffs, and the style of baking depends upon the locality where it is eaten. New York City, with its cosmopolitan races, offers a splendid field in which to examine the bakery products of many nationalities, but generally the specimens of breads obtained in that city, though warranted to be exactly identical with those of the "old country," nevertheless are slightly changed to suit the acquired American taste.

There are a number of different forms of hardtack bread, principally found among the peoples of northern Europe. The Scandinavians soak the unhulled rye grains, pound them into a mush, and bake lightly in broad disks from one-tenth to one-seventh of an inch thick. There is a large hole in the centre of these cakes, and they are either suspended on strings or racked away on slender poles for future use.

Probably the most satisfactory and nutritious of all hardtack is the white ring bread of Siberia. No salt or yeast is used in making this bread, and it goes through a steaming process before the baking. While surveying the line of the trans-Siberian railroad the Russian engineers subsisted almost entirely upon this bread, and when the rings have been soaked in hot tallow and allowed to cool the "tallow bread" forms one of the finest heat-producing foods that can be carried into the arctic regions. Such rings may be converted into lamps, giving sufficient heat to warm a tent or boil coffee, by the simple expedient of inserting wicks into nail holes punched in the bread. These wicks will burn for about an hour, the only disadvantage being a strong odor of toasted bread.

In Italy bread-making is truly an art, and there are many varieties to choose from, most of which are exceptionally pure. Some of the loaves for family use are of immense size, shaped like cart-wheels, and retaining sufficient moisture to remain edible for a week or ten days. There are at least a dozen kinds of Italian hardtack which the natives consider very fine when eaten with wine or soup, but which the foreigner regards with aversion.

The "staff of life" is used for many purposes remote from the primary idea of sustenance. Worked into the form of dough, it becomes an excellent cleanser of the delicate parts of watches, for which purpose no better substitute has ever been found.

The Nationality of Fowl

A POULTRY DEALER of Manchester, England, was recently fined ten pounds and costs for selling a goose and turkey which were advertised under a false description. The former was placarded a "prime-fed Cheshire goose," and the other bore the designation "fine-fed Norfolk turkey," and, with the understanding that the salesman vouched for the origin of the fowls, they were purchased by a member of the Board of Agriculture. When the dealer had been summoned before a magistrate he admitted that the goose was a native of Russia and that the turkey was either Italian or Australian—rather a wide range of selection. The prosecution asked for a severe penalty because of the wholesale nature of these frauds which are practised upon the British public, so the stipendiary magistrate did his worst, which was ten pounds and extra costs of two guineas.

The report of the "poultry" case has entirely omitted the feature which would undoubtedly have been of the greatest interest to the public at large, namely, how to tell the nationality of a fowl when there are no particularly obvious marks for distinction. How did the member of the English Board of Agriculture detect the alien turkey and goose? The New York markets are constantly displaying for sale "Rhode Island turkeys," "Rhode Island duckling," "Philadelphia squab," and the like, but undoubtedly few of the birds ever saw the localities they are advertised as hailing from. But who cares, provided the dinner is a success?

Daybreak

Low and clear through the darkness broke
A whirring of downy wings
As lark and thrush and linnet woke
To their lyric revellings.

Drowsy bees in the hedge conferred,
Buzzing of robberies new;
Pansies chattered, the roses stirred
To bathe in the early dew.

Softly the fleet-winged breezes went
To gossip with stream and rill—
And, fain to see what waking meant,
Shy dawn peeped over the hill!

CHARLOTTE BECKER.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE TRANSATLANTIC STEAMSHIP

(Continued from page 11.)

American line; and the *Prinz Friedrich Wilhelm* and *George Washington*, of the North German Lloyd line—the last named the largest German steamship in the world, 722 feet in length and 27,000 tons gross register, with a displacement of 37,000 tons, a striking example of the progress of the steamship since the days of the original steamship *Washington* of 1847.

While luxury and comfort have been sought in the appointments of the modern steamship, the progress made in rendering the ocean voyage of one of these leviathans safer is no less remarkable. The subdivision of the hull into many water tight compartments is carried through to such an extent as to render the modern steamship practically immune against sudden disaster. Compartment doors are now fitted with the patent Lloyd-Stone closing device, by which these doors can be closed from the bridge in less than two minutes. Submarine signals have been so perfected that the subaqueous bells attached to light vessels are rendered audible on the bridge of the steamer ten miles away, thus safeguarding the entrance into port or the approach to the coast in a fog. Nickel-steel shafting and manganese-bronze propeller blades increase very considerably the margin of safety. Steering-gears are now controlled by a small hand-wheel in the pilot-house that can be moved with the little finger, thus insuring quick action of the rudder in case of need. Wireless telegraphy has robbed the ocean voyage of many of its mysterious dangers.

Since the establishment of the first regular transatlantic steamship service, there has been a rapid and continuous increase in the volume of American travel to Europe as our country has grown in wealth and prosperity. Where seventy years ago there were a few thousand transatlantic travellers, they now number hundreds of thousands every year, and on an average double every ten years. In 1907 the total number of first-cabin passengers leaving the ports of the United States and Canada for Europe was 54,057, and the number returning from Europe 54,656. In 1907 the total number of first-cabin passengers had grown to 101,709 leaving, and 110,118 arriving.

It is the American traveller who has been the main factor in bringing about the development of the modern transatlantic steamship—the phenomenal increase in speed, the growth in size of vessels, and the luxurious and comfortable appointments of our floating palaces. If this American cabin travel had not existed, the development of the modern steamship would have followed totally different lines. On the other hand, it may well be said that, as a result of the increase in the facilities, conveniences, and attractions of ocean travel, the number of those who go forth to gather culture and knowledge and seek recreation and pleasure in the Old World will continue to grow.

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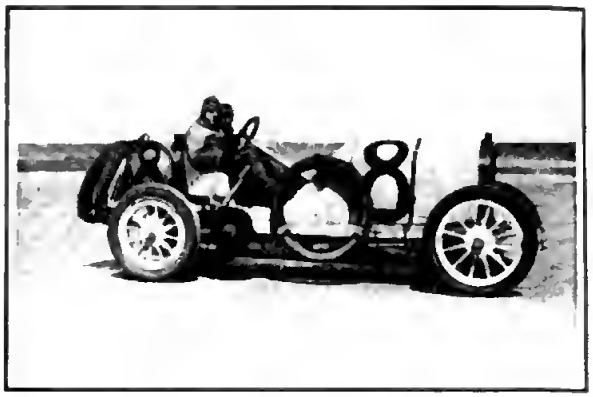
A Mile in Thirty-three Seconds

THE accompanying photograph shows the winning automobile in the recent race for the Sir Thomas DeWar two thousand-dollar trophy at Ormond Beach, Florida. On that natural straightaway course of firmly packed sand, at the very edge of the sea, have been recorded the greatest performances in automobile racing of any track in the world. Mr. David Bruce-Brown, driving his powerful Benz car, set new figures for the mile course by covering that distance in the remarkable time of thirty-three seconds. This breaks the former amateur record of thirty-five and three-fifths seconds which also was held by Mr. Bruce Brown.



The car that made a new record

Pigeon Photographers

SEVERAL years ago Dr. Jules Neubronner, a German physician, established a pigeon postal service between his office and a sanitarium at Falkenstein, and by this means his prescriptions could be sent and drugs in small quantities be delivered much more quickly by these feathered messengers than by the ordinary post. On one occasion an exceptionally reliable bird failed to return to its home loft after being despatched to Doctor Neubronner, and was gone for thirty days. The doctor, also had been distressed by the pigeon's absence, determined to find a means of learning what places his birds visited on their journeys, and to that end he experimented until he produced a very light photographic apparatus which a homer might carry and whose shutter worked automatically. His tiny camera registered distinct views when carried through the air at a rate of twenty metres per second.

Neubronner made the first tests of this machine when travelling with his pigeons on an express train, and he gradually perfected the apparatus so as to obtain clear images on films measuring only 4 × 4 centimetres. The instrument is shaped to fit the breast of the pigeon, and is held in place by strips of soft leather and rubber passing over the bird's back. The apparatus is virtually made up of two cameras, having two shutters, so that objects to the front and rear may be photographed and thus a greater area of the earth be brought into focus. The present Neubronner instrument is capable of taking eight views, but it is probable that its capacity may be increased to hold thirty films which will be exposed at intervals of half a minute. The average homing pigeon can easily carry a weight of seven grams (108 grains), but the harness which fastens the instrument in place must be exceedingly delicate so as not to interfere with flight.

To go back no farther than the last century, we find examples of the usefulness of homing pigeons on the battlefield and in besieged cities. The outcome of the battle of Waterloo in 1815, and the news of Napoleon's defeat, were brought to Rothschild by a pigeon far in advance of the courier, and by this early information that financier was enabled to manipulate the stock market for great gains. During the siege of Paris important documents and correspondence were safely transferred by these homing-pigeons after the manuscripts had been reduced to the minimum bulk by microphotography.

The invention of Doctor Neubronner is being developed by the German Minister of War, for use in the topographical service in the taking of "bird's flight" snapshots. The apparatus has been demonstrated before the battalion of aerostation of Reinickendorf, and also, by order of the government, a pigeon was detailed to photograph the waterworks at Tegel, near Berlin. At a lecture delivered at Kronberg, Neubronner, by means of a few enlarged plates from his aerial camera, displayed on a luminous screen views of the Imperial castle of Friedrichs—a place invisible and inaccessible to the public. The good results of this last experiment certainly recommend "feathered photographers" for use in reconnoitring besieged places.

When entrusted with his camera the pigeon presents a remarkably martial appearance. This is entirely correct, because in all probability it will be called upon to play an important part in the military operations of the future. Whether this occurs or not, it is no more than the pigeon's due, because when men are striving to fly, why should not birds take up photography?

HELEN E. MEYER.

A New Cable for South America

THE German South-American Telegraph Company, which was organized at Cologne last August, is soon to begin the laying of a submarine cable to South America. Borkum, an island in the North Sea, is to be the starting-point for the cable, and the first section is to terminate at the Spanish Island of Teneriffe, permission to erect a station at that place having been granted by Spain. From Teneriffe the cable will probably touch at Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, before proceeding directly across the Atlantic to Pernambuco, Brazil, although this plan has not been definitely decided as yet.

The approximate distance from Borkum to Brazil and Monrovia is seven thousand miles, and the first section of the cable to Teneriffe will be laid during this summer. By the latter part of next year the entire line should be down and ready for operation. In addition to the active support of this enterprise by German firms in South America, the German government has granted a subsidy.

Marathon Banquets

MANY persons become exceedingly bored while sitting through a banquet that lasts four or five hours, but imagine their distress if they were compelled to dine for seventeen hours or longer at a stretch. Such an extended feast appears highly improbable, but, according to Sir Robert Hart, for many years inspector-general of the Chinese customs, the Celestial Empire is renowned for the magnificence and duration of its state dinners—the inspector-general once attending a 125-course banquet which lasted for seventeen consecutive hours. He claims to have tasted each course.

When Mr. Ward, the American envoy to China, was attempting to gain an audience with the Emperor, in 1859, he was the guest of honor at a dinner which began at noon one day and lasted until six o'clock in the evening of the following day. Although Mr. Ward courageously sampled 138 different dishes, he refused to partake further, whereupon his hosts wondered greatly at his delicate appetite.

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Fruit jars and small-neck bottles should be dipped (after cooling) into melted paraffine until cap or cork is covered. The heavy part of laundry work is greatly lessened by using

Pure Refined PARAFFINE

in the wash water. Just a little rubbing with paraffine in the suds does more to cleanse soiled clothes than a great deal of rubbing without it.

On ironing day, too, Pure Refined Paraffine is a great help. Mixed in hot starch, it gives a fine finish to linens—firmer body and better gloss than starch alone. Besides, it makes the labor of ironing lighter, as the smoother surface requires less polishing.

This illustration shows the simple, easy way of sealing fruit jars. Melt a little Pure Refined Paraffine in a suitable dish and dip the screw caps into it. It will quickly harden and, unless injured by a blow, will last as an air-tight seal for years.

Pure Refined Paraffine also solves the uncarpeted floor problem. It makes a splendid polish and preserver for stairway, library floor or that of any room where carpets are not wanted. It fills the wood pores, glosses the surface and makes them easier to clean.

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	$14,194,491.81

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock, Authorized 1,500,000 shares, Less Treasury Stock for conversion of Bonds, 200,000 shares,	$13,000,000.00
First Mortgage Bonds Authorized 2,000,000, Issued 1,000,000,	1,000,000.00
Accounts and Bills Payable	194,491.81
	$14,194,491.81

I hereby certify the above to be a true and correct statement of the Assets and Liabilities of the Ohio Copper Company, of Maine, as shown by the books of the Company, December 31, 1908.

GEO. BAGLIN, Secretary and Treasurer.

First Mortgage 6% Convertible Gold Bonds

Due September 1, 1917. Interest payable March 1 and September 1 at Empire Trust Company, New York City.

Price, par and Interest, Yielding 6%

The company's mines are located at Bingham, Utah, immediately adjoining the mining properties of the Utah Copper Company. The ore reserves amount to 13,500,000 tons, having a gross value of, approximately, $34,000,000 (copper estimated at 13c. per pound), a net value of $13,000,000.

The property is developed to a depth of 1400 feet, and the ore body has recently been encountered at that depth, which, when fully opened up, will more than double the present ore reserves.

Upwards of $4,000,000 have been expended on the property up to the present time.

The first half of the concentrator plant, of a capacity of 2250 tons, is practically completed, and will be ready for operation within 90 days; the second half of the plant (making a total capacity of 4500 tons) will be in operation before the end of the year.

The convertible feature of the bonds is attractive, as the bonds are exchangeable into stock on the basis of the par value for both, the purchaser of the bonds, under this offer, thus having what is equivalent to a "call" on the stock at $10.00 per share for a period of 8 years, and, in the meantime, the investment is yielding 6% per annum.

See Boston, New York and Salt Lake markets for daily quotations on Ohio Copper Stock

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

pril 17 1909 HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. Price 10 Cents

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THE PLANTER

A New Novel

By HERMAN WHITAKER

Author of "The Settler"

A MAINE youth—full of ambition and a keen zest for life—begins his career on a rubber plantation in Mexico, as manager of a business concern which, in reality, is a trickster's enterprise, although he does not know it. He meets and loves a wonderful Mexican girl, a revelation after the giggles and smirks to which he has been accustomed. The romance which follows is full of peril and hardships, of love and success. This novel is most unusual in its atmospheric charm, while its pages overflow with picturesque life and people—a brutal planter, his flirtatious daughter, a half-breed beauty, the Yaqui slaves, etc. In fact, the portrayal is so absolutely new and vivid that it is prophesied the book may come to be the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of this tragedy of Indian servitude.

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By

LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

IT is by the actress herself—this story of a New York girl who gives up her sweetheart for the stage. The fun and the tears of stage life—the real, not the scandal kind—reveal the actress as an original, frank, humorous, likable girl.

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The girl is determined to be a great actress, and, putting the sweetheart aside But the actress tells her heart-story better than any one else can.

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Author of "The Duke's Motto," "If I Were King," etc.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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EXTREMES MEET

DRAWN BY W. D. WILSON

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LIII No. 2710

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THIRTY-SIX PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 17, 1909

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Comment

The Payne Bill Goes to the Senate

THE House, on April 10th, passed a tariff bill and sent it over to the Senate. Free hides won; free lumber lost. Petroleum and its products went on the free list—at least the members thought so at the time they voted. They have had doubts since as to the products, and may take further action about them. The proposed revenue tax on tea was withdrawn. Pictures and objects of art twenty years old stayed on the free list, and so did coal, so far as appears.

Into the details of this bill it is not worth while here to go. In its present form it is no more than rough material for the artists of the Senate to whittle into shape. There are various rumors and assertions as to what the Senate will do with it, and it is averred with an appearance of confidence that Mr. ALDRICH intends to bring the bill considerably nearer than it is now to being such a revision downward as the Republican party is pledged to make and President TAFT wants to see made. We shall see about that. Meanwhile the PAYNE bill is on the knees of the gods.

Why the Debate?

"General debate" in Congress on a tariff bill seems to have about as much to do with the actual shaping of the measure as the discussions in the college debating societies. The leaders of the two parties make their set speeches, and then the new member has a chance to get used to the sound of his own voice and put something in the *Record* to send home to his constituents. The audience consists of such other members as may be waiting to make speeches themselves or to get into somebody else's speech with interruptions. The whole thing goes into the air, since no opportunity is given to vote on amendments, except as the Committee on Rules permits. The proceeding might conceivably serve to enlighten the country, but the country, knowing its true character, gives it hardly any more attention than Congress does. The country understands fairly well by this time how a Republican tariff is made. The stronger faction of the Ways and Means Committee, assisted by experts obligingly supplied by the industries most affected, makes the House bill, and also decides, ordinarily, what amendments shall be accepted. The stronger faction of the Senate Committee on Finance, similarly assisted—Mr. S. N. D. NORTH, of the "dress goods, yarns, and tops" correspondence, was its chief assistant last time—makes the Senate bill and controls its course. The Houses disagree, and the disagrees rants go to a committee of conference, in which the Senate conferees usually have their way. The Senate bill ordinarily imposes higher duties, and contains more "jokers," than the House bill—though it may not this time—and the bill which finally emerges from the committee of conference, and has to be passed, if passed at all, without amendment, is usually worse than either of the other two.

And Why a House Bill?

That—unless the country gets its back up, and unless the Senate does better than we dare hope—is what we must expect this time also. We are inclined, therefore, to criticise Messrs. ALDRICH and CANNON for a lack of shrewdness in one respect—or, rather, for a waste of shrewdness. What was the use of putting so much dexterity into the House bill, which was not expected to be final, and which remained so long under scrutiny that many of its "jokers" came to light? It was discovered, for instance, that the cotton and the wool and woollens schedules made by clever obscurities provisions even more pitiless to consumers and careful of the interests than those in the "sundries" section which have been so fiercely assailed by the women of the West. But we are not cocksure about this. Perhaps we should regard the House bill merely as a feeler, put forth to ascertain how much the country—and the President—will stand.

Tariff and Tuberculosis

Meanwhile we move for another sub-committee of ultimate consumers, to be made up of the million or so Americans now wrestling with the "great white plague." To this sub-committee we would refer the clause of paragraph 63 of the House bill which covers "all other medicinal preparations not specially provided for in section 1 or 2." Such preparations must pay a duty of twenty-five per cent. *ad valorem*—the same they now pay under the DINGLEY Act. One of them is a German preparation called creosotal, a derivative of creosote. It is one of the very few medicines that are of any use in treating tuberculosis. The cost of manufacture in Germany cannot be more than eighteen cents an ounce. It can be bought in England for seventeen pence an ounce—which is about thirty-four cents. The American consumptive has to pay from eighty-five cents to a dollar an ounce—and an ounce is only a very small phialful. If our protectionist friends should have the nerve to say that in this instance "the foreigner pays the tax," the sick people most concerned would be a trifle hard to convince. They pay the duty themselves. And that is not all they pay, for the duty alone does not account for the outrageous price of this indispensable medicine. Our liberal patent laws practically give to the German inventors of the preparation a monopoly of the American market for the life of their patent. If an American chemist should make the mixture, he could not sell it under the name by which it is known to the trade and to the consumers. So far as we know, the duty hasn't raised up any effective American competition whatsoever. It does not operate to protect anybody, and the revenue it yields is probably inconsiderable. The retail druggists, we understand, would not object if it were taken off. They make a bigger percentage of profit on quinine now than they did when it bore a heavy duty and cost several times as much as it now costs. It is the same way with phenacetine, another German preparation, which during the life of the patent cost as much per ounce as it now costs per pound, there being now an American equivalent with another name. Our government has been slow to take a hand in the warfare against tuberculosis. We suggest that it make an easy beginning by striking off the duty on creosotal, and then look more carefully into the working of our patent laws in respect of foreign medicines not duplicated in America.

State Rights Forge Ahead

Score two for State rights. One day the Supreme Court at Washington decides in favor of South Carolina the fiercely contested dispensary case, which in the two lower Federal courts went the other way. The next day, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, sitting at New Orleans, dissolves the blanket injunction which has hitherto restrained the Alabama authorities from putting into force a State law fixing freight and passenger rates. Two Southern judges who have stood out vigorously against what they deemed usurpations of power by State governments, Judge PRITCHARD of North Carolina, and Judge JONES of Alabama, thus find themselves conspicuously reversed. In view of this new swing of the judicial pendulum, we laymen must again put on spectacles and see if we can find the apparently wavering line between Federal and State rights and between the jurisdiction of the Federal and State courts. The grounds of the decision in the South Carolina case seem reasonably plain, and are not new. The State had appointed a commission to take over the assets of the defunct dispensary—about nine hundred thousand dollars—and wind up its affairs. A number of liquor dealers brought suit against the commission to secure payment of their bills. These bills, the State's attorneys alleged, were exorbitant, and in some cases fraudulently contested; and the State courts fell back upon the constitutional provision that a State cannot be sued. Judge PRITCHARD, holding that the commission was not the State, appointed receivers to take over the dispensary's assets, pending adjudication of the claims. The Supreme Court now decides that a suit against the dispensary or the commission is substantially a suit against the State, and therefore forbidden. In the Alabama case, the main import of the decision seems to be that railroads aggrieved by rate-fixing legislation must have recourse first to the State courts; and that is a very substantial victory for the legislative rate-fixers. We remarked some time ago on the curious backing and filling of public opinion on this entire question of the railroads and the States. Apparently, the courts suffer somewhat from a like uncertainty. All the constitutional questions are not settled yet.

Cardinal Gibbons on Current Topics

Cardinal GIBBONS discourses at times upon topics of current interest as freely and frankly as Dr. ELIOT. He did so last week to a representative of Mr. HEARST'S papers. The Roman Catholic Church, he insisted, is as free to-day from recent-year "isms" and "excrescences" as it has been at any time since the days of St. PETER. It has conceded nothing to Christian Science, and has not yielded one jot or tittle to the modern demands for easy divorce. And yet his Eminence feels that "we are now confronting our moral Hell Gate, which threatens our ship of state, and which it requires more than the genius of a NEWTON to remove." This observation can refer only to the conduct of public affairs, and we must confess to a sense of bewilderment. American politics has never been absolutely pure, and probably will not be, so long as human beings continue to exercise control; but, generally speaking, we should say that the atmosphere has been distinctly clarified in recent years as a consequence of the frenzied preachments of Mr. ROOSEVELT, the vapid talk of Mr. BRYAN, and the sane, strong, and thoughtful utterances and acts of men like Mr. TAFT, Governor HUGHES, Governor JOHNSON, and Governor HARMON. Surely there confronts us no such crisis as is indicated by Cardinal GIBBONS' remarks. The tendency is clearly upward rather than downward, and there is no real cause for discouragement such as might make for a feeling of need to blow up the rocks and widen the passage, as was done in the case of the Hell Gate of East River.

The Cardinal on Divorce

We may even admit the existence of "the three great evils" enumerated by his Eminence without serious dismay. They are: "Polygamy and divorce; imperfect and vicious systems of education; the tendency of women to become more like men and less womanly"—all involving "a lack of appreciation and reverence for the real treasures of life." Taking them in order: Polygamy has practically ceased to exist even in Utah, and seems likely to be abandoned entirely as a practice by the generation now coming into full authority. The prevalence of divorce is undoubtedly distressing from the standpoint of the Church and probably from that of morals, but it is a grave question whether the true cure is to be found in absolute prohibition. All marriages are not made in heaven, and it seems rather hard that an occasional innocent person should be compelled to suffer a lifetime of torture even for the seeming advantage of a community. Divorce should be regulated, not abolished, and will be in time. It is only a question of method, such, for example, as we suspect might be found feasible and effective through the enactment of laws which would restrict the granting of divorce to the States which originally sanctioned the marriage contract. If this should fail, recourse might be had to Federal legislation in the direction of uniformity, but there is no occasion as yet to apply a remedy so contrary to the spirit of the American theory of government by States and communities. In the eyes of the Roman Church, as the Cardinal says, the divorced person who marries again commits "the unthinkable crime of bigamy," which ought, as a mere fact of religious transgression, to constitute adequate punishment. In any case it is no business of the State to uphold and enforce any decree of any Church, Catholic or Protestant, else it would quickly find itself in just such a morass of contradiction and complexity as the founders of the Republic deemed it necessary to avoid by keeping the two authorities distinct.

On Education

As to education, meaning, we suppose, that afforded by our public schools, opinions differ. Probably that which we have is not the best that could be had, but certainly it is the best there is. Witness England, France, Germany, or any other na-

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tion. But we do not understand that Cardinal Gibbons bases his condemnation upon defects in the mental training supplied by our schools, but rather upon their failure to incorporate religious teachings. And there we must beg to differ upon fundamental grounds. It is the business of the churches, not of the public schools, to inculcate religious faiths and beliefs in growing minds, and there is no good reason why they should fail to perform their duty or try to foist it upon the State. They are better supported even than the schools and have one and only one thing to do. Moreover, they are free, amenable to no State authority, as they should be; and so are the public schools, or most of them, amenable to no clerical dictation, as they also should be, and as they must continue to be if we would conform to the theory upon which our government was established. We have no patience whatever with either prelate or minister who attempts to burden our public schools with dogma. Any such endeavor, in the eye of the republican state, is heretical, if not treasonable, and should be sternly resisted by all faithful citizens.

On Equal Suffrage

The Cardinal's utterance respecting the sexes is interpreted by the papers as a pronouncement against equal suffrage. If so, it is curiously deficient in logic. These are his words:

> "There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither servant nor freeman; there is neither male nor female" (Gala., iii, 26–28). The meaning is that in the distribution of His gifts God makes no distinction of person nor sex. He bestows them equally on bond and free, on male and female, and as woman's origin and destiny are the same as man's, so is her dignity equal to his. As both were redeemed by the same Lord, and as both aspire to the same heavenly inheritance, so should they be regarded as of equal rank on earth; as they are partakers of the same spiritual gifts, so should they share alike the blessings and prerogatives of domestic life.

A stronger ethical argument against discrimination against women on the ground of sex alone could not be desired. If men and women are really equal in the sight of the Lord, they must necessarily possess inherent, equal rights in the prescribing of daily conduct and the conservation of personal privilege and property. To maintain that such equality can exist while women are deprived of the use of the ballot is a manifest absurdity. But his Eminence continues:

> In the mind of the Church equal rights do not imply that both sexes should engage promiscuously in the same pursuits, but rather that each sex should discharge those duties which are adapted to its physical constitution and sanctioned by the canons of society.

This is a leap from the ethical to the practical phase and, in the main, is sound enough. A delicate woman ought not to be expected to shoe horses; neither should a blacksmith be required to darn socks; but there is no defect in woman's "physical constitution" which renders her less capable than the blacksmith to vote intelligently. Indeed, if Cardinal Gibbons is right in deploring a presumed tendency among women to become "more like men and less womanly," the only possible deduction is that theirs is really the superior sex and therefore the better fitted to pass judgment upon policies and candidates at the polls. As to the surprising declaration that recognition should be accorded to only such customs as are "sanctioned by the canons of society," we would respectfully commend to his Eminence prayerful consideration of the canons of New York society respecting divorce.

Greetings to Brother Mack

We had almost forgotten Brother NORMAN MACK, of Buffalo. But now we remember. He was chairman of the so-called Democratic National Committee the last, or rather latest, time Brother BRYAN ran. Brother BRYAN chose him for the place because of his great abilities. Also he feared that divided they might stand, but united they would fall—which in due course of time they did. Well, what do you think of this? Brother MACK is going to start a paper in opposition to the *Commoner*, "devoted to the interests of the Democratic party of the nation." Mr. MACK does it because he "has felt for some time the need of such a publication, for the Democratic party lacks a great champion in the periodical field such as can reach the homes of the people, and I am undertaking to supply the need." How he could say that, with HARPER'S WEEKLY and the *Commoner* before his very eyes, we cannot understand. Since, however, he is impelled by deep feeling to fill the aching void, we welcome him to our somewhat restricted, but quite select, circle. The first number will contain an inspiring picture of THOMAS JEFFERSON as he was while his hair was still red.

Mr. Brisbane is Dubious

Mr. BRISBANE, in the *Evening Journal*, is dubious about the fealty of the new Attorney-General to the cause of the people. Because Mr. WICKERSHAM once got a fee of $200,000 for services done to the "Street-car Trust" (as he calls it) of Chicago, he cannot believe that Mr. WICKERSHAM is quite the man to be the lawyer for the people of the United States. He can't believe that a man to whom the people pay only $12,000 a year will really stand up for them on occasion as against such corporations as lately paid him $240,000 at a lick, or at a rate of $10,000 a day. "Human nature," says Mr. BRISBANE, "is human nature. Mr. WICKERSHAM may be, and we hope he is, the most devoted of public servants. But is it sane or democratic to pick out as the people's defender against trusts the man that has been taking $10,000 a day from those trusts, taking in single fees of $240,000?"

> Is it possible for a man to receive such enormous sums of money from the trusts and not feel friendly to them? Is it reasonable to suppose that a man thus appreciated by the trusts will prosecute them, as a public servant, with the energy demanded?
>
> The trusts never forget their friends, the people nearly always forget their friends. If Mr. WICKERSHAM relies on the people of the United States, at the end of this term he might go to the poorhouse. But if he keeps in his heart a warm spot for the man that drew that $240,000 check, there will always be another check something like that within reach.
>
> Wouldn't he have to be absolutely ungrateful one way or the other?

We Reassure Him

Dear friend, according to this reasoning there could be no change of employment without either ingratitude or imperfect fidelity. Don't you know yourself that there can be? Did you not once work for Mr. DANA of the *Sun*? Was not his money good money? When you left him to work for his arch-rival, Mr. PULITZER, were you unfaithful or ungrateful? Was not Mr. PULITZER's money, again, good money—money, as you put it, that was power, that was comfort and luxury and freedom from anxiety? And yet did you hesitate, after some years of useful and productive labor for Mr. PULITZER, to quit his job in turn and hire out to *his* arch-rival, Mr. HEARST? How has it been with you in this latest employment? Have you always kept a warm spot in your heart for the man that drew the checks you earned on the *World*, and when Mr. HEARST's interests and Mr. PULITZER's interests seemed in conflict, have you done Mr. HEARST's work in such a way that if any thing happened there might be more for Mr. PULITZER's checks within your reach?

If any man can understand change of employment, it ought to be you. If after working for Mr. DANA you could be faithful to Mr. PULITZER, and after serving Mr. PULITZER you could be faithful to Mr. HEARST, how can you fail to understand how Mr. WICKERSHAM, after years of profitable work in private practice, can be expected to be absolutely faithful to the interests of the people in the office of Attorney-General? You cannot seriously suggest that because private clients paid Mr WICKERSHAM more than the people pay him he means to betray the people whose service he has now undertaken! You can't really mean that, though you charge it more or less broadly every day or two in the case of Mr. ROOT! Don't you overrate the value of money compared with honor and with character, Mr. BRISBANE? Another thing: don't you forget that a man who has practised for years the kind of law that brings in occasional two-hundred-thousand-dollar fees is apt to have laid up enough money for his reasonable needs, and, if he takes public service, does not need to leave doors treacherously open for future gains?

Whom to Hire

Mr. BRISBANE asks:

> Would you hire a trust lawyer to fight trusts?

Just the man we would hire, Mr. BRISBANE. Pretty much all the first-chop lawyers are trust lawyers. They know the trusts. When the trusts need to be fought they are the men who know how to do it, and who can be trusted to do it effectively.

Swinburne

Four familiar and honored names went into the obituary column last week—HELENA MODJESKA, actress; ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK, public servant; MARION CRAWFORD, novelist; and ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE, poet. And on the same trip, maybe, of Charon's boat went the shade of the gallant and kindly Admiral CRAVENS, who died on April 3d. The greatest name of these is SWINBURNE's, a poet left over from the Victorian age, when poets' heads reached higher above the crowd than any do just now. He had survived all his fellows who were greater than he—if indeed the critics will allow that any were greater—and lived to be first in his class among the English-speaking people. SWINBURNE was seventy-two—not a great age—but his work had long been done. No one can know English poetry who does not know SWINBURNE. His place is sure, and it is a great place.

Marion Crawford

That MARION CRAWFORD should have died at fifty-five is a severe literary misfortune. That he was a great writer no one will claim, but he wrote excellent books and a great many of them. Possibly he wrote too many, but as to that it would not do to be too positive. He had great powers of work and he wrote out of a well-stored mind, and that he would have made better books if he had taken more time to each one is not certain. TROLLOPE was charged with writing his books with too much haste, and denied that they were any the worse for the speed with which he produced them. CRAWFORD, like TROLLOPE, needed money and wrote books primarily to sell. They sold and he was satisfied, but he gave good value. While his novels were not masterpieces, they were far better worth reading than the general run of the successful story-books of his time. He had much more to put into books—had seen more, studied more, thought more, and knew more—than most of the successful novel-writers of his day. Without being a man of genius, he had excellent talents and remarkable powers. He came honestly by both from his parents, and indeed there have been few better-born Americans than he. It is just about a quarter of a century since *Mr. Isaacs* introduced him to the world of readers. In a list of his "chief works," published since then, there are forty-four titles, nearly all novels. A great score truly, and enough for a lifetime, but there was ample store of energy and diligence left in him, and though he had slackened in novel-writing, he was at work when he died on a History of Rome in the Middle Ages, on which, it seems, he hoped his reputation might chiefly rest.

CRAWFORD seems to have got his remarkable powers of application from his father, THOMAS CRAWFORD, the sculptor, whose biographer credits him with extraordinary devotion to work. His mother was a sister of Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE. His name he got from General MARION of Revolutionary fame, who was his ancestor.

Mr. Hitchcock

ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK got his name and was descended from another Revolutionary general, and was in credit to the sound old stock he came from. His war on the land thieves was one of the most useful and effective pieces of work done in the last three administrations. He got some credit for it, not enough, but much considering how little attention he devoted to self-advertisement. There were two opinions about Mr. HITCHCOCK. One was that he was a great butter-in—a meddlesome and obstinate person who could not understand what was necessary to the development of the country. This opinion was held almost exclusively by persons whom Mr. HITCHCOCK caused to be prosecuted, and their friends, and by many others whose plans of land-capture he interfered with. The other opinion and much more general one was that he was one of the most useful and devoted public servants this country has had.

Possible Topic for Wagers

If the constitution of the State of New York permitted, speculative persons might bet now on whether Governor HUGHES will get a direct-primaries law passed. Wagers could be varied by betting how long it will take him.

Dink and Gatti

> DINK GILLY to sing at the Metropolitan.—*Daily Newspaper.*

We had supposed that the esteemed Mr. GATTI-CASAZZA was the foremost living example of the ideal wedding of a musical nature and a musical name. But it will be as frankly conceded by others as by us, we think, that the imminent DINK, in this matter, has his future chief lashed to the mast.

Adding to Name and Fame

They call it now "The National Academy of Designs on Central Park."

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Courtly Life

COMING from the new volumes of Italian history, one feels that the Italy of the Renaissance was in many ways not so unlike our world of to-day. There were the same ever-increasing material prosperity and splendor, the same love of whatever is novel, unusual, violent, the same overwhelming assertion of the individual interests. The chief difference is that men nowadays are less reckless about giving something for nothing; indeed, they are often unwilling to give something for its just value, or for value purely esthetic or spiritual. In return they must have all they can get in some recognized currency. To spend one's goods to get understanding or one's life to get honor is all too rare even to-day. But just as rare among the master-spirits of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was the policy of give and take; how inconceivable to them would have been the offering of a gift on condition of the community raising as much to put with it, a practice that looks calculating, but has some fairly sound reasons back of it.

Rather a half-hearted coo will this seem to people who have lately been keeping company with two delightful new books, DEJOB'S *Dukes of Urbino*, and Mrs. ADY'S *Castiglione*. Both carry one back to the same brilliant court of Urbino, and keep one in the same high air of good society. Urbino lies high on a mountain among mountains; even for the modern traveller an eyrie lofty enough, whether he climb up in long, steep zigzags from the Adriatic shore, or mount through sparse olive-groves after a long day's drive across the huge barren ridges of the central Apennine and the valleys enclosed among these, which with their deep growth of vine and elm seem like the world of CLAUDE and POUSSIN hidden away there, preserved by enchantment amid the wreck of the centuries.

Over the city that rears itself so proudly rises the palace, its twin towers and the beautiful, arched curtain-wall between them, springing up from a ravine, almost among trees, as if from the arches of massive battlements and bastions. Beyond, at the very apex of all the steep streets, on the earthwork of an abandoned fortress, the traveller may pause and see the whole purple sea of mountains, tumbling and tossing to westward, under his eye. An eagle's eyrie was this of MONTEFELTRO out of a lofty race with high standards of life and splendid traditions. This was for two generations the finest school of manners in Europe—those manners of the heart which spring not from a sense of what is due to a man's self, but from what is due to other men. Boys of noblest birth were sent as pages, or thankfully rose upon invitation for long visits under Duke FREDERICK.

PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA has left us the head of that great warrior to know him by: the cropped, cruped hair, the hooked nose like an eagle's beak, the keen eye, like an eagle's too, with its fine-lined lids drawn almost together, till just a slit suffices for the piercing glance. He had a strong frame, stout to carry armor, as, behooved one whose profession was campaigning, and a strong jaw, firm to manage the material of his trade—which was, precisely, men. For a *condottiere*, which means a contractor, contracted to supply to this or that king, Pope, or duke, an army for a fixed term—sometimes years, sometimes a season. When the contract was over he was likely, if efficient, to have a higher bid from the enemy and to march his army over. Of Duke FRANCESCO, the pink of captains, it is recorded that he considered no proposals while filling an engagement. Yet often not in the field, he devoted to arts and letters all day and half the nights. After the shocking sack of Volterra, from which he emerged with more credit than any other of the parties—the surviving citizens and their Florentine conquerors united in presenting him with a superb Bible as a testimonial, which, being written in Hebrew and filled with exquisite emblazures, was the one thing he coveted. We owe not a little for this figure in all three dimensions, so to speak, to DESIDERIO'S immense appreciation for the Duke—a man in the grand style, strong, grave, but not austere; of spotless honor; who, like a pedant, loved learning, and like a poet all the various beauty of the arts. His meagre revenues afford him yet the means of liberality; his palace is still unmatched; his library is the treasure of the Vatican, and his collection graces all the galleries of Europe.

In PIERO'S portrait the wife of FREDERICK BALLISTA has a quiet face with its own sort of strength, that ran give itself for the race. We read that because she bore only daughters and no heir was needed, she offered to St. Ubaldo in Gubbio her own life in exchange for a son. The son was given her and she loyally paid the pledge, dying quietly six months later, of no one knew what. This son, GUIDOBALDO, so dearly bought, was always something of a valetudinarian. His face, in an altar-piece which has preserved the lineaments for us, seems gaunt and wistful, but not peevish or self-indulgent. He was a good man and a good husband to CASTIGLIONE'S well-beloved Duchess ELIZABETH.

It is hard to reconstruct the beauty that was so praised from CAROTTA'S portrait of ELIZABETH GONZAGA. The face is too long, the eyes too small, the whole face heavy in the modelling. There exists, however, in the British Museum a medal which suggests great nobility and sensitiveness of expression. One seems to make out, from contemporary evidence of all sorts, that a rare personal charm, great grace and sweetness, were joined in her to strength of endurance which found expression in submission to the many misfortunes and great anxieties of her life. Her personality suggests the still whiteness and lustre of a pearl.

Herself, daughter and sister of reigning marquesses in Mantua, she knew how to maintain the stately life which wheeled its orbits round her. Her lovely modesty and wifely devotion were less remarkable here than they would have been anywhere else, because she set the tone of the place. The talk of her court was frank and yet toned to high themes. Whoever could speak well might speak at length. Very studied some of these discourses were, in praise of things praiseworthy, but at other times repartee flew, and not all the laughter has died out of the jokes, nor all the grace and melody out of the dances and the songs to lute and viol. Here, at this court, one meets some of the most tragic names of Italy: DELLE ROVERE, GONZAGA, FREGOSO, GUILIANO DE' MEDICI, PALLAVICINI. One night, we know, they determined the definition of a gentleman; and another, BEMBO talked Platonism and revealed the doctrine of heavenly love in words so noble and so famous they need no transcribing here, and often he was done and the company stirred, dawn struck in through the shutters, and as they threw open the windows morning was spread rose-red over the countryside, and high in the clear, cold air hung Venus, large and silvery.

EMILIA PIA, who, of all the court, had the highest heart and quickest wit, was, like VITTORIA COLONNA, early widowed and constant. Unlike the noble Roman, she never turned *devote*. She was content to apply her religion to conduct, to wear her virtue as a jewel, and to find solace in the loyal affection of those about her. Many years later, when most of the goodly company were dead, one of them came back to visit her at Urbino, bearing CASTIGLIONE'S *Book of the Courtier*. It was Count LUDOVICO CANOSSA, and as he read and the old and ailing woman listened, returning with delight to the splendor of the past, Death came suddenly and took her as unaware. She lived bravely and died happily, but seemful got abroad because she departed without the sacraments in the midst of vain and worldly talk. An old servant of the duenl house wrote about it in much distress of mind:

"Oh, what wicked tales men invent nowadays! For my part, I cannot believe it! And yet, who knows? Anything may be possible. God give her soul peace all the same!"

Ay, God give peace to all their souls. For a hundred years, in that beautiful Renaissance palace, life moved gallantly: never mean, never cowardly, never ignoble. And still to-day the world profits that of the court of MONTEFELTRO men knew how to live and to set a high value on the high things of life.

Correspondence

"THE LAST APPEAL" OF THE BOSNIANS AND HERZEGOVINIANS

SIR ARMO, TEXAS, *March, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The smarting and terrorizing, the system of plunder and the acts of barbarous cruelty which have characterized Austria's occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina have leaked out through foreign correspondents who have stayed long enough in those unhappy provinces to go beneath the surface and talk freely with the people. To their reports we may add the testimony of refugees, either Austrian soldiers who have made their escape over the Italian frontier from a dreaded winter campaign against the Serbs or from Bosnians and Herzegovinians, mostly writers by profession, who are now living in France, Germany, Switzerland, or England. The latter group published in *Le Courrier Européen* (a review under the direction of two Sorbonne professors, Séailles and Seignobos, Professor Sergi of the University of Rome, and Björnstjerne Björnson) of January 23th, a "Suprême Appel" to the following purport.

"The Ottoman government made a serious mistake in accepting from Austria any pecuniary compensation for Bosnia and Herzegovina. Even the sum of 170,000,000 francs first demanded by the Young Turks would have been a paltry compensation for these splendid provinces. The threats by which Baron d'Aehrenthal gained his purpose are kept secret, but they led the government of Constantinople to accept 60,000,000 francs for allowing Austria to effect what she called the 'restoration of crown lands.' The lands in question comprise 4,000,000 hectares of forests and iron mines; the annual output of coal is 800,000 tons.

"Austria now definitely established in Bosnia, Herzegovina has become a Balkan state and can dictate to all the other states of the peninsula; in other words, Austria can now continue without opposition her work of lamenting dissensions in Albania, Novi-Bazar, and old Servia. Her rôle will be to support Serbs and Albanians, as also Albanians and Turks, alternately against each other until she has created such a condition of anarchy in the three provinces that a reactionary movement will be the inevitable result, and she may then receive a new 'mandate from Europe' to occupy the disturbed provinces and 'establish their welfare,' as she has done in Bosnia and Herzegovina. When the Young Turks handed over these two provinces to Austria, they betrayed their own country no less an Balkan interests, and they endangered the gigantic work they had just accomplished. Fundamentally supported by Great Britain, New Turkey need have feared on disastrous consequences in adopting a fearless attitude toward Austria. Had she firmly defended her legal rights in Bosnia and Herzegovinia, she would have had the moral support of Europe. The whole population of these provinces would have been on her side ready to sacrifice their lives to be delivered from the Austrian régime. Furthermore, she could have counted on Servia and Montenegro, whose vital interests demand that Austria should relinquish Bosnia and Herzegovina.

"Now the error is irremediable. Turkey has recognized the annexation of the two provinces. Still, the Austro-Turkish agreement has no international value until the annexation has been recognized by all the powers who signed the Treaty of Berlin, and it seems certain that they are not disposed to such a recognition. Their hesitation is of great moral and even material value to the Bosnians and Herzegovinians who are determined to settle their own fate. Supported by Servia and Montenegro, they will disregard the pecuniary compensation accepted by Turkey in their name. Their self-respect, all that is worthy in them, forbids their consenting to be bought and sold like slaves."

I am, sir

G. M. O.

FROM A CANDID READER

CHARLESTON, OHIO, *February 6, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—After reading the appreciations of the WEEKLY, issue January 30th, which in popular phrase is known as "soft soap," I thought of testing your catholicity by offering a letter containing a little free acid of criticism. I intended telling you that I believed your readers preferred illustrated matter rather than art, literature, and theology, except as these had to do with current events. But delay has nearly (not quite) spiked my guns, for your last number (February 6th) has more nearly approached my idea of an illustrated journal than any in a long time. Let the good work continue. What a splendid galaxy of descriptive and illustrated articles were those on wireless, lumbering, prohibition, tramps, music, etc.!

Readers of President Thwing's article may have thought Dr. Thwing was merely making a sketch of ideal relations that should exist between college presidents and undergraduates in some Utopia. On the contrary, President Thwing has merely set forth his actual practice. At least such was his practice nearly twenty years ago when I was at Western Reserve, and I feel sure it has not changed. His office was at the first door to the right of the main entrance, always wide open, as the hall mark of a cordial welcome and sympathetic hearing for Freshman, graduate, and trustee alike. That undergraduate friendships thus established have continued in thousands of cases, I have no more reason to doubt than I have in respect to my own case. President Thwing's article sets forth a notable ideal, which has been justified by notable achievement. Character, culture, and citizenship are the ideals of a liberal education, without which foundation a professional education is of little profit to the state. President Thwing does well to emphasize this, as I believe that practice in one hundred years behind theory in this matter. The inspiration of friendship must be without its dull fruition until we have a revolution in present methods. President Thwing believes that fraternities may be made an instrument of good (WEEKLY, October 31, '08), but after thirty years in close touch with two universities, I am convinced that by their nature they are a counter-current to the best things of the spirit. The best sides of such institutions are apt to be presented to the college president (*Outlook*, August 25, '06, p. 1007). The State of Ohio, and I believe other States, have suppressed high school fraternities, and to have been consistent should have done so in all State institutions.

Now, Mr. Editor, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed your Roosevelt an comment. While I have not always agreed with you, I have often been compelled to laugh at what I might call your harvey-ized humor.

I am, sir,

L. C. PARSONS.

FOR SIMPLER INAUGURATIONS

NEW YORK, *March 2, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Referring to the editorial of March 20th entitled "Shall we Abolish March 4th?" I see in the New York *Sun* of the 22d instant, that a number of the Governors of various States have suggested the change to a season of the year when the weather would be more propitious.

May a humble citizen not versed in public affairs express the hope that our rulers will not "tinker" with the Constitution of the United States any more than is absolutely necessary, and that since ours is a republican form of government, the inauguration should be conducted in the simplest possible manner, free from every suggestion of pomp and pageantry, and that the President elect and his Cabinet, with the President, might in better taste be assembled in the room of the Supreme Court in the Capitol, and there in the presence of the chief-justice and his associates, quietly and unostentatiously take the solemn oath which is administered?

I am, sir,

JOHN A. WYETH.

The Constitution does not name the day on which the President is inaugurated. Congress may do that.—EDITOR.

PLEASED WITH US

STUDIO, BATH, *March 31, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Allow me to note that a line in your editorial of March 20th, "A Joyous and Recherche Affair," strikes me as one of the choicest bits of humor I ever read. I refer to the line, "That was the only grave there was." Although I was suffering from the effects of two ulcerated teeth at the time I read it, I walked the floor with a laugh that must have been like the one accredited to Taft. Whatever you may lack in the expression of other graces you certainly have "the saving grace of humor"—for which representative readers with myself must thank you.

I am, sir,

LOUIS ELLMS.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

THE LAST OF THE VICTORIAN POETS, WHO DIED ON APRIL 10 AT HIS HOME IN PUTNEY, ENGLAND, IN HIS SEVENTY-SECOND YEAR

FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS

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A Venetian tramp on the Rialto

Round the World Afoot

THE RECORD OF A JOURNEY THROUGH MANY COUNTRIES WITHOUT MONEY, UNDERTAKEN BY THE AUTHOR, WHO WORKED HIS WAY AS SEAMAN AND LABORER, AND EKED OUT HIS EXISTENCE BY PERFORMING VARIOUS OCCUPATIONS

The author's gondolier on the Grand Canal

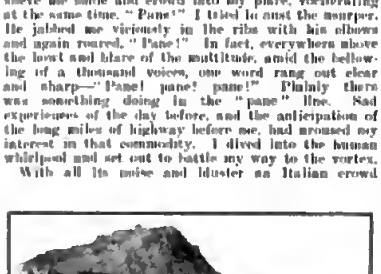
By Harry A. Franck

II.—ITALY FROM THE UNDER SIDE

ABOUT the time of my arrival in Italy a strike had been declared in Milan. The Milanese motormen had refused to groom their own horses, or something of the sort. At any rate, once started, the movement was rapidly growing general and wide-spread. The newspapers bubbled over with it, the air about me was filled with raging arraignments of capitalistic iniquities. Strikes and lockouts, however, were no affairs to trouble the existence of a foot traveller. When trams ceased to run I marched serenely on through clamoring groups of stranded voyagers, when the barbers closed their shops I decided to raise a beard. The butchers joined the movement, and I smiled with the indifference of one who had subsisted for weeks chiefly on bread. The bakers of northern Italy convert this important comestible to loaves of about the size and durability of baseballs. Serving in that capacity, there is good reason to believe that one of them would remain unscathed at the end of a league game, even though the score-book recorded many a three-bagger and home-run. Still, hard loaves soaked in wine or crashed between two wayside rocks were edible, in a way, and as long as they were plentiful I could not suffer for lack of food. But a few miles beyond Brescia the strike became a matter of personal importance. At each of the bakeries of a rural village I was turned away with a cry of: "Pane non ce! The strike! The bakers have joined the strike and no more bread is made!" To satisfy that day's appetite I was reduced to "pasta," a muddy mess of macaroni; and at a Verona inn I was robbed of half my sleep by the discussion that roared in the kitchen until long after midnight over this new phase of the situation.

I was returning next morning from an early view of the picturesque bridges and the ancient Coliseum of Verona across the Piazza when I fell upon a howling mob at the massive gateway of the City Hall. Joining the throng, I soon gained an inner courtyard, to find what seemed to be half the population of Verona quarrelling, pushing, and scratching in a struggle to reach the gate of a large wicket that shut off one end of the square. Behind it, just visible above the intervening sea of heads, appeared the top of some strange instrument and the caps of a squad of police officers. I inquired the cause of the squabble of an excited neighbor. He glowered at me and howled something in reply, the only intelligible word of which was "pane" (bread). I turned to a man behind me. He took advantage of my movement to shove me aside and crowd into my place, vociferating at the same time, "Pane!" I tried to oust the usurper. He jabbed me viciously in the ribs with his elbows and again roared, "Pane!" In fact, everywhere above the howl and blare of the multitude, amid the bellowing of a thousand voices, one word rang out clear and sharp—"Pane! pane! pane!" Plainly there was something doing in the "pane" line. Sad experiences of the day before, and the anticipation of the long miles of highway before me, had aroused my interest in that commodity. I dived into the human whirlpool and set out to battle my way to the vortex.

With all its noise and bluster an Italian crowd



On the way to the wine-press

does not know the rudiments of football. Even the wretch who had dispossessed me of my first vantage-ground was far behind when I reached the front rank and paused to survey the scene of conflict. Inside the wicket a dozen perspiring policemen were guarding several huge baskets of that baseball bread heretofore mentioned. Beyond them stood the instrument that had attracted my attention—a pair of wooden scales that looked fully capable of giving the avoirdupoise of an ox. Still further on an officer whose expression of self-importance suggested that he was recording nominations of candidates to fill the King's seat presided over a ponderous book, a pen as large as a stiletto behind each ear, and one resembling a young bayonet in his hand. One by one the citizens of Verona shot through a small gate into the enclosure from the surging multitude outside as from a catapult, to be brought up with a round turn by

A peasant woman weeping for her emigrant son

the aforesaid question, "Pound or two pounds?" Once weighed out, the desired number of loaves travelled rapidly from hand to head on one side of the official line, while the applicant, struggling to keep pace with them on the other, passed before the registering clerk to answer several pertinent personal questions, corralled his purchase at the table of the receiving teller, and made his escape as best he could.

Almost before I had time to study the intricate workings of the system the press of humanity behind

The old bridge over the Arno

sent me sprawling through the gate. "Two pounds," I shouted, as I swept by the scales *en route* for the book. Just in front of me a gaunt creature paused and gave his residence as Florence. "No bread for you!" roared every officer within hearing—policemen, sergeants, and clerks—in a rousing chorus. "Only bread for Veronese! Get out of here!" and impelled by two official boots the stranger stood not on the order of his going. That Florentine was a godsend to me. In my innocence I had opened my mouth to shout, "American!" to his self-complacency behind the volume, and but that fateful word once escaped me I should have gone penniless through the long hours of a long day.

"Residenza?" shouted the registrar, as I entered his field of vision.

"Verona, signore."

"Professione?"

"Calzolaio, signore."

"Street and number?"

I remembered the name of one street and tacked on a number haphazard.

"Bene! Va!" An official hand pushed me unceremoniously toward the teller. I dropped ten soldi, gathered up my bread, and departed by the farther wicket gate down a Ragusone alley.

Let him who has not tried it take my word that to carry two pounds of edible baseballs in his arms is no simple task. A loaf rolled in the gutter before I had advanced a dozen paces. The rest squirmed waywardly in my grasp. With both hands amply occupied, I was reduced to the indignity of sprawling on the pavement to fill my pockets, and even then a witless observer would [illegible] me for an itinerant juggler. Never since [illegible] had I ventured to pose as a [illegible] of the burden of bread called for dra[illegible]. I must be either charitable or wasteful [illegible] to give alms to Italy has not far to se[illegible] his benefactions. I glanced down [illegible] and my eye fell on a beggar of hor[illegible] aspect crouched in a gloomy doorway. [illegible] a benignant smile I bestowed upon him enough of my load with which to play the American national game among his confrères until the season closed, and hurried on. The outcast wore a sign marked, "Deaf and dumb." Either he had picked up the wrong placard before sallying forth or he had been startled out of his rôle by the munificence of my gift. For as long as a screeching voice could reach me I was deluged with more blessings, to be delivered by the Virgin Mary, Her Son, every Pope, past, present, or to come, or any saint, dead, living, or unborn, who had a few stray ones about him, than I could have found use for had I received them.

Is it in doubtful if there is another nation on the globe whose people are so well treated in so many of the countries of the earth as our own citizens. In almost every foreign land the American is a popular fellow; certainly not the least so in Italy. Through all the peninsula there hovers about one from that—to the Italian—magic world of America a glamour which is always sure to arouse curiosity to the highest pitch. More than that, there is, among the lower classes, an attitude almost of deference toward any one in any way connected with the El Dorado across the seas, as if there lingered in every breast a vague hope that this favored of the gods might be moved to carry home a pocketful of his admirers on his return. Longing for America, however, does not imply any great amount of knowledge thereof. In the northern half of the peninsula, especially, where one rarely meets a man whose remotest friend has emigrated, ignorance of the Western Hemisphere is astoundingly dense.

An average village crowd, showing some evidence of education, was gathered in the hostelry of the first town beyond Florence. My arrival aroused at first small interest among the groups before fireplace and tables. In ordering supper, however, I betrayed a foreign accent. Immediately there passed between the cronies of the band sundry nods and occult signs which they fondly believed were entirely incomprehensible to a newcomer, but which, in reality, said as plainly as words, "Now, where the deuce do you suppose he comes from?" I volunteered no information. The cronies squirmed with curiosity. Several more mysterious symbols flitted across the room, and one of the tipplers, clearing his throat, suggested, in the mildest of tones: "Hem! Ah, you a German, perhaps?" A *Tedesco* not being a particularly unusual sight, the listeners showed only a moderate interest.

"No."

The speaker rubbed his neck with a horny hand and turned a half-apologetic eye on his companions.

"Hah! You are an Austrian," charged another, with a scowl on his face that boded no good to whoever should answer this question affirmatively.

"No."

"Italian?" suggested a third.

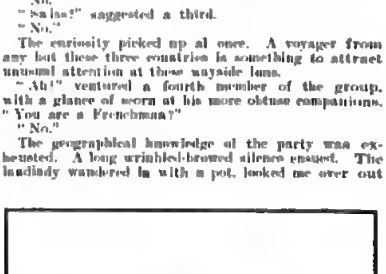
"No."

The curiosity picked up at once. A voyager from any but these three countries is something to attract unusual attention at these wayside inns.

"Ah!" ventured a fourth member of the group, with a glance of scorn at his more obtuse companions. "You are a Frenchman?"

"No."

The geographical knowledge of the party was exhausted. A long wrinkled-browed silence ensued. The landlady wandered in with a pot, looked me over out



The ox-market outside Siena

of a corner of her eye, and slowly retreated. The suspense grew unendurable. A native opened his mouth twice or thrice, swallowed his breath with a gulp, and finally purred, meekly, "Er—well—what country are you from?"

"Sono Americano."

A sudden chorus of exclamations aroused the cat dozing under the fireplace. The hostess ran in open-mouthed from the back room. The landlord dropped his pipe on the floor and emitted the Italian variation

of "Dew tell!" Even the most phlegmatic of the party abandoned their games and their stories and crowded more closely round.

My advent seemed providential to two of the habitués. A wager had been laid between them some time before, which there had appeared small chance of deciding before my unanticipated arrival. One man had wagered that the railway trams of America ran high up in the air above the houses, a tenet which he sought to defend against all comers by an unprecedented amount of lusty bellowing, and one which his opponent pooh-poohed with equal noise. For some time I was at a loss to account for his claim that he had read the information in the newspapers. In the course of his considerations he mentioned "Nouva York," and inquired if it were not also true that there were buildings higher than the steeple of the village church, and whether the railways were not built thus to enable the people to get into such high houses—implying, evidently, that Americans never came down to earth. Only then did the source of his mental picture of an aerial railway system occur to me. He had read somewhere of the New York Elevated and had applied the article to the whole country.

"Nouva York" was synonymous with America to the entire party, anyway. Not a man of them knew that there were two Americas, not one had ever heard the term "United States." Their ignorance was neither more amusing nor disconcerting than that of a vast proportion of their countrymen. America represents to the Italian a country somewhere far away—how far or in what direction he has no idea—where wages are higher than in Italy. Countless times I have heard questions such as these from men of intelligence who were not without education:

"Is America farther than Switzerland?"

"Did you walk all the way from America here?"

"Why, are you a native American? I thought Americans were black."

"Who is king of America?"

And once a woman added insult to injury by inquiring in all sincerity: "In America you worship the sun. Non è vero?" On some rare occasions a wiser native appeared to display his erudition to the assemblage. I mildly ventured the statement one evening that the United States, as a whole, is as large, if not larger, than Italy. My hearers were deafening me with shouts of derision when one of the party came to my rescue. "Certainly that's right!" he cried. "It is larger! I've a brother in Buenos Ayres, and *I* know. America, or the United States, as this signore prefers to call it, has provinces just like Italy. The provinces are Brazil, Uruguay, Republica Argentina, and Nouva York."

Squelched by this crushing display of geographical knowledge, my audience preserved a profound silence for the rest of the evening, and the authority on America began a lecture on that topic in the course of which I learned many a fact concerning my native land that I had never suspected.

One can be little surprised that the Italian fears to embark, for a country so little known. I met often with people who had set out for America, gone as far as Genoa, and there abandoned the journey "perche avera paura." Many, indeed, journey to the seaport, never suspecting that, to reach this land of fabulous wealth, they must travel on the ocean; more than one has only the vaguest notion of what an ocean is. When the endless expanse of water stretches out before them all the combined miseries of their native land and the wheedling of the most silver-tongued steamship agent cannot induce them to trust themselves on its billows, and in dread and fear they hurry home again.

A woman making tiles for sixteen cents a day

"When you go to America," asked the innkeeper, again recurring to the subject, "you get clear out of sight of land. Now è vero?"

I admitted that such experiences were common.

"Ah, I once thought of going to America!" he cried, turning to impress upon the attentive audience his fearlessness in having dared to conceive so intrepid a venture, "until they told me that. But you wouldn't catch me on a boat that went clear out of sight of land. I don't mind a trip from Genoa to Naples, or even to Rustia, where you always have the coast alongside; but when you leave the land and jump out into the universe, steering by the stars and going—the Holy Virgin knows where—ah, not for me! Why, suppose the captain loses his way when the stars move. You come to the edge of the world, and over you go. Ugh!" The audience shuddered in sympathy, and a blind youth drew forth from his instrument a wail such as might have risen from the victims of so dreadful a fate.

By the time a new topic had been broached the hostess wandered in and sat down before the register in which I had written my autobiography. Her eyes fell on the figures indicating my age. "Aha!" she cried, jabbing the number with a stubby forefinger and winking good-humoredly, "soldiering is hard work. I don't blame you any. Officers are hard masters."

I had too often been accused of running away to escape military service to be at all put out by this familiar accusation.

"Many a boy I know," went on the woman, "who has run away to America just before he reached his majority and the beginning of his three years in the army. How strange you Americans should fly over here to Italy for the same reason."

"You bet *I* don't blame them," growled the innkeeper.

"But military service is not required in America," I put in.

"Eh!" cried my hearers, in chorus.

"We don't have to be soldiers in America," I repeated.

"What! You have no army?" shouted the host.

"Yes; but the soldiers are hired, as for any other trade."

"But who makes them go?" demanded the blind musician.

"No one. They are paid to go."

The audience puzzled over this strange arrangement for several moments. Suddenly the landlady burst out laughing. "You think to fool us," she cried. "How, if there is nobody to make them go, can there be soldiers to pay?"

"Ah! That's it," roared the host.

"They go because they want," I explained.

"What to be soldiers?" bellowed the innkeeper. "What nonsense! Who wants to be a soldier and work three years for nothing?"

"But you don't understand. Those who want to be soldiers are paid wages."

"Ah!" cried a musician, with a sudden burst of inspiration. "When your name is drawn you pay a man wages to go for you?"

"No; the government pays him. Our names are not drawn."

"How much money the king must spend, paying all the soldiers!"

"Ah! They are strange people, the Americans," sighed the host, and he cast upon me a glance that seemed to say, "And liars, too, very often!"

Weeks before I had given up all hope of explaining our military system to Italians. The institution of compulsory service has been so woven into their picture of life since infancy that barely a man of them has the power of imagining an existence without this omnipresent fate hanging over his head. Whatever may be the attitude of the educated Italian toward it, military service is regarded by the laboring class as a curse from which there is no escape. We are accustomed to say that nothing is sure but death and taxes. The Italian would include conscription.

A peasant family returning from market

The flight of the Wright brothers before Edward VII., at Pau, in the south of France. The King, who is seen standing in front of the larger group, watched Wilbur make two ascents, the second in company with his sister, and warmly congratulated him. He displayed great interest, and the performance of the Wrights may lead to the purchase of one of their aeroplanes by the British War Office

King Edward, with the Wright brothers, watching the air-ship being brought out from its shed. Close beside him stands Wilbur Wright, wearing the cap. Orville being shown at the extreme left

THE WRIGHT BROTHERS FLY FOR KING EDWARD IN FRANCE

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The Lady and the Brute

By Kate Masterson

DRAWINGS BY J. A WILLIAMS

THE spring of '00 not only shows already the livelier iris on the shop windows in the way of fascinating hats that resemble the inverted Scriptural bushels, but in the magic crystal that fate holds before the yearning eyes of womankind there is a remarkable surprise. Speak it in whispers, for it is not admitted at mothers' meetings as yet, and it is startling as it is true.

The woman of the Just Now disapproves of the Perfect Gentleman, and is on the trail of the Brute. Poets, painters, and afternoon-tea men, the lamp-tappers and boys that used to drape themselves like musical scale over the tops of pianos, have been given the count and declared down and out by Cupid the referee.

The darling of the girls who wore a watch on his wrist, a bracelet above his elbow, and a handkerchief under his cuff has been pushed gently, deftly, even sweetly, to that place called Hach a' the Beyond. He has been frozen out by the husky young man absolutely minus small talk, who trips over the rugs and generally romps in drawing-rooms.

Daddy will go a-hunting

Now the primitive child of nature is it. The soft-stepping Muldoons and Donovans of the grove, the men of might and muscle, hold down the cushions and, with defiant chins and nostrils that scent the lair of the Bongo, gaze haughtily across the Psyche knots as though they were not there!

What is the Cause—the Cause, my soul! Who done it, as the new hero might say? Who has done all things for the last few years? Who made over the English language? Who discovered the Ten Commandments? Who has been sitting the saluma together with peace congresses, globe-circling fleets, and patriotic whoopla that has never missed its mark?

None but the Mighty Hunter, the torrent-forcer, Rain-in-the-Face, the Cowboy President—the fugnmar of the White House, whom we can now only dream of as picturesquely plunging forward to the extreme edge of some African abyss or glaring directly into the fiery eyes of a bellowing Dinotheatium Giganteum.

It was high time that the Brute got his square deal, as far as the Everlasting Girl is concerned. We of the present cannot remember his former day. It is so far back that we have to look it up in the old novels when roystering cock-fighting blades killed one another in duels, and the ladies had to leave the table discreetly when the port and pineapples came on. Those were the days when the man with the wallop won the gentle dame and swashbuckled in court yards, chucking the hitchen wenches under the chin. Since then something has gone on that is called the growth of civilization, and it has witnessed the utter demolishment of the Brute. Culture in the Old World bloomed and blossomed and grew stale, and in our springy Western soil new roots ripened under healthier suns. Through it all one type remained impossible—symbolized by the prize-fighter, for years regarded as the very lowest kind of man and rating morally less than the criminal.

Exit, sadly, the refined hero; enter, whistling through the southeast corner of his mouth, the Brute

Yet only a few weeks ago, at a blue-blooded Philadelphia club, a group of dainty women applauded a fight between a society man and a *gentleman* pugilist! It was but a curtain-raiser to things that are yet to be. Men have been trying to look like their coachmen for several seasons, and now they are cultivating bad manners as they will not be mistaken for mollycoddles. How will it all end? Perhaps Mr. Shaw, who is not afraid of delving into delicate ills and She problems, can tell?

The ministers get back the bouquets

He might say that women have always worshipped strength. Here in America women admired masculine force and achievement, but have not been especially familiar with physical prowess. Our men have sacrificed themselves on the counters in order to give women the sunbeam gardens and sables and strings of pearls they crave. Now that we want necklaces of crocodile's teeth we will get them. Daddy will go a-hunting!

Until now a certain inherited parochialism has advised girls to fall in love with the sort of man who can carve without spattering the ceiling, and who doesn't put his cigar ashes in the lera dish. They have been brought up that way. And when they went abroad and met elephant-hunting, tiger-killing Englishmen they felt a strange, unquiet thrill.

Just as there are fashions in hats, so, of course, women have fads in the men they make pets of. Changing fancy calls one year for a Shetland breed in pianists or poets, and next season's contrast brings a velvet-voiced Ring-tinger in a *toupee*. The actor has his day, but he too knows the bitterness of finding some knotty-muscled athlete in the Morris chair with the cushions at his back.

And he also passes, and the earnest settlement worker receives the mash notes that used to go to the stage door. After a war the Army and Navy men retain their prestige sometimes for nearly a week, and then the ministers get back the bouquets, for they have the advantage of a spiritual halo that follows them like a spot light even when they are gamboling at Chautauqua summer schools.

But the Brute has had to play dead through all this. Women, from the time of the Cave-men until now, have veered to the soft-pedal lovers, the poet with his stare and his songs, the man who stole gloves instead of horses and talked pretty over the telephone. Plain pugilist devotion has won many a Junonesque woman who would have been appalled by a rowdy Apollo. Mr. Pipp was a gentleman, every inch of him! He was, as Colonel Watterson says, the kind of man women call a "dear."

The present turn in the deification of the cave-hunter, who sits on a Chippendale sofa as though it were a Bactrian camel, dates back, as we see it, to a terrible time when mothers dressed their boys in imitation of the Fauntleroy freak. A lad's highest ambition at this time was to keep from getting mussed. It became a brain lesion with him.

Now strange things happen through women's fancies! There was a violent reactionary period after the wide-lace-collar yellow curl era, and in a few years lovely mothers were putting little Johnny in sleeveless sweaters, sandals without stockings, and blue jeans for occasions in which he could go as far as he liked.

Time passed. A great and mighty peace brooded over Europe, Asia, Africa, and Polynesia. Frilly girls began to go in for the Career thing. Male humorists joked weakly about the extinction of man. Some one suggested the horrid idea that chivalry was dying out.

Champion pugilists began to write for the magazines

It was hinted that in affairs amatory women were becoming the pursuers, while men, like frightened fawns, sped for the high grass. No one with even half an eye on the situation could fail to realize that something had to happen soon. Proud man, who once wielded the spiked club as household discipline, was beginning to look up under his lashes at his wife.

But a vanguard was on the way. The boys, dating from the Fauntleroy period, with the scars of their youthful suffering yet upon them, were growing up with a deadly purpose in their downy chins. They swooped valiantly from prep schools into the like violent. Athletics superseded mathematics at the colleges. Scions of fine old families jumped on one another's heads on the football field.

Champion pugilists began to write for the magazines. Even the mildest bachelors decorated their rooms with *papier-maché* larynxes and manes made from the department stores. Men gave up strolling on the Avenue. They stalked the trackless forest, slept under leather blankets, and champed their jowls over bear steaks grilled on the end of a stick. Boys stopped wanting to be little gentlemen when they grew up.

And the little sisters of the little brutes were taking notice and going in for their malinées. The stage was set. The horse effect was on. Exit, sadly, the Refined Hero. Enter, with his hands in his trousers pockets, whistling through the southeast corner of his mouth, the Brute.

The law of reversal has been at work. The inevitable has occurred. Man, grown tired of salted almonds and cotillions, has flung back his mane and thrown his gauntlet at the eternal shy. His heavy-lobed brain has won out. His instinctive logic has solved the problem that had grown too thick for specialists. This was the Only way!

The man of brawn, the fungo-hunter, now holds the key to the great question. It will all end happily. It must. It may save us, as women, from our tendency to think we can run anything harder to push than a baby-carriage. It may cure us of the habit of confusing our hallucinations with our intuitions regarding what men really want to be to us.

And in the mean time it brings a picturesque touch into our sordid stay-at-home lives. There is always a tender sentiment, somehow, for the man who goes away to sea—to war—to hunt—anything that proves he has some other interest in life. "Good-by! good-by!" she cries to him from the dock, as the ship pushes off that is to bear him across the night and beyond the day.

"Come back to me," she trembles, and a lovely glow lights her eyes—"with a tiger or within one!"

The men of might and muscle now hold down the cushions

They went abroad and met elephant-hunting, tiger-killing Englishmen

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The Apple-tree Fleet

By Holman Day

Never bother with a compass or a quadrant or a log—
Keep her dancin' to her mudhook in a norther or a fog;
But as soon's the sky is clearing, then we'll ratch her off once more,
Rein' sure to take our bearin's from the apple trees on shore.

THE *Polly* is the oldest of the lot of the queer old two-masted "codger craft." All of them are venerable enough to deserve a dip o' the colors from the millionaire's yacht when it splits the seas in headlong rush 'long coast across the Gulf of Maine. They are venerable because in these times of six-masters the topmast packet dates from the old days when all the Maine coast towns had their little shipyards. The "Uncle Dudleys" are merely "holding over" until their race is run; the chips in the yards where the two-masters were built rotted long ago. But the schooners that survive are tough little old "critters," and the *Polly* is a fair sample of their longevity. The *Polly* was a privateer in the war of 1812, and she is still batting the seas with her blunt bows off Tunicus and Grand Menan. And though no new ones are joining the veterans of the "apple-tree fleet," it will be many years before the type disappears.

The humorists 'long shore call them the "apple tree fleet" because their skippers intend to keep on the safe side of the seafaring—or seafaria', as the aforesaid humorists insist; so carefully on the safe side that they do not venture off shore far enough to lose sight of the apple trees.

One can afford to be a humorist regarding the aged fore-and-afters when one is aboard the lofty new schooners hrietling with as many mosts that even yet the sea-dogs have not wholly agreed on the right name for the sixth one. But the "apple tree" skipper does not perceive humor in the fact that he prefers to stay close enough inshore to be able to wade to dry land in case of disaster. As he puts it, "there's no tellin'."

There are three important toilers aboard—a man to steer, a man to cook, and a man to pump. These are steady jobs, especially the last one. The yachtsman who meets many "apple-trees" in a day has a sympathetic lame back by nightfall. It is easier to pump than it is to keep the old fellows tight. Let every seam be stuffed with fresh oakum, and the next trip with bricks, or paving blocks, or lime-casks, she opens her grey old flanks again.

"Two masts, a cheese-rind deck, and a straw bottom," says the master of the *Hiram and Perfuda*, "are good enough for a coastin'-man."

The story they tell 'long shore of the cruise of the *Nancy P.* is a little classic that sheds light on the philosophic view the coasters take of the pumping question.

The *Nancy P.*, topmast schooner, sailed from the Sheepscot, bound to Boston with lumber, hold jammed full and deck-load piled to the swing of the booms. Outside, she seemed to wallow badly and an extra man was put at the pump. Green water answered every stroke. They gave her the rod. She was full to the deck. All hands at the pump! Plunk-chank—plunk-chank! Through the day and the long night they yanked the handles like madmen, and when they got to Boston Bay and beached her they found that her battle had rotted off and that they had left her bottom in the Sheepscot.

Her load of lumber had kept her afloat. But that fact does not detract from the valor of that spirited attempt to pump the Atlantic Ocean dry.

Three men make up the average crew of the two-master—three men and the dog. The dog on the house seems to be as indispensable as the man at the pump. Sailing is a slow and lonesome business. The dog is "company." The three bachelor brothers who operated the *Arcmingta*, known along coast as "Sinbad, the Sailor," "Dublin Dan," and "Deady Bill," made their dog as much of an object of worship as a cat that might have been deified in ancient Egypt. They used to ferry a barrel of apples purposely for the dog, whose canine teeth relished the fruit. They had a glass pitcher for the dog to drink out of. They used tin pannikins for themselves. Once, on shore, the dog in his skylarking slipped on some ice and butted his head against a building. The blow stunned him. "Sinbad," weeping, picked the animal up in his arms and the other brothers, also weeping, followed in mournful procession back to their vessel. When that dog died, eventually, they gave up seafaring, sold their packet, and became clam-diggers. Their mascot was gone. They said they had no more heart to go to sea. This sounds strange—but it is true. Perhaps in their isolation from the world the brothers had incubated more of the pagan spirit of animal worship than is recognized in modern times.

The hours of slow drifting in the reaches, when the oily calms are on and the headlands will not let the breezes past, afford plenty of time for meditation. While that eternally clanking pump is bringing up water, meditation, just as persistent, is pumping queer ideas from mental depths. Therefore, the skippers and the men of the "apple-tree fleet" are not as other men.

And as two-thirds or more of these skippers own their own schooners and have no directing manager to keep after them with a peaked stick, out of their meditations grow notions that are a law unto themselves. Therefore, because of widely varying ideas as to what constitutes "a good chance" across the Gulf of Maine—and every skipper has his own notions and superstitions—we get some queer records of time consumed in passage. Some men are reckless and slam down coast in their leaky tubs when other crafts are hugging harbor. Some skippers are as wary about dodging out as are cats in the daytime when dogs are plenty and no trees are handy.

Propensity helps courage, and often ten or a dozen of the "apple-tree fleet" will leave Penobscot Bay in a bunch—and then each man is watching the other. Some timid chap will reef after a time. At first the others may growl and sneer about "cowards." Then that natural timidity gets in its work. "Mebbe thet fellow over there smells wind comin'," ponders one of his neighbors, and in comes some of his canvas. That

"Sinbad, the sailor," a veteran skipper

starts more of the fleet to wondering and worrying. Topsails come down and lure and main are reefed. Then some fellow, put in a panic by all these ominous preparations, dives for harbor, and in nine cases out of ten the rest of the fleet follow suit. Once in harbor, they try to find out what all the pother was for. On one occasion a dozen sail chased a veteran skipper into Portland Harbor, knowing that he was weatherwise, and after they had anchored discovered that he had come in after a box of strawberries, having been taken with a sudden hankering for that fruit.

One worthy old skipper of a topmast schooner drives his consignees nearly crazy in the camp meeting season. In Maine, Israel takes to its tents on the seashore in July and August, and it is generally about this time that contractors in Boston and New York are in a hurry for bricks. The old skipper loads bricks at Brewer, up the Penobscot River. He makes earnest protestations that he has forsworn camp meetings and starts away with the best of intentions. But a fog or a head wind holds him at the mouth of the river, and the Spiritualists, in their tented field at Temple Heights, are handy. It's a beguiling opportunity. He goes ashore, gets a few "tests" from an able medium, and does not think of bricks again for several days. The Methodist camp-meeting at Northport, farther down Penobscot Bay, is advertising some powerful speakers, and the siren voices come out to him across the waters. He does not stop his ears or order his 'fore-the-mast hand to the him; he drops anchor and goes ashore—and the bricks have a few more days in a snug harbor. Then there are the Salvation Army and the Holiness camp-meetings at Old Orchard, and these are even more enticing, for there are music and excitement and great throngs—and the sea is lonely. This susceptible mariner is a bachelor, and "he owns a half into" the schooner with his widowed sister, who is not in sympathy with his camp-meeting weaknesses. Last season somewhat of a sensation was caused at one camp-meeting on the coast when two husky emissaries appeared, sent by the sister and the consignees, and forcibly removed the recreant mariner, who was at that time lustily singing from a hymnal that he was holding for a plump female worshipper who snuggled at his shoulder.

A hailer that sometimes beguiles the dog-watch of the "apple-tree fleet" recites blithesomely and more picturesquely than prose some speed peculiarities of the two-masted patriarchs:

"Aw w w! Here comes the *Polly*, with a hopped-dawn sail,
And Rubber-boot Rans is a-loafing on her rail:
A tarheel at her pump, and 'tis mostly often, tew,
If he's goin' to keep her floatin' 't is the only thing to dew.

"Oh, chump along, *Ketarah*; you are purty thund'rin' slow,
But you're never stationary, like the *Polly* O.

"Oh, Rubber-boot Rans once he tacked all day,
A-ratchin' to the windward down in Sheepscot Bay;
S'posed a stount head wind was a-holdin' of him back,
But forgot to h'ist his anchor, and was sailin' on the slack.

"Oh, pooch along, *Ketarah*; you are logy, yas, we know,
But you ain't tust to bottom, like the *Polly* O.

"Oho, Cap'n Rans, where ye hauled, this trip?
Straight up and down, hey? Then fet her rip!
The nearest way around is across Goose Pass,
And it's purty easy sailin' when the dew is on the grass.

"Oh, squdge along *Ketarah*; you are racked from head to toe,
But you ain't an old tin skimmer like the *Polly* O.

"Hi hi-oy! Cap'n Rans, what ye luggin' for a load?
Pavin'-blocks of granite for a New York road?
Wish't you lugged intentions for contractors pavin' hell—
Guess they couldn't finish that extension for a spell.

"Oh, hunt along, *Ketarah*; you are northin' great to go,
But the clams can hold a foot-race round the *Polly* O.

"So long, Cap'n Rans, with your kettle blocks of stone;
Chaps who've been to college have explained thet rocks have grown:
Profit, then, for you, 'cause, by time you get to Yo'k,
Bet you'll have material to build a city block.

"Oh, slosh along, *Ketarah*; you and me is purty slow,
But you ain't a-hatchin' gramie like the *Polly* O."

A storekeeper down Penobscot way recently became disgusted with the dilatoriness of chartered packets. He has had many aggravating experiences; often his vegetables and eggs did not arrive in market before they were spoiled, his groceries from Boston did not get along before his stock became exhausted. But when a young fellow, who shippered in place of his father for one trip, had a cargo of hay ten days in Jonesport—having become wholly absorbed by the local baseball league and the social dances that followed the games—the trader decided to own and sail his own vessel. As he did not know one end of a sailing craft from the other he took a "nurse." This is the 'long coast name for a hired guide and mentor. The "nurse" worked the craft out of Passamaquoddy Bay into the open and headed her up close into a south-west breeze. Then the owner took the wheel, for he was anxious to learn the art of navigating as soon as possible. The "nurse" told him to head her up so that the sails would draw without flapping. That would be enough for the first lesson; the art of the compass would come later. Then the "nurse" and the "crew" of one man went below and sat into an absorbing game of "pitch pole." Occasionally the

At the city end of the "apple-tree" run

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"nurse" shouted up an inquiry as to how she was drawing. The owner, delighted with his new toy, roared back cheerful replies and urged them to stay below, because he wanted to surprise them. When they came up at last they were surprised. She was sailing before the wind, thrashing foam to the cat-heads.

"This is *sailing!*" declared the owner, proudly. "The wind has come round fair and I'm her wicking."

"It's sailing, all right," said the "nurse," "but you've come round instead of the *wind*. You're heading her straight back into the Bay of Fundy."

An hour later the owner, who was sitting forward on a hay bale meditating on how he could have turned completely around without realizing it, let out a yell that jumped the dozing "nurse" clean off the deck.

"Back 'er up, or we're goners!" roared the owner. And the "nurse" put her hard over and came flapping into the wind. The crew dashed forward to investigate.

"We're right over the shoals," declared the storekeeper, pointing here and there with trembling finger. "Look at 'em!"

And the crew looked, and turned and went back to the man at the wheel, with a grin on his face that was too wide for the gangway.

"Fuse her off onto her course," he said; "he's wantin' you to dodge cloud shadders." But the crew had to show with the lead that they had twenty fathoms under them before the owner was satisfied.

There was one crew of landsmen that went to sea off the Maine coast without a "nurse." As an example of foul luck winning out the story is unique.

A man down Bristol way opened a new stone-quarry and he wanted to get his engine and equipment across a broad cove from the old location to the new. He borrowed an old schooner that was temporarily out of commission, and hired a dozen farmers in the neighborhood to help him. The engine was derricked aboard the little packet.

The weight brought up the bows, for the engine was loaded aft in order to make room for the rest of the equipment. A sudden and violent summer shower and wind storm from off shore interrupted the job just as the engine was on board, and the farmers took refuge in the hold. When the schooner had been brought in from her anchorage under foresail, her hawser had been made fast in slipshod, landlubber fashion, and the sail was left up. Before those on board realized it, the hawser had slipped its hawse coils on the wharf spile and the old craft was off down the seas, her bows up, her foresail dragging her. Splitting thunder terrified the awkward crew, the lashing rain hid the shores, and they let her run. So long as she was keeping right side up they did not dare to disturb her movements. Night fell upon them before the wind went down, and when day came once more they were off shore so far that no land was visible. One direction meant as much as another and they allowed her to run on, her bows in air and her tattered foresail flapping dismally. Every once in a while the beating of the seas or a vagary of a squall spun her around on her wallowing stern to the unutterable dismay of her groaning crew. Some were too scared to be sea sick, others were too seasick to care what became of them. They had brought their dinner-pails on board, expecting to eat after the schooner had been worked across the cove. That piece of luck saved their lives, for when they were finally picked up they were in the latitude of the Bermudas a dozen frightened farmers who had been the sport of the hilarious ocean for three days and three nights.

An English brig, the *Susan*, outward bound, sighted them and took them off.

"And," related one of the salvaged crew, "when the sick ones were dug up from the hold and he found there was twelve of us where he was only expecting to find the usual crew of a fore-and-after, he was so mad he wanted to put us back where we were taken from. And he was only half as mad then as he was when he found out that we were all farmers that had never been to sea before. He wouldn't listen to how it all had happened; he seemed to think we'd got it up for a joke on him—just blawsted Yankee himpudence, ye know!' I must say the English have queer ideas of American humor, judging from what he said to us. I never was so hungry in my life, but the grub aboard that Englisher didn't seem liable to help me much. There was only one thing the cook turned out that we could eat, he grabbed flour into something that he called doughboys, and we lolloped 'em in Porty Reek molasses and swallowed them whole. Then a gale came up, and after wallowing in it for two or three days the old brig began to leak and the captain put us at the pumps. Made us work our passage. If we hadn't been aboard she would have sunk. The twelve of us were divided into three-hour shifts, and, by gracious, we fairly lifted that old tin skimmer into St. John by muscle and grit. 'You ought to be very grateful to our brave captain and to us for saving you,' said one of her owners to me after we were ashore. I showed him my hands all running sores and blisters. 'We are grateful to our hands and ourselves, sir,' was what I said back to him.

"'I fear you are a hard man,' said he.

"'Mebbe,' said I; 'the grub I got aboard that vessel of yours was hard enough to petrify any man.' And the United States government gave that English skipper a gold watch and a medal for saving us."

When those farmers got back to Bristol after three weeks of absence they were received by their families as men who had come from the dead. They have never finished talking about "the things the English sailors eat."

"A Scotchman's grub-hog" is a common taunt along coast, and a Yankee skipper never loses an opportunity to hurl it.

Not long ago the native crew of a Provincetown three-master deserted her while she lay in Rockland Harbor. Their description of what they had to eat did not form an appetizing tale, though it entertained the old sea-dogs who were hauling on Sea Street. It was food that floored even the Scotchmen. For three days the blue-nose skipper tried to ship another crew, but he got only grins and grunts. He begged his men to work his vessel to St. John—only to St. John, so that he could secure a crew that would stand for "English victuals."

At last, seven old men, attended by all the loafers of the water-front, hunted up the distracted mariner at the shipping office. The ill-concealed grins, the chuckled hilarity, ought to have warned him, but he was too eager for help to note signs. The spokesman of the old men offered the information that they were retired ship-masters—that they found time hanging rather heavy, and just for a lark would sail his ship to St. John—seven captains before the mast, without pay.

They stipulated, however, that for the short voyage he should lay in all the best things the market afforded, and under the circumstances and upon consideration that they were waiving pay, the skipper considered their proposition a fair one. They went with him to offer suggestions while he marketed—and the loafers followed. The skipper's scowls and grunts and groans as he was compelled to buy this or that delicacy made the expedition a show that was worth while. When they sailed the water-front gave them a rousing send-off.

It has already been said that few Englishmen can understand Yankee humor. The skipper of the three-master so utterly failed to understand the piquoseness of the situation that promptly developed in his affairs, that international complications of grave moment were narrowly averted. Before they were fairly on the high seas he gave off an order in regard to carrying sail. The seven old sea-captains asked him if he thought he could tell them anything about a schooner that they didn't know. When the debate became heated the Englishman ordered them off the quarter-deck. They replied that though they had shipped as a volunteer crew, they considered themselves in reality guests on ship-board, and should do exactly as they wanted to. When the infuriated skipper continued to make himself disagreeable by his remarks and his actions, they said they had come for a pleasure trip and did not propose to have every moment of the sail made uncomfortable by abuse. So they fell upon him, trussed him up and confined him in the fo'c'sle. When he still continued contumacious and refused to apologize for his heated remarks regarding Yankee skippers, they fed to him the horrible stuff from the tins and casks that had furnished provender for his mutinous sailors.

The jovial "guests" lived aft and gorged themselves on the captain's stores and smacked their lips over the fresh delicacies of the market. They made an excursion of it, too, and took a little swing off into deep water in order to give their Englisher a full dose of his own medicine and allow him to cool down from his first apoplectic ravings.

Eventually they cast anchor in St. John Harbor, left the master tied in his cabin, went ashore, reported to the owners and frankly told the story. It was then the international complications seemed about to occur, for the owners were also lacking in humor. However, they came at last to see that legal procedure against seven veteran sea-captains who had volunteered to bring their vessel home without pay, and whose only real offense had been a grim practical joke on "a hard first," might excite international mirth that would drown out the complications. Therefore, all talk of reprisal was dropped and the old men came gayly home by train, telling the story to all who would listen. They say—though this part may be guesswork—that the English skipper learned an everlasting lesson about feeding sailors.

Lumber, lime, hay, and granite make up most of the cargoes westward bound. Usually a packet on the return trip will be loaded with a variety that embraces everything "from a sheet of fly-paper to a clap of thunder." The storekeepers in the hundreds of little villages of the coves and reaches receive their stock in trade by these packets. There is opportunity for infinite speculation, and the more Yankee shrewdness a skipper has, the more he will prosper. But sometimes the speculative instinct gets too ambitious.

There was so much grim humor in the dissolution of one partnership that even the United States court grinned after the suitable penalties had been imposed on the culprits.

The *Phebe and Hiram* had become racked by many years of toting paving-blocks, her seams gaped, and her sides were weather-streaked. She was about due to go on the scrap-heap. Her skipper-owner was gloomily discussing her prospects with a farmer friend on shore. The farmer was equally downcast regarding the prospects of his run-out farm. Out of this mutual experience-meeting came the plot. The two old men hired a hay-pressing machine and put a schooner-load of hay into bales—grass wrappers and swale-hay fillers. They loaded the decrepit craft and insured the hay at top price for best quality. Then they set sail for Boston, the skipper at the wheel and the farmer making shift as crew. When the sea was clear of craft and the time seemed right the conspirators poured kerosene over the hay, touched match, smeared themselves liberally with soot, scorched off parts of their beards, and took to the yawl. They rowed away from the *Phebe and Hiram* as fast and as far as they could and were picked up by a Gloucesterman bound with a fare for Boston. The tale that the two rescued men told on T Wharf and in their declaration at the custom-house was a triumph of invention. They described how the galley funnel had set fire to the deck-load, how they had hustled with the leaping flames until they had been obliged to leap over the rail into the sea to save their lives. After their declarations had been filed and the insurance company notified, they returned in Maine by the Portland steamer.

They were out on deck when the steamer swept up Portland Harbor in the flush of the summer's dawn. In the lower harbor at anchor they espied an old friend. Eyes and noses informed them fully of her identity. It was the *Phebe and Hiram*, blackened and malodorous, but still afloat and with masts standing. A United States deputy marshal met them at the wharf. A telegraphic conference between the custom-houses of Portland and Boston had revealed the situation. Smoke hay jammed into bales is not easily combustible; the kerosene had made only a lively surface fire. A fishing schooner had ranged along past, extinguished the last smoulder, and brought the old schooner to Portland under salvage claim.

Captain Simeon Shibles' speculation years before, being more honest, though fully as cheeky, resulted better. This is one of the earliest and one of the most famous exploits of a skipper of the "apple-tree fleet." Captain Shibles sailed from Thomaston, Maine, with a cargo of lime, but he found a dull market in Chesapeake Bay. Dozens of schooners were anchored, waiting to sell lime.

"I know what I'll do," said Captain Simeon Shibles to himself. "I'll put on my best clothes and go up to Washington and see President Andrew Jackson."

He went. He arrived in the early morning before the rush of the day's duties had begun, and was admitted to the presence. Captain Shibles related afterward that he found the President smoking a long-stemmed pipe and wrapped in a dressing-gown of

"Waiting a good chance across"—some types of the vessels that compose the fleet

The ship that saved herself after her crew was drowned

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rather gaudy figures. Captain Shibles saluted, held his "plug hat" carefully under his arm, and delivered himself of the following little speech that he had carefully thought out:

"President Andrew Jackson, Esquire, I have called to pay my respects to a man I admire, and to say that I shall continue to vote for you as long as you live. And not to take up any more of your valuable time I want to ask if you have any use in your business or in the business of the United States for a cargo of Maine lime. My name is Simeon Shibles, from Thomaston, master of the fore-and-after *Old Hickory*, at your service."

"He looked at me a little while," so Captain Shibles told the story, "and then he began to laugh. He took out his long-stemmed pipe and held his hand to his side where he got that wound in the Mexican war, and he laughed and laughed. Then he said he guessed they might have use for a little more lime at the navy-yard, and gave me a writing to the boss there. And they took the lime. And when I was sailing out past the rest of the lime fleet they hollered and asked me how I got rid of it. 'Sold it to the President of these United States himself, by thunder!' I said to them."

It must be confessed that some of the traffic of the "apple-treers" is not wholly innocent. Some old snub-nosed sea-thrasher, dodging from headland to headland, is occasionally overhauled by a revenue cutter, and smuggled wool or tobacco is dug up from the depths of her. Such cargoes are taken from some hidden cove of Grand Menan or the Province main, and are slyed into Boston by lighters that come alongside down the bay. Once in a while a cargo of Chinese immigrants is taken. These modern smugglers are not the storied daredevil chaps. They depend on stealth and innocent demeanor rather than on spirit and fast sailing. When they lose a craft it is always some aged and almost worthless veteran of the "apple-tree fleet."

It will be a long time before Monhegan forgets when the gasoline "kicker" was installed in the packet *Effort*, the mail-boat between the main and the island. Captain Humphrey proudly invited his neighbors aboard to view the "contraption." One of the most enthusiastic admirers finished his eulogy, lighted his pipe, and tossed away the match. It fell through the hatchway, and one of the new pipes had been leaking gasoline. The explosion knocked half the guests overboard and nearly wrecked the *Effort*. What might be called a personal exploit of this packet furnished entertainment along coast for some time.

One day Captain Humphrey was becalmed half way between the main and Monhegan, and while he was waiting for a breeze he saw some lumber floating near. The ocean was like glass and the sky had not a cloud. So he lashed the wheel, put off in his dory and began to pick up the lumber. And while he was thus busied along came a mischievous breeze from somewhere, and the *Effort*, with a rattling of blocks like a chuckle, started off on her own quest. Captain Humphrey jettisoned his toilsomely gathered lumber and followed, putting as much muscle as he could into his ash breeze. The reflection that the United States mail was on board, with letters for many "constituents" on the island, spurred him as much as the consideration of the money value of his vessel. He chased her seven miles before he caught a boat hook into her rail. And in that chase the lulling breeze had allowed him to get within a few yards of her fully a dozen times.

The *Effort* is one of the last of the type of little topmast craft that have kept so many of the coast villages in touch with the outer world.

One of these packets was concerned in a tragedy of peculiar pathos. Two sisters of Georgetown, near the mouth of the Kennebec, sailed to Portland in the little craft that plied between their home and that city. They were to be married on the same day, and they went to buy their wedding finery. Most of the people of the village were down at the wharf when the packet was sighted, and the prospective bridegrooms waited eagerly with the others. Every skipper who has sailed Maine waters knows how treacherous the river's current and ocean's tide make the sea off this part of the coast. In coming about for her last tack a wave battered the packet. A hogshead of molasses broke from its lashings, sailed across the deck against the lee rail, and over the craft went! The first and almost the only articles that came ashore were the two big hat-boxes that the girls had been holding on their knees as they waited for the packet to make port. Weeping women waded out from the shore and secured them as they came tossing on the crests of the waves. Inside them were the bedraggled wedding bonnets. The undertow took the bodies out to sea and they were never seen. The fishermen have erected a memorial—a name. They call the place where the packet went down, "Millinery Shoals."

It was off here that the skipper of the *Trustrum Bonacy* made a discovery, according to his report, that put him into the A 1 class of liars, according to the prevaricator's roster of the "apple-tree fleet." He stated that a shark followed him all the way down coast from Boston and seemed so tame and waxing and appealing that he tossed over to him most of the contents of a barrel of salt beef that had gone a bit wrong.

But nothing seemed to satisfy the appetite of that shark, who ate voraciously, but was as thin as a fence-rail. At last near the mouth of the Kennebec the shark floated away, belly up, and apparently dead. The skipper went off to him in a boat and made an investigation, having become somewhat interested in the fish that had followed him with such persistence. He found that the shark had tried to swallow an empty cask, so he reported solemnly at Bath, and that the cask had lodged with its open end turned outward. Every shred that the shark had eaten afterward had lodged in the cask, and so the unfortunate fish had starved to death.

On one of the outer islands of Casco Bay there is a queer monument to the vagaries of chance. A two-master of the coasting fleet was caught off shore by a winter gale and became unmanageable after being coated with ice. Wave after wave picked her up and tossed her shoreward. When her crew saw that she was aimed to crash upon an island, they took the only desperate chance that seemed open to them—they launched the yawl and rowed for near life. They figured that they would stand no show whatever in the tangle of falling rigging and the mass of dissolving fabric when their vessel went to pieces. The men were never seen again. The probability is that the yawl went down almost immediately. The schooner did not crash upon the rocks. A mighty wave lifted her between and over the ledges and deposited her upon the soft sand of a beach where she rests, and not a spike in her fo'c'sle started. She was landed so high that no attempt has been made to take her off.

Seguin, chief landmark for all the 'long-shore craft

One by one the ships come to this end

This fact is sad commentary on the conditions that flout coastwise shipping hauls:

When anything happens to one of the veterans of the "apple-tree fleet" of such moment that rescue or repair will run well into money, "the old critter" is abandoned to her fate—dismantling by wreckers. Operating her is too near the thin edge of profit and loss to make additional investment in her worth while. It is left to the big six-masters to make really fat profits. The little fellows are too small and too slow.

"She cleared from the Penobscot bound to Boston, bricks in her hold and cordwood on her deck," states the satirist. "The rest of her cargo was an acre of punkins in the swash astern. They just threw 'em in behind, and she sails so slow that her wake town 'ems. And they'll get to Boston all fresh and cool."

In view of the leisurely gait at which the "apple-treers" jog along when under way, and of the frequency with which they dodge into coves when "the chance across" doesn't look right, consignees wait with much philosophy and make allowance for a good many days of disappearance. The *Samuel Cranmer, Jr.*, built in Calais, Maine, in 1863, was forty-two days between Calais and New York, with a load of lumber, after an experience that embraced cyclones, waterspouts, and tornadoes. She came in waterlogged, but under her own sail. When she had been tinkered a bit she started for home, tough and hearty still. They die hard, the two-masters that were built in the ship yards where the chips are rolling in three days.

One came wallowing down past one yacht where we lay at anchor in Penobscot Bay. The dusk was falling and she was headed out to sea.

"Brinks to make her load and gaub to last a week—
Keep a pumpin', there, you lonfar! Keep a pumpin', there, I say!
And ev'ry time she heels to tack she springs another leak,
All the gulls are trailin' after like 'twas buzzards sniffin' prey.

Pump away!

"Her load of brick it growls and grates,
She shakes and shivers, hulks and waits,
And, holy hawspipe! how she hates
To leave Penobscot Bay."

The rust from her plates stained her gray sides like tears of blood. Her old, patched canvas was glorified for a few moments by the reflection from the sunset skies, and then went dark against the gloom that swept up from the seas. The dog with his paws on the sail stared wistfully at those as she surged past. An old man, bareheaded, with long, white beard, came up from the house, and by the manner in which he fumbled his way it was plain that he was blind. Just what he accounted to be the economy of shipboard it was not easy to understand. He may have been the father of the skipper. A boy followed him to the dock and placed in his hands, that groped for it, a fiddle. And before the old schooner had passed out of earshot into the shadows we heard the fiddle plaintively squealing that ancient tune, "It's a long road to Boston, boys; oh, when shall we get there?"

Year by year the two-masted patriarchs that do manage to crawl along shore and get there are growing fewer. Storm and wreck and the lorers are gathering them in. The "apple-tree fleet" is vanishing from the seas.

Love Time and Dream Time

By Virginia Frazer Boyle

LOVE time and dream time—
Apple blossom blow,—
Down among the daffodils,
Whispers come and go;
Honey steeps in cupping flowers,
Butterflies flit through the hours,
And the gentle hand that dowers,
Bids all glad things grow.

Love time and dream time,—
Cherry petals drift;
Music held in frozen hush,
Finds a vocal rift;
All afield, shy, gray wings whir;
Mocking-bird and tanager
In love's bravuries call to *her*,
And bees their droning lift.

Love time and dream time,
Making hearts akin;
Mending broken symphonies,
Where the frost has been.
Beaming like a maiden vain,—
Turning into driving rain,—
Peeping out, to shine again,
Where the spiders spin.

Love time and dream time,—
'Tis thy guerdon, heart!
Out of all this largess, then
Toss best thine own part.
For thy cheer this music rings,
Brother to the happy things,—
Sister to the bee's glad wings,—
Part of all, thou art!

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FROM A GALLERY OF FAIR WOMEN

MISS EDITH LONDON, OF NEW YORK, FROM THE NOTABLE PAINTING BY DANA POND

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Nature's Second Thoughts

By W. J. Murray

IN the course of organic evolution very many strange and quaint developments present themselves from time to time, not only in the history of a race or genus, but within the narrow compass of the life of a single individual member of such race or genus. Nature changes her plans, in fact, to meet contingencies that occur unexpectedly. Probably few who have any acquaintance with marine fish have failed to notice something strange about the appearance of what are called flatfish, known as the flounder family (or in zoology as *Pleuronectidæ*), embracing the turbot, plaice, brill, sole, halibut, flounder, dab, etc. The conformation of the head and of the anterior portion of the body in the adult stage is characterized by a strained and unsymmetrical appearance. In this respect the flatfish differ from all other members of their zoological class.

The question naturally suggests itself why this particular genus should be so different from all other fish, which, as a rule, are remarkable for their symmetrical and graceful appearance. And the answer is very simple. The flatfish, instead of swimming in an upright or vertical position, like all other fish, has for some reason or another taken to the unnatural habit of swimming on its side. It may be on either side—right or left. This enables it to take up what appears to be the lazy position of lying flat on the bottom of the sea, where it can move about freely in search of such food as small marine animals, mollusks, worms, etc. The young fish swims erect in the ordinary manner for some time, but it early shows a tendency to become lopsided, and gradually falls over on one side—usually the left, but not invariably so by any means.

The eye on the under side, just so soon as the tendency is shown to fall over on that side, commences gradually to move round to the other or uppermost side, and finally takes its place beside the other eye.

This process is strangely brought about through the twisting of a portion of the bones of the head, which gives the latter a decidedly deformed and unnatural appearance. The ventral fins become useless and degenerate. Unpaired fins are developed, the undulatory motion of which enables the fish to swim with ease, and even rapidity, in the new and horizontal position assumed.

Pigmentation through the action of light takes place on the upper side of the fish, and the color produced, being similar to the sandy bottom of the sea, acts to some extent as a protection to the fish. The under side is devoid of pigment.

From the life history of the individual flatfish we can only infer that the flounder family is descended from an ancestral form that was not "flat," but upright, like all the other groups of the great class of fishes which is the most ancient of the subkingdom of vertebrates, its remains having been found in the Silurian rocks in the case of the bony plated ganoids—the descendants of which are represented at present by such fish as the sturgeons—and the garpike of the North American lakes.

The turbot's evolution into a flatfish, showing the changes in the eyes, fins, and tail

In the case of the sturgeon the heterocercal (unequally divided) tail is still retained in all stages of the individual fish. It is a significant fact that in the young turbot this is a distinguishing feature, thus indicating the turbot's derivation from a common ancestry with the sturgeon, although in the mature turbot the tail becomes homocercal, or straight, after the manner of the later or more specialized members of the class, such as the salmon, herring, mullet, shad, etc.—in short, all existing fish, with few exceptions such as the ganoids, sharks, and dogfishes, which still retain the heterocercal tail.

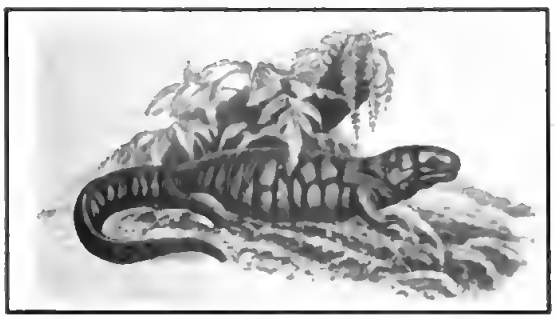
Another curious instance of nature's change of plan may be recorded. Two strange, newtlike amphibians, known as the axolotl and amblystoma, which inhabit the lakes and ponds in the elevated parts of Mexico and also parts of Utah and Wyoming, differ considerably from each other in several respects. For instance, the axolotl retains its gills after it has developed lungs, while the amblystoma loses them.

But some axolotls which were kept for a time in scant water in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, changed into the amblystoma form. Thus it was discovered these two represented different phases of the same animal under change of environment, and the natural inference followed that the axolotls were those that had remained in the water, and the amblystoma forms were those which managed to crawl upon dry land or got there through the drying up of the water in which they had previously lived.

Both these animals may be found in the same lakes or ponds, and their metamorphosis may take place in the water or on the shore. It was found that the axolotl when kept in domesticatism might lose its gills and become an air-breather by means of lungs, and that in consequence of this some very remarkable changes took place in the body of the animal, both externally and internally.

Its tail became round instead of compressed, and it underwent other marked changes as regards its dentition, skeleton, and coloration. Finally it completely abandoned its former aquatic life and became a veritable amblystoma, which, instead of being fishlike, took on the true amphibian form with a semi-reptilian aspect.

The axolotl may therefore be said to represent more or less in its free life history three distinct stages of organic evolution—*viz.*, fish, amphibian, and lizard; and this, taken together with the fact that it spent part of its life in water and part on dry land, constitutes one of the most remarkable instances of nature's transformations.



The amblystoma, the terrestrial form of the pond axolotl

The axolotl, a pond denizen that becomes an amblystoma upon dry land

A 412-mile Dog-team Race

ONE of the great annual sporting events of Alaska, the Nome-Candle Creek dog-team race, was brought off recently, and hundreds of thousands of dollars changed hands.

The race, which was promoted by the Nome Kennel Club, was over a distance of 412 miles. Fourteen teams started from Nome in an April blizzard, the temperature ranging from fifteen to twenty degrees below zero.

The finish was a close one, the winning Berger team covering the course in eighty-two hours and two minutes, and finishing only seventeen minutes ahead of the second, also a Berger team. The winners broke the record for the previous year by about twenty four hours. Scotty Allen and Percy Blatchford were the drivers of the first and second teams, respectively. By this victory Berger wins a purse of $11,000 and will hold for a year the Sater trophy.

A type of Alaskan dog-sled used in long-distance journeys

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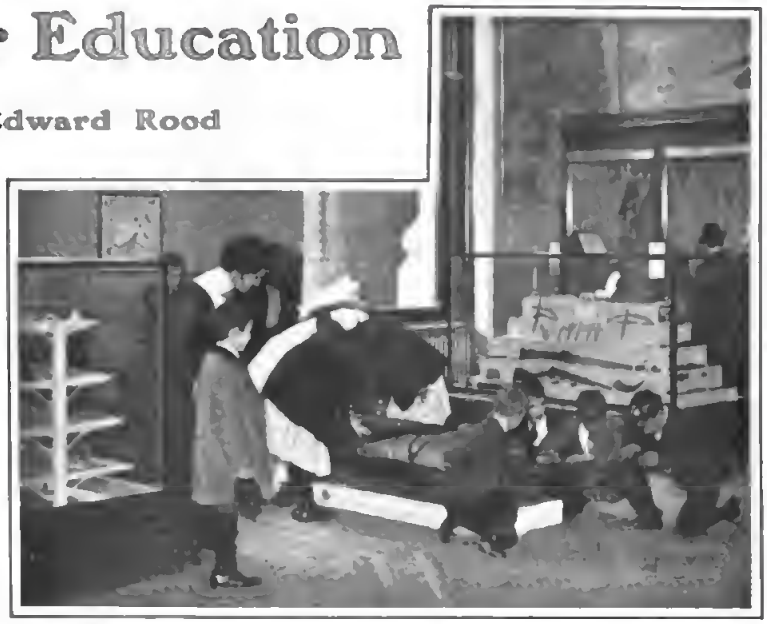
The Newer Education

By Henry Edward Rood



School children examining a sledge used by Commander Peary on his expedition in Greenland
(American Museum of Natural History)

IN no field of human activity has there been more rapid evolution, during the last quarter-century, than in that pertaining to child life. Once the least important member of the family, and too often regarded either as a pet or as a valuable little machine to help along a struggling family, the child has at last come suddenly into its own. We in America have long realized this, and our system of public schools is evidence of the fact.

If there is one criticism to be made more strongly than another, of the American public schools, it is that in too many of them the children are overloaded with a variety of studies and text-books, and are pushed so hard and so fast that they cannot digest, much less assimilate, the mental food that is unwisely forced upon them in such quantities. Frequently complaint is heard that the public schools are not thorough. As a matter of fact, the real difficulty is that too often they resemble factories, wherein poor, helpless little human messages are sent day after day to be jammed and crammed with assorted knowledge until they are ready to burst. The idea seems to have vanished that the school is properly a place for learning plus leisure. The child's mind, instead of unfolding naturally, gradually, like a beautiful flower, and becoming enriched through absorbing gentle and gracious influences, is treated as one of ten thousand seedling plants of the same variety that must be kept in an intellectual hothed five hours per day, and put through the most rigorous of forcing processes. The marvel is that the public schools turn out so many young people of any mental and spiritual catholicity whatever. Logically the average graduate from such institutions should be little more than an animated cyclopædia of mere facts. Somehow or other, let it be said with sincere gratitude, the boys and girls obtain elsewhere somewhat of the general culture and real knowledge denied them in the class-rooms, and their eagerness to take advantage of opportunities therefor is clearly shown by recent experiences of two institutions in New York City—the American Museum of Natural History, and the unique Children's Museum, of Brooklyn.

When Dr. Herman C. Bumpus first came from New England to act as director of the American Museum, he was surprised and pleased to find that the halls and corridors of the institution were thronged with children, especially on holidays. The youngsters wandered from case to case looking at the exhibits, talking about them, making up real or imaginary stories about them. At that time natural-history museums all over the world clung to the old idea of mounting this mammal or that bird simply as a zoological specimen, to be placed in a narrow case by itself and studied as an individual object. One of the first revolutionary steps taken by the new director was to arrange animals in groups, so they could be shown in their natural surroundings of forest, water, sky, cave, plain, or jungle. This idea has been developed until to-day gallery after gallery of the American Museum contains artistic pictures of wild animals and wild birds in their natural habitat, each group complete in itself, not merely as to the mounted specimens, but also as to their homes, their feeding-places, and the background of their lives. Furthermore, in the great halls of the building are shown groups of savage and semi-civilized peoples, such as whole tribes of Eskimo in their northern homes, busily engaged in fishing, hunting, cooking, and mending nets. Every possible attention is paid to details of costume, architecture, implements of war and chase and household use, even to the special anatomy of the dogs and to their harness and sledges.

When the school children saw such groups as these they wanted to know more about them than could be learned from the printed labels fastened on the cases. They asked so many questions, of every Museum attendant in sight, and displayed such eager desire for information, that in sheer self-defence Doctor Bumpus was compelled to engage a public instructor, whose business it should be to devote herself wholly to the boys and girls. Two years ago Mrs. Agnes L. Roesler, a young woman of scientific attainment in England, was engaged for this purpose, and since then her time has been given to the work of going around the Museum with young visitors and telling them about the fascinating, curious objects there displayed. The work is so systematized that any school-teacher can make a definite appointment with her, and bring an entire class for special instruction in some definite field. If the class is studying about the Incas it is taken to the wonderful collection of mummies, costumes, household implements, toys, arms, jewelry, and other specimens gathered by Bandelier during his sojourn of twenty years near Lake Titicaca. If the children are studying botany, Mrs. Roesler shows them more specimens of rare woods, and gives them better and clearer information concerning the subject than they could obtain in any other way. Since her work was undertaken, in 1907, she has furnished such special instruction to more than seven thousand school children. Some of the accompanying illustrations are from photographs of a class of pupils who were in the Museum one recent Saturday morning.

A visit from a Virginia cavalier

As a rule, the boys are most deeply interested in spears, swords, war-clubs of savage tribes, and in the larger carnivora; while the little girls find delight in such things as embroidered costumes of far-off peoples, household utensils, toys, and games, particularly the dolls, some of which were playthings of children now dead for hundreds or thousands of years.

The interest displayed by the school children has been largely stimulated through an earlier experiment made by Doctor Bumpus soon after he became director. The power of a rare imagination balanced by practical common sense made him realize that of the millions of people within the boundaries of Greater New York only a very small percentage could or would visit the American Museum, and in order to make the institution the force it should be for wide-spread enlightenment, entertainment, and culture, he decided to take the mountain to Mohammed—in small sections, to be sure, but none the less literally. As a beginning he had constructed a few wooden cabinets somewhat resembling travellers' suit-cases, about four feet long, three feet wide, and a foot in depth. In each of these were half a dozen shelves, and on the shelves were placed mounted birds, or small animals, or insects. Members of the Museum staff prepared for each cabinet a typewritten booklet telling clearly and interestingly about its contents, the booklets being for the information of public-school teachers, who could not be supposed to possess special knowledge about the varied specimens. Then a husky lad was engaged to carry the few experimental cases to a school over on the East Side, where were a thousand children, many of whom had never seen a gray squirrel, or a garter-snake, or even a bluebird—some of whom, it is said, had never seen a growing tree in their poor, hungry little lives. Think what it meant to the mentally and spiritually starved young creatures of those dingy old rookeries to have brought before their very eyes a dozen birds, so close that they could count the beautiful feathers and actually feel the graceful curves of wing and throat! Think what it meant to have a cabinet opened and to see therein a burst of gorgeous, variegated color from half a hundred magnificent butterflies! Doctor Bumpus' experiment was an unqualified success from the moment the first case was opened in that East Side school. And to-day nearly five hundred such cabinets are being sent from school to school by a powerful electric automobile that does nothing else, while a corps of men are constantly fitting out additional cases. During the ten months of the last school year these cabinets have been sent free of charge to about three hundred schools, and it is estimated that they have been examined by six hundred thousand children.

In order to reach the highest efficiency Doctor Bumpus has arranged the cabinets so the specimens will supply material to supplement the regular course of nature study required in the schools, one set of cases being of direct help to pupils in this grade, another set being intended to help pupils of a different grade. The whole idea has been carefully planned and is carried out systematically. One of the gratifying results of sending these cases around to the schools is that they have awakened in the children a desire to see more of the same kind of specimens, and as soon as they learn that the cabinets come from the American Museum, a surprising number of pupils find a way somehow to go up-town and visit that group of great buildings filled with wonderful treasures. It was this demand of the children

Mrs. Agnes L. Roesler displaying the collections of Indian implements from northern Alaska
(American Museum of Natural History)

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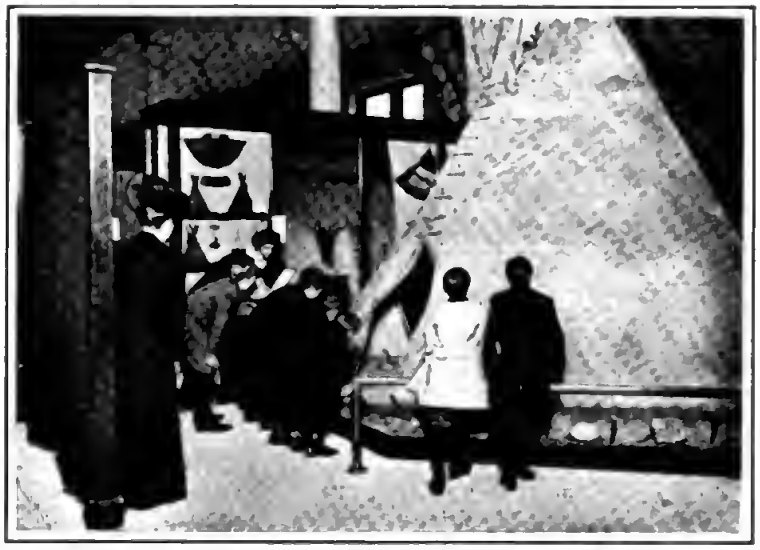
that compelled Doctor Bumpus to greatly extend his experiment, and later to provide in Mrs. Roesler a special instructor and hostess for little visitors to the Museum. With hunger for something more than they could get in class-room and text-book—with keen desire for wider culture, though they know not what the very words mean—hundreds and thousands of New York school children visit the Museum whenever they can, and usually on Saturdays and other holidays its great halls are thronged with them.

Even more remarkable has been the experience of the Children's Museum, in Brooklyn, the only institution of its kind in the world. Originally a private residence surrounded by four acres of lawns, shrubbery, great trees, it was purchased years ago by the city, to be used as a park. At about that time the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences needed a place wherein to store its scientific collections while its new Central Museum building was being erected; so it leased the place and filled its twelve rooms with curious possessions. One day, however, the Institute authorities decided to unveil the stored-away collections in ten rooms, and to place in the other two rooms a few insects, shells, and stuffed birds, which the children of the neighborhood might look at if they wanted to. When the news reached the world of childhood that here was a place which they could freely visit, and as often as they chose, a place containing specimens put there especially for *them* and not for grown-ups, the well-intending Institute managers had a surprise. In the realm of childhood news travels fast—not necessarily by word of mouth, but by some unexplained system of aerial or underground communication; perhaps by waves of the very feeling with which wild creatures are supposed to exchange intelligence. At any rate, the news travelled, and the Institute trustees didn't have time to figure out by what means. All they knew was that it seemed as if every school in the vicinity had discharged its entire population in the direction of that old residence. The children came by dozens, scores, battalions, overwhelming the resident caretakers, swarming through the place, and refusing to go home until every last towheaded boy and pigtailed girl had looked at the lifelike squirrels and perky robins and pretty butterflies. The next day, after school hours, another army arrived, and another; and then those of the first detachment insisted on a second visit and a third.

They did not come through sheer inquisitiveness, through purposeless curiosity. They gave up their playtime gladly because they felt a hunger for higher things, for knowledge of and association with unfamiliar, beautiful, graceful fellow creatures of this wonderful world. They felt the surge of universal life, and their little hearts beat and their brains throbbed with appreciative sympathy. Instead of becoming smaller the stream of juvenile humanity became larger, more eager, more insistent, as the weeks went by, and the Institute authorities were not slow to seize a golden opportunity. Fortunately the new building of the Central Museum was completed at about that time, and to it were removed the collections which had been stored in the old residence; and this in turn was given up wholly to the Children's Museum. Nearly a decade has passed since then, and the experimental stage is long gone by. So far as can be ascertained through careful inquiry the idea is an unqualified success, so much so that it has been investigated by scientific bodies of almost every country in the world, although none of them has fully duplicated it as yet. The work is directly in charge of Miss Anna Billings Gallup, curator, assisted by Miss Mary D. Lee, and a staff of librarians and attendants. During the year 1908 more than one hundred thousand visitors were recorded, of whom eighty thousand were children, many of the others being parents and teachers. It is interesting to know that the same children go there time after time for months and years, some of them almost daily. Everything about the Children's Museum is designed especially for its little visitors: the cabinets, groups, pictures, charts, are placed near the floor so that even the youngest can see them without difficulty, the chairs are small, and the labels on the cases are printed in large, plain type, the simplest language being used. No word of "school," no idea of "instruction," is permitted. The children must behave quietly, that is all; and they regard the Museum as a place of relaxation and delightful entertainment. This plan is carried out even in the diminutive lecture-hall, whose one hundred and thirty chairs, correspondingly diminutive, are filled whenever a "talk" is given on some subject connected with geography, natural history, astronomy, or physics, illustrated, as nearly all of them are, with stereopticon views or practical experiments. The lecture-hall is vacant on Sunday and Monday, but every other day of the week a free "talk" is given there after school hours, and on Saturday two of them, at 10.30 in the morning, and at 2.30 in the afternoon. One of these recent "talks," a sketch of Colonial life by Miss Lee, had to be repeated five times in order to meet the demands of the children who wanted to hear it. The attendance at the lectures is about twenty thousand per school year; and it should be remembered that the visitors range in years from five to sixteen. The regular course of lectures is so arranged that one each week is given for pupils in each grade of the public schools. The children themselves have created the Children's Museum. Two of the most attractive rooms therein contain a library of five thousand carefully selected books, with its little reading-chairs and low, broad tables and cheery atmosphere, where perhaps scores of thousands of boys and girls first formed a taste for good literature.

The Children's Museum, in Brooklyn

The Museum collections proper illustrate zoology, botany, United States history, mineralogy, geography, and art, and they are prepared especially for children of varying ages, five rooms being devoted to zoological specimens. Too often the child's conception of geography, for example, begins and ends with maps, globes, and charts, and in order to avoid this the geography-room of the Children's Museum contains glass-covered groups showing remote peoples of the earth in their natural surroundings, and a most ingenious plan has been carried out associating each group with some particular zone belt. For example, one group is of the most northern Eskimo, living entirely on animal food, wearing furs, housed in winter camps of snow igloos and also in their permanent homes built of driftwood. Another group shows Alaska Eskimo in a different environment due to climate; a third shows a lumber camp in the snows of northern Canada; a fourth shows the home life of Indians as it has been affected by contact with white men, and so on down to the Digger Indians, of Utah, living on roots and vegetables. Geographical knowledge thus visualized makes an impression on the child mind that the printed page alone never could accomplish. Everything is in minature, of course, but the utmost care has been taken in preparing the models of men and dogs, women, children, houses, tepees, igloos, forests, arms, utensils, costumes, etc.



The home of the noble red man, transplanted to the American Museum of Natural History

The minister calls on a New England family

The same general plan has been carried out in the room devoted to American history, where, in a series of cases arranged chronologically around the room, are models showing the various types of men and women who first settled this country. In one case is the figure of a Jesuit priest standing in the forest on the bank of a stream, talking to a group of Indians. All of the dolls, especially prepared for this purpose, are true to life, in anatomy, facial characteristics, muscular development, and costume. The trees and underbrush, the growth of reeds along the watercourse, and the oil-painting which forms a background, constitute a striking and realistic panorama. In corresponding manner is treated the frontiersman, in the woods, aiming his long rifle at an enemy; and coming down to later years and other settlements we find a Virginia cavalier arriving at a Colonial mansion, bowing low to his hostess, who curtsies on the door-step; near it the interior of a New England living-room, where the family is gathered while the minister makes his call; farther along is a scene in a Quaker household; not far away a group of Indians selling furs to a Dutch trader. In these and similar cases portraying the types which first settled in North America nothing has been left undone to obtain accuracy in every detail, even to the fabrics of the costumes, the dressing of the hair, and such things as buttons and personal ornaments. It is no wonder that the children are fascinated by these beautiful groups, especially as all the models are of doll size. A series of similar figures showing the history of the United States Army and Navy is now in the making, some of the individual figures being completed; and in another room is a long case of doll models exhibiting types and costumes from almost every country in Europe. In each instance these particular dolls were made abroad, and their workmanship and costuming are exquisite.

One of the most interesting phases of the Children's Museum is to be seen in the office of Miss Lee, who is a physicist. Two years ago some of the older boys visiting the Museum asked her to tell them about wireless telegraphy. She did so, and they became so much interested in the subject that they asked the Museum for an experimental plant. After due consideration they were told that the Museum would purchase a switchboard if the lads cared to make and install the rest of the apparatus. Needless to say, these American boys, appalled by nothing, jumped at the chance. The Museum provided a lathe and other tools, and the boys went to work and with their own hands made the condensers, tuning-coil, induction-coils, and detector, and then put up the switchboard. The oldest of them was eighteen, the others being fifteen and sixteen years old. They experimented under Miss Lee's guidance, read library books in connection with the work, and in a few weeks were sending and receiving wireless messages as far away as Cape Hatteras. The experience they gained in equipping the station and keeping it at a state of efficiency was so thorough that during the summer vacation of 1908 several of the lads were able to accept remunerative offers from one of the commercial companies to take charge of wireless stations on ocean-going steamships between New York, Panama, the West Indies, the Bermudas, and South American ports.

Quaker women making a bride's name quilt

A Dutch trader buying furs from Indians

It is no wonder that educators in Germany and Great Britain are advocating museums for children based on the plan of the Brooklyn institution.

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Copyright, 1907, by F. S. Church

"The Enchantress"
BY F. S. CHURCH

"Pandora"
BY CHARLES A. WINTER

"Playmates"
BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET. WINNER OF THE THOMAS B. CLARKE PRIZE

"Two Dutch
BY WILLIAM T

PAINTINGS OF NOTE AT THE

EXAMPLES OF THE WORK OF PROMINENT ARTISTS SHOWN AT T

PHOTOGRAPHS

Digitized by Google

"A Reverie"
BY J. ALDEN WEIR

"The Quiet Corner"
BY IRVING R. WILES

Dolls"
NEELEY

"Sunset Glow"
BY ROBERT REID

NATIONAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION

E CURRENT EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN

PETER A JULEY

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THE RUBAIYAT OF BRIDGE

By Carolyn Wells

To Them the Heart Convention did I show,
And with Mine Own Hand tried to make it go.
But this in all the Wisdom that I reaped,—
"With more than Three Hearts, always lead the Low'"

For, Trump or No Trump, though with all the Rules,
Of different Masters and of different Schools
I've played with Players of all Sorts,—but I
Have never beaten anything,—but Fools!

A STRANGE PROPHECY

THE Treasurer of the United States is a very estimable gentleman, but when he says that there will never again be any danger of a currency shortage in this country, much as we should like to believe him, we find ourselves compelled to tell him to go to. We seriously question his prophetic insight. If betting were used in this State it would be a profitable gamble 900 to 1 that on each recurring first of the month, on the bills for family supplies weigh down the ills, from now until the last day of the millennium we will still be the usual currency shortage in ety out of every hundred pockets in the land, and a demand by the coupon-takers upon the citizens this nation in any part of the country, at any se in the next eight thousand years, for a one, two, five dollar bill, will reveal a similar deficit. It uld be nice to have it otherwise, but it is an intable fact that human nature is so constituted that it will never quite find the currency supply equal to the demand, and one might as well declare that money can never be tight in a Prohibition State as prophesy as this estimable office-holder has ventured to do.

SOME NEEDED INVENTIONS

A padded card-table for use in smoking-cars by whist-playing commuters, so that when they play the winning card the easy nascous sounds of their knuckles striking on the table may not disturb the reveries of suburban poets composing sonnets on their way to town; also to protect the said knuckles from being skinned.

A metre to be placed upon the metre of taxicabs, to register how much further the metre on the cab has travelled in a given course than the cab has; also one with a phonographic attachment that will announce in stentorian tones the amount of the fare registered on dark nights when it is impossible for the passenger to see the dial.

A foot-holder, to be screwed on the floor of Subway and other cars for the restraint, and holding within proper bounds the feet of those who, hiding behind their morning paper, cross their legs and project their pedal extremities three feet out into the aisle, designed to protect the company against those who are daily getting any number of extra trips for nothing.

A mewless cat that will serve by day as a pet for the children without becoming a nuisance to the whole neighborhood when he indulges in a discussion of the tariff or other subjects on the back-yard fence in the otherwise stilly hours of the night; also a rubber boot jack which, when thrown at the same, will be sufficiently resilient to bounce back into the owner's hand.

An ash or soot sifter, to be worn over the collar, so that one's neck linen may not suggest that one is a coal-heaver by trade, or an employee of the garbage removal department, after a five minutes' promenade through the streets of our large cities.

THE TAX ON STOCKINGS

Judging from the outcry from all parts of the country against the proposed tariff on hosiery, this tax may properly be termed a sockdolager. Paradoxically speaking, it does seem a foolish proposition; and, considering how often in many sections of the country the sock or stocking is used as a receptacle for the surplus pennies of the multitude, it comes suspiciously close to being a tax on the savings of the people. The public should rise in its wrath and damn it beyond hope of redemption, or, failing that, President Taft should veto it with both feet.

LINES TO AN HEIRESS

I no not want a motor-car;
I do not want a yacht;
I do not pine to roam afar
And over Europe trot.
I do not seek rare works of art.
Believed, it is true.
The only object of my heart
Is You,
Yum,
You!

For when I've got you, don't you see
These other things will come,
For in the line of £. s. d.
You've got a tidy sum.
For all these luxuries I'll wait—
Yacht, travel, motor too—
Till I shall dwell in blissful state
With You.
Yum,
Yum!

T. Bethersington Notaward.

TALES OF PAST CONQUESTS

A USEFUL DEVICE

THE latest mechanical device of large social importance is a machine for shuffling a pack of playing cards, whereby the chances of a card player's getting a square deal are materially enhanced. It is understood that the ingenious person who is responsible for this apparatus is also engaged in the perfection of an automatic dealer without sleeves and entirely devoid of what is known as the money lust, both serious factors in the downfall of the ordinary human dealers hitherto in use. These two machines, together with the unpatented devices of a Boston commuter, consisting of a pair of blinders and a mask, whereby the player's hand is protected against the casual glances of his next-door neighbor, and the faces of all the players are rendered inscrutable, are likely to make the game of poker as safe a pastime for the unsophisticated as old-maid, muggins, or tiddledywinks.

What should be done now is to invent an automatic fourth hand for bridge. This has become almost a social necessity, for bridge has become so popular that there are really not enough people in any community to supply the demand for players for all the tables. A mechanical fourth hand would, therefore, fill a pressing, if not a long felt, want, and will relieve many a tired soul who would rather be in bed dreaming of Fortune than sit in an all-night game losing his surplus just to oblige his friends. Moreover, it would serve another useful purpose in that a person passionately fond of bridge, by the purchase of three of these automatic players could turn it into a highly entertaining form of solitaire at times when no one else happened to be at hand to help him out.

MOVING-DAY HINTS

To make sure that your truckman shall not smash your crockery, mirrors, and picture glass, buy a couple of bricks the day before you move and smash them yourself.

Be careful not to pack your rare editions of Thackeray, Dickens, and Lamb in the same box with the raspberry jam and tomato catsup. A literary feast is always better without sauces.

Do not worry about the transportation of your wine-cellar. The truckmen will surely pass the rare old vintages special attention, and they will doubtless arrive with inside accommodations.

It ought not to take an ordinarily active truckman more than sixteen hours to drive a load of furniture

A HINT

CUSTOMER. "YOU DON'T SEEM VERY QUICK AT FIGURES, MY BOY."

NEWSBOY. "I'M OUT O' PRACTICE. YE SEE, MUST O' BE GENTS HAVE 'KEEP DE CHANGE'!"

two blocks. If, therefore, your chattels do not arrive at their destination within eighteen hours, you will be justified in issuing a C.O.D. to the police.

Heavy pieces of furniture should be moved by hand and not thrown to the truck from a second-story window. A careless attitude toward this regulation might result in your kitting some passer-by on the hat with a Louis Quinze bureau, thereby arousing his indignation.

If it rains on moving day instruct the van-man to cover your kitchen furniture with your plush parlor portières. Having definite instructions to do this, he will probably ignore them, and thus your portières will be saved.

If, by mistake and in the hurry of the last minute, the maid should pack your collars and white waistcoats in the coal scuttle, be careful not to express your opinion of her intelligence in the presence of your children.

Finally, be afraid to the janitor on leaving your old apartment. There is no telling when he will be fired by your late landlord and employed by the new.

BY THE WAY

ALL right, fax tea if you want to, Mr. Congress; but, if you do, you should go further and grant the franchise to old maids. Surely if their tipple is to be taxed, it should not be without a compensatory representation.

SO, George, our undergraduate Marathon runners may not be called roads scholars at least not here. You might try your merry jest on *Punch* or *The Congressional Record*.

Individualism can be carried too far. The man who

CARS FOR WOMEN

professes the day when every man in this country shall have his own private subway hatle, we fear, from the brain-storm district. Private ownership of straps may come, but we shall ourselves fight the private-subway idea to the last ditch.

If Mr. Taft's tariff message is a fair symptom of his tendencies in communicating his ideas to Congress, we may some day expect to hear the Speaker announcing, "Gentlemen, a postal-card from the President."

Coming right down to the exact facts in the case, while few of us belong to the Secret Service, at the present rates charged by tailors for fancy waistcoats and other stocking garments, it is undeniable that the most of us are plain-clothes men.

"What the country needs," says Dr. Woodrow Wilson, "is a national organ." We do, Doctor, we do. We respectfully nominate Mr. Bryan's voice for the job. It is an organ that completely fills one Hill, and there is no reason why it should not fill another.

A writer in a current magazine makes a plea for less coal. If he will buy his coal from our coal-man he will get less.

AS TO SIGNS

THERE'S something in a sign,
I don't know what it is,
That rules this heart of mine
And sets my brain a whiz.
It says, "KEEP OFF THE GRASS!"
The vandal foot to balk,
And then it comes to pass
That on the grass I walk.

Then there's "NO FISHING HERE!"
Now I don't care to fish.
For Izaak Walton's cheer
I've never had a wish.
But when upon that sign
I casually look,
For me it's rod and line
And angle-worm and hook!

And in the countryside
When motoring I go,
I'm aye content to ride
Quite reasonably slow,
Until that sign I see,
"SPEED LIMIT 8 PER HOUR!"
Right up to thirty-three
I push the motor power!

And when in Phyllis' eyes
I note a sign down deep
That tells me it were wise
A civil fugue in keep,
Right instantly I twirl,
And with a nerve intense
I lavish on that girl
A world of impudence.

ENVOI

Well, violating signs
Has brought me sundry fines.
For walking on the grass,
And hooking private bass,
And speeding o'er the scene
I've paid in dollars green;
But for the last offence—
For giving impudence
To Phyllis—I've been sent
To life imprisonment:
My chains her ever-present charms,
My prison walls her loving arms!

BLAKENEY GRAY.

AS TO THE SUFFRAGE AND HATS

ONE possible result of granting the suffrage to the ladies will be, we opine, a marked change in feminine headgear. In most of the States in this Union the secret ballot is the law, and without adverting to the general belief that women and secrecy are incompatible, that being aside from the point we set out to discuss and, in fact, having no bearing upon it whatsoever, we would call attention to the fact that the average booth set apart for the marking of the ballot is not more than two feet nine inches in width. This being the case, how will it be possible for a woman wearing the fashionable hamper that has taken the place of the merry-widow this season, measuring five feet four inches across, to enter one of them and designate her vote with that secrecy which the law requires? It will be out of the question to enlarge the booths for the accommodation of these voters, for the reason that there is hardly space enough now in our polling places to provide the number of booths required by our voting population as it stands; and certainly, if the total number of voters is to be doubled, there will be no even greater congestion. Altogether, it looks as if either one thing or the other must go—the hamper hat, sometimes known as the waste-basket poke, or the immediate enfranchisement of those who wear it.

SMALL TALK

A YOUNG fellow in Bloomington, Illinois, who has been devoting himself for some years to a young woman of that town, recently found himself in a most embarrassing situation just as he had taken his courage in both hands and was "going to ask the girl."

"Harriet," said he, as he shifted his feet uneasily and swallowed the lump in his throat, "I'm anxious to have you—"

"Yes, Mr. Hammer," gently interposed the young woman, by way of encouragement.

"Well—er—Harriet," he again began, with increasing nervousness, "I'm anxious to have you—"

Just then both parents of the young lady entered the room where the lovers sat.

"Oh, Mr. Hammer," said the desperate girl, "what was it you were just telling me?"

THE WIFE. "DON'T IT FORTUNATE, DEAR, THAT WE SUBSCRIBED FOR THAT ENCYCLOPÆDIA?"

Lonesome Valley and Cobe

By Lawrence Mott

DRAWINGS BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

JUST where the waters of Big Lick Creek join those of Devil's Run at the foot of the North Carolina Mountains, Cobe Nelson stopped his mules at the ford and blocked the wheels of the heavy canvas-covered schooner.

"Hee-ee, boys!" he shouted, with Southern drawl. The animals flopped their ears gratefully.

Cobe's tall, gaunt figure, in high boots, corduroy trousers, and gray flannel shirt loomed aggressively in the soft afternoon sunlight; his quick-moving gray eyes shone with health and the vigor of manhood in its prime.

"Lordy, Lordy!" he said, aloud. "Th' roads he sutch 'nough bad!"

Red clay was plastered high on the wagon's sideboards and had spattered on the white canvas. He filled his pipe while the thrush and the orioles sang their little vesper songs, flittering gayly among the huge pines, darting to and fro across the murmuring stream.

"Ah reckon ma'll be kind o' anxious-like 'f ah don't git home tar-night, an' it's sight miles! Wall—git up—git up, boys!"

As one the four lunged ahead, the wagon creaking and swaying. Up and up the winding, narrow road that sometimes led along steeps that fell hundreds of feet, and again through twisting defiles where there was barely room for the mules.

Now and then Cobe's hand would almost unconsciously slip toward a pocket that was sewed on the inside of his shirt. It held a round, fat parcel.

"Reckon ma'll be tickled heaps this hyah trip!" he mused. "A hundred an' fohty gallons times two dollars makes two hundred an' eighty dollacs; an' Lindy she all hits hev owell fixin's foh we-all's weddin', suah 'nough!"

Whistling and humming, he stalked along beside the team.

"Haul up thar, Sambo! You-all's powerful lazy, 'pears to me!"

And then the last ridge was crossed. He applied the cumbersome wooden brakes and started down the long incline into Lonesome Valley. It was so named because for generations no one had lived there save the Nelsons, who made the best Double Shot, Copper-Distilled Apple Brandy in the whole of the county. Illicitly, yes, but Cobe argued as his father and grandfather had before him—what was the use of paying the government $1.10 per gallon tax, anyhow?

Revenue officers had been on the trail of the "still." They were always made welcome to Lonesome Valley and asked to "kinder look round, an' hunt 's much as you all like!"

Cobe and his mother—the only two left of a famous family—would chuckle as the Secret Service men pounded and thumped, prodded and searched walls, floors, outhouses, even the chicken-coops.

There was one young fellow to whom Cobe had "cottoned"—Charlie Wagstaff. He had made four attempts to find the Nelson "still," and each time that he came he was heartily made to feel at home; after supper he and the big mountaineer would smoke together before a roaring fire; the native secure in the knowledge that no one save his mother, Linda Lee—the girl he was to marry soon—and he knew how to find his "works"; and the other using all his diplomacy and tact in trying to locate Cobe's paraphernalia.

"Hee—hee-a!" The mules stopped.

"Be that yeou, Cobe?" an old voice rolled from the open door of a log cabin through which yellow beams streamed into the quiet star-darkness of the valley.

"Ya-as, 'm, back agin'"—he lowered his voice—"safe 'gain!"

"Supper 'll be ther when ye onhitch!"

"All raight, 'm!"

Shortly afterward he spread his big hands to the fire while a little shrunken form, whose eyes glistened brightly, took in with avidity all his news, nodding her head from time to time and chuckling.

"A good run! A good run, Cobe! An' didn' see no—" She whispered the last word.

"Mmm—Mmm!" (negatively).

They sat down to eat. Heaps of corn-pone, a platter of sausage meat, dippers of coffee, and a jug of milk was the fare.

"Ah suah did feel mighty glad—" he was saying when there came a rap on the door. His hand went to the money; it was there.

"Come on in!"

"Hello, Cobe! Good evening, Mrs. Nelson!" Charlie Wagstaff entered sheerily.

"How-dy, Charlie, how-dy?" Cobe grasped the revenue officer's hand cordially.

"Finely, thanks! Didn't expect me, did you? Be honest, Cobe; did you?"

"Cayn't say ah did; but set down. Hev a bite?"

"Indeed I will! I've ridden a long way!"

"Sho, ye hev. Wher from?"

"Been up at the Lee place for three weeks, pheasant-shooting, and had a rattling time!"

Cobe did not see the quick look Wagstaff gave him as he spoke, but the officer saw the change in the mountaineer's face.

Little was said during the meal, but when the old mother had gone to bed in the wee attic above, and the two men sat across the fire from each other as of yore, the Secret Service man spoke quietly, puffing the while on his pipe.

"Cobe, I've got you *this* time!"

"Got what?" the other asked, with unusual gruffness.

Wagstaff looked at him through the blue haze of smoke.

"I know that you took one hundred and forty gallons to Mitchell, that you got two dollars a gallon for it, and that you have the money on you now! Is this news to you?"

"That's only one could 'a'—"

"Told?" Wagstaff finished the sentence easily. "You're right, Cobe; and that *one* did."

A whirlwind of thoughts ran rife in Nelson's big, simple mind. His mother—*never!* Linda Lee?—impossible! and yet! Wagstaff was clever, Wagstaff was shrewd. Wagstaff had a magnetic personality. Cobe called him "takin' in his ways," but it answered to the same thing. And Wagstaff had been three weeks at the Lee place. All these things he jumbled together.

"Yes, and if I do not mistake, the *one* will be here in an hour! You are not expected to be in the cabin, neither am I. The person will wake your mother, and warn her that I am after you again. You must listen!"

"Ah'll be damned 'f—" Cobe leaped to his feet and found himself staring into the barrel of a revolver that appeared mysteriously in Wagstaff's hand.

"I don't like to do this, Cobe, and you know it; but unless you will take my word that something will occur shortly as I have told you, I shall have to put these on"—clinking handcuffs. "Be reasonable, man; if I am wrong I will never come here again! On the other hand, if I am right you must go with me! That's fair."

Silence between the two while the fire crackled merrily, and their shadows were lost in the recesses of the cabin.

"You-all *cain't* be right, so ah reckon ah'll do as you-all say."

Wagstaff holstered his weapon.

There was no further conversation. From time to time the officer looked at his watch, and the other stared moodily at the flames.

"Time is getting short, Cobe; let's hide."

The native followed into the wood-closet that was built close to the wall. They squatted on the tumbled mass of splittings, and Wagstaff pulled the rickety door almost shut.

Minutes passed slowly; Nelson's face was very white in the faint sheen that stole in through the cracks.

Then light steps sounded outside among the shavings, Wagstaff put his hand warningly on the other's knee. They heard the outer door opened very carefully; then stillness, save for their own restrained breathing.

"Ma Nelson? Ma?"

"Lindy!" Cobe muttered.

They could see the little girlish figure, masses of brown hair tumbling about her forehead and neck, creep to the foot of the attic ladder.

"Ma Nelson?" she called again, gently.

"Thet Lindy?" the sleepy voice answered, sleepily, from above.

"Ya-as, 'm, an' listen, quick!" She went up half way. "Charlie Wagstaff's after Cobe agin! He'll be hyah direc'ly, an' ah throwed th' 'worm' into th' crick 'hind th' stump at th' old ford, and rolled th' logs over th' openin'. You-all tell him so's he kin find it! Ah guess ah'll—"

She started down in fear as the old woman hissed: "Ye dratted fool, ye kindy! Charlie's hyah!"

"Whar?" The girl's eyes became troubled like those of a hunted animal.

The mother descended.

"He was hyah with Cobe when oh went to bed! Cyan't ye learn I' shet up?"

Wagstaff saw that nothing more was to be gained. He gave the door a push.

The girl cried out, sharply.

"Oh, Cobe, honey, ah suah didn' know!"

"In course ye didn', Lindy," the big man said, softly. "Ah ain't a-blamin' ye a mite!" as the girl's eyes filled with tears, though no sobs came.

The mother's face grew hard and set, her lips drawn rigidly together.

"An' what did ye tell Charlie when he was to you-all's place thet he come hyah so quick? An-swer!" she snarled.

"She did not say a word!" Wagstaff interrupted. "I was the one who lied to her, and took my chances of finding out. I told her that I knew where the worm was hidden and where the works are; that I was going to Mitchell for help first, and then coming here. She believed me and, as you see, tried to get ahead of me to save Cobe."

As he finished the girl's figure seemed to loom taller and taller; she sprang forward, her face almost touching Wagstaff's.

"You all frum de No'th call *thet* fair play? T' lie to a gal, jest a gal, an' ter tell her thet ye love her. Yes, he did!"—to Cobe—"an' he tried ter kiss me an'—an'— My kind, Cobe, *don't!*"

Wagstaff jumped, but too late; the heavy stick of wood struck him on the temple and everything turned black.

The girl shuddered gaspingly. "Ye've done killed him, t'obe!" she whispered.

He gazed stupidly at the inert heap on the dirty floor. "Ah reckon so," he answered, dully. "An' ah've broke my promise ter him. He trusted me, but ah jest couldn' he'p it when ye said as how he'd made love ter ye, suh gal, suh litt' Lindy!"

She tried to speak, then stopped. He remembered afterward that he had wondered why.

When he rolled Wagstaff over the latter groaned slightly.

"Didn' *all* kill him, Lindy; reckon oh'd better git his gun, tie him, an' light out a' this hyah section fur a while. Ye kin do 's you all like with 'm!"

None too gently he bound the officer's ankles and wrists, then dashed water over his face. Still the girl said nothing.

"Now ah'll hide th' worm in—" he whispered the plaen to the old woman, who eyed the unconscious man vengefully. The mountaineer went out into the night.

When he came back Wagstaff was on his elbow, muttering, incoherently, "You—know—Lindy—not—true—trusted—oh—my God!" He fell forward, blood oozing from his ears.

"He's a-dyin', Cobe!" she breathed.

Nelson became frightened; he saddled the lashings, and with her help bathed the livid bruise. Hours passed on, and at daylight Wagstaff opened his eyes.

Cobe found himself staring into the barrel of a revolver

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"That wasn't fair, Cobe!" he said, hoarsely. "I took your word, but because of Linda I—"

The savage nature of the mountaineer surged beyond bounds. He cocked Wagstaff's weapon.

"Ye've talked too much 'bout mah Lindy, an' ye know too much, anyhow! Dead man's shoes follers no trails, so here—"

The girl jerked his arm as the revolver exploded. She put her hand instantly over her breast and her eyes were open wide as though in astonishment.

"Ah reckon ye've shot me, Cobe," she said, hesitatingly. So quiet did she seem that the mountaineer laughed. She held out her hand then. "See!"

The palm was red; he watched the red trickle down to her finger-tips in horrible fascination. And on the calico below her throat a stain broadened. She smiled faintly and dropped into his arms. Choking, he tore her dress open; the steady spurts showed the fatality of the wound.

"*He'p, suh!*" he almost shrieked.

Together they tried to stanch the blood, but it flowed steadily.

The wounded man got to his knees and dragged himself beside the girl; his wits were hazy from the blow still, and things danced before his eyes, but he got a finger in the bullet hole.

"That—will—hold—a few—minutes," he whispered. "Make her talk, quick—artery—no—chance—" He was unconscious again.

As from a great distance she had heard his words, and lowered her brain to action.

"Cobe!"

"Honey, mah Lindy, mah littl' Lindy, ah's hyah!"

"Cobe"—the words were slow in coming—"ah—done—lied to—ye—ah did. Char-lie dodn'—make—no—love—t'—me—nor try—to—kiss—kiss—me,—ah—wuz—jest—plain—mad 'cos—he—hearn—me tell—on—ye an'—ah—wanted—ye t'—git—mad—too—so's—ye'd—*kill*—him—an' then—then—ye wouldn'—hev—t' go—t' th'—pen'tent'ry. Ah wuz—sorry—but—ah—didn'—dass—tell ye, an' ah reckon—ah's—got—a—gal—ah—oughter—oughter—mow."

The head lines of the mother's face relaxed. She had seen many violent deaths in her long years, but this one seemed different. Cobe, his great arms holding the girl, shook with sobs.

"Don'—take—on—so—Cobe. Think—on't—when—ah'm gone—purty—soon—thet—ah—never—loved—nobody but ye an' thet—Char-lie—wuz—always—hyind—an'—good ter—me." A long pause.

"When ah'm—died—ye—kin—take—take—his—finger—out'n—th' hole an' take—kyer—o'—Char lie—fur mah sake?" He nodded. "Ah—reckon—thet's—all; tell—mah—love—t' mammy an' daddy an'—an'—an'—" A deep sigh passed her lips. Her hair fell in waves over his long arms as the delicate head dropped.

He stared, at first unbelieving.

"She's—*dead*, ma! Lindy's—*daid!*"

He who had killed often and had been wounded many times was grief-stricken when death, grimly personified, took shape in the one he loved best of all the world.

Slowly he raised his face to the day. There was unspeakable agony in his eyes.

"Ma, kin ye say anythin' lak a prayer?"

They knelt beside the body and, as mumbled words came from the old woman's lips, a burst of sunshine penetrated from beyond the great fleecy clouds and just one of its shafts fell on the brown hair, tinting it golden—causing the white forehead to be as marble in contrast.

The noise of laughing waters from the creek rose quietly, and the cheerful whistle of bobolink, the metallic call of the crested woodpecker, the warble of thrushes—all antic in the morning freshness—seemed a bitter mockery to the sadness within the lone log walls.

He stood up.

"Ah reckon ah'd best go yonder t' th' Lees' an'—an' tell 'em, ma?"

With a woman's instinct, rough mother that she was, she realized the ordeal before him, and she patted his big hands, a thing that she had not done in years. "An' what 'bout him?"

"She"—he stopped, blinking hard—"she sahl ter take kyer on him; do it."

He was gone, striding up the red clay road, head bent forward, broad shoulders sagging.

Having laid the girl's body on the rough bed, folded its hands, and carefully brushed the long hair, the mother turned to Wagstaff. She bathed and rubbed until he opened his eyes and sat up weakly.

"Where is Cobe?"

"Gone t' Lee's," she answered, abruptly. "Have coffee?"

"My heavens! Mrs. Nelson, you—"

"Don' Missus Nelson me! Ye've broughted 'nough misery'bruess ter me nuss, but she said—"

"*She?* Who is she?" Wagstaff struggled to his feet.

"She? Ha ha ha!" the old voice split, in crazy laughter. "Why, *she* ain't nawthin' naw, but she wuz Lindy Lee!"

"*Was*—was Linda?" He put both hands to his head. "Then my dream that Linda was shot and that I—"

"Look at yon-all's fin ger!" she grunted.

The stain had dried fast. He staggered into the open air.

"It's true, then; my God! it's *true?* And I thought it a dream!"

Muddy he sat in the growing sunlight until Cobe returned with Linda's mammy and daddy.

Solemnfully they took their dead away in the big schooner. Even the gray mules seemed to know and flopped their ears forlornly as they started for home and the little church far across the mountains.

When they had vanished, and the creaking of the wheels had finally died away, Cobe looked at Wagstaff for the first time.

"Does you all want ter hev th' worm, an' see th' still, an' take me erlong, now? 'Cos ah'm ready if you all be."

The other did not answer.

Cobe took his arm gently, led him to the doorway.

"See thar, man, whar her littl' feet hev crossed many th' time a-comin t' see me, an' whar mine hev crossed winter an' summer fer twenty-eight yearn—mos' th' time a goin' t' see her. Why, th' fires knowed Lindy, an' all th' birds w'ld come when she called 'em—lak this." He chirped.

Tiny inhabitants of the pinelands clustered, coming from heights and hollows, from upland and from the valleys, as far as they could hear him.

"They thinks it's her; she l'arned me how t' call 'em. An' now," he said, hoarsely, "it's done with! Ah ain't got nawthin' noh ter live fer. Ah'll go with you all, for ah'd jest soon be daid 's livin'. An' t' think that *ah* did it! Ah thet kissed th' hoves thet fetched her putty littl' dresses, thet saved the stones outen th' crick 'cos she hed put her foot an 'em jest onct, an'—" He stopped suddenly, looking up into the blue vault of the skies where clouds drifted and drifted. "When 'll you-all be ready?"

Wagstaff leaned forward, took Nelson's hand.

"Cobe, *I* have been the cause of all this misery; unwittingly enough, God knows. I don't want you or your still, and I never want to see these mountains again. I'm strong enough now, and I'll go." He forced.

The moonshiner caught his wrist.

"Furgive we uns, f'harlie," he said, huskily. "You-all jest did yer dooty, an'"—furtively wiping the tears from his eyes—"this hyah's been our home fur gen'rations, but ma an' me, we-all 'll leave ter-morrer, sun-up. Ah's got a uncle in Kaintuck' an' ah reckon ah ruin't h'ar it here nohow, nether."

With few words Wagstaff mounted his horse and disappeared among the trees toward civilization, the mountaineer waving him a last good-by.

The next day, all their belongings on the schooner and a rude wagon, Cobe, his old mother, the few chickens, the one pig, and two turkeys bade farewell to the home of the "Nelsons," famed of many years, and at noon took the red-clay road to the west'ard while the faint thin tendrils of a dying fire curled in wavy pinnies from the chimney and the birds gathered up the last crumbs.

The outfit passed slowly from sight.

Lonesome Valley remained, but Cobe was gone.

"Ah reckon ye've shot me, Cobe," she said, hesitatingly

A Mechanism for Testing Skyscrapers

By Emmett Campbell Hall

THE United States Geological Survey is erecting at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, one of the most remarkable machines ever invented. It will be unique in that it is intended, by means of destruction, to prove indestructibility.

The object of the great machine is to determine certain things that have remained mysteries to the greatest engineers of the world from the days when the Pyramids first reared their heads in the then fertile plains of Africa to the time when the great steel spans of the Williamsburg Bridge at New York were swung into place. Among the problems which have perplexed the builders of the centuries are the determination of how much weight a granite or brick column will support, and how much strain may safely be applied to an iron or steel bar or cable. That these quantities are still undetermined will probably strike the lay reader as astonishing—an engineer will admit that he simply has to guess them.

The lack of this information caused the collapse of the great steel bridge at Quebec last year, with a consequent sacrifice of months of labor, thousands of dollars, and eighty lives. For lack of such information a great building every now and then, for no appreciable cause, simply tumbles down.

Engineers have attempted to get at the strength of a large steel beam by measuring that of a small one of the same proportions and multiplying, but experience has proved that these calculations are utterly unreliable. They have undertaken to estimate the resistance of a pillar of stone or brick by placing a fragment under pressure, building according to the results—and reaping disaster. In the end they have been forced simply to guess; and, as a rule, to multiply many times the amount of material they think would be sufficient, as an to be on the safer side.

The Geological Survey, however, now proposes to measure the strength of material as accurately as the chemist measures his drugs, using a titanic machine such as has never before been seen. Stripped, it stands a structure of steel eighty feet high. A building ten stories high must be erected to house it. On each side elevators will run up and down, carrying the experts who will ante the effects of the tests. The building must be made so strong that the falling of great masses of crushed stone and other material will not injure it.

The framework of the machine consists of four great vertical screws, 13½ inches in diameter, with the strongest possible foundation, and huge steel heads above and below, between which the material to be tested will be placed for the application of pressure. If it is a pillar of concrete, this will be built upon the lower head to the height desired, and with a breadth up to six feet, which is the capacity of the machine. The upper head will then be adjusted and the power applied by means of a triple plunger pump, the machine in this way becoming simply a large hydraulic press.

As the pressure is increased its amount will be recorded by an automatic gauge. The tension of the press may be increased until the capacity of the machine is reached, the enormous figure being 10,000,000 pounds. This is an almost inconceivable pressure and probably greater than that borne by any pillar or beam ever placed in a structure.

The same method is to be followed in testing steel beams and structural steel in all its forms, particularly in the great beams that are built up of many parts. This is probably where the greatest immediate demand for the machine will be found. Builders are developing all manner and form of these beams, and want them tested in order to determine just what forces are most satisfactory. There has been no method heretofore, except the uncertain "calculation," or the actual placing of the material in the building, to determine just what the performance of a specified design would be. This new machine, however, will receive and test any form of beam up to sixty-five feet in length.

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Miss Cornelia Bryce, in the costume she wore as a figure in a Venetian tableau, after Titian

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt as a Syrian woman, near her tent, in a tableau called "Over the Desert"

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney as an Oriental woman, posing as an illustration of an aria from Massenet's opera "Herodiade"

Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt and Mr. Lytle Hull, as Beatrice and Dante, in a tableau picturing "Dante's Dream"

Mr. Harvey Ladew and Mrs. Arthur S. Burden doing a fancy dance Mrs. Burden has just emerged from the neck of a champagne bottle

Miss Elsie Howland and Mr. Phoenix Ingraham in a picture posed to illustrate the spirit of a minuet of the eighteenth century

FASHIONABLE NEW YORKERS IN TABLEAUX

MEN AND WOMEN OF NEW YORK SOCIETY IN THE AMATEUR TABLEAUX AND DANCES GIVEN RECENTLY AT THE PLAZA HOTEL, BY MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT, JR., IN AID OF A DAY NURSERY. THE TICKETS FOR THIS PERFORMANCE WERE SOLD AT SEVEN DOLLARS APIECE

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The World of Music

RESTORING WAGNER

By Lawrence Gilman

AMONG the world's masterpieces there are a few supreme products of human genius whose inspiration is as continuously sustained as it is superlative in quality. Of such works, every aspect or moment is, if not equally rare and precious, at least immensely interesting and treasurous.

On the evening of March 30th, portions of the score of Richard Wagner's greatest work were publicly performed for the first time in New York. The work was *Tristan and Isolde*, generally admitted to contain the most perfect blossoming of Wagner's art, and by not a few persons held to be the most unflaggingly inspired score in existence. Beauty, of course, reveals herself in guises of infinite variety, and she inhabits many temples: temples which she fills with silence, others which she fills with chantings and with psalms, still others which she inhabits with a glory and a wonder for which there is no name and in the presence of which there is no peace. So to say that this or that score of genius is surpassing and unique in beauty is to attempt to confine the divine creature to but one of her many temples, when she would live pervadingly in them all. Yet there are times when one is moved to attempt this particular and impossible tyranny; and one of the most urgent and frequent of these is apt to follow upon a performance of *Tristan and Isolde*. If there is elsewhere in the arts any work from which the emotion of beauty issues so steadily and insistently—in which the inspiration burns with so intense and inexhaustible a life—it is not always easy to feel confident of the fact. Wagner was an incurable egoist; yet when he wrote to the woman who inspired his *Tristan* these words: "I have just played over the first completed half of my act [the third], and had to say to myself what the Almighty said when he found that all was good," it is easy to expect him of blasphemy, but quite as easy to realize the transport which he must have experienced during the creation of this marvellous music.

Alwin Schroeder

THE DISTINGUISHED 'CELLIST, NOW A MEMBER OF THE HESS-SCHROEDER QUARTET

Allan C. Hinckley

THE AMERICAN SINGER WHO HAS BEEN HEARD AT THE METROPOLITAN

When he said to his beloved Mathilde that no one "had ever taken his art so seriously" as he took his, he spoke what was very probably the truth. He did "take his art" with a consuming and unparalleled intensity, and never with so rapt and profound a seriousness as when he composed the music of *Tristan*. "*The Flying Dutchman, Tannhauser, Lohengrin, The Nibelungen*," he wrote to Mathilde, "were all in my brain rather than in my experience. But in what a wonderful relationship I now stand to *Tristan* you will easily feel." The passion, the longing, the measureless sorrow which were the immediate fruit of this tragic amour, he poured, a flood of transfigured and heart-breaking emotion, into the music of *Tristan*. In a letter to Mathilde he calls the last act "unprecedented." It is. But the entire score is unprecedented from beginning to end. Even to-day, after its half-century of existence, it still seems as unprecedented as it is unequalled. There is nothing like it in existence. As has been written before in this place, "it rebukes comparison, as it has no rival; there is distilled within it the essence of all that the art of music had hitherto achieved, as it contains the root and substance of that which has followed after it. Not only does it stand alone in continuity of inspiration, but it is the very flower of the musical art of the world." No praise of its power, its intensity, its triumphant and unfading beauty, could be excessive—there is in the musical speech of Wagner here an indescribable splendor of diction, a rhapsodic magnificence and exaltation, which will always, it seems likely, invest this music with an indestructible and unparalleled impressiveness.

It is clear that in the case of such a work as this, every feature and condition is of incalculable interest to those for whom masterpieces are objects of more than casual observation. Therefore the occasion of which these comments are the result seems worthy of more attentive consideration than it has received. The occasion in question started out with the commendable purpose of being a performance of *Tristan* in its entirety; for be it understood that this music-drama has always, since its production here in 1886, been liberally cut—about fifty-one pages of the orchestral score having been sacrificed, in the late Anton Seidl's judicious and tactful version, to the need of compressing Wagner's glorious exuberance within the limits of an ordinary evening's entertainment. The performance of March 30th, given under the able and devoted supervision of Mr. Alfred Hertz, was arranged to extend over the space of six hours, beginning at 5:30, allowing a leisurely interval for dinner and recreation, and ending comfortably at 11:30—an approximation of the Bayreuth conditions, and an ideal way of giving the score formidable music-dramas.

Now it is a very singular fact that the future historian, searching among contemporary records of this event, will find not a single truthful account of it in any one of the principal newspapers of New York which, on the following morning, referred to it in more or less detail. One chronicler writes that the music-drama was given "in its entirety"; another chronicler records that "the usual version was used"; two others convey the impression that the only restorations were of the inept and ruthless excisions made during the last two seasons under Gustav Mahler's direction; still another displays astonishing ignorance by remarking that the usual cuts made in the score "are chiefly in the interludes separating the large numbers," and he coincides with one of his brother chroniclers when he asserts that the "full version" was used.

Let us see exactly what did happen upon this occasion; for the event was interesting beyond the common, and eminently worthy of note. This journal is not primarily a newspaper; yet in the interests of historical accuracy it may be well to assume for a moment the function of the newspaper, and record, briefly, the facts: *Tristan and Isolde* was not, on the evening of March 30th, given "in its entirety"; neither was it given in "the usual version"—meaning the abbreviated version familiar to New York since Mr. Seidl disclosed the score here twenty-two years ago; nor was the restoration of Mr. Mahler's excisions the distinguishing feature of the occasion. The work was not given in its entirety, for the usual cut in the love duet in the second act was made—the cut which, beginning at Tristan's words: "Dem Tage! dem Tage! dem tückischen Tage!" comprises thirty pages of the orchestral score. But with that exception, the score was given without cuts; which means that twenty-one pages of Wagner's masterwork were on this occasion performed for the first time in New York—surely an interesting fact, and one not unworthy of comment.

The first of these restorations, comprising seven pages, was in the second act, beginning on page 244 of the orchestral score; in the measure before Isolde's words, "Tag und Tod, mit gleichen Streichen," and continuing to the next to the last measure on page 250. This section comprises some of the loveliest pages in the score—as the exquisite passage for horns and muted strings beginning at Tristan's words: "Un're Liebe? Tristan's Liebe?" The second restoration, in the same act, was of three pages, beginning at "Nun banne das Bangen," on page 283, and continuing to the dominant seventh chord which introduces the "Love-Death" motive on page 286. The other restorations, of eleven and a half pages in all, were the most important. These were in the third act. They serve to complete the two long and poignant soliloquies of the wounded hero leading up to his insane inarticulating of the love-potion which, to his feverish brooding, seems the fountain-head of all his anguish. The first of these replaced passages extends from Tristan's "Isolde auch im Reich der Sonne" (page 321), to the measure before "Ach, Isolde, süsse Holde!" (page 327), and includes much that is deeply significant in a delineative sense and of rare interest musically—as, for example, the striking reminiscence of the searching and anxious phrase which, in the first scene of the first act, accompanies Brangäne's speech beginning: "Von der Heimat scheidend kalt und stumm." The second restoration, beginning at page 335, contains the superb music which brings to its climax the delirium of the dream-tortured lover — music that contains some of the most tragically impassioned and deeply moving pages that Wagner ever wrote. These pages, with the exception of a half-dozen measures, have always been deleted, to the grave damage of the scene. They should never be omitted—even if others have to be sacrificed to accommodate them.

David Bispham

PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK CENTRE OF THE AMERICAN MUSIC SOCIETY

This commentator is not a brother to the stern and delicious creature of Dickens' fancy; he is not, as a Wagnerite, adamant in the matter of cuts. It is perfectly certain that you cannot compress the whole of *Tristan und Isolde* into an ordinary evening's operagiving. That could only be done by beginning at seven o'clock and ending at midnight—a processing which would result in nothing more desirable than utter weariness and vexation of soul. Yet to entrust the work by cuts, however judicious—by cuts even as tactful as those made by the lamented Seidl—is a highly unsatisfactory way out of the dilemma. For any excisions inevitably remove portions of the music that are essential to the continuity of its progressive emotional phases, and which are necessary to make clear and eloquent the dramatic structure. To cut the score as it has always hitherto been cut in New York is to dislocate and distort the logical development of both drama and music. What Wagner wrote no he was completing the music of the second act—that what he had done was a wonderful achievement "in the art of the most delicate and gradual transition"—is true of the music-drama as a whole. To curtail and truncate it does not utterly ruin its effect, for that would be impossible; but it does definitely impair it.

Miss Kitty Cheatham

WHO GAVE THIS WEEK HER ANNUAL EASTER RECITAL

I believe that the solution of the matter lies in taking *Tristan* out of the regular repertoire and giving it only in special performances, when its "heavenly lengths" could be spread over an ample period of time, and provision be made for leisurely intermissions. This, of course, would be simply to transfer the essential feature of Bayreuth to New York. But surely the work itself is worthy of the honor of such a segregation—artistically worthy, at all events, even though it is not a "stage-consecrating festival-play"; and there can be no question that the arrangement would redound to the advantage of its hearers and its interpreters. That it would be juster to the masterpiece itself than is the usual procedure does not, I think, require elaborate demonstration. Mr. Dippel has lately been quoted as saying that New-Yorkers "have not time" to attend such special and unabridged performances, "except, perhaps, on holidays." Well, a winter holiday could be less profitably spent than by devoting six hours of it to an annotated performance of the most inspired score that the world is likely to possess for some time.

It remains to be said that the partly restored version of *Tristan* disclosed the other evening at the Metropolitan was, for the most part, admirably performed. Mr. Burrian's Tristan has improved enormously since he first showed it here, Mme. Gadski is a meritorious, though not at all a magnetic, Isolde, Mr. Soomer presented an excellent Kurwenal, and Mr. Hertz's reading of the score had ardor, poetry, eloquence; it was in the true vein.

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WHY JENKS WAS INVITED TO THE PARTY

DRAWN BY BAYARD JONES

The Gentler View

MISFORTUNES, MYSTERIES, AND THE HAPPY MEDIUM

By Florida Pier

A surprising that threatens to last us to our graves is that caused by people who have passed through a great trouble and appear afterward without a shred of it clinging to their persons. Their hair does not turn white in a single night. That fit and dramatic legend was long ago proved impossible. They may have felt radical changes taking place in their inner recesses, but their outward appearance shocks us, it is so as it used to be. Not that one would wish to make it any harder for sorrowing folk than it now is, but one naturally protests against a man's clothes fitting well and his wife not two hours dead. A woman who has survived an awful accident, yet does it with her usual plump nerves and fluffy, cheery hate—why, there is an inherent bad taste in her character. It is, nevertheless, a bad taste shared by every one. People, delicate in their perceptions regarding everything else, when they mingle with their fellows after a cataclysmic occurrence publicly object to milk in their tea and, without a thought for the fine feelings of others, loudly demand cream. Their crassness is past belief. Is this what a revolutionizing tragedy has done for them? How can they hope to make us believe in their suffering if they still feel so strongly about cream in their tea? It is difficult to sympathize with our friends as we know we ought to, so gasping are we to find that they have not changed. One retains his cowlick—thin when he has accidentally shot his brother while hunting. It does seem that after such a happening his cowlick ought to have subsided. Another is as witty after a fire as before. He turns his sentences neatly, and it is more than you can stand. The fire was bad enough, but the fact that his debonair English survived when none of his family did is something of which you do not care to think.

We hear of people being washed up on a beach with nothing on but a shirt, and we applaud their behavior. They know how to manage such an event. Any one seeing them strolling up and down the beach would know that they had been shipwrecked. A first glance would show that they had been through so much that they had given up one by one everything they once clung to, the shirt even being a matter of indifference to them, a mere trick of the sea in which they took no interest. It is seldom, however, that a person shows with such delicacy or so sure an instinct the despair that rages within him. This rarity at proper emotion makes us think enthusiastically of those countries where they wail and howl to express their sorrow. Wailing is only meet at certain moments; to speak in a subdued voice offends the sensibilities of one's bearers. There must be some contrasts in life. The undulation of the mourners should be different from the soft voices of the bridge-players. In fact, people who have just a month ago lost a leg or a fortune should not feel inclined to speak at all. What interest can they have if it rains as the train is late? They might carry a tiny drum, and when they feel like joining the conversation they would be encouraged to beat a dirge on that. Ashes in one's hair in prescribed situations are infinitely preferable to a well-coiled head. A woman so upset as to be willing to wear bagging would receive our respect and hushed confidence. The world is not difficult to please; it just wants a sign or so that big moments were big, and stretched their victims a bit. Any sign will do. The utter lack of any indication is what shocks and amazes us.

It is patient and admirably humble of the world to plod busily on making new mysteries when the ones that date from the time of the Garden have never been satisfactorily solved. We will never know what lies behind so many closed doors, and, though we want to know so badly that our fingers itch every time we see a knocker, we give up ultimate discoveries in a manner that is almost dull, and weave—by the mere act of living—mysteries that will lambaste to tears the generations that follow. Why was that old tale hashed up? Who and what made it possible? How did Helen of Troy manage to keep her youth, and what became of the Dauphin of France? So often easily satisfied voices murmur happily, "What an interesting, dramatic world it is!" Of course, no one desires it, only, if the things we know of are admittedly absorbing, why not realize that the things of which we know nothing are intoxicating in their interest? This once realized could be treated in one way only. The world would have to stop, its inhabitants bound under promise to create no new complications until the old mysteries were solved. Then we would find out why Lady Jane Gordon did not produce her dispensation to marry her cousin Bothwell at the time of his marriage to the Queen. At last we would be told whether Mary of Scots went willingly with him to Bothwell Castle. It would be settled to a certainty what became of the written directions for the finding of his treasures left by Captain Kidd. Why was one of the most popular actresses of her day, in the days when actresses were really popular, never allowed to make the explanation she so longed to? Is John Wilkes Booth alive in the West? How runs hands did Lafayette actually kiss? Just what furniture came over in the *Mayflower*? What happens to all the things that are lost but never found? Are they used too fast to keep the fire in the centre of the earth going? These questions, all questions of each solid questioner, would be answered, and we could then lead our own lives with some degree of satisfaction, and a comforting conclusion that we had tidied up the past. Is it possible that heaven will consist of rambling chats between the shades when all will tell why they did what they did, and what were the exact facts of the little affair they were connected with? How heavenly it would be! At last the idea of the upper regions becomes alluring. If the supposition were ever settled, curiosity would cause an exodus which would depopulate the world.

Is it absolutely necessary that a happy medium should be maintained? Humans as inconvenience themselves under the impression that a medium is imperative. If it by any chance is not, they should be told and allowed to enjoy themselves a little more than they now do. Tall women (the present-day women are so tall that they hit the eye in the form of walking exclamation marks) marry little men until their reckless bravery and patriotism—it must be that—hurly bring tears to one's eyes. The thing has been carried to such extremes that one feels all past mistakes are surely rectified and future ones guarded against for a long time to come. Young America might almost be told not to take the matter too seriously. So much unhappiness has been put up with in that great cause of striking a sensible halfway course that Mendel or his disciples should be applied to his mercy. If inches are not assimilable, let the suffering of the public with an eye for proportion cease. Women who hate the sea marry sailors; men who writhe under music marry singers; extreme people marry directly opposing types, and when their friends and familiars, unable to stand any longer the sight of their chafing incongeniality, cry, "Why, why, do such people marry?" some knowing octogenarian buzzes, "It maintains the average." Now any one can see that it is not worth the trouble. Always to follow the middle course savors of too much caution, and the troubles follow that only come to over-carreful voyagers.

When Bess Plays Tennis

Sue stands upon the level court
To make her mark with ball and racquet;
She's quite devoted to the sport—
The reason I so madly back it.
A trim form, firm and free and ready,
A dainty head and hand so steady,
You hazard all she wins the day
Before you hear her order—
"Play!"

When Bess plays tennis, well she knows
She's playing, too, a game as clever;
A game I vow I'll have to close,
Though Bess would make it last forever.
I watch her thus, aglow, alert,
A pretty maid, and so—a flirt:
My heart's the ball; 'twas Bess's way
To serve it first, then order—
"Play!"

CHARLOTTE RUSSELL.

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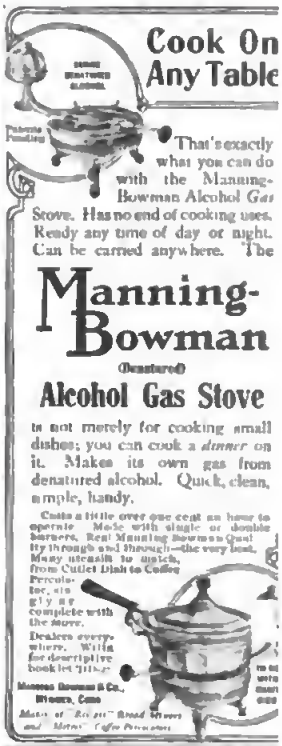

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The Proposed Invasion of New York's Central Park

THE National Academy of Design is putting forth its strongest efforts to pass through the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York a bill which shall grant to the Academy the right to acquire from New York City thirty thousand square feet of Central Park on the site of the Arsenal at Fifth Avenue and Sixty-fourth Street, and to erect thereon space in the heart of the populous city—especially so when they see no necessity for making this move. The Academy has an opportunity to build on the Cathedral Parkway site, in a district noted for its architectural beauty and where the immediate surrounding should be eminently agreeable.

As far back as 1899 J. G. Brown, the famous genre painter, was enthusiastic over the suggestion of Morningside Heights as a location for the new home of the Academy. In an authorized interview, while speaking of that proposed site, he declared:

"For the future home of the Academy of Design we have one of the finest locations in the city. . . ."

The National Academy of Design—as the proposed new building would appear in Central Park

as art gallery, with the proviso that accommodations on the lower floor of the building be set apart for the Department of Parks and the Central Park police. This proposal has met great opposition, and those who oppose it find it difficult to understand why any one should desire to deprive Central Park, even in the slightest degree, of its invaluable free

The Apache Amazon

TO-DAY, when women compete everywhere with men and break up many a male professional monopoly, it is not wonderful to find that in less legitimate pursuits they show themselves as enterprising as the sterner sex. The Western "bad man" may be approaching extinction, yet his methods still survive in the daring deeds of the Paris female Apache. The name Apache, as applied to the Paris hooligan of either sex, dates only from the beginning of the century, and owes its derivation, of course, to the Indian tribe.

The first female to distinguish herself as an Apache was a young woman nicknamed "Golden Helmet," from the head of reddish golden hair, which constituted her chief personal attraction. For the favors of this Amazon two rivals, each with his band of followers armed with knives and revolvers, fought nightly in certain Paris streets. At length one suitor killed the other, and in consequence is now serving a life sentence. "Golden Helmet," deprived of her admirer and thirsting for fresh conquests, decided to adopt the profession of actress. An enterprising variety manager offered her an engagement, but the police objected, and the Apache Queen did not appear.

Of even greater notoriety was "Chiffonnette," the female Apache of 1908, who rejoiced in the title of "Queen of the Courtille." A girl of twenty-three, she is tall and handsome, except for the loss of one eye; she is also tattooed like a redskin, and exhibits with pride the scars of wounds received in boulevard scuffles. She it was who, strolling in the street at three o'clock one morning last New-year, happened to meet a woman she disliked, and, in the presence of a crowd of male and female hooligans, engaged her in a battle royal, from which she came victor, having succeeded in stabbing her antagonist to death with a stiletto. Next day the hiding-place of "Chiffonnette" was discovered by the police, and she is now an inmate of the women's prison of St. Lazare. Her successor to the Apache throne, Pépé, the present reigning beauty, is still younger—eighteen only—but has already qualified for the position.

Such are the types of female highwaywomen who to-day infest some Paris thoroughfares. In Belleville, La Villette, Montmartre, and on the Boulevard de Sebastopol, working men and girls are held up constantly by armed women, who, not content with robbing them, maltreat their victims. As to the police, the Prefect has at his disposal a body of only four hundred detectives, and they are fully occupied in hunting criminals guilty of specific crimes. Prevention does not come within their scope. Occasionally the police raid the haunts of male and female Apaches and arrest them as vagabonds, but these wily evil-doers can generally show papers to the effect that they follow a trade and are but temporarily out of work. In consequence magistrates, unwilling to overcrowd the lockup, hold offenders for a few hours only and then order their release.

For this condition of things the practical abolition of the death penalty is, in a measure, no doubt responsible, as an Apache does not hesitate to kill his victim and thus suppress a witness to the crime. Whether the revival of the guillotine in France will terrify the Paris Amazon or not is a current social question.

Ten Thousand Dead Letters per Day in Germany

THE dead-letter department of the German Imperial post-office is working overtime, and from a comparison of the statistics compiled for a number of years the persons who use the mails are growing more careless or ignorant of the correct method of writing the address. Of every million pieces of mail handled by the Imperial post, the undeliverable matter increased from 327 pieces in 1904 to 396 in 1907—a gain of 21.7 per cent. During the latter year an average of ten thousand pieces of mail was sent daily to the dead-letter department to puzzle the experts.

Although illiteracy is exceedingly rare among the native Germans where a good education is possible for any child, nevertheless the incorrectly addressed letters are, for the most part, examples of a woful lack of schooling. It is very probable that in the vast majority of cases the sender is a newly arrived immigrant possessing practically no education—one of the great class that has been attracted by Germany's rapid commercial development. Many of the "dead" letters entirely omit the point of destination in the address, and others give only the first name of the addressee. In 1907 seventy-five per cent. of the non-deliveries were of the picture-postal variety.

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Finance

THE STOCK MARKET AND RETURNING PROSPERITY

By Franklin Escher

TO confuse stock-market recovery and trade recovery is apt to turn out an expensive business—as a good many people found out very long after election. There are times when the movement of the market has nothing whatever to do with underlying trade conditions, and thru again there are times when the course of prices foreshadows, very clearly, great changes to come. All indications point to the fact that security prices are at present anticipating business conditions in the second half of the year very different from what they are at the present time.

Underlying the very generally accepted idea that the low ebb of business has been passed and that the incoming tide of returning prosperity has begun to rise, there are four great factors to which the careful investor will do well to turn his attention. There is in the first place the fact that the worst of the possible tariff revision is known, and that prices have already been cut down accordingly. Then there is the present drastic liquidation in the commodity and labor markets, without which any return to real prosperity was out of the question. Next comes the better feeling with regard to the attitude of the new administration toward corporate interests, and lastly, there is the realization that in view of the world-shortage of wheat and the high prices prevailing, even an average harvest this autumn will be a tremendous stimulus to returning business activity.

It has always been the history of previous periods of tariff revision that business has been checked into inactivity, and the present is no exception to the rule. It may here be coincidence, but it is a noteworthy fact that the abandonment of the fixed price-schedules in steel happened just at the time that the realization became general that in the new tariff law very heavy cuts in the steel duties were inevitable. To just what an extent present trade conditions are due to impending changes in the tariff must necessarily remain a matter for argument, but the fact remains that the commencement of the actual work of revision was coincident with the abandonment of all pretence as to the state of business, and the disclosure of a very much depressed state of trade.

But since February great progress has been made. The "open market" in steel gave the country a jolt at first and sent stock prices tumbling, but has been since followed by business conditions more sane and healthy than have prevailed for a long time. The worst with regard to possible changes in the tariff being known, prices have been cut accordingly. As was bound to happen, consumption has been largely stimulated. Not in all lines, by any means, and not in a degree to allow manufacturers any startling profits; but in such a way, nevertheless, as to bring producer and consumer together again—to set the wheels turning. The evil element of uncertainty, at least, has been largely removed, and to that extent the course of recovery cleared.

In the meantime the necessary readjustment in the labor and commodity markets has been making consistent and rapid progress. Once undertaken, the process has been pushed forward in such a way as to make it plain that it will be made of as short duration as possible. Wages have been reduced by most of the large independent steel companies. Railroad operating charges show such decreases that net earnings in general are making a most excellent showing. On all sides greater efficiency of operation is being striven for and in most cases attained.

Nor is this improvement confined to the trades in which wages have actually been reduced. Questioned on this point, the head of a large construction company recently stated that while the men in his employ were receiving the same wages as before, they were doing at least forty per cent. more work for every dollar paid them. "It's a big item in estimating the cost of work," he remarked, "and only shows the wasteful conditions which had grown up before the present depression set in. The same thing goes through all our operating department. It is a good thing when times like these come along and give us a chance to get back to 'first principles.'"

This is ature of things which the careful investor will hardly overlook. Meaning as it does the ability to take much larger net profits out of the same amount of gross business, the bearing of this readjustment of the expense account on future dividends is perfectly plain. A well-managed railroad doing the same amount of gross business in the end of 1909 as in the end of 1906 ought to be able to show very considerably larger net earnings. So that there is more good sense than would seem in the talk of higher dividends on such roads as Pennsylvania and Atchison. Actual earnings at present are nothing to build hopes upon, but people who look ahead realize fully that present conditions are developing the possibility of largely increased net earnings later on. And this is no less true of many of the well-managed industrial concerns than it is of the railroads.

Not so easily measured in figures and yet of very great importance as an underlying influence, is the fact that thousands of investors all over the country believe that the change to a new administration is bound to have a stimulating effect on business. Right or wrong in their opinion, they hold that not only did the Roosevelt anti-corporation activity work enormous injury to business, but that it was due to the example of the Federal government that so many State Legislatures bailed the corporations as they did. All that is believed to be a thing of the past. During recent weeks there have been a number of cases where oppressive State legislation has been actually reversed by the courts. With the more conservative administration now in power, the corporations feel that they have less to fear from the overzealous, imitative efforts of self-important State legislators.

So far as the attitude toward the corporations of the administration itself is concerned, vested interests realize that they have nothing to fear. Such pioneer work as Mr. Roosevelt did could hardly have been attended otherwise than with great nervousness, and while a great deal of good has probably been accomplished, business men are mighty glad that the process is over, or at least in the hands of a more conservative and considerate Executive. Mr. Taft's short time in office has been so crowded with tariff matters that it has been impossible to get much of an idea as to how his attitude toward the corporations will develop; but his whole previous career, judicial and conservative as it has always been, lends to the conclusion that the individual or corporation conducting a legitimate business need have nothing to fear.

Just now, with business in so depressed a state and new enterprise so very much checked by other circumstances, the effect of this better feeling may not manifest itself very plainly, but later in the year there is every indication that it will. The Harriman railroad-building activity in the Southwest, for instance, is working up to a comprehensive plan which would hardly have been undertaken one year or two years ago. Then again, improvement and extension operations of great magnitude by the Hill system in Texas are believed to be awaiting the time when projectors will be assured of non-interference by the State Legislature. Texas has been about the severest State of all in its restrictions on outside capital, but signs are not wanting that the legislators even of that anti-corporation stronghold are coming to see how the development of the great resources of their State is being retarded by the antagonistic spirit manifested toward capital. There are fifty-six counties in the State of Texas where the shriek of a locomotive has never been heard, but with the Hill system connected with the Gulf of Mexico through its recent purchase of Colorado and Southern, it needs only the assurance of a friendly attitude by the State government to cause the commencement of an immense amount of extension and development work. It will come there, and it will come in other parts of the country. Under the new feeling of security now rapidly developing, the end of the year will probably see a freer movement of capital into new enterprise than during the past two Presidential terms.

The realization of what even an average harvest would mean to the country this year is the fourth great consideration underlying the belief that we are passing through a kind of interim, and that much better conditions lie not far ahead. Whatever of artificiality there may be in the present high price of wheat, it is nevertheless a fact that the last two crops have been only fair, and that the world's visible supply is some 300,000,000 bushels below what it was three years ago. This may not in itself provide sufficient explanation for the extraordinary violence with which the Pattee pool in Chicago has run up the price of wheat, but it does suggest that here is one commodity market at least where supply has been steadily falling behind consumption, and where a fairly high level of prices is only logical.

The strength of the agricultural sections of the country was the bulwark which stemmed the tide of the panic, and is an influence which many people expect will further give a sharp stimulus to business during the second half of the year. Granted that even an average crop is produced, the high price at which cereals are selling, and the scarcity abroad, mean untold millions added to the wealth of the country. Expressed in increased purchasing power on the part of the agricultural communities, this is an insistent stimulating force bearing on business. It is not only that crops make railroad tonnage, but that crops sold at high prices inevitably result in a great merchandise movement to the sections where the crops were raised.

These various considerations are what is responsible for the wide-spread belief that present business conditions, depressed as they may be, are only temporary, and that in the meantime things are shaping themselves toward the development of a period of great business activity. They explain, too, why it is that operators and investors alike have seemed willing to lay in lines of securities at prices totally unwarranted, apparently, by current conditions. To a great many people, well-informed as to the actual state of business at present, the whole advance has seemed out of place and illogical—so much so, in fact, that they have been willing to back their opinion with short sales, and have in many cases been badly punished. It is the testimony of those in a position to know, that a large part of the covering of "shorts" which played such a part recently in putting up the market was contributed by a number of men intimately connected with large industrial affairs. The depression which they counted upon to enable them to buy in their short sales at a profit, turned out to be the very thing which has put the strongest kind of a weapon, easy money, into the hands of their opponents. Believers in the future have had at their command almost unlimited supplies of capital with which to buy and carry stocks, and the "discounting" process has been going forward on an enormous scale.

The present, indeed, is a most excellent illustration of how the market for securities will at times disregard current conditions entirely, and shape itself according to indications of conditions to come. Another good illustration of this principle, so vital to the investor, was the breaking market of the early spring of 1907, with its "silent panic" and its utter disregard of conditions representing the acme of commercial prosperity. The wonder of all the world at the time, there is no mystery now about what the market of March two years ago was discounting. Two years hence when we look back on the present market in the same perspective, very probably it will appear that the market of March and April of 1909, as well as of 1907, reflected the conditions of six months to a year ahead.

J. L.—What is your opinion of the Interborough Rapid Transit (Subway) three-per cent. notes due May 1, 1911?

These notes are a safe and attractive investment, being part of an issue of $24,500,000, secured by $29,500,000 of first-mortgage 5's due 1952. The Public Service Commission, after an exhaustive investigation, has unanimously approved the issue of these notes.

C. I.—Having money to invest in bonds, I don't know whether to go in and buy now or to put the money into short-term notes and await a better chance. Don't you think money rates are apt to get up soon and give bonds a setback?

The chances of any marked rise in money for a good while to come are remote, and it is doubtful whether you will get a better chance to buy your bonds, without waiting a very long time. You can still get perfectly safe railroad bonds to net you 4½ per cent., and A 1 industrial issues to net you considerably more.

V. I. N.—Will you be so good as to give me the last available figures for the amount of bank-notes in the country, now and a year ago? There seems to be considerable talk about the issue of this money being too great. What harm can it do to have much money in circulation?

Bank notes in circulation April 1st were $684,407,-615 against $678,285,600 on March 1st, and $690,407,-000 April 1, 1908. As you will see, there was an increase of $6,122,015 during the past month, a period when bankers did not know what to do with their deposits, and when gold was being shipped away in great quantity. The two great evils of such an oversupply of bank-notes as we have at present are, first, that all kinds of unhealthy speculation is fostered; second, that gold is forced out of the country.

J. G. E.—In a recent article you spoke of the adverse influence on the bond market of the release of a great volume of bonds formerly held to secure government deposits. In the first place, I don't believe the amount of such bonds is very great, and in the second place why should the banks sell them at all?

The total amount of bonds set free on account of reduced circulation and withdrawn government deposits during the past twelve months is $167,600,000. Of this amount $138,500,000 were "State, city, and railroad" bonds. Whether or not these amounts are large or small is merely a matter of opinion. As to whether the owning banks will sell their bonds, that depends entirely, as was pointed out in the article referred to, upon the state of the future money market.

C. L. W.—I bought ten Wabash refunding fours out long ago at 78, and they show me a considerable loss. Would you advise me to hold on to them or to switch over into something else?

Your bonds may show a few points' decline, but we do not believe you have any reason to feel worried. These bonds had a big rise from their low point of last year, and a certain amount of reaction is only to be expected. Hold your investment and you will probably come out all right on it.

B. K. F.—If you were investing a moderate-sized trust fund for ten years and wanted to be sure of the principal above all considerations of income, would you not buy municipal bonds in preference to public-service corporation bonds? That is the question I have to decide, and your advice will be greatly appreciated.

By all means buy high-grade municipals. They are largely in the nature of government bonds and there are few public-service securities which can compare with them in point of absolute safety.

C. J.—I am offered some bonds—New Amsterdam Gas 5's and Schwarzchild and Sulzberger 6's which I should be disposed to buy, but for the fact that I don't know whether such bonds can be disposed of if I want to sell them. Is there a ready market?

The bonds you mention are always fairly closely quoted in the "outside market"—that is to say, the market directly between the dealers. There are firms which make a specialty of certain outside bonds, and have often a better market for them than there exists on the Stock Exchange for some bonds ordinarily relied active.

J. E. D.—What dividends do such stocks as Northern Pacific and St. Paul pay?

The stocks mentioned pay seven per cent., netting the investor about 4.6 per cent.

N. L. B.—Do you believe in these American Telephone and Telegraph convertible 4's which have had such a rise lately?

They are a good speculative bond on their own merits and seem to have a first-class chance of appreciation if the upward movement of the stock continues.

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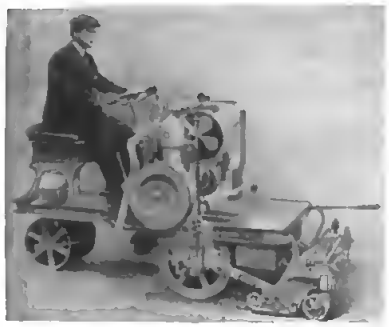

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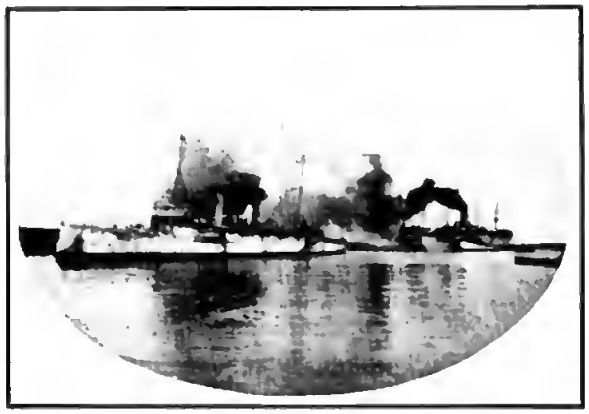
The Courtesy of a British Warship

One of the largest American troop-ships, the transport *Logan*, recently went ashore on a coral reef in the Harbor of Honolulu while in charge of an experienced pilot. Although proceeding at reduced speed, the vessel's bow became imbedded in the coral so firmly as to defy all efforts of her own twin screws and the power of two tugs to pull her off. A British cruiser, the *Cambrian*, Captain Vaughn Clewes, R.N., commanding, was lying at the naval dock, fitting out for service along the South American coast, and the captain immediately volunteered the assistance of his vessel. On the next tide the docks of Honolulu Harbor were crowded with the populace, watching an English cruiser in her effort to dislodge an American troop-ship from her dangerous berth on the coral reef. The water was calm within the harbor, and when the cruiser *Cambrian* and the United States naval tug *Iroquois* began a mighty pull on the cables and the twin screws of the *Logan* churned the sea, it was expected that the huge troop-ship would slide off the reef. The *Logan* appeared to be moving, and the observers were about to cheer, when the cables parted, and the effort had to be abandoned until the next tide. For three days the efforts to pull this ship from her dangerous position were continued without success. The sailing-master of the transport then arranged a system of cables and pulleys aboard his own ship, and attached the cables to heavy anchors astern. The steam winches working the anchor cables aboard and the direct pull of the *Iroquois* finally started the stranded ship from the cement-like grip of the coral reef, and she slid into deep water apparently without serious damage.



The British cruiser "Cambrian" attempting to pull the United States transport "Logan" off a coral reef in Honolulu Harbor

The *Logan* was bound to Manila from San Francisco, and carried a regiment of cavalry and a considerable number of casual passengers, including a contingent of coast-artillery officers for the new coast defences at Manila. The prompt, willing, and generous assistance rendered by the British cruiser was entirely in harmony with English naval traditions, and was highly appreciated by the American officers and troopers.

How Washington Kept Accounts

By Emmett Campbell Hall

In the files of the Auditor for the Treasury Department are many quaint and curious records of expenditures, but probably none so interesting to the average citizen as the old account-books of General Washington, showing outlays for himself and his "military family," as he was wont to designate his personal staff and attendants.

The date lines of the entries sketch the movements of the campaigns of the Revolution: "Headquarters, on the march"; "Headquarters, New York"; "Headquarters, Valley Forge"; "Headquarters, Yorktown."

Most of the entries cover expenditures for food supplies, but there are a number which would most decidedly come under the heading, "miscellaneous." While the books are most simple, it would be hard to get an Auditor of the present day to issue a Treasury warrant to cover an expenditure vouched for in this manner:

"Paid for a broom that Peter bought some time ago, 6d"

Under the same date as the broom entry appear the following:

"Cash paid for mending the cheriot, 1s."

"Agreed with Peggy for 4s. per month for the General's washing and 4s. per dozen for the gentlemen of the family."

Under date of July 9, 1776, this entry is made:

"This day Mrs. Thompson came to keep house for his Excellency, General Washington"; and on July 10th there is made a record of a purchase as follows:

"Bought 11 doz. of Madeira wine of Mr. Thomas Martin, 3 pounds 12s. a dozen."

On the 12th of the same month it is recorded that, "His Excellency had a present of two barrels of cider."

The system of spelling used in these records, supposed to have been made by one Caleb Gibbs, when not in the hand-writing of the General himself, is quaint. "Buckitts" of fruit were occasionally enjoyed; "colly flower" was a favorite dish, and "lyon" of veal was relished by the "family."

Much similarity in menus is shown by the recorded purchases. Wild game and fowl were then abundant, and when men were sent on hunting expeditions entries covering in detail the expenses of such trips were made a part of the record.

Does any patriot desire, next Fourth of July, to duplicate the dinner partaken of by General Washington and staff on the original Independence Day, July 4, 1776? On that day their dinner, according to the yellowed records in the Treasury Department, consisted of:

Leg of mutton	5s,	3d.
Loin of veal	7	
Roasting piece of beef	5	6
Cabbage, beets, and beans	5	5
Peas	2	
Potatoes	2	
Blackfish and lobster	5	8

The total cost of the first Independence Day dinner was therefore, excluding wines, £1 13s. 11d.

Many of the records are in the graceful and symmetrical hand of General Washington himself, and cover his accounts with the American colonies and the United States from the time he assumed command of the forces in June, 1775, to June, 1783, a period of eight years. While the entries of expenses were for the greater part made when the army was on the march, the close of each day found an accurate balance, and the close of each book shows a complete recapitulation. The top line of a page was usually begun, "Brought up"; "To foot of other page brought up"; "Brought over from other side," or "Contra-credit side."

All these accounts were kept in English money, £, s., d.

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The Death of Marion Crawford

F. Marion Crawford, the American novelist whose stories of Italian life brought him wide reputation, died at Sorrento, near Naples, on April 9th. He was born at Lucca, Italy, in 1854, his father being Thomas Crawford, the sculptor of the figure of Liberty above the Capitol at Washington, and his mother a sister of Julia Ward Howe. He was educated in England, America, Germany, and Italy, studied Sanskrit and other languages at Harvard and Cambridge, and was for a brief period editor of *The Indian Herald* at Allahabad. It was in 1881 that he wrote his first novel, *Mr. Isaacs*. It was based upon the incident of the sale of a diamond by a man

A recent portrait of Mr. Crawford

named Jacobs to the Nizam of Hyderabad, and brought some fame and money to the author. Returning to Italy, Marion Crawford took up his residence at Sorrento. In that country he met and married Elizabeth Berdan, the daughter of Major-General Hiram Berdan, and he began to turn out novels with remarkable facility and success. Among the five-and-forty-odd products of his pen during the eight-and-twenty years of his career as a writer may be mentioned *Doctor Claudius* (1883); *A Roman Singer* (1884); *Zoroaster* (1885); *A Cigarette-Maker's Romance* (1890); *Don Orsino* (1892); *Corleone* (1897); *Via Crucis* (1899); *Marzio's Crucifix* (1900); *A Lady of Rome* (1901); *The Heart of Rome* (1903); *Venetian Glasses* (1905); and *The Prima-Donna* (1906).

Exit Modjeska

Madame Helena Modjeska, the celebrated Polish actress, who for a quarter of a century held a foremost place upon the American stage, died at her home in Bay City, Orange County, California, on April 8th. She was born in 1844 at Cracow, Poland, a daughter of Michael Opido, a musician.

In 1876 political difficulties caused her

Helena Modjeska

to leave Poland with her husband, and they settled in California, founding a colony for refugees. This plan was a failure, and in 1877 the Countess made her début on the stage in San Francisco, having learned English after a brief study.

Madame Modjeska played the entire Shakespearian répertoire, and many other notable rôles, among her finest characterizations being Ophelia, Rosalind, Imogen, Cleopatra, and Lady Macbeth.

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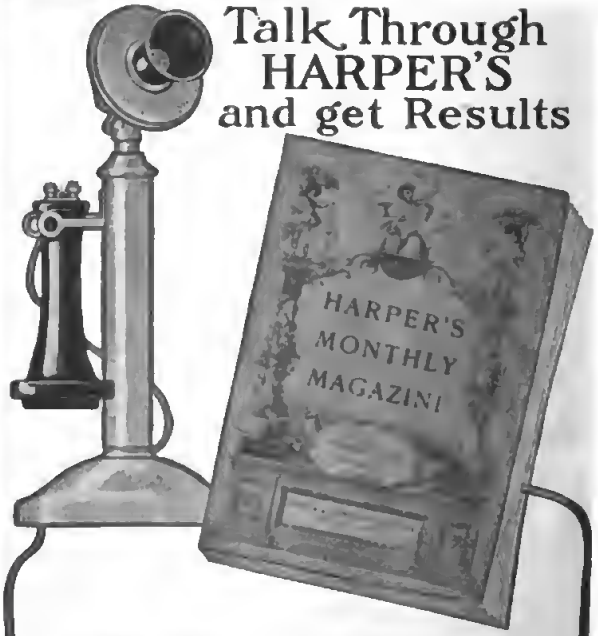

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By

Elinor Macartney Lane

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There follow picturesque love scenes among the roses. At length pride of race summons Ravenel away. A sentence read somewhere rings in Katrine's ears—"No great artistic success ever came to any woman that had not its root in a dead love."

In the second part the scene changes to Paris. There Katrine is enabled to study music under a great master through the aid of an unknown benefactor. She becomes a friend of the Countess de Nemours', a cousin of McDermott's, who in her youth had known well Ravenel's father. Ravenel enters upon large affairs of business, which involve a fierce rivalry with McDermott. Katrine makes her début. Ravenel is present to see "a new world star" arise in the firmament of music.

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Vol. LIII No. 2731

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THIRTY-SIX PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 24, 1909

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Comment

No Effectual Democratic Voice

THE leading incident of the JEFFERSON dinner on April 13th in New York was the coming in of RICHARD CROKER and his selection of a humble seat between SAMUEL UNTERMYER and ANDREW FREEDMAN, in preference to the more conspicuous one reserved for him between Judge PARKER and Governor MARSHALL at the speakers' table. Further than that there was nothing very exciting about that dinner. A letter was read from Governor JOHNSON, strongly commending THOMAS JEFFERSON and the Declaration of Independence to the consideration of the diners. He spoke of Uncle THOMAS as the man in homespun, and gave the Declaration a first-class notice without any reservations as to the Philippines. Governor HARMON spoke with earnest and orthodox deprecation of the tariff and the Panama Canal, careless whose toes he might be treading on in disparaging high protection in a roomful of contemporary Democrats. He grieved over the canal as an unwarrantable extravagance for a nation that had sacrificed its commerce to high protection. Governor MARSHALL also discussed the tariff and the benefit of the few at the cost of the many. "The East and the West," said he, "are bound together by myriad ties. We are your children. We look to you for leadership, and you have no right to disappoint us. It is your business, as it is ours, to battle for the individual rights of man." These were proper sentiments, and well spoken, and it is no fault of Governor MARSHALL that it sounds humorous to have the Honorables CHARLES MURPHY, PATRICK MCCARREN, NORMAN E. MACK, and WILLIAM E. CONNORS addressed as political parents to whom the West looked for leading in the fight for the individual rights of man. Yet these were the most powerful leaders whom Governor MARSHALL confronted. He pleased them very much, as was right, for his speech was eloquent, and there was nobody to intervene with remarks about the Democratic Congressmen from New York—MCCARREN men, chiefly—who stood in with the CANNON Republicans in the fight to amend the rules.

We guess it will have to be a voice crying in the wilderness that we must look to to make straight the Democratic paths and get the Democracy to walk in them. No voice at the JEFFERSON dinner last week helped effectually in that work, nor could have helped much *there*, perhaps, in any case. Notwithstanding the advantage of the absence of Brother BRYAN, Democracy as represented by the local chieftains at that dinner means nothing at all but the control of a local organization that gives rich pickings to the shrewd and useful privileges to the faithful, and the titular leadership of a broken-down machine which advertises the ridiculously unfit.

Raising the Flag of Independence

The Independence League hobbled up gayly at a banquet given by Brother HEARST in this city on Saturday evening. The day had been somewhat sultry, but the night opened clear as a bell to the inspiration of a bugle note sounded by Brother HEARST himself. The *American* told us all about it. In "a ringing speech" the dauntless leader "brought hundreds of Leaguers to their feet, cheering enthusiastically." His questions were pointed. "Do you not feel a thrill of joy!" he shouted. They did. "Do you not feel a sense of exultation?" he demanded, with redundant emphasis. They did. "Do not your hearts swell with pride?" They nearly bursted. "Do not your pulses throb!" They fairly tingled. And so on. Every interrogation point was, in the graphic language of Brother JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES, who occasionally writes pieces for Brother HEARST's paper, "a thunderbolt forged in the tranquil eloquence of a great and fearless leader." We have not been uplifted so high since the Hunt Breakfast. There was this difference: Brother ROOSEVELT didn't say that he wouldn't let office seek him any more. Brother HEARST did. With upraised hand and gleaming eye, while silences dark as night reigned supreme in the midst of the Leaguers and all barked with partially baled breaths, the fearless champion declared: "I have made a hard-and-fast agreement with Mr. GAYNOR here that I shall not again be asked under any circumstances to run for office." We don't happen to know Mr. GAYNOR, here or elsewhere, but he must be a strong character if he can enforce Brother HEARST's injunction forbidding liberty-loving patriots even to ask him to run. However, let us not begrudge Mr. GAYNOR's elbow any part of its power. We frankly confess our inability to grasp the fearless leader's comparison of the League to "the rod with which Moses struck the rock to liberate refreshing and reviving waters for the people," but if his real intent was to liken himself to the rock that was struck in the recent campaign, neither the deficiency of the allusion nor the hint conveyed of "Never Again" should pass unheeded. Anyhow, it is gratifying to hear that the Independence party is going to keep "its conscience clear, its heart stout, its armor bright." Those are good things to do always. Armor in particular ought ever to be kept as shiny as the well-known name on many of our public libraries. But where, Brother HEARST, where in West Springfield was HUGHES on banquet night? And who was the other candidate? Oh yes, GRAVES. Well, he was there.

Dr. Low Preaches Protection

We read in the papers that at the annual convention of the National Metal Trades Association last week "SETH LOW spoke in defence of the protective tariff, which, he declared, had made it possible for workmen to get the highest wages with the fewest hours of any country in the world." Wages are very little higher and hours fewer here than in England, where there is free trade and lower prices. In so far as protection has raised American wages, it has also raised the price of everything that wages buy. And another thing: it has been an important stimulant to immigration, subjecting American wage-earners to constant competition from European-taught workers who would stay at home if their products could gain entry on reasonable terms to our markets. Our capitalists may be benefited by a high tariff which constrains European workers to move to this country in order that the goods they make may reach our markets. That helps the development of the country, and may be useful in raising values here and making the rich richer. But if it helps American workmen at all, it can only be by a very temporary kind of assistance. Europe must pay us in some way for what we sell her. She can either send us her goods or send us her market. When she sends us her population it is one way of sending her market. It is for the American workman to consider how much net benefit he derives from having European goods shut out and European workmen let in. Whatever distress is produced in European factories by our tariff wall immediately results in a procession of the European unemployed to these shores. That procession will continue as long as there is a considerable difference between the price of labor here and abroad. From the workman's point of view the question to consider is whether he wants the country filled up quickly by immigration, or less quickly by natural home-grown increase of population. A diminished tariff makes for natural increase; an increased tariff makes for stimulated immigration and a pressure on the labor-market. Increased immigration is good for the steamship companies and the railroads, but is it good for American workmen? And does Dr. Low make a sound argument when he tells workmen that the protective tariff is making their fortunes? It is getting to be an interesting question whether it is more profitable for the American workman to have the Europeans live and work at home, or move over here. As we write, the French silk-makers are reported to be arranging to open factories in this country, the greatest silk market in the world. Well, which is better for us, to have them come here and compete on the ground with our silk-mills, or to stay at home and swap their silk fabrics for what they need of ours?

Everybody Feels Honored

In inviting CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT to be the next American ambassador to England, President TAFT is following the courteous tradition which prescribes that the United States should send to London only her very best man of the day—not merely the best diplomat, but the best man.

So says a writer in the London *Daily Mail*. England feels complimented that that appointment has been offered to Dr. ELIOT. The American people feel complimented, and so also must President ELIOT feel. It is therefore a very successful invitation, whether Dr. ELIOT sees his way to accept it or not.

Ridiculous Legislation

It is much to be hoped that the Assembly will speedily concur with the Senate in passing the bill to prohibit the publishing of betting odds in the newspapers.—*New York Evening Post, April 14th*

It is understood that odds of 5 to 3 and to some cases 5 to 2 on Harvard to win the boat race from Columbia next Saturday are being offered by Harvard men in this city.—*New York Sun, April 15th.*

If the hope of our neighbor the *Post* were realized, our neighbor the *Sun* would be guilty of a misdemeanor in publishing such a bit of sporting intelligence as is quoted above. The AGNEW bill the *Post* commends is absurd. We suppose the *Post* had not read it. "Under its terms," justly observes the *Sun*, "the highly respectable head of a highly respectable publishing-house will be liable to prosecution, and may be sent to a penitentiary or county jail for a year and fined $500, if he dares to publish an account of any historic sporting event, such as a race, a prize-fight, or a jumping contest, and includes therein a record of the wagers made on the result." The New York State Senate must have been asleep when it passed such a bill. But perhaps not. In Minnesota, on April 14th, Governor JOHNSON signed a bill which makes it a misdemeanor to manufacture, sell, or give away cigarettes or cigarette papers in Minnesota after August 1st. The mandate which American State Legislatures seem to think they have in these days to regulate the details of the personal conduct of citizens is limitless in scope and very slightly restrained by common sense.

Wheat

That fellow in Chicago is engaged in a scheme to rob the consumer and to make money.—*Secretary* WILSON.

Mr. PATTEN hasn't a corner in wheat, and his deal in the May future is not responsible for the rise in prices.—*Comptroller* METCALF.

Here are two experts who disagree on a matter which engages the attention of the public. Mr. WILSON's opinion, whether correct or not, seems the safer one to hold. Mr. PATTEN, who holds the contrary one, dare not stir out without a huge detective to guard him, and Mr. METCALF disclosed the above conviction while taking an after-dinner walk in the rain with "a specially detailed and specially paid city policeman" walking by his side.

Has Mr. PATTEN done wrong to buy so much more wheat than he needs? What is wrong? The pragmatists might define it as that which, afterward, we wish we hadn't done. Measured by that definition, Mr. PATTEN's recent conduct is quite likely to prove wrong. He says he is doing a considerable public service in keeping wheat at home, where it is needed because the supply is short. Mr. Secretary WILSON avers that the supply isn't short, and that Mr. PATTEN is robbing the consumer. A member from Kansas and a good many other people want a law passed to forbid speculation in wheat; but the law suggested by the Kansas member looks foolish. Under existing laws Attorney-General WICKERSHAM cannot find warrant for hindering Mr. PATTEN and others from buying wheat if they choose. Wrong or not, it is a much greater nuisance than most other kinds of speculation because it levies tribute on every family in the country. That is why it always rejoices the general public to have a big speculator for the rise in wheat go bust. We should heartily like to see Mr. PATTEN go bust and the price of wheat drop. If he has got it up too high, we are all victims of his extortion. All of us, except some of the farmers, are against him in his gamble and want to see him lose, but making a law to stop him is a different and a very difficult matter. Driving wedges into the machinery of trade is an expedient only excusable in extreme crises, and of doubtful value then. The natural cure for unwarrantable wheat speculation is the bankruptcy of the speculators. We doubt

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if there is any other cure for it that would not be worse than the disease. So let us be patient.

Is He Open to Engagement?

Governor Hughes has been repudiated by the Republican party in New York.—*The World*

Do you think he realizes it, and would he be susceptible, do you think, to overtures from State-Chairman Conners in behalf of the Democrats? The New York Democracy needs a man of about the dimensions of Governor Hughes. So does the national Democracy. Whatever the defects of particular measures that he advocates, he stands for one great Democratic principle—government by the people.

Don't Go, Doctor Aked

That worthy Scotch minister, the Rev. Dr. Aked, who came over to preach to Uncle John D.'s brethren, is considerably worked up over the future of the Republic. He fears it won't last. "What is there in our constitutional system," he asks, "that may not be scattered abroad by a demagogue drunk with power and dressed in a little brief authority? What reason have you for believing this Republic will endure? Fifty years ago there were thoughtful minds questioning whether the Republic can endure. No government of this nature has lasted—why should this?" Why, Doctor, there is a lot in our Federal Constitution that cannot be scattered by such a demagogue as you describe. If you don't believe it, cast your mind back only—But we won't go into that now. There is even more in the constitutional systems of our people than in that of our government that can be depended upon to prevent catastrophe. It simply happened, Doctor, that you came at a bad time to form an accurate judgment of the real temper of our folks. They don't mind taking a fling occasionally when a Jackson or—well, a predecessor of Taft comes along, but that is all it amounts to. As soon as the time comes to settle down to business, they do it with comparative ease and commendable determination. The reason why this Republic will last despite the breaking of the Roman and a few others may be found in the fact that, unlike them, it has its roots in conscience, patriotism, intelligence, and *universal education of the young*. It's all right, Doctor. Don't worry! And don't carry out your threat to go home if Uncle John D. and his brethren refuse to build you a big meeting-house. We have grown to admire and like you over here, and want you to stay long enough at least to get over this spring-time attack of the blues.

Young Men for War

In connection with Brother Joseph Pulitzer's recent stern declaration that he would gladly edit the *World* in jail if necessary to maintain the Freedom, etc., of the Press, we observe with interest that at a meeting of the *World* directors Mr. J. Angus Shaw was duly elected Pres. and Treas., and Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, junior, was chosen to be Sec'y.

Elmhurst Balks at Enlightenment

We offer sympathy to the Art Committee of the Queensborough, Long Island, Library, which sent to its Elmhurst Branch a collection of framed photographs of statuary, to be hung on the library walls. They were so hung, but because the collection included divers photographs of undraped statues they stirred up scandal in Elmhurst. We read that sixty-five members of the W. C. T. U. protested that the photographs were not proper subjects to be placed before the immature minds of children, and gave out through their spokeswoman that if pictures were wanted for the library they were ready to present to it pictures of Washington, Lincoln, and other great Americans, all, no doubt, with complete sets of clothes on. Of course that sort of protest is familiar, and is a common source of gayety to the newspapers. People that are not used to the unclad in statuary are liable to be scandalized by it. What is important to bring home to the minds of such persons is that the right cure for their condition is not to remove the objects of their reprobation, but to get their minds used to those objects. The more immature the mind of a child is, the less liable it is to slush in the contemplation of the nude in art. There is nothing inherently indecent in the human body as idealized by the masters of sculpture and painting. To help us to realize that is one of the purposes of education, and one of the aims of such exhibitions as the Elmhurst matrons resent. If they will bear with the library pictures, the pictures will do them good.

The Chauffeur and the Child

Duncan, a chauffeur who lately ran down and killed a boy in New York, and ran away, has been captured in Texas. He admitted his crime, and the papers say:

> He declared that while passing along the street in his automobile he approached a crowd of boys playing. In the scramble to get away, one of the boys was struck by the hoop and mudguard and knocked down.

Probably that is true, because it describes what commonly happens. The scene is perfectly familiar—children in the street, and an automobile coming toward them lickety-split. Those of them who get out of the way in time are not run over. Something can doubtless be done to keep children out of the streets of cities; a great deal can certainly be done to make chauffeurs wary of running over them. There are streets and streets. In some, children abound and vehicles are scarce. In such streets the children's play rights are paramount and vehicles should respect them. And there are great thoroughfares and minor ones where vehicles abound and children are scarce, and in those the rights of vehicles are paramount. What seems to be needed is to induce relations of mutual terror between children and chauffeurs, so that the chauffeur shall be just as badly scared at the sight of the child in the street as the child is at the sight of the automobile coming.

The worst of the chauffeurs—those that get drunk and go forth on untrammelled joy-rides through the streets at night in whatever motor-car they can lay hands on—are gradually attending to their own cases, with some help from a stimulated police. Every night or two one of these ruffians runs into something and breaks his worthless neck. The papers as we write, tell of four, out at night in a stolen machine on April 10th, who ran at great speed into a tree in Central Park. Result, one smashed to a pulp and dead, two expected to die, and the fourth caught by the police. Incidents like this are very helpful.

Experts on the Liquor Question

In Boston on April 6th the liquor problem was discussed at the dinner of the Economic Club by Professor A. R. Hatton of Western Reserve University, Mr. Norman Hapgood, Secretary Fox of the United Brewers' Association, and Professor Münsterberg of Harvard. Some of the opinions of these expert gentlemen may be interesting to the Weekly's readers.

Professor Hatton regarded the liquor problem as the most difficult that confronts civilized governments. It is a political problem, he thought, relating mostly to cities. Prohibition, he thought, had broken down in cities, but he was for local option inside of cities by wards or districts, and for limitation of the number of saloons. Norman Hapgood found himself inclined to favor prohibition outside the great cities, but argued for the tiethunberg system of liquor-selling as most effective in diminishing it. Professor Münsterberg has come to be known as a defender of alcohol, but he is not so much that as a critic of the means in favor to abate the damage that alcohol does. As to that damage he has no delusions. He said at the Economic Club meeting:

> I have doth half a dozen letters from people begging to be cured of the liquor habit, and I know something of the misery that follows it. I have no doubt that the prohibition movement is about to spread all over the United States, and I see the gravest danger in that fact, because it will lead to a reaction in the direction of intemperance, that which is really needed is education for true temperance.
>
> Intemperance is the most important cause for insanity, nervous diseases, crime, idiocy, and the ruin of the next generation. There ought not to be any doubt that for all nervous and psychopathic persons abstinence is the only course. Moreover, alcohol for young people ought to be prohibited.

But he held that prohibition is the worst enemy of sound education against liquor. Neither was he of Brother Hapgood's opinion that prohibition worked pretty well outside of the big cities. As to that he said:

> I absolutely deny that we can say prohibition is a success in certain States just because alcohol has disappeared from them, unless we can also compare the mental progress of those States and find the kind of rebel sought there.

The great current fact about alcohol is the length and breadth and intensity of the current fight against it. As we see it, it is a very imperfectly intelligent fight, but it is impressive in its scope and vehemence. A large majority of our people, and doubtless of the people of every other civilized country, are not drunken, and they are tired of having the people who are drunken loaded upon their backs to be carried. So far as the problem can be solved, it is going to be solved; we believe that. The energy to solve it is available. Through wise means or foolish that energy is likely to work on, and to win improvement whether by mistakes or by successes. It is seen almost universally that John Barleycorn is in the way of human progress. He must get out of the way. That the use of alcohol can be abolished we have no idea, but we have hopes that it is going to be made vastly more consistent with the best interests of humanity than it has ever been, and that, in the course of the next fifty years.

Bulling Wheat

One way to get a niche in the temple of fame is to bull wheat. Niches now occupied bear such names as Hutchinson, Partridge, Joseph Leiter, and Pillsbury. Perhaps Mr. Orren Aamot could have a niche if he wanted it. There seems to be a new niche making to be labelled "James E. Patten." But Mr. Patten seems to be fairly prudent, and possibly his niche will continue to be comfortable this time.

We Don't Think So

Those of us who believe in praying for material blessings will do well to pray long and earnestly that rich women will never cease to buy \$100 hats and \$1,000 gowns, with diamonds and other jewels to match; that they will continue to give balls and teas and entertainments of the most expensive kind; that they will be recklessly extravagant in gewgaws and folderols of every description, because it will be good for us who depend upon an income drawn from the multitude of operations involved in preparing, merchandizing, and transporting all those gewgaws and other gimcracks that go to keep extravagance at a high pitch.

Let us hope that rich men's sons will continue to spend their fathers' money as foolishly as they are reputed to do—not because it will be good for them, but because it will be good to have the money poured into the wage-earner's money channels.

The above sentiments are part of a signed article contributed some time ago to Harper's Weekly. Inasmuch as they have been widely copied, and have been the subject of sundry letters of protest, and of editorials of derision in various papers, it seems proper to say that they are the opinions of our contributor (Mr. Hewes) whose name was signed to them, but not the opinions of the Weekly. The Weekly is far from supposing that the prosperity of a nation can be advanced by extravagant expenditure in gewgaws and folderols. There is a difference, of course, between productive and unproductive expenditure.

Trinity Wins

The corporation of Trinity Church, having beaten St. John's both at law and at the polls, as was expected, will use its victory, we presume, in such a fashion as to give the secular world an example of forbearance and moderation. St. John's, it has been given out, is neither to be pulled down nor closed, though the character of its uses will be somewhat changed. While extravagant and unjust charges were made against Trinity in the heat of the recent fight, the corporation probably knows that its course with St. John's has not only been unpopular with most of the newspapers and most of the citizens who write letters to them, but that it has been regretted with feeling by many reasonable and pious-minded persons, both lay and clerical, in the Episcopal Church. To be out of sympathy with an important and respectable fraction of the members of its own denomination in its own city is a condition which this rich and leading ecclesiastical corporation will doubtless wish to avoid if it can, and no doubt it can.

When Gold Lace Becomes a Vanity

Three Democratic Colonels have resigned from the staff of Governor Shallenberger of Nebraska because he signed the bill described as the "daylight saloon-closing bill" passed by the Nebraska Legislature. As the lamented Burns might have said, Gold lace is but the guinea's stamp, and worthless without its reasonable privileges.

Turkey

It is very much open to discussion whether the Sick Man of Europe has taken a turn for the better or has had a relapse. The news of the hour supports either view according to the attitude of the reader. Apparently, there is too much new thought in Turkey to be suppressed for any length of time. The Sultan can still make trouble, but he cannot stop the yeast from working. The power at present is in the hands of the army, and the army seems remarkably thoughtful—too thoughtful, it would seem, to be a ready tool of either despotism or fanaticism.

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The Last of the Giants

As American editor of long and wide experience has warned us that the age of great individuals has passed, and that the day is at hand of great combinations, great organizations. We are no longer to look, he opined, for men of such great individual power and genius as stood out in the early Victorian era, but rather for an ever-increasing number of moderately gifted writers and thinkers who bear together the tasks of the world's slow progress. Certainly none can escape seeing that the democratic process of leveling everything down — literature — scholarship — thought — philosophy — to the most commonplace and accessible basis is doing a great deal to starve out genius. The late Mr. MARION CRAWFORD, himself an industrious and conscientious worker at machine-made literature, spoke of our people as a nation of second-rate writers, and unless one make an exception of HAWTHORNE, we should be far to seek for a first-rate writer. WHITMAN might be taken as a first-rate original genius, and EMERSON, possibly, as a first-rate thinker, but neither could be considered—form and matter taken into account—as first-rate writers. England, herself, has not, of late, produced new giants, and the last of the very great ones lies dead.

What a bold and an amazing gift was SWINBURNE'S! What fecundity, what exuberance of thought and emotion, what unparalleled deftness and intricacy of cunning, what mastery of melody, what unequalled coping with rhythm and meter! One has but to read the notices appearing on every side, at his passing, to see how far and away above the general level of understanding was his work. Of all the great Victorians, he has been the least read and the least understood. In a day of commercial democracy he stood out a Republican and an aristocrat; in an age of tolerant and lukewarm creeds, he poured out the phials of his wrath upon Laodiceans and worldlings; in an age when men worshipped respectability as a god, he flung into the face of the Philistines every insult, every outrage, he could find in his great, sympathetic heart, in his wide-ranging intellect. Perhaps his method showed not only a lack of worldly wisdom, but a lack of that higher wisdom which is born of insight, sympathy, and pity. It would have been better, perhaps, to forgive them, since they knew not what they did, and to offer them gentler teachings since few can be beaten into the paths of nobility. Perhaps if the British Philistine had been eloquent enough to convey to Mr. SWINBURNE that though we were very stupid, very unalert, very dull and much deceived and fragmentary, seeing only one bit of truth at a time, we are not so because we choose it, but because genius is so rare a gift, he might have been persuaded to deal more tenderly with us. But it is one of the failings of genius to believe all men of a kind with itself, and to look upon incapacity as unwillingness.

The great burden of Mr. SWINBURNE'S learning alone would have been enough to alienate him from his kind. He impressed into his service the best of foreign literatures. He knew French and Italian literature as intimately, as thoroughly, as he did the Elizabethan period of English literature; upon which last subject he has left a large body of inestimable criticism. He was immersed in Greek and Latin literatures, not in an academic way, resulting in dull textual criticism, but recreating the very thought and atmosphere of that past age and reproducing, with perfervid emotion, the poetry of that past. Where, in modern literature, is SAPPHO so alive as in the threat she hurls at the beloved:

> "Thee, too, the years shall cover: thou shalt be
> As the rose born of one same blood with thee,
> As a song sung, as a word said"—

And then follows the exultant and triumphant proclamation of her own immortality:

> "but me—
> Men shall not see bright fire, nor hear the sea,
> Nor mix their hearts with music, nor behold
> Cast forth of heaven with feet of awful gold
> And plumeless wings that make the bright air blind,
> Lightning with thunder for a hound behind,
> Hunting through fields unfurrowed and unsown—
> Just in the light and laughter, in the moan
> And music, and in grasp of lip and hand
> And shudder of water that makes felt on land
> The immeasurable tremor of all the sea,
> Memories shall mix and metaphors of me."

The last four lines with the wonderful music of the letter *m*, the cumulative effect of such words as shudder — tremor — immeasurable — memories — could have been set together by no other poet of any land than SWINBURNE.

His was a wonderful gift of catching far-away emotions from a mere hint, a bit of a broken line, and who that remembers "On the Cliffs" will say that he did not add the noblest of modern feeling to what he borrowed from the past, did not ask:

> "A memory mastering pleasure and all pain,
> A spirit within the sense of ear and eye,
> A soul beside the soul."

Surely only pure ignorance could accuse him of "deficiency of feeling and exuberance of language." He had extraordinary fervor of temperament, but as he himself has told us, he was chiefly responsive to nature and to thought. In "Thalassius" he has given us a biographical poem as fine and as illuminating as "Alastor" and "Epipsychidion." He is the child of the sea and the offspring of the Sun God. How the sea sounds through all his poems from first to very last! In the first series of "Poems and Ballads" the sea's murmur begins in "The Triumph of Time," with:

> "It is not much that a man can save,
> On the sands of life, in the straits of time,
> Who seems in sight of the great, third wave
> That never a swimmer shall cross or climb."

And:

> "I will go back to the great, sweet mother,
> Mother and lover of men, the sea."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "O hair green-girdled mother of mine,
> Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,
> Thy sweet, hard kisses are strong like wine,
> Thy large embraces are keen like pain.
> Save me and hide me with all thy waves,
> Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,
> Those pure, cold, populous graves of thine,
> Wrought without hand in a world without stain."

There is the resounding and swinging sea passage in that rhythmical masterpiece "The Hymn to Proserpine," ending on the ironic exclamation,

> "Will ye bridle the deep sea with reins, will ye
> chasten the high sea with rods,
> Will ye take her to chain her with chains who is
> older than all the gods?"

The sea-soliloquy in "Tristram of Lyonesse" is incomparable as it is, entries on the great tradition of his sea poetry, to be capped finally by the sea songs of "A Midsummer Holiday." To students of poetry it is interesting to note how TENNYSON and BROWNING write of the sea, as seen in the distance or from a height, while to SWINBURNE it is ever the sea of the man in it or close to it.

> "Strike out from the shore as the heart in us bids
> and beseeches, attune for the foam."

It is impossible in a few swift words in a column to speak of the splendid courage and high independence with which in an age pestered by five-cent peep shows he constructed poetic drama in the grand style—psychological studies full of the changing moods, the hesitancies, "swift hopes and slow despondencies" of great heroes.

Nor is there space to do more than mention a few of those more austere meditations which convey his philosophy of life, "On the Downs," "The Prologue" to the "Songs before Sunrise," "Thalassius," "On the Cliffs," "A Forsaken Garden," "Ave Atque Vale" (one of the greatest of English elegies), "Off Shore," "An Autumn Vision," "A Swimmer's Dream."

Perhaps as much as can be given in little is contained in the last lines from "Super Flumina Babylonis":

> "Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown,
> A just fate given.
> Whoso takes the world's life on him and his own
> lays down
> He, dying so, lives."
>
> "Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged
> world's weight,
> And puts it by,
> It is well with him suffering though he face man's
> fate;
> How should he die?"
>
> "Seeing death hath no part in him any more; no
> power
> Upon his head.
> He has bought his eternity with a fifth hour
> And is not dead."

"Hertha" stands first, perhaps, as giving his complete world-view, and though the main tenets may be drawn from Heraclitus, it yet has in it what no other poet of his generation caught, the breath of the Vedic hymns. It is worth pausing to note that while GEORGE ELIOT presents in pure literature the philosophy of MILL and BENTHAM, while BROWNING frankly reproduces his HEGEL, and GEORGE MEREDITH made straight the way for the Pragmatists, the poetry of SWINBURNE forecasts the philosophy which is yet to be written. Present in the teachings and the discourse of the younger thinkers, it has not yet received its classical exposition.

But when all this is said of SWINBURNE, the highest and best of his powers has not yet been named, which is, just, his power of uplifting and fortifying the soul. As there are those who can turn to SHAKESPEARE for strength and solace, finding both in the immense and varied spectacle he offers of human life and passion, so others will always turn back to SWINBURNE for an exalted, impersonal, and poignant emotion which does somehow communicate of its own quality to them that can receive. He gives just the thing, whatever it be, by virtue of which men learn to live nobly, unafraid, bearing it out, even to the edge of doom.

The last of the great Victorian giants lies dead. He lived persistently at a height unscalable by average man. There is none left, great enough even, to measure his genius. But "anomaly and incongruity as he must be accounted," writes a famous critic in the *Quarterly*, "he is a master, a great poet, an immortal."

Correspondence

THE WEEKLY AND THE SOUTHERN QUESTION

CHICAGO, ILL., *April 4, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—We usually look to the type of magazine which HARPER'S WEEKLY represents for the substantial and conservative things of American thought. Its present stand on the Southern question, however, pretty nigh convicts it of radicalism. The opinion is fairly well current just now that the liquidation of the Solid South somewhat hinges upon the offering up of the black hosts of our land upon the altar of national unification. Of course, Webster and Lincoln did put the welfare of a united country first, as is natural. Yet with HARPER'S it would seem that it is a case of "out-Johnsoning Johnson." In a nutshell, if is generally admitted that there is no physical, intellectual, or moral obstacle to an amicable settlement of racial difference of the South, but rather the presence of a mental disability on the part of the white citizen. The country ought to be better united, and the police happened upon to attain that end seems incidentally to include a lumbering of this alleged disability to a further effacement of the colored brother. This, apropos, is an excellent policy but slightly unsound principle. It seems to me as a proclaimer of high ideals as well as an adviser in practical state affairs HARPER'S ought not to lose extra sight of the principle in the premises.

I am, sir,

CHARLES S. DUKE.

TILDEN, TOO

DENVER, COLO., *April 5, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In a recent issue you refer to Mr. Taft as "the first President of the United States to be elected from the rank of the sons of Yale." If you had said, elected and inaugurated, I would have no criticism to make. Yale claims Samuel J. Tilden as one of its sons, and I think all fair-minded men are of the opinion that Mr. Tilden was elected President of the United States in 1876. That he never filled the office was no fault of his, but was the result of the most infamous crime against free government in our history.

I am, sir,

P. A. WETZEL.

To Algernon Charles Swinburne

By Francis Medhurst

O GREAT and simple spirit!
O soul of wondrous worth!
To day thou dost inherit
The fulness of the earth.
Thy song the breeze is sighing,
Thy strains the birds are crying,
Thou hast but passed at dying
Unto a larger birth.

In all the waters falling
Thy notes full-fluted fall;
The woods of spring are calling
None other than thy call.
In every lark's clear throating,
His soul to song devoting,
Thy lyric strains are floating.
Thou art in each and all.

Thy soul still sings and scourges
The wards to wanton glee;
The swift storm-smitten surges
Do but re-echo thee.
Thy revements burst asunder
Thou vorest all the wonder,
The tumult and the thunder
And shouting of the sea.

Thou smil'st in love's light laughter,
Thou weepest in love's tears!
Within, before and after,
Thou art his hopes and fears.
Thy summons calls the daytime
To light him to his playtime.
Thine is the song of May time
That laughs to scorn the years.

Through thy clear notes comes winging
The call of all the wild.
Thou art the mother singing
To soothe her sleeping child.
Thou'rt one with life and never
Can fate the bond dissever.
To pass thou by forever
E'en death hast thou beguiled.

Thy grave is song's own altar,
Thy resting place her shrine.
He may not fall nor falter
Who sets his strain to thine.
Far in the unbeholden
The singers great and olden
Call thee in accents golden
To join the choir divine.

No bidding now thou needest
Too late to lie with kings.
Such honor aught thou heedest,
Thine are the greater things.
Thou wert no monarch's minion.
A sturdier, prouder pinion
Bore thee to wide dominion
On song's upwheeling wings.

In no close cabinet corner
Thy greatness may we hem.
Of fames thou wert a scorner,
Thy place is not in them.
The crowded ways forsaking,
Thy thirst for sound still slaking,
Lie, where the wild waves breaking
Shall chant thy requiem.

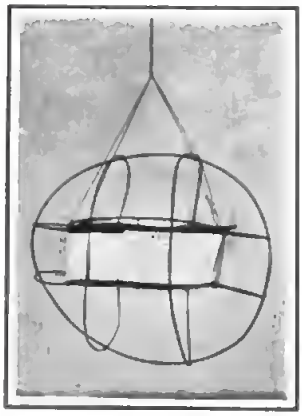
Sleep, where the seas are sounding
Their anthems sweet and strong
Sleep, where the winds are bounding
In play the sands along.
Sleep, where the gulls are nesting.
The spume and spindrift breasting.
While o'er thy place of resting
Soars high a dome of song.

The New Science of the Air

By Waldemar Kaempffert

Photographs copyrighted, 1906, by Byron Brothers

Sending up a sounding-balloon. The recording instruments are contained in the small basket



The basket containing the recording instruments. The notice contains the offer of two dollars to the finder

SO far as the earth is concerned, the sun is very much in the position of a man who practically utilizes only a single cent out of a fortune of $22,000,000 and throws the rest away; for only 1-200,000,000 of the sun's heat ever reaches us. That pittance must be conserved, for which reason the earth is wrapped in a wonderful, transparent, and invisible garment which we call the air and which serves the very utilitarian purpose of keeping the world warm. Of the thickness of that wrapping we know but little. Perhaps it may extend outward from the earth for a distance of fifty miles, perhaps for a hundred miles. Some idea of its density may be gained by stating that if this planet were a globe only six feet in diameter, the air would be not much less than half an inch nor more than two inches thick. The texture of this gaseous garment and its peculiar relation to the sun have but recently been made the subject of rigorous investigation; for only in our own day has it been perceived that the vagaries of the weather might thus be satisfactorily explained and a system of weather forecasting devised more far-reaching and accurate than that which at present serves us.

A combination wind gauge, thermometer, hygrometer, and barometer, which makes its records automatically while in the air

One step in this investigation is the study of the physical attributes with which the air is endowed. The air has a weight which fluctuates from day to day and from hour to hour. It is sometimes warm and sometimes cold, sometimes moist and sometimes dry, sometimes calm and sometimes turbulent. All this our senses taught us long ago. But so crude are our senses that they can never tell us exactly how much it weighs at a given moment, how wet it is, how fast it moves, and how warm or cold it is. The physicist has, therefore, been constrained to devise subtler senses. He has given us a remarkable balance which is known to every one as a barometer and which weighs the air to a nicety; a delicate measurer of moisture, which he calls a hygrometer; a motion or wind recorder, which every navigator knows as an anemometer; and a heat-measurer in the form of the familiar thermometer. These respective artificial senses have been used on the surface of the earth for many years, and by their means are gathered the main facts upon the basis of which our Weather Bureau ventures to predict the morrow's weather.

Because we have learned practically all there is to learn of the lower air and because weather forecasters have in the past ignored the upper levels of the air, levels which unquestionably have their influence on the weather, it was felt that some effort must be made to measure the thickness of the earth's invisible wrapping and to determine the weight, temperature, velocity, and moisture of the air miles above us.

In order to accomplish this task it was essential to invent an artificial arm which would grasp the sensitive barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, and anemometer devised by the physicist and hold them for us in the upper reaches of the air. The problem of providing such an arm was not easily solved. In fact, it is not completely solved even now, for which reason the hand of science has not yet succeeded in touching the uppermost layer of air—the hem of the earth's mysterious robe. Fifty years ago the experiment was made of entrusting instruments of precision to venturesome balloonists. Hardly a year passes but it is repeated. Because a human being cannot breathe the tenuous air of great altitudes and live, the experiment has sometimes proved fatal. To overcome the difficulty, the meteorologist has taken a leaf from the book of the marine biologist, who plumbs the deep sea with scientific instruments and brings to the surface living facts for subsequent study. The meteorologist, accordingly, now sounds the air, as if it were a great invisible ocean at the bottom of which we live.

The artificial arm that reaches upward has assumed the form either of a kite or of a small unmanned balloon, and thus it has become possible to elevate to great heights the mechanical senses that weigh the air, feel its moisture and its heat, and note its motion. The men to whom most of the credit is due for all that has been gleaned in the last few years are Teisserenc de Bort, of France, Prof. A. Lawrence Rotch, of the United States, and Dr. Richard Assmann, of Germany.

The scientific projection of the human mind to the upper atmosphere was not achieved merely by the invention of instruments and means for elevating them. Our eyes could not read the instruments when they were suspended in the air, and so it became necessary to make the artificial senses self-recording. Ingenious scientific artisans have provided the barometer, thermometer, hygrometer, and wind-gauge with clock-driven fingers that write a continuous, colorless, impersonal and therefore unbiased story of atmospheric happenings at great heights—a story which, to those who are versed in the hieroglyphic script in which it is written, gives a coherent account of the conditions that prevail at various elevations. The inventive genius which has been displayed in devising these self-recording instruments would have been richly rewarded had it been applied to the needs of every-day life.

The lifting power of kites and balloons is limited, for which reason the instruments are made of feathery lightness and are ingeniously combined. The combination is generically known as a "meteorograph." Thus the thermometer and barometer are merged into a meteorograph specifically known as a "baro-thermograph," a contrivance which is provided with two automatic hands, one of which writes down the weight (pressure) of the air and the other its temperature. Sometimes the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer are joined in a single instrument, which notes the humidity as well as the pressure and temperature. When the instruments return to the ground their records inform the meteorologist of the height of the kite or balloon at any given minute during its ascent and of the temperature and barometric pressure at that particular minute. Because an ink has been found which will not freeze in the bitter cold of the upper air, the writing fingers of these instruments trace their story on smoked cylinders. At lower levels special inks and paper can be employed. Samples of air have been collected by Teisserenc de Bort at heights which no human being can ever hope to reach, by devices that operate as if they were endowed with brains. To explain this remarkable feat, it may be stated that at a predetermined altitude the barometer was made to complete an electric circuit (just as we push a bell-button), whereupon a little hammer fell and broke a closed, exhausted glass tube. Air rushed into the tube and the glass was thereupon automatically sealed by a current which heated a platinum wire coiled around the broken end of the tube, thereby fusing the glass.

These are but a few of a long list of scientific inventions which might be cited and of which the world hears nothing. Meteorology has more than one unheralded Edison and Tesla, men who labor year after year in scientific obscurity, and who deem themselves richly rewarded if their instruments aid us in the discovery of some new atmospheric phenomenon which may illumine the very dark subject of meteorology.

The elevation of these instruments by kites has probably been carried to the greatest perfection by Prof. A. Lawrence Rotch, of the Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory at Hyde Park, Massachusetts. His exploration of the lower four miles of air is the most complete that has yet been made. The kites employed by him, and, for that matter, by most air explorers, are of the open box type, which every boy now flies in preference to the old-fashioned single-surface contrivance distinguished by its long tail of rags knotted together. For meteorological purposes, however, the box kite assumes dimensions that utterly dwarf its toy prototype. Some of the Blue Hill kites measure nine feet in length. Despite the great lifting capacity imparted by its expansive surface, an air-exploring kite could not attain a considerable height if it were held only by hemp. A cord or rope would necessarily be so heavy and thick that a kite would be severely taxed in pulling it up. Hence it is the practice to employ fine piano-wire, which is both strong and light.

So powerful is the pull of a large kite that human muscles are hardly able to cope with it. An engine-driven winch is therefore utilized to haul in the long line. Devices are employed to register the pull of the kite and the length of the wire in use. Often it happens that as much as ten miles of line may be paid out. The elevation of the kite is determined in clear weather from data obtained by means of special optical instruments (theodolites) placed on the ground. At night and in hazy weather the meteorograph readings themselves must be depended upon.

Four miles may be considered the maximum height that a kite is capable of attaining. To explore the air above that limit and above the six miles that mark the end of human endurance in manned balloons, the "sounding balloon" is employed, of which the most skilful use has been made by Teisserenc de Bort and by Dr. Richard Assmann.

The balloons are filled with hydrogen gas, which expands with increasing elevation. The degree of inflation therefore depends upon the height to be attained. Thus, if the balloon is to reach a point

A general view of the Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory, where the most careful kite explorations of the air have been conducted

where the air is one-half as dense as it is at the level of the sea, the gas-bag is half filled. If at the objective point the density of the air is one-fourth the density at the level of the sea, the bag is filled only one-fourth. Obviously, if very great heights are to be attained, heights where the air is exceedingly rare and thin, the balloon's capacity must be great and the construction wonderfully light. Paper balloons were, therefore, adopted by Teisserenc de Bort. Latterly, however, Assmann's India-rubber balloons, varying in diameter from three to five feet, have come into use, because they reach greater heights. At the maximum elevation of the balloon the expansion of the hydrogen gas is so powerful that the balloon bursts. Retarded in their fall by a parachute, the instruments glide gently down to the ground. Instead of a parachute a slightly inflated auxiliary balloon may be employed, which does not explode, and which has sufficient buoyancy to prevent a too rapid descent of the instruments. In the basket in which the instruments are contained a printed notice is attached which offers a reward for their return. More than ninety-five per cent. of the sounding-balloons liberated find their way back to the observatories. Indeed, the zeal of the finder is sometimes such that he even takes the trouble to polish the smoked cylinder on which the records are traced.

Sounding-balloons reach astonishing elevations and generally travel at railroad speed. Often they rise to heights of over fifteen miles and cover distances of seven and eight hundred miles at the rate of forty to eighty miles an hour. A paper balloon will reach its greatest height in about six hours; a rubber balloon, in three hours.

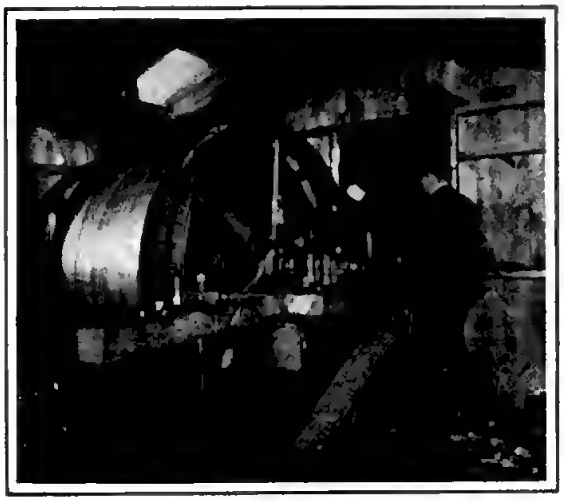
Ascents with kites and sounding-balloons are regularly made on agreed dates by the air-exploring stations of the entire world. The following dates have been chosen for kite and balloon ascents during 1909: January 11th, 12th, and 13th; February 4th; March 4th; March 31st, and April 1st and 2d; May 6th; June 3d; June 30th, and July 1st and 2d; August 5th; September 2d; October 8th, 7th, and 8th, and November 4th. The dates for December have not been determined as yet.

In previous years an "international week" of simultaneous upper-air observations all over the world has been carried out during July. In last summer's "international week" special attention was paid to the exploration of the air over the intertropical regions. This year the "international week" will fall in December and will, therefore, be devoted to a study of the air in winter.

As a result of many hundred flights made by kites and sounding-balloons by day and by night, in fair weather and foul, in spring and summer, in autumn and winter, over land and sea, in the tropics and within the arctic circle, we know that even in midsummer we live in a comparatively thin stratum of warm air. We know, too, that if we could transport ourselves to a height of ten miles and live in the bitter cold, thin air which would there surround us, we should find the aspect of the heavens wonderfully changed. The sky would no longer appear azure and suffused with light. By day as well as by night it would appear fearfully black. Like brilliant points pricked in a sable canopy, the stars would shine forth at noon and at midnight. They would shine, moreover, not with the scintillation to which we are accustomed, but with relentless steadiness. The sun would blaze as fiercely in that cloudless sky of jet that the human skin would blister under its scorching rays. So tenuous would be the air that it could not propagate sound. I could not call to my friend and be heard, even though my hand touched his.

Much of this might have been guessed without the aid of the elaborate machinery that has been invented to explore the air. Much, however, has been discovered that was undreamed of in our meteorology. It has been discovered, among other things, that the air is stratified above us in three more or less distinct layers.

The lowermost of these layers, the layer in which we live and which extends upward for about two miles from the surface of the earth (at which height the freezing-point is encountered), is a region of turmoil, warm to-day and cold to-morrow. This is the region of whirlwinds, of cyclones and anti-cyclones, of cool descending currents and warm ascending currents. All our weather forecasting is at present based upon what can be learned from the general circulation of the air in this lowermost layer.



The engine used to haul the kites, which are too strong for human hands. Piano-wire instead of cordage is used

Beginning at the two-mile level that marks the end of the lowermost layer and extending upward for a distance of some six miles we find a second stratum of air—a stratum less capricious, and one in which the air grows steadily colder and drier with increasing height. The lowest temperature thus far recorded is 166° below the Fahrenheit freezing-point. Whatever thermal irregularities there may be are caused by wide temperature changes on the surface of the earth and by the reflection of solar heat by the clouds. Here the air moves in great planetary swirls, produced by the spinning of the earth on its axis, so that the wind always blows in the same easterly direction. The greater the height the more furious is the blast of this relentless gale.

Last of all comes a layer which was discovered by Teisserenc de Bort and Dr. Richard Assmann almost simultaneously, and which was at first called the "isothermal stratum," because the temperature seemed to be stationary. When it was later found that the temperature, instead of remaining constant, actually increased, the layer was rechristened the "permanent-inversion stratum." How high the temperature rises in this layer has not been ascertained as yet.

Although the air is warmer than in the layer immediately below, the temperature lies far below the Fahrenheit zero and may be placed somewhere between 122° and 140° below the Fahrenheit freezing point. Here we have a region of meteorological anomalies which have not yet been satisfactorily explained. In passing from the second to the "permanent inversion" layer, the wild blasts of wind are stilled to a breeze, the velocity decreasing from twenty-five to eighty per cent. The air no longer whirls in a planetary circle. Indeed, the wind may blow in a direction quite different from that in the second layer. Whatever may be the moisture of the air below, it is always excessively dry in the permanent-inversion layer. Just where this permanent-inversion layer begins depends on the season, the latitude, the barometric pressure, and perhaps on other factors still unknown. Just where it ends no one knows, for although sounding-balloons have risen to heights of over eighteen miles, its upper limit has not yet been discovered. In summer-time the permanent-inversion layer begins at a height of about seven and one-half miles above the earth. We know that the higher it lies the colder it is, that the lower it lies the warmer it is. We know, too, that there is no bodily shifting up and down of warm and cold masses of air in that mysterious region.

The result is that a current ascending from the lower level spreads out when it encounters the "permanent-inversion" layer as if a solid barrier had been interposed.

Up to the height of the "permanent-inversion" layer the temperature falls at the average of 1° C. per 100 metres (1° F. per 182 feet), so that on a hot summer's day with a temperature of 90° Fahrenheit at the earth's surface, a man could place himself in fairly cool surroundings if he could rise only 1,400 feet. Because of the constant upheavals to which the air is subject in its lower levels, this average rate of temperature reduction, as we ascend, is not often observed. It may even happen that for a short distance the thermometer may rise instead of falling. Ultimately, however, the temperature drops at a uniform rate until it reaches a point lower than that recorded by any north-pole explorer.

To these fluctuating temperatures in the lowermost layer clouds and rain are due. Warm air tends to rise and to cool as it rises. The cooling in turn condenses its water vapor into clouds. Cold air tends to fall and to precipitate in the form of rain, snow, or hail the condensed water of the atmosphere.

The three layers of air which have been disclosed to us by the sensitive instruments of modern meteorology intermingle but slightly. The one floats upon the other as oil floats upon water. Of the great ocean of air at the bottom of which we move and live, three-fourths lies below the "permanent-inversion" layer. All our storms, our clouds, our dust, are phenomena of the lower two layers.

When the meteorologist has fully discovered the influence which the upper region exerts upon the lower, he will be able to foretell the weather not merely a day but perhaps a week or more in advance.

The piano-wire from the drum passes through the engine-house roof and over a swivelled wheel

The kites which are used in exploring the air are sometimes higher than a man, when standing on end

Mr. Roosevelt at Gibraltar, after landing from the Governor's barge. The ex-President is walking by the side of United States Consul Sprague. The other members of the party are the Commander of the Port and the Governor's aide-de-camp

Mr. Roosevelt judging a "bolster fight" on the deck of the steamship "Hamburg." Edmund Heller, of Mr. Roosevelt's party (right) defeating Captain Foran, R.A.

The ex-President employing his leisure time on shipboard by judging deck sports. The photograph shows him deciding an "apple-bobbing" contest

Mr. Roosevelt and the "Hamburg's" officers—Capt. Burmeister on his left; and behind him in the upper row, from left to right, are Major Mearns, J. A. Loring, Edmund Heller, and Kermit Roosevelt

Mr. Roosevelt, escorted by the American Consul at Gibraltar, Mr. Sprague, driving from the pier at Gibraltar to the American consulate immediately after the arrival of the steamship "Hamburg"

TRAVELS WITH AN EX-PRESIDENT

INCIDENTS OF MR. ROOSEVELT'S VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

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Algernon Charles Swinburne

An Appreciation

By C. H. Gaines

THERE is, perhaps, nothing in itself very tragic in the passing away at the age of seventy-two of a poet who, productive as he still was, had already fully demonstrated his power; yet the death of Algernon Charles Swinburne has cast a gloom over the whole literary world. Underlying all that is written or said about him is the feeling that he was possibly the last of his kind.

It is now very nearly fifty years since Swinburne's first volume of collected verses was published, and during this period of a half-century few have been found able to doubt his genius or willing to dispute the high place which even in his lifetime he assumed in the annals of English literature. It would be a daring critic who should undertake to portray the full measure of the stature of Swinburne as a poet; yet all may and do understand that a poet indeed he was, and of the very highest order. And, perhaps, the chief point that one may venture to dwell upon at this moment is the fact that both his individual genius and the classic perfection that placed him in the same traditions with the great poets of the past, are undeniably obvious even to those who lack the finer instinct of poetic appreciation.

We can see that Keats was a born poet, even in his earliest and most questionable verse, but sometimes we can only deduce it from the passionate eagerness with which he turns from an imperfect form to a fresh vision. We are able to perceive that Wordsworth was a poet, despite his theory of what poetry really is, but we often have to make allowances for the theory. We admit that Milton was a poet—perhaps the greatest of all—but we add that he was a Puritan. There are times when we may see Milton, as M. Taine saw his "Adam" in the guise of an Oxford lecturer in trencher cap and gown; there are times when we find Wordsworth a dull philosopher; there are times when we may take Keats for a purveyor of exquisite nothings—all this, no doubt, because we are lacking in the perfect sympathy that recognizes beauty in every form and quickly separates it from its entanglements.

But there is never a moment in which one may regard Swinburne as anything but a poet. Alike, to the dullest appreciation, allied with the most conventional understanding of what poetry means, and to the most ardent lover of verse who has plumbed the depths of the poetic spirit, he is unquestionably that. His inbeauty forces upon the reader a realization of what poetry in its very nature is. There is no possibility of liking him simply because he preaches an agreeable doctrine or portrays sentiments that happen to chime with one's mood or disposition. After reading him, one is either filled with admiration, or feels like forswearing poetry forever; but one does not doubt of the essence. His genius has always stood out clearly, unmistakably, individually, even in these later unpoetic days like a beacon-fire in the night. Neither the verdict of fellow poets nor the mere instinct of the layman, but only a narrow polantry, could deny his claim to greatness.

Swinburne was at first an innovator—the fame of his daring originality has never left him—and he became a classic. He added to poetry a wonderful new music that made men marvel at the range of his instrument and the facility of his skill, but he added also a new spirit. What this spirit was can only be learned by reading him, not as the innovator or the classic, but as the poet. There were readers who were shocked by the paganism, the mysticism, the idolatry of love, and the "fleshly" attributes of some of his early poems. These did not read him as a poet, but as an innovator. Time has pacified the *Laus Veneris* and the rest, while nothing could justify the impression that Swinburne's tone was morbidly erotic. Taking a part of one of these earlier and more famous poems, *Dolores*, one finds in it the characteristic intensity, the fervor that would be exaggerated if a poem were a sermon or a treatise; but no one could read in it any deliberate glorification of sensual life:

> Cold eyelids that hide like a jewel
> Hard eyes that grow soft for an hour;
> The heavy white limbs, and the cruel
> Red mouth like a venomous flower;
> When these are gone by with their glories,
> What shall rest of thee then, what remain,
> O myrrh and sombre Dolores,
> Our Lady of Pain?
>
> Seven sorrows the priests give their Virgin:
> But thy sins, which are seventy times seven,
> Seven ages would fall thee to purge in,
> And then they would haunt thee in heaven:
> Fierce midnights and famishing mornings,
> And the loves that complain and control
> All the joys of the flesh, all the sorrows
> That wear out the soul.
>
> O garment not golden but gilded,
> O garden where all men may dwell,
> O tower not of ivory, but builded
> By hands that reach heaven from hell;
> O mystical rose of the mire,
> O house not of gold but of gain,
> O house of unspeakable fire,
> Our Lady of Pain!

Swinburne is, no doubt, not "food for babes," but we who may now regard ourselves as "posterity" have concluded to accept all the poet's songs, of many moods and keys, in the beautiful senses in which they were meant. To attempt a defence of Swinburne would be at this time a superfluous piece of impudence. He answered those who attached "The Fleshly School" in his lifetime, and his poems have answered for themselves. But it is interesting to reread his own remarks relating to the criticism of his early poems at the time of their publication. "It is now thirty-eight years," wrote Swinburne in 1904, "since my first volume of miscellaneous verse, lyrical and dramatic and elegiac and generally heterogeneous, had as quaint a reception and as singular a fortune as I ever heard or read of . . . For its author the most amusing and satisfying result of the clatter aroused by it was the deep diversion of collating and comparing the variously inaccurate verdicts of the scornful or mournful reviewers who insisted on regarding all the studies of passion or sensation attempted or achieved by it as either confessions of absolute fact or excursions of absolute fancy. There are photographs from life in the book, and there are sketches from imagination. Some which been sighted criticism has dismissed with a smile as ideal or imaginary were as real and actual as they well could be; others, which have been taken for obvious transcripts from memory were utterly fantastic or dramatic. If the two kinds cannot be distinguished, it is surely rather a credit than a discredit to an artist whose medium of material has more in common with a musician's than a sculptor's."

Here are characteristic passages from two of these "studies of passion or sensation," *The Leper* and *Laus Veneris*, whose appearance brought down upon the head of the poet the wrath of the pharisees:

[From *The Leper*]:

> He that had held her by the hair,
> With kissing lips blinding her eyes,
> Felt her thigh loosen, strained and bare,
> Sink under him, with shout and cries.
>
> Out of her throat and sobbing mouth
> And body broken up with love,
> With sweet hot tears his lips were both
> Her own should taste the savour of.
>
> Yea, he inside whose scrap sit sight
> Her fervent body leapt or lay
> Stained with sharp kisses red and white,
> Found her a plague to sperm away.
>
> I hid her in this wattled house,
> I served her water and poor bread.
> For joy to kiss between her brows
> Time upon time I was nigh dead.
>
> Bread failed, we got but well water
> And withered grass with dropping seed
> I had such joy of kissing her,
> I had small care to sleep or feed.
>
> Sometimes when service made me glad
> The sharp tears leapt between my lids,
> Fallen on her, such joy I had
> To do the service God forbids.

[From *Laus Veneris*]:

> Asleep or waking is it for her neck,
> Kissed over close, wears yet a purple speck
> Wherein the pained blood labours and goes hot;
> Soft, and strong softly—fairer for a deck.
>
> But though my lips shut mocking on the place,
> There is no vein at work anon her face;
> Her eyelids are so peaceable, no doubt
> Deep sleep has warmed her blood through all its ways.
>
> Lo, this is she that was the world's delight;
> The old grey years were parcels of her might;
> The strivings of the ways wherein she trod
> Were the twain seasons of the day and night.
>
> Lo, she was thus when her clear limbs outlived
> All lips that now glow red with kissing Christ,
> Stabbed with bleed fallen from the feet of God,
> The feet and hands whereat our souls were priced.
>
> Alas, Lord, surely thou art great and fair.
> But in her wonderfully woven hair?
> And thou didst heal on with thy piteous kiss;
> But see now, Lord; her mouth is lovelier.
>
> Who is right fair; what hath she done to thee?
> Nay, fair Lord Christ, lift up thine eyes and see;
> Find now thy mother such a lip like this?
> Thou knowest how sweet a thing it is to me.

Certainly we must judge of poetry as of the music of the mind, and not always as a record of personal experience or even as a confession of faith, except such faith as all the poets have confessed—the love of beauty; and there is an intrinsic reason for concluding that these extraordinarily eloquent passages from *Before Dawn*, for example, are anything more than what the poet himself called them—"sketches from imagination":

> Sweet life, if life were stronger,
> Earth clear of years that worsen her,
> Then two things might live longer,
> Two worser things than they:
> Delight, the rootless flower,
> And love, the boundless bower:
> Delight that lives an hour,
> And love that lives a day.
>
> From evensong to daytime,
> When April sighs to Maytime,
> Love lengthens out his playtime,
> Love loseens breath by breath.
> And kiss by kiss grows older
> On lissom throat or shoulder
> Turned sideways now, turned colder
> Than life that dreams of death.
>
> This one thing once worth giving
> Life gave, and seemed worth living:
> Sin sweet beyond forgiving
> And brief beyond regret
> To laugh and love together
> And weave with foam and feather
> And wind and words the tether
> Our memories play with yet.
>
> Ah, one thing worth beginning,
> One thread in life worth spinning,
> Ah sweet, one sin worth sinning
> With all the whole world's wilt;
>
> To hilt you till one stilled you,
> To kiss you till one killed you,
> To feel you till one filled you,
> Sweet lips, if love could kill.

To turn to a phase of him which, while less frankly ardent, is still suffused with a marvellous opulence of color and imagery, one may recall the beautiful opening verses of *A Ballad of Death*:—

> Kneel down, fair Love, and fill thyself with tears,
> Girdle thyself with sighing for a girth
> Upon the sides of mirth.
> Cover thy lips and eyelids, let thine ears
> Be filled with rumour of people sorrowing
> Make thee soft raiment out of woven sighs
> Upon the flesh to cleave,
> Set pains therein and many a grievous thing,
> And many sorrows after each his wise
> For armlet and for gusset and for sleeve.
>
> O Love's late heard about the lands of death,
> Left hanged upon the trees that were therein:
> O Love and Time and Sin,
> Three singing maniacs that mourn now underbreath,
> Three lovers, each one evil spoken of:
> O sullen lips wherethrough this voice of mine
> Came softer with her praise,
> Abide a little for our lady's love.
> The kisses of her mouth were more than wine,
> And more than peace the passage of her days
>
> O Love, thou knowest if she were good to me.
> O Time, thou shalt not find in any land
> Till, cast out of thine hand,
> The sunlight and the moonlight fall from thee,
> Another woman fashioned like as this
> O Sin, thou knowest that all thy shame to her
> Was made a goodly thing.
> Yea, she caught Shame and shamed him with her kiss,
> With her fair kiss, and lips notch-toothed
> Than lips of unmown roses in late spring.

That Swinburne's music was indeed intellectual, and not merely the music of words, is now quite well understood, despite the bedazzlement of his amazing brilliancy. If he had not brought a new spirit and new conception into poetry his influence upon other writers could never have been so profound, nor would the gap between himself and his imitators, marking him unmistakably as the master, be so wide and obvious.

In his critical prose writings Swinburne is still the poet, and valuable as are his "sun-clear" expositions of the truth as he saw it, he can hardly be called a systematic thinker. Yet everything that he wrote is profoundly suggestive. His penetrating intuition is like that of Coleridge. Whether one agrees with him or not, one cannot but be influenced by his thought. It is the fashion to disparage oracles; yet, after all, we need men to tell us what to think or see. The writer who convincingly and splendidly sets before us some aspect of truth or beauty so that we cannot help seeing it is of a thousand times more worth than he who laboriously and symmetrically demonstrates what is true, giving us the comfortable sense that things are, on the whole, about as we would have thought them.

At present we have a great deal of "minor" verse, and most of it we cannot help feeling is very minor indeed. It is full of pleasant devices, but it does not altogether satisfy us. Perhaps we find it hard to conceive just what new sort of verse *would* be exactly suited to this day and generation. There are still those who create things of beauty, but for the time there seems to be no undisputed prophet of beauty. We immensely respect the efforts of a man like Kipling to make poetry out of the things and forces of to-day: we enjoy them and thrill to them. But we have not done asking ourselves whether this sort of thing is altogether poetry in the ancient sense. In the general lack of conviction, we turn back to one of the greatest of the older writers whose message to his age was totally convincing; and whether or not we can number ourselves with the poetically minded, we gaze with awe and reverence upon the historic figure of one who brought down the poetic tradition in all its grandeur straight into our own times.

On the eve of Swinburne's funeral, Mr. George Meredith, who had been his friend for years, contributed to the London *Times* this interesting reminiscence of his acquaintance with the author of *Poems and Ballads*:

"It happened," said Mr. Meredith, "that Swinburne was expected one day on a visit to me, and he being rather late, I went along the road to meet him. At last he appeared waving the white sheets of what seemed to be a pamphlet. He greeted me with a triumphant shout and a stanza new to my ears. It was FitzGerald's *Omar Khayyam*, and we lay on a heathery knoll beside my cottage reading a stanza alternately, indifferent to the dining-bell, until a prolonged summons reminded us of our appetite.

"After the meal, we took to the paper-covered treasure again. Suddenly Swinburne ran upstairs, and I had my anticipations. He returned with a leather pen, a blue folio sheet, and a dwarf bottle of red ink. In an hour he had finished thirteen stanzas of his *Lana Veneris*."

And Mr. Meredith added this tribute, which may serve as a valedictory to the dead poet:

"The earth will take to her bosom the most spontaneous singer of all her English children. As far as our language would submit to him, he was an improvisatore. Had Italy been native to him, he would have borne the renown of a poet first on the instant to deliver himself orally. Those who follow this great poet to his grave may take it to heart that the name of Swinburne is one to shine star-like in English literature, a peer among our noblest."

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MRS. T. SUFFERN TAILER, OF NEW YORK

MISS HARRIET BROWN, DAUGHTER OF ALEXANDER BROWN, OF BALTIMORE, WAS MARRIED TO MR. TAILER ON APRIL 14

Round the World Afoot

THE RECORD OF A JOURNEY THROUGH MANY COUNTRIES WITHOUT MONEY, UNDERTAKEN BY THE AUTHOR, WHO WORKED HIS WAY AS SEAMAN AND LABORER, AND EKED OUT HIS EXISTENCE BY PERFORMING VARIOUS OCCUPATIONS

By Harry A. Franck

III.—THROUGH ROBBER HAUNTS TO DAMASCUS

"WHAT!" cried one of the French-speaking Turks on board ship with me, waving a flabby hand toward the snow-banks that covered the wall-like Lebanon range in front of us. "Go to Damascus on foot! *Pas possible!* You would be buried in the snow! This country is not like Europe! There are thousands of murderous Bedouins between here and Damascus, who would glory in cutting the throat of a dog of an unbeliever! Why, I have lived years in Beirut, and as man of my acquaintance, native or Frank, would ever undertake such a journey on foot."

When I had paid my bill next morning in the French pension to which I had been directed, my worldly wealth was reduced to one English sovereign. I turned in at the office of Cook & Son and, tossing the piece to the native clerk, asked him to change it into coin of the realm of small denomination. He turned the sovereign over several times, bit it, laid it carefully away, and set to pulling out boxes and drawers and dumping the coins they contained on the counter before me. There were pieces of copper, pieces of silver, pieces of bronze, tin, iron, nickel, zinc; coins half the size of a dime, coins that looked like tobacco tags, coins big enough with which to fell an ox, coins with holes in them, coins bent double, saucer-shaped coins, coins that had been scalloped around the edge by some erstwhile possessor of artistic temperament and hours of leisure, and still the clerk continued to pour out coins until I felt in duty bound, as a tolerably honest member of society, to call a halt.

"Say, old man," I put in, "that was only a sov. I gave you, you know."

"Yes, yes, I know," panted the native, dumping another handful that rattled down the sides of the heap like a bucketful of stones on the pile under a stone-crusher—"I know and I am very sorry I have not enough to change him. But I give you this, and he just make him up." He tossed toward me a gold piece of ten francs.

"What?" I cried. "You don't mean I get that heap and ten francs besides for one quid?"

Syrians are sensitive to cold, but not in the feet

"Aywa, effendi. Yes, that makes one pound," he answered.

I pawed over the heap. Each rake brought to light pieces of new and unique pattern. "Fine collection," I said. "But what's the answer?"

The clerk drew a long breath, as if for an extended lecture, and picked up one of the tobacco tags. "This," he said, "is a metleek. It is worth eleven-twelfths of a halfpenny. Five of these coppers make a metbeck, only not quite—that is, here in Beirut. In Damascus five of them make a metbeck and a little more. Ten metbecks make a bishleek." He picked up one of the coins, whose owner would be arrested in a civilized country for carrying concealed weapons. "One bishbeck—that is, except one and a half of these copper coins—that is, here; in Damascus ten metbecks make a bishbeck and four coppers—except not quite—and in Sidon they make the same as in Damascus, only a little less; and these coins are worth the same as a bishbeck—except not quite—that is, here; if they have a hole in them they are worth a copper and three-fourths more—that is, here; in Damascus they are worth a copper and one-fourth more; and this dish-shaped one is worth three bishbecks and three metbecks and two coppers, and sometimes three-fourths of a copper more, except they with holes in them, which are worth two metbecks and a copper and a half more; and this metzeelich is worth, in Damascus, seven bishbecks and seven metbecks and two coppers, and sometimes three, and sometimes here not so much by two and a half coppers; and in Jerusalem—"

"And suppose it is a rainy day?"

"Oh, that does not make any difference," said the clerk, with owl-like solemnity. "But sometimes on busy days, as on feast days, the bishbeck is worth three coppers and a half more—that is, here; in Damascus, it is worth two more and sometimes not so much as in Ramadan, and in Sidon it is worth three-fourths of a copper less, and in—here in Beirut—"

"Hold on, effendi," I cried. "If you have a pencil and a ream of paper at hand—" I understood his explanation perfectly, of course, but I had an unconquerable dread of forgetting it in my sleep.

"Certainly," cried the obliging clerk, and he dragged forth two sheets of paper and covered both sides with figures. Reduced to writing, the monetary system of Syria was simplicity itself. One could see through it as easily as through six inches of armor plate.

"Now, in rating this around," I asked, tucking the sheets of paper away in a pocket, "you don't hire a porter—"

"Ah," said the clerk. "You have not the large purse? Our Syrians carry a purse which is very long; which is long, like the stocking which it is said are worn by the lady. But if you have not such a long purse, and you have not any ladies—" I drew out a large handkerchief and fell to raking the heap of coins into it. "Ah," he cried, "that does very good, only you do not forget that in Damascus the mejeedieh is worth seven bishbecks and seven metbecks and two coppers and sometimes—" But I had escaped into the silence outside.

Dusk was falling when, after a long day's tramp, I reached a village. As I expected, there was not a building in any way resembling an inn. For the Arab, even of the twentieth century, considers it a sin that "the stranger within his gates" shall be obliged to put up at a public house. In three minutes a small crowd had collected. In ten, half the population was swarming around me and roaring at my vain attempt to address them, as at some entertainment specially arranged for their enjoyment. A good half hour of incessant chattering ensued before one of the band motioned to me to follow him, and turned back into the village. The multitude surged closely around me, examining minutely every article of my apparel that was visible, gesturing, smirking, running from one side to the other, lest they lose some point in the make-up of so strange a creature, and babbling the while like an army of apes.

The leader turned off the highway toward the largest building in the village. Ten yards from the door he halted, the multitude formed a semicircle, leaving me in the centre like the chief buffoon in a comic opera ensemble, and one and all began to bellow at the top of their lungs. A girl of some sixteen years appeared on the threshold. "Taala henna!" ("Come here!") roared the chorus. The girl ran down the steps. A roar as of an angry sea burst forth as every member of the company stretched out an arm toward me. Plainly each was determined that he, and not his neighbor, should have the distinction of introducing this novel being.

"Sprechen sie Deutsch?" shrieked the girl, in my ear.

"Ja wohl," I answered.

The rabble fell suddenly silent at the first word, and I asked to be directed to an inn. "There is no hotel in our city of Blamboon," replied the girl, with flashing eyes. "We should be insulted. In this house, with my family, lives a German missionary lady. You must stop here." She led the way to the door. The missionary met me on the steps with a cry of delight, which she hastened to excuse on the ground that she had not seen a European in many months.

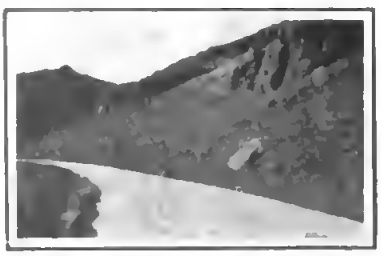
A gang of Syrian girl road-menders

"What would supper and lodging cost me here?" I demanded. The habit of making such an inquiry had become almost an instinct among the grasping innkeepers of Europe. Luckily, the German lady was hard of hearing. The girl gave me a quick glance, half resentful, half astonished, which reminded me that such a question is an insult in the land of the Arabs.

"The lady is busy now," said the girl. "Come and visit my family." She led the way along a hall and threw open a door. I pulled off my cap. "Keep it on," said my guide, "and leave your shoes there." She stepped out of her own loose slippers and into the room. It was square and low, the stone floor half covered with mats and cushions. In the centre glowed a small sheet-iron stove, and around three of the walls ran a divan. Two men, two women, and several children were seated in a semicircle on the floor, their legs folded in front of them. They rose without a word as I entered. The girl placed a cushion for me on the floor. The family sat down again, carefully and leisurely adjusted their legs, and then one and all, in regular succession, according to age, cried, "Lailtak mecdeer!" ("Good evening!").

In the centre of the group sat three large bowls—one of lentils and another of chopped-up potatoes in oil. The third contained a delicacy made of sour milk—a cross between a soup and a pudding that is a great favorite among the Arabs. On the floor, beside each member of the family, lay several sheets of bread half a yard in diameter and as thin as card-board, each heap bearing a close resemblance to the famous "stack of wheats" of our own land. The head of the house pushed the bowls toward me, ordered a stack of bread to be placed beside my cushion, and motioned to me to eat. I stared helplessly at the bowls, for there was neither knife, fork, nor spoon in sight. The girl, however, knowing the ways of "foranetees" from years in a mission school in Beirut, explained my perplexity to her father. He cast upon me such a look as an American society-leader might bestow upon an Australian Bushman at her table, begged my pardon—through his daughter—for overriding the dictates of etiquette by partaking of a morsel before his guest had begun, tore a few inches from a bread-sheet, and folding it between his fingers, picked up a pinch of lentils and ate. I lost no time in falling to.

We had settled back to chat—through an interpreter—when there came a tap at the door, and a few words in Arabic that caused the family to jump hurriedly to their feet. An awestruck whisper passed from mouth to mouth, "Sheik! sheik!" The children were whisked into one corner, the door flung open, and there entered a diminutive man of about sixty. Long flowing robes enveloped his form, a turban wound his perched almost jauntily on his head, and his feet were bare, for he had dropped his slippers at the door. His face, above all, attracted attention. Deep-wrinkled, with a long scar across one cheek, a visage browned and weather-beaten by the wild storms



The robber-infested road over the Lebanon

Hosts of the author during his Syrian tramp

that sometimes cage over the Lebanon there was about it an expression of frankness; yet from his eyes there flashed shrewd, worldly-wise glances that stamped him as a man vastly different from his simple fellow townsmen.

The sheik greeted the head of the family, took a seat near me on the divan, salaamed solemnly to each person present, acknowledged the greetings they returned, and, with a wave of his hand, bade them be seated. The newcomer had, quite plainly, been attracted to the house by the rumor that a "farancheze" was visiting the family. After a few preliminary remarks, the drift of which I could follow from his expressive gestures and the few words I had picked up, he turned the conversation, with the ease of a diplomat, to the subject of their strange guest. My hosts needed no urging. For a time the sheik listened

The most thickly populated part of old Damascus

to their explanations and suppositions with an unruffled mein, puffing the while at a cigarette with as blase an air as if "farancheze" were the most ordinary of beings to him. As a climax to his tale, the head of the house remarked that I was hoted to "shanun" on foot. The smiling man fully as effective as he could have hoped. The sheik fairly bounded into the air, threw his cigarette at the open stove, and burst forth into an excited tirade. The girl interpreted. It was the old story of "impossible," "can't be done," and the rest; but a new element was introduced into a threadbare protestation. For the sheik declared that, as village magistrate, he would not permit me to continue in such a foolhardy undertaking. How many weapons did I carry? None? What! No weapon? Travel to far-off Damascus without being armed? Why, his own villagers never ventured along the highway to the nearest towns without their guns! He would not hear of it, and he was still declaiming, as only an excited Oriental can, when the missionary came to invite me to a second supper.

I took leave of my hosts early next morning, swung my knapsack over my shoulder, and limped down to the road. But Shamdoon was not yet done with me. In the centre of the highway, in front of the little shop of which he was proprietor, stood the sheik and several fellow townsmen. With great politeness, he invited me to step inside. My feet were still swollen and blistered from the long tramp of the day before, for the cloth slippers I had purchased at Port Said offered no more protection against the sharp stones of the highway than a sheet of paper, and I accepted the invitation. The village head placed a stool for me in the front of the shop, in full sight from up or down the route. It soon became evident that I was on exhibition as a freak of humanity, for the sheik pointed me out with great delight to every passer-by. Apparently, too, he had chosen this opportune moment to collect some village tax. On the floor beside me stood an earthenware pot, and the sheik, as soon as his exhibit had been viewed from all sides, called upon each newcomer to drop into it a bishleek (ten cents). Like true Orientals, they gave smaller pieces: some a half bishleek, some one or two metleeks, but not a man passed without contributing his mite, for the command of a sheik of a Syrian village is law.

Some time I had served as a bait for tax-dodgers, when a villager I had not yet seen put in an appearance and addressed me in fluent English. He had gathered a Syrian fortune in Maine and returned, years before, to the rugged slopes of his native Lebanon. He insisted that I visit his house near by, and, once there, fell to tucking broad-sheets, black olives, raisins, and pieces of sugar-cane into my knapsack, shouting incessantly, at the same time, of his undying affection for America and things American. Out of mere pride for his bleak country, he took great ears, on the way back to the shop, to point out a narrow path that wound up the steep slope of a neighboring range. "That," he said, "leads to the Damascus road. But no man can journey to Damascus on foot."

The earthenware pot was almost full when I took my seat again on the stool. I turned to my new acquaintance. "What special taxes is the sheik gathering this morning?"

"Eh? What?" cried the erstwhile New-Englander, following the indication of my finger. "The pot? Why, don't you know what that's for?"

"No," I answered.

"Why, that is a collection the sheik is taking up to buy you a ticket to Damascus on the railroad!"

I picked up my knapsack from the floor and stepped into the highway. The sheik and several bystanders threw themselves upon me with cries of dismay. It was no use attempting to escape from a dozen horny hands. I permitted myself to be led back to the stool, and sat down with the knapsack across my knees. The sheik addressed me in soothing tones, pointing at the pot with every third word. The others resumed their seats on the floor, rolled new cigarettes, and fell quiet once more. With one leap I sprang from the stool into the street and set off at top speed down the highway, a screaming, howling, ever-increasing, but ever more distant, throng at my heels. A half-hour later I gained the summit of the neighboring range and slid down the opposite slope on to the highway to Damascus.

For miles the road ascended sharply, elbowing its way through narrow gorges or crawling along the face of a mountain where its edge was a yawning precipice. The giant cedars of the first slopes had given way to stumps of stunted dwarfs, cowering in deep-cut ravines behind protecting shoulders of the range. The snow which, from Beirut, seemed to cover the entire summit of the range in impenetrable drifts, lay in isolated patches along the way.

Beyond the pass stretched mile after mile of desolation absolute; hills upon hills sank down behind me another, barren and drear, except for an occasional olive tree—a sturdy form of vegetation that, in itself, added to the general loneliness. Few corners of the globe can equal in fearful stretches of utter solitude this land so aptly termed, in Biblical phraseology, "the waste-places of the earth." All through that day and the next I tramped on. Long hours after sunset I was plodding blindly on, my cloth slippers making not a sound, when I ran squarely into the arms of some species of human whose native footwear had rendered his approach as noiseless as my own. Three startled male voices rang out in guttural shrieks of, "Allah!"—Arabic invocations, evidently, against evil sprites—as the trio sprang back in terror.

Before I could pass on, one of them—plainly a materialist—struck a match. The howling wind blew it out instantly, but in that brief flicker I caught sight of three ugly faces under a headdress that belongs to the roving Bedouin. With a simultaneous scream of "farancheze," the nomads flung themselves upon the particular corner of the darkness where the match had shown me standing. The motive of their attack, perhaps, was Oriental hospitality. In the excitement of the moment I credited them with a desire to increase their capital in the kingdom of black-eyed houris, and evacuated the spot by a bit of side-stepping that would have won me fame in the roped arena. In my haste to execute the manœuvre, however, I fell off the highway, and the rattling of stones under my feet precipitated another charge. A dozen times during the exciting game of hide and seek I felt the breath of one of the desperate rascals in my face. The Arabic rules of the game, fortunately, required the players to keep up a continual howling for mutual encouragement, while I moved silently, after the fashion of the West. Aided by this unfair advantage, I eluded their welcoming embraces until they stopped for a consultation, and, creeping noiselessly on hands and knees, I laid hold on the highway and sped silently away, by no means certain whether I was headed toward Damascus or the coast.

A bright morning sun soon made the air grateful, though the chill of night and the mountains still hovered in the shadows. Travellers became frequent;

A street scene in Damascus

peasant families driving their asses homeward from the morning market, bands of merchants on horseback, well-to-do natives in a garb that recalled the ill-concealed coat of Joseph. Here passed a camel caravan whose drivers would, perhaps, purchase just such a slave of his brothers this very day. There squatted a band of Bedouins at breakfast, and their eating was as ceremonial as any meal among the ancient Jews. Beyond rode a tall-bearded sheik, who was surely as much a patriarch in appearance as Abraham of old.

Two miles away, across a vast, level plain, traversed by the sparkling river and peopled by a battalion of soldiers in manœuvre, the white city of Damascus stood out against a background of dull red hills. I passed on with the throng, and was soon swallowed up in the multitude that surged through "the street called Straight."

"Mother and Child"
BY ALICE SCHILLE, OF COLUMBUS, OHIO

"Woman with a Monkey"
BY ETHEL MARS, OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

"Soap Bubbles"
BY C. U. WALDECK, OF ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

THE WEST IN ART

SOME PROMINENT EXAMPLES OF PAINTINGS DISPLAYED AT THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF WESTERN ARTISTS, HELD RECENTLY IN THE ART MUSEUM IN EDEN PARK, CINCINNATI, OHIO

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A KING OF THE RING

MIKE DONOVAN, FORMER MIDDLE WEIGHT CHAMPION OF AMERICA, WHO RETIRED UNBEATEN, AND IS STILL A BOXER AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-ONE

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Celebrities at Home

MIKE DONOVAN, FIGHTING-MAN

By William Inglis

THERE is no doubt whatever that Mike Donovan is a celebrity. It seems impossible that he has been a celebrity for nearly three-score years and ten, as some foolish historians pretend; but it is certain that he has been a celebrity for sixty-one years, for he admits being sixty-one years old. Any one meeting him for the first time and observing his brilliant and clean blue eyes, his wonderfully strong and agile body, his keen interest in every new thing that is worth while, his mental alertness, quick imagination and, above all, his boundless enthusiasm and warm sympathy, would say offhand that he is a young fellow of thirty or so whose sparse hair and thick mustache have unseasonably turned white.

And what has made him a celebrity? His big heart, his rugged honesty, and his joyous love of fighting. He has never struck a blow in malice, nevertheless, he has delivered some hundreds of thousands of blows that jarred the soul of the adversary. The humblest and most generous of men, his life has been one long series of fierce yet delightful battles. First he fought the other boys in his native city, Chicago, although his big brother Jerry, a famous champion, tried to stop him; and many a white-haired citizen can still point with pride to-day to the scars that little Mike Donovan's flying fists carved on him. When he was barely old enough to shoulder a musket, Mike joined the Seventy-first Illinois Volunteer Infantry in 1861, and enjoyed a four-years' feast of fighting. Under General Grant and General Sherman he fought the Confederates at Resaca, and at Kenesaw Mountain and at New Hope Church, to say nothing of many minor affrays. And when the war was over and Mike had been mustered out after the grand review he went right on fighting. He fought Billy Crowley at Pittsburg and Mike Conroy, the Birmingham Irishman, in 1866; and that same winter he fought Mike Conroy's brother Jimmy, a heavy-weight, to give the family satisfaction. There was another reason. "They offered me the choice," says Mike, "of fight or get killed, so naturally I chose to fight. We met in a room with gloves, and I won; but they nearly killed me, anyhow. There was a man killed on account of that battle, too—Hank Cooper, who worked in the silk factory."

But to resume: Mike fought Pat McDermott and Dan Cars and Pat Kelly with the bare fists in 1867, and John Boyne with the bare fists in a ring pitched on the frozen and snow-covered ground in the hard winter of 1868. Then he fought Jim Murray and Driscoll, of Troy, in 1873; and Bill McClellan, a fine, able middle-weight, in California in 1877, 1878, and 1879; and Frank Crocker, the California giant, the following year, as well as Big Ned Smith, of Sacramento, who later killed a man in the ring. He fought John L. Sullivan in Boston, when John was merely "the Highlands Strong Boy"; and he fought George Rooke in 1880, and Ed Welsh, the Philadelphia heavy-weight, in 1884. The New York Athletic Club wanted an instructor in 1884, and Mike fought Walter Watson for the job and got it. He fought Jack Dempsey, middle weight champion, in 1886, and bested him in six rounds. In a purely friendly way he "fought" Governor Theodore Roosevelt at Albany in 1900, and President Theodore Roosevelt at Washington in 1901, '03, '04, '07, and '08. He has fought the best men in the New York Athletic Club daily during twenty-five years, and any one who really needs a fight can get it from Mike instantly by saying one word to him against General McClellan, Grant, Sherman, or Roosevelt. Oh yes, Mike is a true fighting man, loyal in his friendship to the last atom of his strength, with tongue, pen, or fist. It is impossible to imagine him without a combat in progress or just beginning. The blind man trying to define the word "red" said it was like the sound of a trumpet. To me the name Mike Donovan is like the voice of a trumpet calling to battle. Yet it would be unfair to leave out the other side of the picture—the broad charity of the man, his reverence of women, his kindness to children and the weak. He would suffer affront in silence and run away rather than hit a man of inferior strength.

Mike and his big family live in a pretty white house in Summit Avenue, which curves along a high and breezy hilltop on the north bank of the Harlem River above 135th Street. There I found him beginning his day at eleven o'clock one morning. He seemed not one bit changed from the brisk, cheery, enthusiastic, hearty Mike I knew twenty years ago. His step was as light and springy, the grip of his hand and the gleam of his blue eyes as warm and young as ever. Men of his type never grow old. Their hearts are always young. If any boy who reads these lines would like to be a good and great man when he grows up let him try to be like President Eliot of Harvard and Mike Donovan. It is no least to say that in his smaller sphere Mike has exerted as uplifting and wholesome an influence as any other earnest teacher in the land.

"You're beginning the day rather late," I remarked to Mike.

"So would you," he replied, "if you had boxed as hard as I did at the club till ten o'clock last night. Then I had a little supper, and sat up for a few hours writing. I took ten hours' sleep. By golly! I think I could stand fifteen without any harm. I never was a heavy eater, but I think no man living can do his work unless he takes lots of sleep."

What does he look like, this master fighter, the dean of his craft? The first thing one is aware of is the direct, fearless, and friendly gaze of his eyes. One look at them convinces the observer that here is a benevolent man who never quibbled or evaded in his life, who would rather do a favor than ask for one; an impulsive man who believes all men honest, and hates a trickster. And back of the friendliness there waits always the spirit of pugnacity, ready to flame into action at a moment's notice if the cause is just. His brow is broad and high and well rounded, the abode of keen perception and a lively imagination. But how scarred the brow is. Deeply graven on it you will see many an X and Y and fragments of most of the other letters of the alphabet—mementoes

The determined face of a man who has been a fighter all his life

of the good old days when Mike took them all on at any weight and felt the thud of many a rasping knuckle. The nose is of the straight Grecian type—or, rather, it was until various knuckles dented it slightly. There is a humorous upward turn to the corners of the broad, firm mouth, and the chin is deep, wide, and projecting, the chin of a man who will battle as long as life is in him. Which, by the way, brings to mind a story which rugged Bill McClellan told me long ago.

"Mike and I were fighting in San Francisco with two-ounce gloves, London rules," said Bill. "That meant, a man had to be knocked down to end a round. Mike was a faster puncher than I was, but I was a stronger wrestler and threw him hard at the end of every round. For sixty-three rounds I downed him every time. We were both pretty tired in the sixty-fourth. Mike was holding on to the top rope when he felt my grip on his neck loosen a little bit. Quick as a flash he jumped forward and downed me—for the first time. He laughed.

"'Bill, old boy, I've got you now,' he said."

It may be remarked, incidentally, that that pleasant engagement resulted in a drawn battle after ninety-six rounds, one protagonist having broken his arm and the other having sustained fractured ribs. In those heroic days the game was almost, though not quite, as strenuous as the gentle pastime of football is to-day.

But all this is adrift from the conversation. Mike, like other efficient men of genius, has great power of concentration. At the moment he was concentrated upon his forthcoming book, and somehow the talk never got very far from that subject.

"The only chance I have to write," he said, "is at night, when the house is quiet. Often I'm busy till three or four in the morning. You see, my publisher is after me pretty sharp for more copy—but I guess you know how that is yourself."

If Mike were not such a truthful man one would be tempted to doubt the possibility of such a feat as this. Think of it—a grandfather of sixty years and more, veteran of the Civil War, spends the afternoon and evening boxing hard and fast with anywhere from twelve to twenty husky young athletes, then sits down after supper to three or four hours of literary labor! And in token thereof he had a thick handful of copy, the great of the last night's grinding.

"It's easy to write this part," said Mike, tapping the manuscript. "I'm telling about the first time I boxed John L. Sullivan, in 1879. I was middle-weight champion then, and showing in Boston with my company. I had met John some time before, and I liked him.

"It was customary at that time to give the star a benefit on Friday night. I had to look around for some good man to box with me, and I thought of Sullivan. I went to him and said: 'Sullivan, you have told me that none of the big fellows will give you a chance to show what you can do. If you will box with me on Friday night and make a good showing, I will take you to New York with me during my training for Rooke, and after my fight with him is over I'll match you with Paddy Ryan or any of the big fellows.' 'Pleased to do it,' said John

Mike Donovan and his family of three generations seated outside their home in Harlem

"Friday evening came, and Sullivan was on hand. The news got about that there would be a fight worth seeing, and we had a big house—my! that was a fine house.

"When I saw him stripped, I realized that Sullivan was one of the best men that I had ever seen. Like all well-made men, he looked bigger with his clothes off than at any other time. He was a big, raw boned fellow and carried absolutely no superfluous flesh. He had a tremendous trunk and arms, and was very wide and flexible in the shoulders. His legs were

Little Cecilia Danaher, seventeen months old, who is as fond of music as her grandfather is of fighting

lighter in proportion than the rest of his body. That's where he got his speed. He was a determined, dangerous-looking fellow.

"Now, you know when you're going to fight a man you can help yourself and worry him by tossing him around, making him feel small and look up to you. So I said to John L., 'Here, young fellow; you go in there and dress.' Do you suppose that worried him? Not a bit of it. 'All right,' says John, very comfortably. Dick Fitzgerald, the manager, followed him in and asked, 'What do you expect to do?'

"'Do!' says John. 'Why, the best man wins, of course.'

'Mind you, John L. was a raw, unknown youngster then, and I was middle weight champion and in my prime, but he didn't bother about me for a minute. Fitzgerald warned me to look out for him, but I said, 'He'd better look out for himself, or he'll get what lots of other big fellows have got.'

"When we sat in our corners on the stage, I glared across at young John L. so as to scare some of the confidence out of him. And what do you suppose he did? Glared right back at me, by golly! as if he was the champion himself.

"When time was called I sailed right in to intimidate him, for you know that boxers, like actors, often suffer from stage fright when first they face a big crowd. Sullivan was all right. He rushed at me like a panther. He forgot that he was having a champion before a crowded house. He was moved by his fighting instinct alone. This disconcerted me for a moment. I had a true fighting-man before me. We mixed it for a time, but I soon felt that this was dangerous, for he was quick as a cat and very strong—in fact, he was the strongest man I had ever met, and I had boxed nearly every big man at reputation up to that time, Paddy Ryan included, and I was considered the cleverest man in the ring. I suppose if I hadn't been my goose would have been cooked that night, for never in my life did I have to do such clever ducking and side-stepping."

When Mike began to tell the story he was sitting at ease in a big chair, calm, dignified as any white-haired Grand Army man should be while recounting an anecdote. But as he spoke his memory kindled, and the recollections of the Big Fellow swept away the mists and shadows of thirty years. Once more Mike was the middle-weight champion, stout of heart, light of foot, with fists that flew like bullets. His head drew in and settled down upon the brawny neck, so that no dying fist could light upon chin or jaw. He danced about on tiptoe lighter than thistle, now here now there, as he illustrated the fight in pantomime.

"Phew!" cried Mike. "I never had such a chase all in my life. There I was, with my reputation at stake, against a young fellow no one knew outside of his own neighborhood. My right hand was so badly cracked on his head that I had to postpone my fight with George Rooke, and the Lord knows I was glad 'time' was called at the end of the fourth round. I guess John was glad, too, for he tore after me so fast that he was pretty well out of breath. Those were the days—not that these aren't fine days, too, you understand. But I got John L.'s measure, all right. 'There's the coming champion of the world,' I said to myself as I was nursing my broken right. And John made good on my prediction."

Mike smiled amiably as he relinquished his grip of memory on the good old days.

"Ah," said he, "there never was a man like Sullivan. He's the king of them all. He was the wonder of the world. He didn't care two cents for guarding or side-stepping. No, sir. He just jumped at his man like a stroke of lightning—and the man was gone."

While we were chatting, or, rather, while Mike was thrilling us with stories of the greatest days the ring has ever seen, a tiny girl toddled into the room. Her blue eyes smiled a welcome to the visitors, and she ran to Mike, whom she hailed by the title of "gampa" and climbed on his knee. This was Miss Cecilia Danaher, not quite one year and a half old. He stroked her silken blond hair, and confided to us that she is going to be a wonderful musician. And there was one of the visitors who looked upon this peaceful scene and saw projected against it another picture—the same Mike Donovan in fighting togs darting about the ring, his fists carrying destruction to the foe, his eyes blazing with the light of battle. The two spectacles seemed quite irreconcilable, and they probably will remain so to all of us who have not seen the fierce Mike in action and the gentle Mike out of the ring. The contrast was as vivid as that which one visitor saw on that famous night in November, 1888, when Mike, long retired from the championship, beat Jack Dempsey, not only the middle-weight champion, but the Nonpareil, in a six-round bout in Jack's own home town of Williamsburg. A crowd was surging in and around the dressing-room, showering congratulations upon marvellous Mike. He thanked them, but seemed preoccupied.

"Here, Denny," he called to Dennis Bather, his brother-in-law. "Denny, where are the blanks?"

Denny gave him a block of telegraph blanks. Mike wrote very carefully this despatch to his wife:

"DEAR JULIA,—Won easy.

"MIKE."

When this had been sent off Mike turned to the crowd and said, "Now I'm with you." That was always his way. Wife and children first; battles, friends, etc., a close second. That was why Mrs. Donovan and the grand army of children came trooping

Mike Donovan and his son Arthur—two generations of Uncle Sam's soldiers

and smiling around papa, and straightening his tie, and dusting imaginary specks off his immaculate black coat while the photographers were getting the camera ready. And it was Mike's quick eye that first noted his little granddaughter busy with the piano.

"There's a picture for you," he exclaimed. We got it. Then there was a great chattering and no end of laughing while the big family group was being posed on the porch, with Mike's son John, the policeman, modestly in the background and the tall son Arthur, who is on the scholarship *Newport*, standing at attention with much care. After that came breakfast with Mike, followed presently by a flying call on his publisher, and then an afternoon at the athletic club, where Mike sparred gently with the weaker pupils and exchanged heavy smashes with the big and able fellows. Through it all Mike danced about like a grown-up but still joyous Peter Pan, dodging blows, showering brisk but not vicious blows in return, and having the time of his life while he set his pupils a brilliant example of efficiency and cheerfulness. Truly it is Mike who should be called the Nonpareil. Here's the best of luck to him and his. May their shadows never grow less!

The Government and its Women Workers

By Ruth G. D. Havens

INQUIRY into the causes of the present economic status of women is necessary and wholesome, and also fruitful of theories for betterment; but while commissions investigate, by painstaking, scientific methods, the people are confronted by conditions which are immediate and pressing, and cannot be referred to a committee. So, while the Homes Commission works out its stupendous problem, the general movement to improve the condition of working women, under the leadership of Miss Ann Morgan, is worthy of attention and co-operation, and it is especially gratifying that the committee on the improvement of the condition of the women employees of the government is headed by the intelligent and public-spirited wife of our President, Mrs. William H. Taft.

The present seems to be a suitable time to call general attention to a fact which not only affects the woman worker, but nullifies the law enacted by men, in good faith, to improve and equalize the conditions which formerly existed in the civil service.

The conception of the original civil-service law was equality of advantage to man and woman under it. Upon the passage of the Act both men and women sought places under its provisions. Women received in many cases, as the result of examination, the highest rating and were appointed. Whereupon politicians found it expedient to provide a way practically to create a test of fitness outside of the examination and not contemplated by the law, and to prevent the certification of the names of those who received the highest rating.

This was accomplished by securing a Presidential rule—which, having been approved by the Commission, under the language of the Act becomes part of the law—to the effect that a bureau officer may ask for certification of names of men or women, as he shall elect. Now bureau officers are all men, and generally politicians. The consequence is that they ask for men, and the sole test of fitness is, in actual practice, one of sex. If ten men are examined and receive a rating of 77 to 82 per cent., and ten women are examined and are rated from 85 to 92 per cent., the men may all be appointed and the women ignored. Thus is the law effectually nullified. As a result of this rule there have been almost no appointments of women in clerical positions under the Commission, and the number of women in the executive departments is gradually diminishing.

Large numbers of girls are appointed as unskilled and skilled laborers, on a low grade competitive examination, at a very small salary or with compensation as piece-workers. The money-counters in the Treasury Department are almost exclusively women, frequently entering the service by the road of appointment as skilled laborer in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. When the weariesomeness and health destroying nature of their employment are considered, and their responsibility for all losses by error and counterfeits, their average pay is ridiculously small. Yet an effort has been made to reduce it far below living wages, because the field is solely occupied by women.

Success in any attempt to reduce women's wages in the service seems probable, if one appeals to history for precedent and prophecy. Forty years ago the minimum wage for men engaged in clerical work in the civil service was $1,200 per annum; for women, $900. The official hours were from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. Afterward a grade for women was established at $720 per annum, and an hour was added to the clerical day. Following in rather close succession, grades were established at $1,000, at $840, at $800, at $665, at $550, at $480; a year or two ago a grade of $390 was proposed, but failed of enactment. Meantime another half-hour was added to the day, and the hours are now from 9 A.M. to 4.30 P.M.

It is thus made apparent that, while the present clerical grading is said to have been established in the early fifties, the standard of wages has been reduced by the institution of seven lower grades, through which women, and sometimes men, must climb to reach a living salary, and by two additions to the length of the official day; and this has occurred during a period when the cost of living has been constantly advancing.

In 1904 the force of Federal employees numbered 350,983, of whom 13,322, or between eight and nine per cent., were females. Of this small proportion 9,510 received less than $900 per annum, which was the lowest salary at which women were appointed forty years ago. This well illustrates the attitude of the government toward women.

In pausing to glance at the anomalous retrogression of wages, I do not wish to divert attention from the subject of this article—*the banishment of women from the service*.

This question was asked of a certain bureau officer: "You have said many times that your women clerks are more faithful, more accurate, more conscientious than the men and equally competent, and hence entitled to promotion. Why, then, do you always ask the Commission for men?"

This was his answer: "Women are entitled to the appointments under the law, and by reason of their equal efficiency. They are also justly entitled to the suffrage. But they have not the suffrage, and so they cannot have the appointments. *The voters must have the places.* If you women want positions in the civil service you must first secure citizenship through the ballot."

There is the situation in a nut shell.

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Germany, the Naval Bugaboo

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY

ALL Europe is in a nervous tremor. From St. Petersburg to London the atmosphere is clouded with apprehensions and a sharp sense of insecurity—apprehensions such as Americans must find it difficult to realize and a sense of insecurity that never disturbs their remote tranquillity. It is, indeed, precisely at such times as this when the armed camps of Europe are bursting with preparations, when it rests with perhaps half a dozen men to say whether there is to be war or peace, and when all men are abruptly made to recognize that national safety, national existence even, depends to-day, as much as it ever did, upon sheer brute force—it is at such times that one appreciates the uniqueness of America's position, the happy chance that has spared her the burden of militarism, and her admirable good fortune in being exempt from the panics, ammunitions, and distractions that convulse the older world. It is a good fortune purchased, of course, at a price, and America no doubt loses something, even if she gains much, by standing above and apart from the elements of international strife and by finding a law of nature virtually suspended in her favor. But I do not suppose that any American would consider the disadvantages of the situation to be other than enormously outweighed by its advantages, or would have been willing for a single moment to have his country change places during the last six months with any of the great Powers of Europe.

The storm-centre in the European sky vaguely round the naval rivalry of Great Britain and Germany. My own observation confirms what the London correspondents of the American daily papers must have already reported, that England has not for a generation been so deeply moved as within the last few weeks, and that the whole country is penetrated with the consciousness that not for two hundred years has her naval predominance been threatened as it is threatened now. Writing in HARPER'S WEEKLY of March 13th on the subject of Anglo-German relations, I argued that, while much of the bad feeling between the two nations was purely fictitious, there were three possible grounds of conflict between them, and that of these three grounds by far the most tangible and menacing was the naval question. But how tangible and menacing it was, and is, and will long continue to be, I confess that, like most Englishmen, I did not fully realize until the navy estimates were presented to Parliament, and until the debates that accompanied them and the vote of censure on the Government's policy which was moved on March 20th first revealed the full momentousness of the situation. What was it that those debates established? They established, first, that Germany had accelerated her rate of naval construction by laying down in 1908 two Dreadnoughts that belonged to the 1909-10 programme; secondly, that her capacity for building ships of the newest and largest type and for turning out all the munitions of warfare equalled, even if they did not exceed, those of British yards; thirdly, that in 1911 she might have only one Dreadnought less than Great Britain; fourthly, that in 1912 Great Britain's margin of superiority over Germany in completed Dreadnoughts would be extremely small—perhaps three, perhaps seven, perhaps, as Mr Balfour argued, there would be no margin at all, but a positive deficiency; and fifthly, that as the Dreadnoughts were bound to render all other types of ship obsolete, it would soon be a question not of Great Britain's maintaining a two-Power standard, but of her being stronger at sea than a single one of her possible enemies.

These were the essential revelations. Some of them, it will be seen, have an element of uncertainty. Thus no one can tell for certain how many Dreadnoughts Germany will have in commission by the end of 1912. She has already accelerated her programme once; she may do so again. The German Government has, it is true, intimated to Downing Street that the figure fixed by the Navy Bill—namely, thirteen Dreadnoughts to be completed by the end of 1912—will not be departed from. But such an intimation is not in any sense a binding pledge, and circumstances may easily arise to render it worthless. If, for instance, the European situation were shortly to become acute and the possibility of war were to become a probability, Germany, having the capacity, would naturally have also the desire to enlarge on her present programme. The British Government in mapping out their estimates took this uncertainty into account in the following way. First of all they asked Parliament to allow them to lay down four Dreadnoughts at once. Secondly, they asked for authority to order four more Dreadnoughts later on in the year, in July, if it became necessary—that is to say, if Germany was found to be pushing on the work of naval construction ahead of her published programme, or if any doubt on the matter could be proved to exist. Assuming that the German scheme will be adhered to and will not be anticipated or accelerated, then, according to the calculations of the British Government, Germany will have thirteen Dreadnoughts in 1912 and Great Britain sixteen. If, on the other hand, the German scheme is hastened or forestalled, then Germany in 1912 will have seventeen Dreadnoughts and Great Britain, by building the four extra ships I have alluded to, will have twenty. In either case the Government hold that British superiority will be amply maintained because, apart from Dreadnoughts, Great Britain will in 1912 have still an immense preponderance over Germany in first-class battleships and armored cruisers, all of them launched since 1903, nearly all of them in the fullest vigor of their fighting life, and many of them preferred by naval officers to the Dreadnoughts themselves. To treat this magnificent fleet of the pre-Dreadnought era as though it were non-existent is, they maintain, absurd. The Opposition, of course, did not dispute this, but they insisted that the value of the pre-Dreadnought ships was steadily diminishing, and that the time would soon come when only Dreadnoughts counted. Secondly, they contended that the Government, having been a mistaken once in Germany's capacity and rate of construction, might easily be mistaken again, and that there was nothing to prevent Germany from having twenty-one Dreadnoughts in 1913 instead of the seventeen which the Government asserted marked the utmost possible limit of her output. Thirdly, they argued that, even on the Government's own figures, the margin of superiority provided for in Dreadnoughts was dangerously small and might at any moment be easily wiped out. Suppose, for instance, there were a great strike in the British shipbuilding yards within the next two or three years; suppose that Germany were to buy up the three Dreadnoughts now being built in England for Brazil; suppose that Germany's ally, Austria-Hungary, were to place as she assuredly would in the event of war, her Dreadnoughts at Germany's service—in all or any of these circumstances the narrow superiority calculated by the Government would disappear. Looking, therefore, to the future when Dreadnoughts and Dreadnoughts alone would constitute naval strength; remembering the suddenness with which war breaks out, the instability of "good relations," the quite recent example of Austria in launching the most solemn treaties, the impossibility of retrieving a disaster at sea, and the absolute dependence of the British Isles upon her naval ascendency—the Opposition urged the Government to order the eight Dreadnoughts at once, whatever Germany might do or might not do.

To this, however, the Government refused to listen. They had, they asserted done all that was necessary to insure British predominance during the period covered by the estimates. Moreover, directly they became aware of the acceleration of the German programme and of the vast extension of German shipbuilding facilities, they called the heads of the great British firms into consultation and took immediate steps to increase the productive capacity of the country, not only in ship-building, but in the construction of turrets, gun-mountings, armaments, and all the other accessories without which a battleship is like a motor-car without petrol. As for the four ships that were contingent on the acceleration of the German programme, they maintained, finally, that they were not needed if Germany made no further departure from her official time table, secondly, that nothing was to be gained in point of time by laying them down now instead of in July; and thirdly, that the improvements which were continually being effected—the Dreadnoughts now being launched are thirty per cent. better than the original Dreadnought—rendered delay a positive advantage, and that, as Mr. Asquith put it, "it would be far wiser for us not to commit ourselves at once to laying down eight ships of a type which in two years' time may prove to be totally incapable of meeting the new vessels which are going to be put on the stocks in Germany." For these and the other reasons I have enumerated the Government refused to give any assurances that the four contingent ships would actually be built. The Opposition, accordingly, felt obliged—and no one doubts that they acted with the utmost reluctance—to propose a vote of censure and to press it to a division. The navy, like the monarchy, is normally above party, and a vote of censure on the navy estimates is, I believe, without precedent. Yet there ran be no question that the country generally supported the Opposition in taking this extreme step, nor can there be much question that the majority of 208 by which the vote of censure was rejected did not represent public opinion outside the House. One must remember that with England the navy is not a matter merely of national pride or national dignity: it is a matter of national life or death. Between Great Britain and her conquest by a foreign power, her speedy reduction by starvation, the total loss of her trade and the dissolution of her empire, there stands but one thing—the fleet; and anything that touches her naval predominance exposes her to a collapse and a humiliation without precedent in human history.

Now I do not think that any impartial man accuses the present Government for one moment of wilfully tampering with the very basis of national security. But there is a very wide suspicion that they have miscalculated the situation which confronts them, and that part, at any rate, of their miscalculation is due to the unwillingness of a section of the cabinet to vote moneys for national defence that might be spent on social reform. A suspicion of that kind is, I need scarcely say, exceedingly damaging to the Government whether they deserve it or not. What the average Englishman believes and says is that the whole batch of eight Dreadnoughts are not only needed, but would have been ordered had not members of the cabinet, like Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill, stood out against ordering them until the absolute necessity of building them had been fully demonstrated. The country was profoundly shocked to learn that Germany could build as many ships and as quickly as Great Britain. It was still more shocked to learn that the margin of British superiority on Dreadnoughts was so alarmingly narrow; and it made up its mind instantly and unanimously that eight Dreadnoughts were the minimum that the situation demanded. For a day or two there was something like a panic. That mood has passed, and if I diagnose correctly the national feeling, it is now, at the beginning of April, one of keen apprehension and anxiety coupled with a determination to force the Government to yield. For myself I believe the Government will yield. I do not see how they can escape it, or how they can resist the pressure of popular opinion and the tremendous agitation in which it is certain to find expression. When July comes and the ship-building vote is being discussed by the House of Commons, I fully expect to find the Government convinced of the advisability of laying down the extra four ships.

There are certain aspects in which it may reasonably be said that Great Britain has only herself to thank for the position in which she finds herself. It is perfectly clear by now, and as time goes on it will be clearer still, that she made an egregious mistake in inventing and building Dreadnoughts. In the old designs of ship she possessed, and could without too much difficulty maintain, an enormous lead. It was not to her interests to initiate a new type. If any other nation had conceived a Dreadnought, then England would have been bound to follow, and if possible improve upon the example thus set. But it was none of her business to set the example herself, to give a new spurt to naval competition, and to invent a type of ship so manifestly superior to all other types as to make them not indeed obsolete, but ineffective by comparison. It is now pretty clearly proved that the building of the Dreadnought instituted a new scale and standard of naval rivalry which instead of reinforcing, positively injures Great Britain's ascendency at sea. The Dreadnoughts being in a class by themselves, the stress of competition has been practically doubled. All nations with feverish unanimity have taken to building them; a vast amount of expenditure that would otherwise have been postponed or avoided is thus being incurred; new harbors, bases, and docks have to be constructed for the reception and protection of these monsters; England's start is only a matter of a year or two; and the demand is inevitably made that in Dreadnoughts, as well as in all other classes of war-ship, the two-Power standard shall be maintained. Thus by her own action, through her own lack of forethought, Great Britain finds herself committed to a struggle absolutely unprecedented for magnitude and expense in all naval history. Three years ago her mastery at the sea was beyond challenge. By introducing a wholly new weapon she threw away her unparalleled advantage, put all Powers more or less on an equality with herself, and will have to make superhuman, if not ruinous, efforts to regain anything like her old position. She behaved much as she would behave to-day if she were to invent a flying-machine really effective against battleships. Ships would then no longer count: all nations would start on equal or almost equal terms, and British superiority at sea would vanish at a stroke.

But to insist on this is not to help matters, though the warning contained in it may be a useful one to bear in mind. Putting all one can on the other side—the absurdity of regarding the pre-Dreadnought ships as already obsolete, the certainty that Germany will never go into a struggle with the odds against her, the folly of forgetting that, though numbers are important, gunnery, training, naval traditions, and the whole spirit of the service are more important still—it remains the ugly fact that Great Britain and Germany are committed to a naval rivalry under circumstances that make a future conflict between them hideously probable, a conflict in which Germany stands to gain everything while England stands merely to hold what she has already won. When the present German programme is fully completed, Germany will have a fleet of thirty-three Dreadnoughts, a fleet, that is to say, more powerful by far than any that the world has yet seen. It will be admirably trained and organized; it will have behind it the greatest and most powerful army in Europe; it will be backed by the vigor and determination of one of the most efficient, hardy, and resolute peoples that exist to-day; it will be a fleet concentrated on a single spot, amply protected from assault itself, and yet capable of being launched against a foe like a single thunderbolt. And across the North Sea, within two days' steaming, will lie England, more powerful at sea but with infinitely more scattered interests to safeguard, conscious that without naval supremacy she must cease to exist, less efficient, more sentimental, less disciplined than the Germans, guarding an empire that is the richest prize for which any nation has yet contended. It seems to me absurd to pretend that there is nothing in such a situation to inspire anxiety. I cannot, indeed, imagine any situation more fraught with possibilities of peril. From the British standpoint the one bright feature is it is that the members of the Empire overseas realize its gravity and are stirring themselves, and in the future will stir themselves still more to assist in guaranteeing that naval ascendency without which they cannot maintain themselves as independent communities.

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UNCLE SAM: "SAY, YOU OLD BIRDS, STOP YOUR SCRAPPING AND FI

DRAWN B

SH UP THAT JOB, I'M BADLY IN NEED OF THAT PARTICULAR ARTICLE"

E W KEMBLE

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THE RUBAIYAT OF BRIDGE

By Carolyn Wells

Oh, Threats of Loss, and Hopes of Golden Store,
One thing in Bridge is Certain,—'tis not Luck.'
One thing is Certain, and the Rest is Chance.
The Hand that holds the Cards will Win the Score?

The Card to Question makes or ayes or noes,
But High or Low as suits the Player shows;
But He who Stands Beside you, Looking On,—
He Knows About it all! He Knows!! He Knows!?!

A SUNDAY READING OF SCRIPTURE

HERE is the story of David and Goliath as it is said to have been recently told by the Rev. Billy Sunday, with appropriate gestures, to a rapt congregation of eight thousand:

"And so David's pa comes up to him where he was working in the field and says: 'Dave, better go up to the house. Your ma's anxious about the other boys fighting in the army, hasn't heard from them by 'phone or anything, and she'd like you should look them up.' So Dave hops on a trolley and hikes to the front, and stays there with his brothers overnight.

"In the morning old Goliath comes out in front of the Philistines and dares the Israelites to fight him. "'Who's that big stiff making all the big talk out there?' asks Dave.

"'Why, that's the head cheese, the big noise,' says his brothers.

"'Why don't some one soak him once?' asks Dave.

"'We've all got cold feet,' says the Israelites.

"'You fellows make me tired,' says Dave, and he pikes out to the brook, gets four pebbles in his shepherd's sack, slams one at Goliath, and soaks him in the coco between the lamps. Goliath goes to the mat, takes the count, and Dave pokes him in the slats, chops off his block, and the whole Philistine gang skidooed."

DID HER BEST

"You know, Miss Blank," said the proprietor of a railroad station restaurant, "there is a great deal in having your sandwiches look attractive."

"Yes, sir, I know it," replied the girl; "I have done everything I could. I have dusted those sandwiches every morning for the last ten days!"

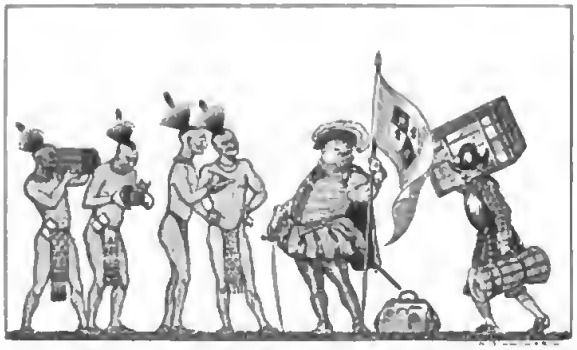
WELL FIXED

"The darky is generally reputed in the South to be authority and without any sense of responsibility," says an Atlanta man, "but a case that came within my observation not long ago showed at least one of the race possessed of an eye to the future.

"A negro named Cal Brown, who lay ill, was advised by his wife one morning that she must leave him for a while to go to town to purchase a new dress.

"'Marin,' moaned the sick man, 'de idea of yo' thinkin' 'bout a new dress while I is so sick!'

"'Dean' yo' worry 'bout dat, Cal,' said his spouse, consolingly. 'It's gwine to be a black dress, an' I is gwine to be fixed, no matter what happens.'"



THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS
REPORTERS. "MR. COLUMBUS, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF AMERICA?"

ON A ONE-NIGHT STAND

The Barn-stormer was playing *Richard the Third*.

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!" he roared.

"If ye quit now ye'll be able to ketch the ten-thirty trolley," came a tired voice from the gallery.

EASILY DECIDED

John Rugeley Carter, our Secretary of Embassy at London, tells of a British army examiner who once had before him a stupid candidate. The candidate being, apparently, unable to answer the simplest questions, the examiner finally grew most impatient, and in a burst of sarcasm demanded:

"Let it be supposed, sir, that you were a captain in command of infantry; that in your rear was an impassable abyss; that on both sides of you there rose perpendicular rocks of tremendous height; that in front of you lay the enemy outnumbering you ten to one. What, sir, in such an emergency would you do?"

"Sir," responded the applicant for military distinction, "I should resign."

CAUGHT!
AND THEY PARTED FOREVER LAST NIGHT

PLAYING TO THE GALLERY

ADJOINING the golf-links of the Chevy Chase Club near Washington is a plot of ground owned by a man who has had much trouble with trespassers.

Not long ago he caught a lad of ten or so trespassing, and, seizing him by the collar, was just about to carry him off when suddenly there appeared before him a member of the club escorting a pretty young girl. The member, a big chap with an athletic record at college, seeing a grown man apparently about to pummel a child, intervened.

"Look here, you!" he shouted. "Hands off! Let that boy alone!"

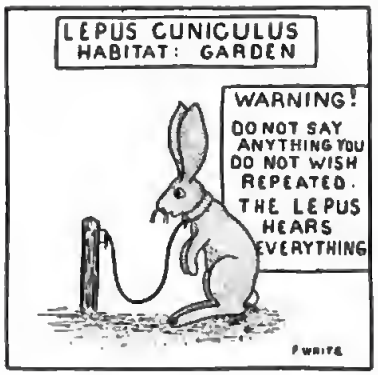
At this the owner of the place evinced great disgust. "This is none of your business, young fellow. Just because you've got your girl with you, you needn't think I'm going to let you play hero."

CAUSE FOR RELIEF

AN Alabama man tells of an unique funeral oration delivered in a town of that State not long ago by a darky preacher.

Now, it seems that the habits of the deceased brother had not been irreproachable, to the great scandal of the worthy pastor of the flock. So, in summing up the case at the funeral, the preacher delivered himself of the following:

"My brethren and sisters, we are here to pay our last sad respects to our departed brother. Some says he was a good man, and some says he was a bad man. Where he has gone to we can't tell, but in our grief we have one consolation, and that is—he's dead."



THE AMATEUR GARDENER

Some Helpful Hints for Beginners, by Professor D. E. D. Beet, Ph.D., C.D.Q., Author of "The Origin and Development of The Squash."

To have peas by June 17th, you will do well to leave your order with the grocer on the morning of the 16th, giving him full particulars as to whether you wish them fresh or canned.

To raise very large cabbages, cauliflowers, or pumpkins, a derrick is not at all necessary. Any good hired man of ordinary physical capacity should be able to raise them as high as you wish without serious damage to his spine.

When planting your pea-seeds sow oats along with them. This will fool the crows, pigeons, horses, and other insects that prey upon the garden when there is nobody around to shoo them away.

Much backache will be saved beginners in gardening if they will remember to curb their enthusiasm and let the hired man do all the work.

Bone-dust is good as a fertilizer. You will therefore do well to save all your family skeletons until spring, and then after running them through the coffee-grinder, place them where they will do the most good.

If everything goes wrong with you always, no matter what you do, and you want a fine lawn, put in eight hours a day trying to raise weeds.

There is no use of trying to train cut-worms to cut flowers for you. They are dull and lethargic in brain power, and have the low taste to prefer cabbages to roses.

A two-by-five toad set in the middle of your garden will be a great assistance to you in ridding it of insects. Do not get too big a toad. The capacity of a toad of the size specified is forty-seven cubic yards of insect to the minute.

WORSE TO COME

THERE is a certain stock theatre in Chicago at the "ten, twent', thirt'" variety, where the denizens of the gallery have ever regarded themselves in the light of a board of directors with respect to the artistic defects of the performance.

On one occasion, when the attraction offered was a particularly hair-lifting melodrama, the management offered as leading man a player new to the part. He bumbled it badly, and generally made a mess of things—a circumstance which the gallery brought to his attention in an uncertain way.

"Cheer up, my darling," said the leading man at the moment of crisis, as he clasped the heroine in his arms, "cheer up. We have yet to face the worst."

"Wot's de matter, Bill?" shrieked a galleryite. "You ain't goin' to sing, are you?"

EARLY PORTRAITS

THEIR BOND

THE president of a Western university relates how, on one occasion, when a certain well-known educator was dean of that institution, grave complaints against the college cook were brought to him by one of the undergraduates.

Whereupon the dean summoned the delinquent, duly lectured him upon his shortcomings, and, in short, threatened him with dismissal unless conditions were bettered.

"Good gracious, sir!" exclaimed the cook. "You ought'n't to place too much importance on what the young men tell you about my meals! Why, sir, they come to me in just the same way and complain about your lectures!"

WHAT TROUBLED HIM

WHEN about to leave town one day a certain elderly bishop, a bachelor, who was especially fond of his bath, gave strict orders to the housemaid about his "bath-tub," and told her not to allow any one to use it.

However, the temptation grew on the poor housemaid and she took a plunge.

Upon returning unexpectedly, the bishop found traces of the recent stolen bath, and questioned the maid so closely that she had to confess she was the guilty one, and was very sorry.

"I hope you do not think it is a sin, Bishop?" asked June, in tears.

Eyeing her sternly, he said, "June, your using my tub is not a sin, but what distresses me most is that you would do anything behind my back that you would not do before my face."

THE KINDER VIEW

AN American was strolling about Paris with a French friend. They entered a shop, made some small purchase, and while waiting for the change, the American said in a low voice:

"Will you just look at the diamonds that pretty little salesgirl is wearing. They must be worth two thousand dollars."

"They are not real," the Frenchman said, with a shrug.

"But they are—I know real stones when I see them—that is my business!" the American declared.

Again the Frenchman shrugged.

"But, my friend, be charitable," he protested gently. "Figure to yourself and consider that the diamonds are imitation. For if the stones are good the little maid isn't."

ON READING AN ARTICLE ENTITLED, "SHOULD WOMEN PROPOSE?"

Mama don't propose—
Perhaps that's best—
But goodness knows
They do suggest!

D. L. D. BACHELOR.

A GOLF TERM—FOLLOWING THROUGH

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The Upper Window

By Victor Rousseau

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT EDWARDS

She opened the great safe and took from it her jewels

I HAD heard rumors of death in the old house of the D'Vaz family, which stood, squat, whitewashed, with green shutters perpetually closed, behind the clustering banana trees across the narrow street. I had seen an agitated priest enter, carrying the consecrated wafer, and the plain, unattended coffin emerge upon the shoulders of the bearers, who carried it lightly enough to the little lonely cemetery outside the town. I had missed, too, the white-haired figure with the pale face and the black, gleaming eyes, ever at the upper window, staring out over the square in the direction of the arsenal. But my inquiries had been received in a spirit of reproachful surprise.

"Does not the senhor know that it is the second burial of Maria d'Vaz?" asked my host, dubiously.

That was all that I could learn from my few Portuguese acquaintances in the little East African city of Delgado. What everybody knew none told of.

"See, the commandant is coming!" cried the innkeeper on the next morning.

They lined the stoop and looked up the passage toward the square, from which a figure approached, that of an old man. Then an involuntary sigh went up from each of them, and they glanced surreptitiously toward the window of the upper room where the woman had sat, deserted now for the first time in their recollection.

"It is his habit; he cannot break himself," the innkeeper whispered.

"He has walked by for forty years," murmured his wife, crossing herself furtively.

Still the figure came on. It moved more slowly, halted, glanced up irresolutely, and the spell broke. It was the innkeeper caught the commandant before he fell and helped him to a table.

"Give His Highness some wine," he commanded.

Still I knew nothing more.

"Yes, he will tell you," said the innkeeper. "Why not? He is proud of this romance of his; it gives him a distinction. He tells all strangers—but we, who live here and have always known it, we have not the air, the assurance that makes it effective. The commandant will be happy to tell you."

He told me on the next evening in the great square, where the military band played under a restless moon and the air was heavy with the fragrance of tamperite flowers. Over against the crumbled cliffs broke the sapphire sea. He sat at my side, the old commandant, rolling his black cigarettes ceaselessly, from time to time returning the salutes of little, languid officers who sauntered past with clanking swords and spurs on silver.

"The senhor asks me to tell the story of Maria d'Vaz?" he inquired, thoughtfully. "He could not have come to me better informed, although when one is old one forgets many things which once seemed important, and it is almost five-and-thirty years since I last spoke to her, on the day of her death."

"And yet," I hazarded, "she was buried yesterday?"

He nodded abstractedly. His chin had fallen upon his breast and he was staring unseeingly in front of him. Presently, without prelude, he began to tell the story, as one long practised. As he went on his diminutive figure seemed to expand; vivacity and youth came back; the tired black eyes took on a new lustre.

"Maria was the only child of General Dom Pedro d'Vaz, a widower, the governor of the province of Delgado," he began. "He had been in command here for several years and was anxious to return home. For one thing, he was growing old and missed the society of Lisbon; for another, as long as he was in Africa his daughter must remain unmarried. There were, indeed, Portuguese officers among the garrison with whom many a noble lady would have been proud to mate—but not a D'Vaz. They were descended in an unbroken line from kings. Dom Henry the Navigator had been their ancestor. So Maria was still unmarried, although approaching thirty.

"She was not beautiful. In those of royal stock beauty is looked upon with suspicion; it creates scandal. I see her now as on that day when we met for the first time—a thin little lady, somewhat prim in demeanor and very devout. There was an altar to the Virgin in an oriel of that upper room in the D'Vaz mansion, where the governor lived, and she burned innumerable candles there. The senhor knows that room? Then he has noticed that candles were always burning there—until yesterday.

"Her eyes were of the deepest black, as was her hair, and her skin was the color of a ripe olive ready to fall. Her hands were tiny, and her foot was as small as an Andalusian's and as arched, so that water would have flowed under it. But that was all one saw of her—the little foot and the hand and the black, sparkling eyes, which shone more brightly than the great rope of diamonds which covered her throat.

"Of course she never stirred from the house alone; it might be said that she never set foot to the ground outside, for her maid escorted her in a closed carriage when she went to take the air. And of the world, the swarming life of Delgado and all its wickedness, she knew nothing at all.

"So she lived secluded until the new captain of the port was sent from Portugal. His name—well, never mind. It was so long ago; and, after all, it does not make any difference. That was thirty-five years ago this winter, senhor, and I have been here for five-and-thirty years. There was great rejoicing in the old governor's heart when he arrived, for he was a young man, unmarried, and of a family equal to the D'Vaz in grandeur. The captain was already acquainted with the governor's daughter, having seen her years before in Lisbon; now he fell desperately in love with her, so when the governor offered him her hand of course he was thrown into a turmoil of joy. And when she consented and extended her little hand for him to kiss there was no happier man in all the Portuguese dominions. I think, too, she was not wholly averse from him, nor from the hearing of a certain strumming on a guitar at nightfall under her barred window on the upper story—the one with the candles, Senhor. And if the old governor heard as he pretended to snore in his room underneath, perhaps he winked upward through the banana trees. For he had been young once also, Senhor.

"But the young captain had little time for love-making, on account of his duties. His predecessor had been recalled to Portugal because he had become infirm with age and was in no condition of body or mind to put down certain ugly manifestations threatening a military revolution. The cause of the discontent was partly the taxes, but mainly the half-breeds, who were dissatisfied with the government. It is not here as in the rest of Africa, as you know, Senhor. There you keep down the negro; but here we call him Dom and accord him all the rights of the white settlers. Where, indeed, will you find a Portuguese family that has been domiciled here for two generations without some widening of the nostrils or crinkling of the hair?

"The leader of the malcontents was one Nicobar, so called because his father had come hither from the Nicobar coast. A Portuguese, he called himself, although his skin was the color of chocolate and his hair like a black sheep's wool. Nevertheless, he had acquired considerable reputation by reason of his prowess in war against the native tribes, so that he had come to be made keeper of the arsenal. He was a man of gigantic stature, of prodigious strength, and very horrible to look on, for he was more like a gorilla than a man. The retiring governor had not ventured to remove him from the post he held, on account of the devotion which the native soldiers displayed toward him. But he had warned the young captain upon his arrival in Delgado, and the young man had determined to arrest Nicobar and thus to end the tension at a single stroke.

"However, he had not the choosing of his own time. One of our constant native wars having broken out and suddenly assumed formidable proportions, the old governor had taken the field in person; and since, by reason of their affiliations, the native troops could not be trusted, he was compelled to withdraw the greater part of the Portuguese garrison. Then it was Nicobar laid bare his guns, seeking to provoke the captain into some act of rashness.

Lifted the necklace of diamonds that hid the brown, clear skin

"Irritated beyond endurance at the black's insolence, the captain ordered him from the parade-ground under arrest one morning. The soldiers whom he called upon refused to execute his order; and as the men broke from their ranks and surrounded their officer, jeering and mocking him, the young man drew his sword and made to run through their leader. Instantly Nicobar leaped upon him, bound him, and consigned him to the prison under the arsenal, while the black troops, freed from restraint, ran through the town, calling upon the half-breeds to unite with them and take possession of the government. In five minutes the city was at the mercy of the revolutionists, arms taken from the arsenal, the shops ransacked. Two companies of white troops managed to effect their retreat to the square, where they barricaded themselves and beat back some desultory attacks till nightfall, at which time the blacks withdrew, determined to rush their defenses on the morrow.

"Nicobar and his fellow leaders, having made themselves drunk upon wine, held a mock court martial within the arsenal, at which the hapless captain was condemned to be shot the next morning. Copies of a proclamation which contained this order were struck off on the government press, and one, with fiendish malignity, was placarded upon the wall of the narrow street opposite the governor's house, and of just such a height that his daughter could not but become aware of it, and read it from her window upon the upper story.

"Although the governor was absent, and his house unguarded, even the drunken blacks did not molest his daughter. You see, Senhor, Nicobar had the revolution still in hand, and it was his intent to treat with the governor for terms. So Maria remained unharmed, but waiting, in what agony, for her father's return.

"Thus, pacing the floor dumbly, praying much before the altar, and again gazing out over the square, from which came desultory firing, she saw the placard affixed opposite her window. She leaned forward to read; and one who watched said that she read it through and uttered no cry, though every vestige of color faded out of her cheeks and lips. But, as I told the senhor, the D'Ataz family was of the oldest in Portugal, and descended from kings.

"At nightfall she bade the servants light up the house, as though all went on as was customary, and then descended to the vault in which her father's wealth was stored. In those days there was no bank in Delgado. She opened the great safe and took from it her jewels of incalculable value, which had descended to her through unnumbered generations: great flashing diamonds, topazes, sapphires, and gleaming rubies which had been brought from Cathay and Mysore by the explorers, her ancestors. She roped the diamonds round her neck and covered her fingers with rings; then, holding many more valuable gems in her two hands, she slipped away under the moonless sky in the direction of the arsenal, where Nicobar and his adherents were holding high festival.

"One can picture her as she fled through the deserted streets, along which random shots came living, now slipping into some corner in order to avoid a patrol of tipsy negroes, now cowering like a little hare under the palm trees as they went by. Dona! I weep to think of her!"

He wiped his eyes ostentatiously upon his handkerchief and began rolling a cigarette. The hand burst both into a sonorous march. The old man leaned forward and began to speak again, more earnestly, gesticulating.

"Thus she fled on with wildly beating heart and face composed, she who had never been into the streets alone before, nor even afoot, lifting her little shoes over the puddles, clutching her gems, and ever speeding on, till she reached the door of the arsenal.

"It was unguarded, for the blacks were inside carousing, never dreaming of danger; and so she went right in through the great doors to the place where Nicobar and his friends sat beneath hanging cutlasses and pistols, drinking from broken hogsheads of Madeira and Canary wine. One turned round, spied her, and uttered a shout of drunken amazement. And such peals of laughter as went up when she was recognized!

"But she, pressing her breast, as though to still the tumult of her heart, turned to Nicobar.

"'I have come here,' she said, her voice quavering the least bit, perhaps, but bold and clear, fixing her blazing eyes upon his—'I have come here to purchase from you the life of my betrothed, the captain. Here is the price, all that I have; and these I offer you, gladly and without malice, for his life and freedom.' And she cast down her jewels upon a cask, slipping off, also, the rings from her fingers, and seeking with shaking hands to unclasp the necklace of diamonds from off her throat.

"They gazed at her with sodden faces and dull eyes, stupidly staring. Then one man sprang to his feet with a vile word and made toward her; and Nicobar had risen from where he sat and felled him without a word and with a single blow. They raised him from the floor and sought to set him upon his feet, but his neck was broken.

"She—while they turned—slipped into the bosom of her gown a pontard from the wall.

"Nicobar drove them from the room; and when they were gone called her to him, placed his great hands on her shoulders and from her throat lifted the necklace of diamonds that hid the brown, clear skin. All which she endured unflinchingly, for, as I have told the senhor, she was of the best blood in Portugal, and the oldest.

"Then Nicobar bent down drunkenly and whispered to her, and for the first time she trembled, and her knees shook, so that she swayed like a lily in a storm. She closed her eyes and for a long time remained silent before him, while Nicobar waited, half fearful,

She walked between them calmly, in full daylight, with face unveiled

half angry, for her silence. But at last she opened her eyes, and they were lustreless.

"'I consent,' she answered, faintly. 'But swear to spare his life upon a crucifix.'

"Nicobar swore. Within ten minutes a priest was brought, and they were made man and wife in the sight of God, joined indissolubly in the holy sacrament of marriage, which may never be set aside, by priest or Pope, except through death only.

"They say, indeed, that she had hoped and wished no ceremony should be performed, thinking of that little pointard that she fingered within the bosom of her gown: for so she might have slain him without danger to her soul, seeing that the crime would not have been a mortal one. But after the priest had concluded his ministrations and blessed them she plucked the weapon forth nevertheless and cast it upon the floor at which Nicobar laughed and bowed her. So we leave them there, Nicobar and she, and the black-robed pale priest, and the dead man upon the floor.

"Now we come to the sequel. At dawn the governor enters Delgado with two thousand soldiers; for he had heard report of the impending mutiny and hurried away, leaving the native war to look to itself. So he comes into the city at dawn, unmolested, for an sentries had been placed at the approaches, and the mutineers were all drunk or sleeping. Thus he reaches the square, unites his forces with those of the loyalists encamped there, and leads the assault upon the arsenal. They burst in with the loss of scarcely a life and put the defenders to the sword, fighting their way from room to room. There was never such slaughter in this city since the days of the Spaniards. At last the floors became so slippery with blood that they could fight no longer, their arms being tired also, whereon they made prisoners of those few who survived and took them away for execution.

"It was in the inmost room that they found Nicobar and the governor's daughter.

"And in the dungeon underneath, ignorant of all save that at dawn he must die, and praying for his betrothed, the captain."

The old commundant paused and flicked away the last ashes of his cigarette. His voice, which had grown shrill with his excitement, became composed again; the light died out from his eyes, and he sank down, an old man, shrivelled by the hot suns of Africa.

"And then?" I questioned.

"And then?" he mimicked with a querulous shrug of the shoulders. "And then? Why, it was said she flung herself in front of the black, crying out upon her father to spare his life, since it had been a fair bargain between him and her, so that his blood covered her before the life had been wholly hacked out of him. But I do not remember clearly; when one is old one

ROBERT EDWARD

forgets to forget. So that is the story of Maria who was twice buried."

"But," I stammered, "she lived! She went insane! She did not kill herself?"

He looked at me impatiently, almost antagonistically, as though my questions were incomprehensible.

"Why should she have killed herself when she was already dead?" he queried. "Did I not say that she came of the best blood in Portugal? Why then, being devout in fact, should she commit the mortal sin of self-slaughter, and so kill her soul also? They led her home, and she walked between them calmly, through the mire and the blood, in full daylight, with face unveiled. What did it matter, since she was dead?

"That night many a taper burned before the shrine of the Virgin in her chamber on the upper story, and weeping servants and friends gathered around the empty catafalque that was borne to the sepulchre. And many masses were said for the repose of her soul thereafter for many a year, until the old governor died, for she had been a maiden of much devoutness and good works. But she is only a memory now, for she died many years ago, and we forget these things when we are old.

"Nobody entered that upper room afterward, but on that night her father and the captain sat long together in the chamber below, and afterward the young officer went up to her, the dead woman, and spoke with her behind a curtain. What passed between them nobody knew, but it was claimed he vowed to remain unmarried till the day of his death, and to join his prayers daily with hers." He sighed. "When we are young we dream, but God brings unexpected things to their accomplishment."

"He should have married her," I exclaimed.

The old man looked at me curiously.

"But, Senhor, did I not mention that he also was of the best blood in Portugal?" he asked, as if not comprehending.

The band had ceased; the listeners rose. The heavy odor of the tangerine flowers hung like a pall under the dark skies. An elderly lady and a young woman came strolling up under the palm trees.

"See, mamma," exclaimed the girl, "he has been telling his story."

"Senhor," said the old commandant, "permit me to present you. My wife—my daughter."

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What the Library Means to the School

"WITH NO LIBRARY IN THE SCHOOL THE REAL WORK OF THE SCHOOL CANNOT BE DONE"

By U. J. Hoffman

President Illinois Pupils' Reading Circle

THE PURPOSE OF THE PUPILS' READING CIRCLE

ONLY a few years ago the rank and file of the teachers of the public schools, as well as the patrons of the schools, did their work on the theory that to give the child a mastery of the school arts was their whole duty. It was their business to make the children proficient in reading, writing, spelling, and figuring, and to impart to them the information in other text-books used in the school. Now the rank and file are keenly aware of a purpose much more far-reaching. They now see that, like the great Teacher, they "have come that ye might have life, and that more abundantly." The purpose of the school is, as Herbert Spencer says, to bring the child into "complete living." Complete living means efficient living. This depends largely upon what the individual is—his character.

"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." Teachers are yet concerned about the child's skill in the school's arts, but they are interested more because through them the greater purpose may be secured. It is what one thinks and feels that affects his character and largely his efficiency in society. Reading is the school art that reaches the thinking and feeling most directly.

Little Abe Lincoln, in the crudeness, squalor, and struggle of a backwoods community, became different from his companions because his thoughts were occupied with what he read in Weem's *Life of Washington*, the *Biography of Henry Clay*, *Æsop's Fables*, and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. While in body he was occupied as were all other pioneers, in his mind he dwelt with another order of men. Not until he was a man grown could he break the fetters of the rail-splitter and flat boat man and enter the life that he longed for, and that he caught a glimpse of in the book which he read.

The teachers of to-day appreciate the value of good reading and see that this means of character formation can be most effectively employed in the school. They know that with no library in the school the real work of the school cannot be done.

THE METHOD

The school law of Illinois gives the board of directors of each district the power to appropriate any money in the treasury, not otherwise needed, to establish school libraries. The time never came when they had money not otherwise needed. Ten years ago there was a library in but one county or village district in five hundred. And that one was an inheritance of fifty years ago when an interest had been created in an agricultural library.

The State Teachers' Association established the Pupils' Reading Circle by appointing a board of five, of which the ranking Assistant Superintendent of Public Instruction was made ex-officio chairman. This Board appointed a manager, whose duty it is to supply the books and conduct the affairs of the Circle. The Board each year adopts twenty books. These are kept on the list until the demand for them has ceased.

There are now 240 books on the list from which teachers may choose. These are divided into second, third, fourth, fifth reader, and advanced grades. The teacher desiring books adapted to any grade has fifty to select from. There are, first, books that are suited to ethical and cultural purposes—books that a child reads just because they interest him. The others are adapted to supplement the school studies—biographies and sketches that help out in United States history. If a child becomes interested in any subject dismissed with a paragraph in his history, in the library he will find a book or several books on that subject written in language that he can readily understand.

If he is interested in any country, as Holland or Japan, he will find delightful books in the library. The teacher calls his attention to these. He takes them home, reads them, and afterward tells his classmates what he has learned.

When a child has read six books to the satisfaction of his teacher he has earned a neat diploma. When he has read two more he has earned a seal. The full course, a diploma and four seals, requires the reading of sixteen books. This fixes the reading habit, as well as the taste for high class reading.

The county superintendent of schools in the county manager. At the close of the school year he ascertains from the teachers the names of the members of the Circle which she has formed, the books which they have read, and the credits earned. He writes the child's name on the diploma and places on it the seals earned.

Graduating exercises are then held at all central points in the county, usually one in every township, an area six miles square. Here he meets the children, dressed in their best, and their parents. The children give a programme of singing, recitations, and essays. The county superintendent makes a talk on things needed for better schools. The children come to the front and in the presence of their parents and friends they receive their diplomas.

The county superintendent finds this the most effective way to reach the patrons of the schools. They are in a happy frame of mind, interested in schools, and they heed what he has to say, looking to their betterment.

It has been slow work to convince the district boards that it would be wise to spend district money for libraries. The teachers and pupils have been ap-

The library in District 147, La Salle County

Francis G. Blair
SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN ILLINOIS

Five pupils for two hundred books, District 147

W. R. Foster
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS IN LA SALLE COUNTY, ILL.

Schoolroom in District 142, La Salle County

Recreation for the pupils of District 95

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Close to nature's heart

pealed to and they have responded nobly. They give entertainments, charging a small fee for admission. Usually they have a "box social." Each lady brings a lunch box, beautifully decorated. These are sold at auction to the highest bidder, the purchaser sharing the lunch with the owner. Frequently thirty to fifty dollars are realized in an evening. Many schools buy a set of Reading Circle books, costing about twelve dollars each year.

THE RESULTS

They are very satisfactory. One case among a thousand that could be given: A county superintendent, holding a graduating exercise, listened to a boy fourteen years of age read an essay on "The Making of an American." It was a review of Jacob Riis' book by that title. The boy was introduced as John Steinkewitzki. The essay was written in a child's language. It gave just what ought to be given and nothing that ought not to have been said. The author, had he heard it, would have said the boy got the meat out of the nut.

Astonished, the county superintendent asked the teacher whether the essay was the boy's own composition, what grade he was in at school, what kind of a home the boy came from. He was not in school. As he was fourteen years of age, his father took him out and put him to work in a coal-mine; that the boy kept up his reading, met weekly at the home of the teacher with his classmates to talk about what he had read; the father and mother both got drunk on pay-day and remained so as long as the money held out. The superintendent asked how was it possible that the boy was no different from what one might expect, coming out of such a home. The reply was that the public school and the Pupils' Reading Circle are what make the boy what he is.

The school life is made richer for both the teacher and pupils. Every recitation is a delight. They have such a wealth of mind-food material to draw from, while formerly they had only the dry text-books. The school is easier to teach and manage, for the children's minds are occupied in striving for better things.

In the last ten years the Circle has placed 100,478 books in the schools, an average of 10,047 a year. In the last year 22,730 were sold.

La Salle County is the banner county. Every county school has had a library for ten years. The average number of volumes in the school is 120. During the last year $2,658.92 was raised by the teachers and pupils. There were enrolled in the Circle of that county 2,187 pupils. They read 18,818 books, an average of nine books each. They earned 1,121 diplomas and 2,771 seals. The county superintendent held graduating exercises in thirty-one places and spoke to about 10,000 people; at least one-half of these were parents.

This record can be duplicated in a number of counties—Peoria, Vermilion, Champaign, Edgar, Douglas, Winnebago, Grundy, Livingstone, Williamson, Woodford, Sangamon, Johnson, Knox, Macoupin, Saline, Wayne, White, Coles.

Wherever the county superintendent takes an interest in the work it makes this surprising progress.

A class in District 95, La Salle County

When he does nothing the children are deprived of the greatest boon that can come into their young lives. Many of them will fail to enter into the abundant and efficient life because this office of such great opportunities is held by one who fails to see the significance of good reading in youth.

A New Way of Making Policemen

By Frank Marshall White

COMMISSIONER BINGHAM'S new policemen will no longer go greenly forth to their duties as guardians of the peace. The Commissioner has fitted up the old Sixty-ninth Regiment Armory, in Cooper Square, as a school of instruction for the probationary men; Deputy Commissioner Wood, who is an expert in pedagogy, has laid out a course of study for them, and Lieutenant Richard Manning, with the assistance of two more lieutenants and two sergeants, is fitting them for the adornment and control of the sidewalk and the custody of night-stick and pistol. The school accommodates two classes at a time, each numbering about fifty men, and their studies occupy them six weeks. There are four classrooms, fitted with desks, blackboards, maps of the city, and similar study equipment; there is a room fitted up as a police court, where the probationers are shown how to arraign prisoners and make charges against them; there in another room in which is displayed all manner of apparatus for law-breaking, from a roulette-table and faro layout to the various implements employed by the burglar in his rapacity of breaking-and-entering, while the entire top floor of the building is used for a drill-room. The men do seven hours' study and drill each day, and a squad of five attends a session of the Night Court, while the others accompany patrolmen in uniform in various precincts until midnight.

The curriculum of the School of Instruction seems to comprise absolutely everything that a policeman ought to know. Some of the subjects laid down in the typewritten text-books are: "Duties of Patrol—acquaintance with post, study of persons living on post, information from persons living on post, use of pistol, trying doors and windows"; "Making an Arrest—search for dangerous weapons, summoning patrol wagon, right to ask assistance of bystanders"; "Traffic—rules of the road, careless, reckless, or cruel driving"; "Obstructions on Sidewalks—barrels, refuse, etc., awnings over sidewalks"; "Fires and Accidents—calls for ambulance, taking names and addresses of friends, lost children"; "Homicide—arrest of offender, keeping people away from scene of crime, rights of coroners, information from witnesses." These are only a few out of thirty or forty subjects, each with half a dozen divisions and subdivisions, on which the probationary policeman must perfect himself, and in which he passes a written examination.

Aside from the general instruction he receives from Lieutenant Manning and his staff, the potential policeman has the advantage of daily lectures from officers of the department who have distinguished themselves in particular fields of police and detective work. For instance, Inspector McCafferty gives each class a talk on burglary, Captain Carey on flat thieves, Lieutenant Dunn on pickpockets and so on through the list of urban crime; then Lieutenant Sheridan addresses the men on the identification of criminals, and Lieutenant Faurot on the Bertillon measurement system.

On the day that the writer visited the School of Instruction, Inspector McCafferty lectured the advanced class, which was in its fourth week, on his subject, burglary, incidentally offering the men some advice as to the care of their feet. "Since the time that I was appointed," he said, "I remember many, many men, who through pride and vanity, by wearing spike-toed shoes in order to look nice, ruined their feet, and thereby prevented themselves from ever doing police duty properly. Good feet are a very necessary part of your equipment as policemen." Further the Inspector made a few remarks on the evils of drink. "As a lasting heat-producer in cold weather," he declared, "coffee, plenty of it will keep the heat in your bodies far longer than whiskey or any other alcoholic drink. Just bear these two things in mind. Do not break your body or your brain or your morals with whiskey, and do not get spavined through the use of tight shoes."

After McCafferty's lecture there was an examination, in which burglary was one of the principal topics, and other matters of police duty were gone into. An hour was given the men to write answers to the following questions, a typewritten list of which was furnished to each:

1. What complaint in court should you make against a man you had arrested for pushing his way through a crowd with the evident intent of picking pockets?
2. While trying doors you find the door of a grocery-store unlocked, and signs of a jimmy having been used on same. What action should you take?
3. You are on post and are informed that a person is acting suspiciously on the next block (such block being in another precinct). What is your duty?
4. If a prisoner you have arrested is held for trial, what are you required to do?
5. When is carrying burglars' tools a felony?
6. If a servant allows a man to enter a house in order to commit a crime, what crime is the servant guilty of? What crime does the man commit?
7. How do loft burglars work?
8. If a person found a hole in a window, and with a hat-pin took some property from inside the window, what crime would he commit? What difference would it make if he made the hole himself?
9. What would be considered burglars' tools?
10. How do flat burglars work?

The new policemen are given a similar series of questions as to police duty each day during their six weeks' schooling, so that by the time they are given their shields they have some idea as to how to proceed in almost any situation in which they may find themselves as officers of the law. If his examination papers show that a probationer is hopelessly stupid as to the realization of his prospective duties, he is dropped from the force before he gets on it, so to speak, but this has happened in only one or two instances. In fact, a candidate who has passed the civil-service examination necessary to get his name on the list of eligibles has already demonstrated a considerable degree of intelligence.

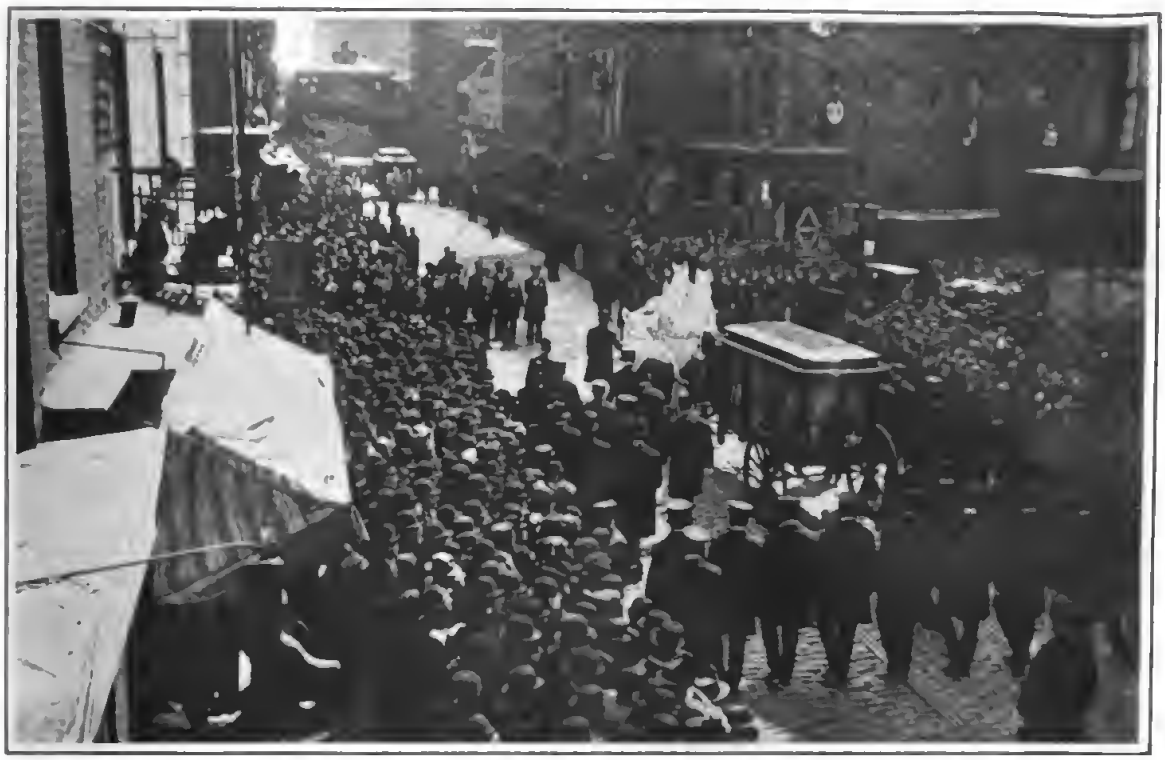
Explaining to a future policeman the art of "frisking"—i.e., searching—a prisoner

The dummy police court. Teaching new policemen how to arraign a prisoner

A class of eligible candidates receiving instruction in the complete police manual

Drawn by J. N. Howis

THE SOCIAL WHIRL



HOW THE STREETS OF NEW YORK WERE CROWDED ON THE DAY OF "JOE" PETROSINO'S FUNERAL

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE LATE LIEUTENANT JOSEPH PETROSINO, THE NEW YORK DETECTIVE WHO WAS MURDERED IN PALERMO WHILE ON A SECRET MISSION FOR THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, TURNING SOUTH FROM HOUSTON STREET INTO MOTT ON ITS WAY TO THE CEMETERY

"Passing On" the Immigrant

One of the most useful of the many organizations which operate in New York for the well-being of the immigrant, without inflicting the stigma of charity, is the Travellers' Aid Society. This was formed in July, 1905, upon the lines of similar societies working in London and Paris, for the purpose of sending agents to meet and assist helpless immigrants or country girls arriving at some of the terminals.

A few agents were appointed with this object in view, but the necessity of the work proved so immediate that the society was incorporated in January, 1907, and extended its operations to all the terminal points of the city. Stationmasters, porters, clerks, and dock officials have entered into the spirit of the good work, while cordial assistance has been rendered by the Charity Organization, Council of Jewish Women, National Vigilance Association, Girls' Friendly Society, Young Women's Christian Associations, and the hospitals. Co-operation has been rendered by the immigrant homes: the Polish Home, Italian Immigrant Society, Hungarian Society, White Rose Home for Colored Girls, Mädchen Heim for German Women and Girls, Swedish Home, and Epworth League Home. Thus the work of the society has been brought to a high degree of efficiency.

Some idea of the difficulties encountered in dealing with the more ignorant class may be gathered from the perusal of a few of the reports. Here is one from an agent whose attention was directed by a police officer to a Polish woman and child at the Grand Central Station, evidently in distress:

"This woman was crying in the station, and tore up about six newspapers and threw them on the floor in her rage, thinking she had lost her ticket. This drew quite a crowd, who wanted to know what had happened. Three of the officers then came, and we found that the woman had her ticket in her dress. Besides the child, of about four years old, she had a large bundle of clothes and food. Was asked by one of the officers to take her out of the station immediately, so as to get her away from the crowd, which I did. Going over on the ferry, two large pork chops dropped out of her bag on the floor, and a porter had to come and attend to that. On reaching the Pennsylvania Station, found her train would not leave until 2 a.m., which excited her so much that her bundle became untied and two long links of bologna fell out. Finally we got her settled in the Ladies' Room, and told her that one of our other T. A agents would take care of her. On leaving her, she kissed my hand and slapped her little girl because she would not shake hands with me. When our Pennsylvania Agent went out to meet a train the woman showed her ticket to several people, and was told she could take a train at 8.14 P.M., which she did without our agent seeing her. By taking this earlier train the woman had to make several changes, whereas the 2 A.M would take her right through to destination."

Another report recounts a difficulty frequently encountered, owing to the suspicion with which these immigrants regard all strangers:

"This girl could neither speak nor understand English, so a hotel runner kindly offered to interpret for us. We learned her name, where she came from, and where she wanted to go, but further information she refused to give. As she had come in on the train early in the morning, we told her, through the interpreter, that we would take her to our office, where she could have her breakfast and later would take her to the Pennsylvania Station. She was very stubborn and said, 'No, I will stay right here in the station where I am, and wait for my train.' She insisted upon saying that her train would leave from the Grand Central Station, whereas she would have to go to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station. We then asked the girl what she intended to do when she reached her destination, and who she expected would meet her there, to which she replied, 'It is none of your business.' We did all we could to try to persuade her to go with us to the Pennsylvania Station, but she only shook her head. I finally got her over to the Information Bureau, where the interpreter again told her in Polish that we would take her to the Pennsylvania Station, but she still declined to go. We then offered to get a messenger boy to take her, to which she said 'No.' The case was then reported to one of the officers, who told the girl that she would either have to go to the police station or go with us. At this she cried bitterly, but without any further persuasion she decided to let us take her to the right station to get her train for destination. After placing her on the train, she smiled and shook hands with us, and could not seem to thank us enough."

Escorting a girl to a wake in a Polish-Syrian house was the task of another agent, who had difficulty in escaping from the hospitality of the revellers.

During the year 1908, 6,541 individual cases were dealt with, principally at the Grand Central and Pennsylvania stations and at the docks. Two hundred and sixty-one steamships were met, and persons of thirty nationalities assisted.

Surnames of the First Census

One of the humorists employed in the Census Bureau estimates, in a government bulletin just published, that there were less than 30,000 surnames in the United States in 1790, at the time the first census was taken. Of these, 11,934 represented single families. Only two names—our old friends Smith and Brown—were represented by 3,000 families and over.

Four per cent. of the white population were represented by nine names. First came the Smiths—close upon 6,000 families of them. A long way behind, with less than 3,400 families to its credit, came the clan of the Browns. Then came the Davis tribe, with 2,575 families to its credit, while that of Jones, only fourteen behind, pressed angrily upon its heels. Next were the Johnsons, actually outnumbering the Joneses in the number of families, but falling short of them in total of persons, the Jones families being more prolific. The Clarks and Williamses were wrestling for the sixth and seventh posts in the race, with the Millers a close eighth, and the Wilsons bringing up the tail with only 1,705 families to their credit and 9,797 individuals.

"A large proportion of all the names," says our humorist, "are adaptations of nouns, verbs, and other parts of speech, and in general represent the simplest Anglo-Saxon terms. Upon a classification, according to the meaning of the names, it appears that the origin of practically all was connected with daily life and surroundings. Classified by meaning, most of the proper names derived from parts of speech fall under the following topics: Food, eating, drinking, clothing, sewing materials, household utensils, nations, towns, cities, nationality, kinds of men—condition, appearance, or state—bathing, ailments and remedies, occupations, parts and conditions of the body, relationship, games, religion, music, literature, kind of house, building material, belongings, surroundings, furniture, tableware, merchandise and commodities, money, color, objects of nature or features of landscapes, trees, plants and flowers, fruits, nuts, weather, beasts, birds, flying and creeping creatures, the ocean and maritime subjects.

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The Vacation City by the Sea

A RESORT WHERE IT IS ALWAYS SEASONABLE

By Henry Edward Rood

ATLANTIC CITY is still there, just where it was last year, and the year before, and the Centennial year, and the year when Sumter was fired on. Only it is more so, and gets more so with each succeeding season.

If you ask an ordinary, benighted human being where Atlantic City is, he will tell you it's down on the New Jersey coast, three hours from New York pretty nearly by an air line, and less than half that distance from Philadelphia—by another air line much more heavily travelled.

If you ask an Atlantic City man where his town is located, he will unhesitatingly remark that it forms the boundary between the Atlantic Ocean and the rest of the United States—what there is of them.

"In back of us, up there," he will add, pointing nor'-nor'west, "lie Trenton and New York; also New Haven, Boston, Skowhegan, and the remainder of New England. Further south a mile, back of us off there, are Philadelphia, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Chicago, St. Paul, and Winnipeg. Straight out hence, in back of Atlantic City in that general direction, are Baltimore, Washington, Atlanta, Texas, Arkansaw, Louisville, Omaha, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and China."

Then he takes a bite of salt-water taffy and presently waits for you to ask another question.

That, as the chimpanzee said while watching a hippopotamus try to climb a palm tree, is Temperament. And the chimpanzee was right.

If you believe any resident of Atlantic City, you will understand that his town is all Climate—unexampled climate, bracing, soothing, mild, exhilarating; good for tired nerves, and equally good for nerves which need excitement, guaranteed to take twenty pounds per week off the unduly obese—if they stay long enough to get the benefit; and to put twenty pounds per week on the unduly slender—if, likewise, they stay long enough.

After the rest of the world had been created long enough to find out its mistakes and shortcomings, Atlantic City grew up in a few short years—by special act, based on previous failure of all other places of human habitation. The Atlantic City man won't say this openly to your face, for he doesn't want to hurt your feelings—most people have a sneaking fondness for their home town, after all—but he will insinuate it, intimate it, toss off a suggestion here or there which makes you feel somehow that the aim and object of life is to do twelve months' business in eleven months, and then bring your family down to Atlantic City for the twelfth.

That, dear friends, is Temperament plus Art.

Yes, it is in July and August that Atlantic City rises to its full glory, albeit that ecstatic state commences in mid-June, and lasts until after Labor Day. But all through the year it has been becoming more and more popular, for which reason the most important of the hotels keep open straight through the twelve months.

One would think that November and December would be slow times at a place which is primarily a summer resort; but they are not. Only comparatively so. And then, early in January the human tide begins to set in down that way. Thousands of men, needing a little rest after a strenuous business season, put aside care and hie them thither. Thousands of women, tired out with social duties or home cares, follow the example. And there is an ever-increasing multitude of persons who are not invalids, but whose health is just a little below par; and these go to Atlantic City in late winter months to escape the winds of Boston, the rawness of New York, and corresponding climatic drawbacks of Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Chicago, and other places.

Down there at Atlantic City they can play golf, or tramp along the board walk, or take sun baths, as they choose. If they want fresh air without undue exertion they can join the never-ceasing procession passing up and down in rolling chairs. They can enjoy band concerts morning and afternoon, and take their choice of theatre, vaudeville show, or chamber concert in the evening. And they can always have the chance of coming unexpectedly upon old friends, living afar off, whom they have not met for many years, some of whom almost invariably turn up at Atlantic City, and discover you just as you discover them.

With the coming of March a quickening of travel occurs. Extra cars are tacked on regular trains, and extra trains are added to the winter schedule. For, as the Lenten season approaches, Atlantic City wakes up—not tumbling out of bed with a wild hurrah, but more decorously. The great of the nation are now making their way thither, hundreds and thousands of them, not alone from the seaport cities, but from interior capitals, and from smaller towns as well. The weeks of Lent at Atlantic City mean rest, good fellowship, the renewal of auld acquaintance which doesn't want to be forgot; and sufficient gayety to keep the blue devils under hand, out of sight.

Then, the week before Easter Sunday, comes a great change; a sudden, brilliant dazzling transformation seems. In a wink, almost, Atlantic City, in spite of its sands and salt salt breezes, becomes first cousin to Paris. Then it is that the great hotels are filled from roof down; that an army of modiste arrives, scudding here and there over the smooth, level streets. Then it is that the hotel corridors and dining rooms are filled with the gayest of the gay; then the best of fashionable society on the continent takes its place as the controlling factor.

The board walk, at Eastertide, is a marvellous human kaleidoscope of color and movement; of aristocratic bearing and bewildering costume; of lightness, laughter, leisure. Gone are care and business worries and social engagements. The warm, mellow sunshine, the invigorating salt air, the bright skirts and brighter faces, combine to make an atmosphere unique in America. The gayety increases until the middle of Easter week; then quickly fades away, until by the time another Sunday arrives Atlantic City has settled back to its condition of early April.

Why this should be so nobody has come forward to explain. The ocean is there, the salt breezes are there, growing softer, pleasanter, day by day; the sunshine grows warmer and more mellow, and as the tides succeed each other those on the board walk can discard winter wraps and light coats with impunity. For actual comfort and solid enjoyment Atlantic City is at its best in the month of May and is early June. Yet only a small percentage of the people of this country realize the fact. More are realizing it this year than realized it last year, however; and the chances are that before long this "off season" will be no more an "off season."

In May and early June everything is spick and span with new paint and new furnishings. The hotels already have on hand the increased force of servants they will need in midsummer. All the shops along the board walk are fully stocked and open for business. The thousand and one amusements are ready for patrons. Up at the inlet ride the fleet of yachts, swinging at their moorings, waiting for you to come on board.

The old, experienced sojourner by the sea is getting to know the season of all seasons for Atlantic City; and he is going down there for May and early June in larger and larger numbers. Others go there, too, at that time. Thousands of Americans living west of the Alleghanies, who are on their way to Europe, stop for a week or ten days in Atlantic City to get braced up for their voyage. Other thousands of parents coming East to attend college Commencements, when son or daughter is to be graduated, run down to Atlantic for a whiff of salt breeze and a look at old ocean.

The club house on the golf-links, the scene of a national championship and of many notable contests during the season

The crowds in early spring, the amusement piers, and the famous board walk of America's most popular seaside resort

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Bulletin

SUMMER TRIPS AFAR AND NEAR

Summer days are coming fast. Already vacation days are being discussed in the home and in the office, and in a few weeks the annual exodus to country, seashore and mountain will have been begun.

America abounds with delightful summering places, in valley, on mountain and beside the sea—thousands of resorts whither wend the pilgrims in search of pleasure and recreation.

Pennsylvania Railroad ticket agents will have on sale on and after May 1, excursion tickets to the greater number of these resorts; May 15 will see more places available, and by the first week in June there will be about eight hundred points covered by Pennsylvania Railroad summer excursion tickets.

From the rock-bound bays of Newfoundland to the sunny slopes of the Virginia shores; from the White Mountains of New Hampshire to the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee; along the forty beaches of New Jersey; even to the far coast of the Pacific Ocean, these summer resorts stand ready to entertain the transient or all-summer guest.

Any Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agent will cheerfully give information concerning routes and fares to these resorts, enabling summer pilgrims to plan their outing at a minimum of time and cost.

Information may also be secured by addressing Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia; C. Studds, D. P. A., 860 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Wm. Pedrick, Jr., D. P. A., 1631 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Thos. E. Watt, D. P. A., 401 Fourth Avenue, Pittsburgh; R. P. Fraser, D. P. A., 307 Main Street, Buffalo; H. Haman, Jr., D. P. A., Baltimore and Calvert Streets, Baltimore; B. M. Newbold, D. P. A., Fifteenth and G streets, Washington. A. C. Wale, D. P. A., 16 South Fifth Street, Reading; Jas. P. Anderson, D. T. A., Union Station, Pittsburgh, or E. Vaughan, D. T. A., Williamsport, Pa.

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Finance

GOLD PRODUCTION AND SECURITY PRICES

By Franklin Escher

SINCE the controversy over the effect on the price of securities of the increasing gold production has been transferred from the lecture-hall to the banking houses' inner offices, the subject has been becoming of more and more practical interest to the man with money to invest. However little interest he may have been taking in academic discussion of the matter, he can no longer get away from the fact that this question of how the prices of his stocks and bonds are going to be affected by the flood of new gold is one of the most important with which he has to do.

As it affects the investor, the chief interest in the question arises from the idea which has gained such currency of late that increasing gold production is bound to put up interest rates and so, eventually, force down the price of bonds. As more gold is produced, the argument runs, an ounce of gold will buy less and less of bread or cotton or coal, and so the price of these commodities is driven up. That in turn fosters speculation, and speculation needing money to carry it on, interest rates rise. High interest rates naturally work to the detriment of bond prices. On the other hand, runs the argument, rising prices for commodities are a great thing for the stocks of companies which have large holdings of real property, forest lands, coal lands, ore deposits, etc.

In this presentation of the argument there will be recognized the old "quantitative theory" which, for the past half-century, has afforded the opportunity for such battles royal among the "schoolmen," but to which practical banking men have until recently paid so little attention. With the great increase, however, in the world's gold production which has taken place since 1901, with the rise in commodity prices, and the decline in the price of bonds, this question of the effects of gold production has become an insistent factor which the banking community could no longer afford to overlook. Here were the curious premises called for by the theory, and here was the actual fact of a heavy decline in bonds. If this were cause and effect, and to be continued, evidently, from the standpoint of insurance companies and savings-banks, here was an influence of almost vital importance.

In the first place, with regard to the growing production of gold, the output for years has been showing a steady increase; and all the best opinion on the subject is that a further increase, for a number of years to come, is almost a certainty. Aside from the discovery and opening up of new fields, such continuous improvement in mining methods is being made that ore bodies of a grade considered worthless only a few years ago are now being successfully worked. Production from this source is estimated to be easily enough to offset the natural exhaustion of old mines. Indeed, among those who have studied the question, the difference of opinion appears to be not as to whether gold production will increase in the next ten years, but only as to how great the rate of increase will be.

Assuming that the increase will go on at the same rate as during the past few years, is the price of commodities to be correspondingly raised? That gold production does tend to put up commodity prices will hardly be denied, but in their overestimation of the importance of this influence most of the advocates of the gold depreciation theory make a very serious mistake. The argument most frequently advanced is that between 1896 and 1908 gold production increased from 211 millions to 450 millions, and commodity prices, as shown by Bradstreet's index number, jumped from 6.7049 to 8.2631. But why should 1896 be chosen as the year from which to begin the test? The real increase in gold production began fully five years before, in 1891, and the low price of commodities in 1896 reflected, above all else, four years of about the hardest times through which the country has ever passed. Gold production in 1891 was 131 millions. By 1896 it had jumped to 211 millions; yet commodity prices between those years *fell* from 8.1362 to 5.7019. How does that square with the gold-depreciation theory? Or, to carry the comparison right down to the present time, gold production between 1891 and 1908 increased from 131 million dollars to 450 millions, 230 per cent. At the beginning of that period the commodity price index number was 8.1362; at its end it was 8.2631—an increase of just one and one-half per cent. Not much proof of the gold-depreciation theory there.

That the actual cost of living, however, to the individual has increased, more than the index number shows goes without saying. Index numbers are made up on the basis of prices for *all* commodities—copper and pig-iron, for instance, quite as much as wheat or cotton. What has happened, as a matter of fact, is that most commodities have gone up in price, but that a number of very important ones have not. Increased gold production has undoubtedly had a considerable influence in getting prices up, but from the foregoing figures it will readily appear that the *effect* on commodity prices is not uniform, and that too much importance must not be attached to it.

Upon this premise that increasing gold production is bound to make commodity prices keep on going up is based the prediction that we are running into a period of much higher interest rates, and that the price of bonds will have to fall heavily during the next few years. Speculation in commodities, the claim is, will use up all available supplies of capital, and time money, ruling anywhere from five per cent. upward, will force a complete readjustment in the price of all securities having a fixed rate of interest. Large holders of bonds who have gone deeply into this question do not express themselves as at all alarmed over the prospect of higher interest rates. Speculation in commodities as a result of rising prices and cheap money is to be expected, but just where the basis for the belief exists that the speculation will be on a scale large enough to tie up the whole world's available supply of capital it is hard to see. Especially so in view of the fact that new gold is being mined at the rate of 450 million dollars a year, and that this gold is further being made the basis of a volume of credits several times as large.

Asked as to his opinion on this point, a bank-loan broker, who has been through all the vicissitudes of the money-markets of the past twenty-five years, replied that the dirt-cheap money markets of 1904 and 1908 ought to be a sufficient answer to the claim that increased gold production means a higher level of rates. "Gold production increased nearly one hundred million dollars between 1901 and 1904," he said, "and yet, in 1904, money was so cheap that you could hardly give it away. Here all through 1908, and so far this year, we have the same thing. If gold production has anything to do with money rates at all, it seems to me that the common sense of the thing would be that the more gold you produce the lower money rates will go."

To the man who owns bonds and has recently read seriously made predictions that interest rates will run from five per cent. upward within a year or two, and that bond prices will all have to come down twenty to thirty points, this question of the direct effect of increased gold production on the rate for money is a matter for *serious* consideration. If, as most writers on the subject assert, the increased production of gold is driving us toward a permanently higher interest level, the prudent investor will do well to sell out at once his holdings of any kind of security on which the rate is fixed. That would be a pretty serious step. Before we took it most of us would want to be pretty sure that there was no hitch in the working out of the theory, and the higher interest level inevitable.

"The more copper or iron or cotton you produce," says the practical-minded man, "the cheaper these commodities become—why should gold command a higher interest rate when you keep producing more and more of it?" "Because gold production stimulates commodity prices," replies the theorist, "and the resulting speculation puts capital at a premium." "Gold production may stimulate speculation," replies the practical-minded man, "but I don't see what reason you are offering to make me believe that this speculation will be sufficient to raise interest rates permanently. It seems to me that the more of anything I have to offer, whether it be gold or anything else, the less return I can expect for its use."

This is the very simplest kind of reasoning, but from the way in which the savings-banks have been lately adding to their bond holdings, it seems to be the view taken in quarters where there exists an almost vital interest in the question. Nowhere where there are large holdings of bonds does the opinion seem to prevail that the more gold there is produced the higher interest rates will go. On the contrary, among all the practical men with whom the writer has talked lately on the subject, the opinion appears to be universal that, as the world's supply of loanable capital is augmented through more gold taken out of the ground, interest rates are bound to decrease rather than increase.

The other great argument in favor of higher interest rates, as a result of increasing gold production, is that as the purchasing power of money is impaired by rising commodity prices interest rates will rise naturally to make up for the impairment. A thousand dollars, the argument goes, will buy at the present time just so and so many bushels of corn or pounds of cotton; suppose you lend that one thousand dollars out: when you get your money back, if the price of commodities has gone up in the mean time, you find that its purchasing power is impaired, that it will buy less pounds of cotton or bushels of corn. According to the claim of the holders of this depreciation theory, you have been losing money on your principal, and to make up for it the interest on your loan should be correspondingly high. Should be, perhaps, in theory, but what reason is there to think it will be? If you lend out your money and then commodity prices go up, you neither get the benefit of the rise nor is it easy to see what will put up interest rates in such a way as to compensate you. To keep in proportion with the rise in commodities between 1898 and 1909 the wages of the clerk or retail salesman ought to have risen fifty per cent.—but has any such advance taken place?

Gold production since 1901 has increased sixty-five per cent.—if the theory that increasing production puts up interest rates is correct, how can such a situation of world-wide money ease as prevails at present be accounted for? Reaction from the panic, replies the theorist. Very well. But how about the long low-money period in 1904? Here, during a time of tremendous increase in gold production, we have long periods when money is cheap and yet almost unloanable. How does this square with the prophecy of a higher level of interest rates which is going to wreck bond prices? Gold production has more than trebled since 1891—why have not the workings of these theories made themselves manifest long ago?

What seems to be the truth about this gold-depreciation question is that, while increased production is undoubtedly an influence toward higher commodity prices, so many other factors enter into the situation that it is utterly impossible to trace its effects. In most of what the new theorists claim, there is a good deal that is sensible and right—the great trouble with their deductions is that they do not make sufficient allowance for outside influences which, after all, are of controlling importance. Which accounts, probably, for the calmness with which the savings-banks, insurance companies, and other large investors view the outlook and keep adding to their holdings of high-grade bonds.

B. K. O.—With regard to what you recently said about Great Northern and Northern Pacific, what do you think of their relative ability to go on with their seven-per-cent. dividends? Has not Great Northern a greater margin of safety?

There seems to be not the slightest ground for questioning the ability of either road to pay seven per cent. A fair estimate for the present fiscal year is that Great Northern will earn, above all charges, $10,000,000, $1,500,000 more than is necessary to pay seven per cent. on the stock. Northern Pacific will probably earn about $21,000,000 above charges this year, $4,640,000 more than the amount necessary to pay seven per cent. We should say, therefore, that Northern Pacific is apt to do the better this year.

C. Y.—I am the owner of some Wabash preferred, which I figured out would be greatly benefited in value if the movement to raise freight rates went through. Has the idea of putting up rates been abandoned?

The idea that rates will have to be raised has by no means been abandoned, but the present is hardly the time to talk of higher carrying charges. Later on in the year, if business improves as expected, the question will be taken up again. There seems little doubt that if commodities continue to advance, rates will have to be put up.

A. C.—I notice that even with all the decline which has taken place, United States Government bonds sell on a much higher basis than bonds of other governments. If the law should be changed so that the two per cents would be no longer the basis of circulation, would it not bring about a big decline in their price?

United States Government bonds sell as high as they do very largely because of their being wanted by the banks to secure circulation. If the law in this respect were ever changed, the bonds would in all probability seek a lower level. On account of this very fact a change in the law is unlikely for a very long time to come.

S. O.—How does the Southern iron output at present compare with last year? I am a holder of stock in one of the Southern iron companies, and should think that the monthly output ought to be a good indication of how business is going.

Iron production of the Alabama district was 139,907 tons in March, against 135,374 in February, and 114,205 a year ago. The gain in the Alabama region over March a year ago was twenty-two per cent., while for the whole country it was forty-eight per cent.

K. C. E.—Can you tell me anything about the earnings of the "Pushaddle"? I have had a little of the stock locked up for a good while, and have been wondering lately how the bad business conditions around Pittsburg have been affecting the earnings of the road.

Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis made a very fair showing during the year for which its report has just been issued. Gross earnings fell off $6,700,000 (twenty per cent.), but reduction in operating charges cut the loss in net down to $361,000. This subsidiary of the Pennsylvania is a good example of how the better roads are getting their operating charges in hand.

W. A. J.—With such bonds as these Telephone convertibles, why would it not be possible for me to buy the bonds and convert into stock whenever there was any margin of profit between them?

Your idea is so good that it has been adopted by every bond-house having a representative on the Stock-Exchange. The quotation of the bonds and of the stock is watched with eagle eyes, and the slightest difference in the parity is eagerly taken advantage of.

B. V.—If three months' bills are being discounted in the open market in London at one and one-half per cent., will you please tell me why anybody should go to the Bank of England and pay two and one-half per cent.?

Discounting done by the Bank of England is nearly all "re-discounting"—that is to say, discounting for the banks who have taken more paper than they want and wish to raise money on it. If a bank is in this position it must go to the Bank of England and pay the rate.

H. C., Jr.—I suppose I have missed my chance for "bargains," but am going to invest about three thousand dollars in stock in such a way as to give me the highest interest return. Am willing to take a business man's chance. What do you think of Steel preferred?

You could hardly find a better investment for your purpose. The stock can still be bought to net over six per cent., and has never failed to pay its full dividend since the organization of the company.

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Fifty Years a Diplomat

THE HON. HENRY VIGNAUD, secretary of the American Embassy at Paris, retired from our diplomatic service on March 31st, after devoting nearly fifty years of his life to the work in that department of the Government. His name is known throughout the diplomatic

Henry Vignaud in his study

world, where his striking personality was greatly admired. The late John Hay said of him:

"A man of infinite mark, the last of the old school of diplomats. A genius of penetrating sense resting on depth. The most loyal and kindest of men."

Child Labor and the Roentgen Rays

PROF. THOMAS MORGAN BOTCH, of Harvard, has been explaining the use of the Roentgen rays on the wrists of children to determine the age at which they are fit for manual labor, and it is understood that he further recommends that this same method be employed in grading children in kindergartens, in schools, and in athletics. The average layman will be at a loss to understand the latter part of this proposition—if, in fact, Doctor Botch is reported correctly as advocating it—because the question of mental powers and mental training enters so largely into the matter of grading children in schools. But it is not so difficult to appreciate the value of an X-ray examination of a child's wrists in order to tell whether he is old enough to leave school and go to work in a factory. It is well known, of course, that in normal children ossification of the bones takes place at definite ages. The change from cartilage to bone, growing harder and harder, proceeds definitely year by year, and medical men much less eminent than Doctor Botch can tell without difficulty how old a child is by examining certain of his or her bones. The distinguished Harvard professor probably selected wrist bones for his illustration because they are so easily examined by means of the Roentgen rays. In a great many instances ignorant, dishonest parents lie about the age of a child in order to have him leave school and earn a dollar or two per week in shop or factory. But where a Roentgen-rays examination is made it will do no good for parents to swear that a child is fourteen years old when he is really but twelve.

An Experimental Fourteen-inch Gun

THE gun-foundry at the Washington Navy-yard has begun the construction of a fourteen-inch gun which is to be used in a series of experimental tests by the Navy Department. This is the first gun of that bore ever built for that department, and its cost is estimated at $100,000. The length of this great rifle will be either forty or forty-five calibres, and the projectiles to be fired will weigh 1,100 pounds.

Although European navies have been increasing the size of their guns, the United States has always favored the twelve-inch gun, and regarded it as the most serviceable, and an adequately powerful weapon. Our *Dreadnoughts* now building are to carry twelve-inch guns of forty-five calibres, and the recently authorized 26,000-ton battleships are expected to be equipped with guns of the same bore, but fifty calibres in length.

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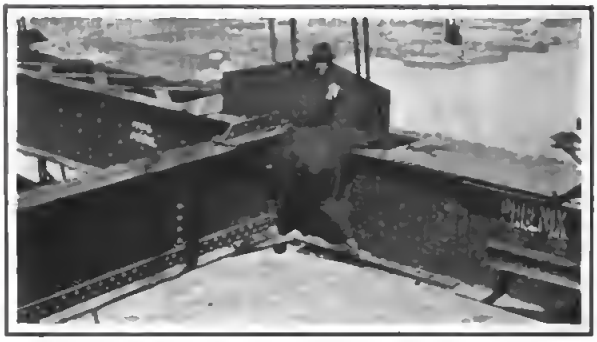
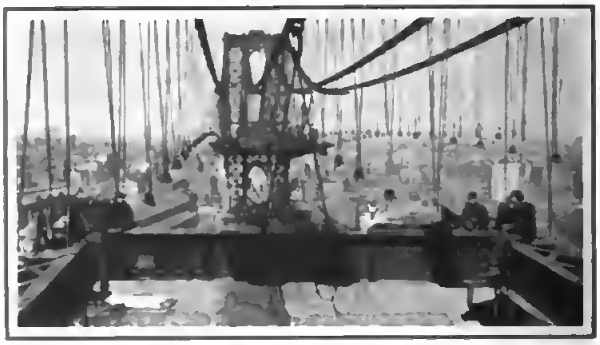
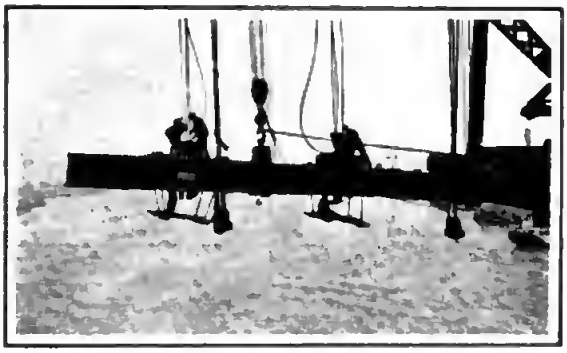
The cables, suspenders, and steel frame of the bridge floor. Railroad tracks will run on each side of the centre roadway



Men at work "buttoning" suspenders 140 feet above the water



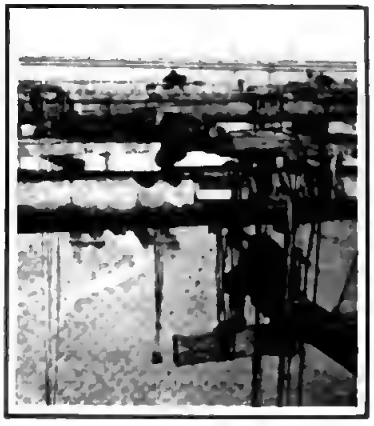
Swinging into position the railroad floor beams, which are then riveted between the great chords on which the workmen are sitting



Holding a section of the bottom chord in position while it is fastened to the suspenders. The girder weighs fifteen tons

Constructing the floor from the Manhattan tower. The suspenders and derricks for lifting material from the ground are shown

The bridge from the Manhattan side. The construction work on the bridge floor is so divided as to produce an equal pull on each side of the towers



The perilous task of removing the foot-bridges at the centre of the main span

THE AERONAUTICS OF BRIDGE-BUILDING

CONSTRUCTING THE NEW MANHATTAN BRIDGE, A LITTLE NORTH OF THE OLD BROOKLYN BRIDGE, TO PROVIDE A FOURTH HIGHWAY OVER THE EAST RIVER

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The Columbus Statue at Washington

FOREIGNERS have often commented on the absence from Washington City, where statues of heroes and near heroes occupy almost every available space, of any monument to Columbus—throughout the entire United States statues of Columbus, like those of a certain ancient Roman, are conspicuous by their absence. On the other hand, throughout Latin America statues of Columbus in bronze and marble are numerous and of great beauty.

At last, however, the great discoverer is to be honored, an Act of Congress approved March 4, 1907, providing for the erection of a statue in a suitable location, one hundred thousand dollars having been appropriated for the purpose, and a committee named to select the design. At the time the bill was enacted, President Taft was Secretary of War and chairman of the committee.

It has been decided that this memorial shall be placed in the plaza of the new Union Depot. This building, which cost eleven million dollars, is regarded as the finest structure of its kind in the world. It is not inappropriate that the statue should stand at this noble gateway to the national capital.

In response to the invitation of the committee, twenty-one models were submitted by sculptors of international reputation, though only two or three were submitted by foreigners. So uniformly high was the merit of these designs that the work of selection was extremely difficult; but the design finally chosen, the work of Lorado Taft, of Chicago, meets with general approval. It was selected on account of its simplicity, combined with an effective harmonization with its setting in front of the great station building. The model shows a grasp of the architectural problems involved, and besides presents a fine characterization of Columbus himself, who, incidentally a sailor and soldier, was primarily a great thinker. Mr. Taft will receive the contract for erecting the statue, which is to form part of the scheme for a central fountain dominating the plaza and facing the Capitol Building.

A model of the Columbus statue by Lorado Taft, which is to stand in the plaza of the new Union Depot at Washington

Other designs of especial merit were submitted by Philip Martiny, of New York, who received a prize of five hundred dollars; Augustin Querol, of Madrid, Spain, who was given third honors and a prize of five hundred dollars; Henry Hering, of New York; T. Otto Schweiger, of Philadelphia; Louis Weingartner, of Bronxgrove, England; and Pierre Feitu, of New York.

The Legal Grists

A NOTED jurist once said that the best measure of litigation is usually the number of laws or statutes, and not, contrary to general belief, the number of lawyers. Statistics would indicate, therefore, that the standard of American litigation measured high, since there are over 2,000,000 civil suits brought in this country every year, the cost of conducting which aggregates a sum so stupendous as to stagger the belief of the layman. The greater proportion of the courts, as a matter of course, are sustained by the litigants. There is spent, however, from the public funds about $500,000,000, to one end or another, to administer justice each year in the United States. This, at first intention, seems a paradox; when considered in relation to our claims of an advanced civilization, as compared with Old World nations.

Were the plaintiffs and defendants in each case all different, we would have one in eight of the voting population of the United States as a litigant. The records show, however, that there are only 800,000 to 900,000 litigants—about equally divided as to plaintiff and defendant. This is, approximately, about one per cent. of the total population of the country.

In France there is not much in excess of 800,000 lawsuits brought in a year. Italians are much inclined to litigation, and we find in that small country the enormous proportionate number of 1,400,000 lawsuits. The Germans are known for their argumentativeness, and their disposition to dispute over the most self-evident propositions, either economic or sociological. It is rather a combative temperament than pure contrariety, but it results, nevertheless, in over 3,000,000 civil suits being brought in Germany each year, which is a much larger number both actually and relatively than the batches of trouble arbitration that are brought in the United States.

But Germany does not have much to trouble about in the way of proportion compared with Great Britain. This may be because of the active courts of the Emerald Isle and Pat's inheritance of "scrapitiveness" from his forebears, in whose veins ran "the battling blood of old Ireland." The 1,500,000 suits brought there give to England and Ireland, with two-thirds the population of Germany, fully three-fourths the number of suits brought in this country with more than double the population, or nearly one case to every tenth male or female adult in the United Kingdom.

British litigation does not nearly measure up to our own in point of cost: the cost of British litigation in 1903 being placed at less than $8,000,000.

The greater number of cases brought in the United States are instituted by residents of foreign birth, who appeal to the courts for the adjudication of matters of trifling account. There is no other country on the globe where so many damage suits are brought as in the United States.

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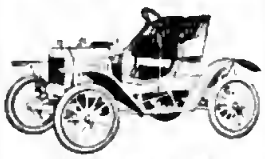

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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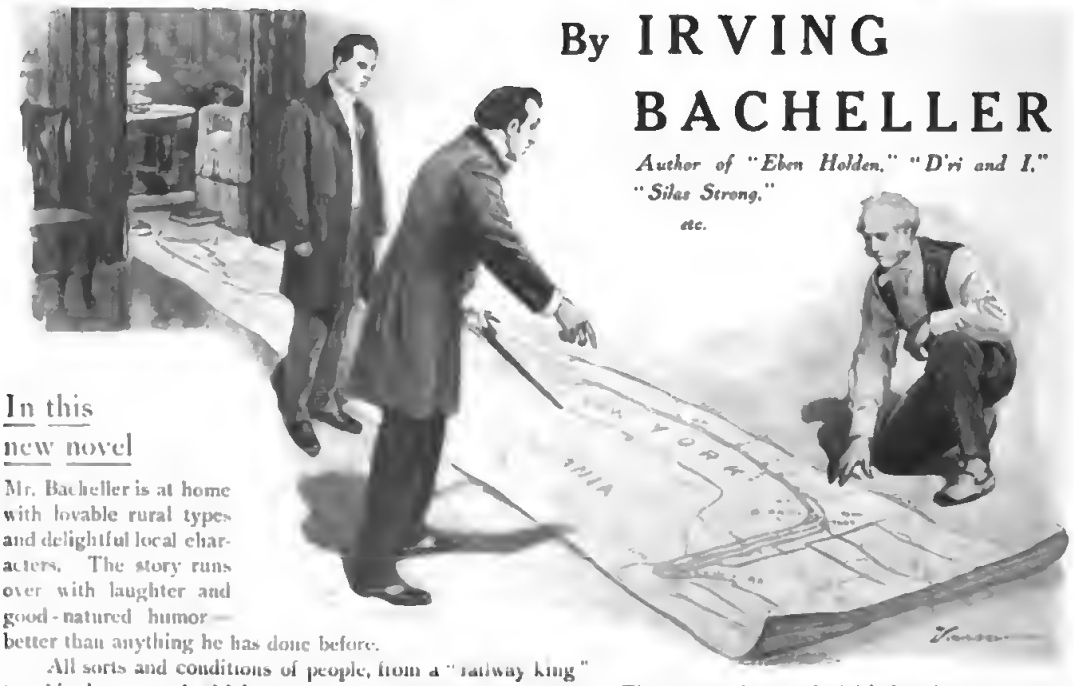

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LIII | New York, May 1, 1909 | No. 2732

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THE MAN WHO RAISED THE PRICE OF BREAD

James M. Patten, of Chicago, whose operations in wheat caused a marked increase in the price of flour, and for a time caused talk of the advisability of removing the duty on Canadian wheat as a means of breaking the "corner." The significance of Mr. Patten's operations is discussed on page 30 of this issue

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LIII. No. 2732

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NEW YORK CITY, MAY 8, 1909

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Comment

The Psychology of High Protection

We need a good treatise on the psychology of high protection; for we cannot understand the system without some sympathetic comprehension of the high-protectionist mind. The world, according to the high-protectionist mind, is made up of two classes—the sellers and the buyers. Blessed are the sellers, and despicable, as well as unhappy, are the buyers. It was in a moment of scorn and bitterness that SYDNEY SMITH imagined an immense counter stretching along our coast from Machias to Key West, loaded from end to end with Yankee notions. The high-protectionist mind sees no shame in the picture. On the contrary, quite the reverse. It is close to the high-protectionist ideal, which would add, however, foreign ships continually coming in empty and going away full. So long as we sell, and the foreigner only buys, that ideal is satisfied. So far as they sell, and we buy, we are a beaten and outwitted people, shamed before the world.

The Justest Taxes

That is the trouble about high protection and revenue. To the high-protectionist, the importer is anathema, and importations deadly. But duties on imports can yield revenue only when there *are* imports. Moreover, if no revenue were obtained from the tariff, people might get it into their heads to be rid of it. So the problem is to raise the main part of the revenue by duties on imports, and at the same time, so far as possible, prevent importations. It won't do to try an income tax, or a tax on the earnings of corporations. They might work. Senator ALDRICH is aghast at the very idea of such proposals. He would spare the people "additional burdens." According to the working of the high-protectionist mind, it is a greater hardship to have to pay the government one dollar straight in the form of an income tax than it is to pay a protected industry six dollars in order that the government may collect its one dollar in duties. The truth is that income and inheritance taxes, properly graded and fairly enforced, are at once the justest and the most effective forms of taxation. If there is any more effective, it is a purely revenue tariff, such as England's—easily enforced, and with results easily calculated in advance. Of course nobody now proposes to bring us to that. But in view of the deficit we do venture to intimate that there is something wrong with the high-protectionist view that we must keep out imports, and buy as little as we can, and yet confine ourselves mainly to the tariff as a means of revenue.

The Trouble with the Present System

Of course we do not venture to intimate that the foreign producer, who wants to sell things to us, ought to be considered. We are not considering him ourselves. We have in mind high protection and revenue, and the way the high-protectionist mind looks at the whole question of taxation. We hold to the old-fashioned doctrine that our government has no right to impose any more taxes than are needed to pay its legitimate expenses. Of course a high-protectionist can point out that we are not at present raising any more revenue than we need. In fact, we are not raising enough. But that isn't saying that we are not imposing any more taxes than we need to impose. There is the trouble with the whole system. It doesn't raise revenue in any sort of proportion to the weight of the tax. By lightening the tax we should in most instances get greater returns than by raising it or keeping it as it is. The people are burdened for other objects than the support of the government. They are taxed to support monopolies, just as truly and just as shamefully as they ever were in England in ELIZABETH'S time or in CHARLES the First's. It is an old question—not a new one—about the oldest in the history of government, in fact. LINCOLN'S words in the great debate with STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS in 1858 will serve to state it. "That is the real issue," he said. "That is the issue which will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge DOUGLAS and myself are silent. It is the eternal issue of right and wrong throughout the world."

The Orator's Neglected Chance

But not one voice is raised among our public men to discuss the issue on that high plane. Instead of serious and passionate denunciations of a system that is iniquitous *in toto*, and a shame to the Republic, we have, rather, a sort of squabbling over specific stealings; a lot of petty examinations and *in quoques*. What an opportunity, a foreigner might exclaim, for the leader of the opposition party, if he should happen to be a great orator! Fancy what a JOHN BRIGHT or a GLADSTONE would make of it! And we recall that it was as an orator that the leader of the Democratic party made his reputation. But Mr. BRYAN is a different kind of orator from JOHN BRIGHT or GLADSTONE or LINCOLN. Examine his oratory from the beginning, and you will never catch once the note of deep conviction, based on long, patient study of public questions, which is constant in theirs. Mr. BRYAN does not study public questions to understand them. He studies them for the sort of oratorical material that will enable him to captivate audiences and win nominations; and when one issue no longer yields him what he wants, he throws it over for another. Will his party continue, under such a will-o'-the-wisp leadership, to march nowhither? We begin to be a little hopeful that this very tariff controversy may bring it to the beginning of a new course. The controlling Republicans in Congress, it seems clear, are bent on denying what the President and the country have demanded. And there are signs that the country is getting its back up. If the discussion goes on long enough, perhaps the Democratic party may in the end be fairly driven to its duty, and made to discharge its proper function in our system.

The Workman and the Tariff

Our protective tariff undoubtedly hinders the entrance of European goods into this country. Our imports are large, but not so large as they would be but for the tariff. But Europe buys from us every year about one hundred million dollars' worth more than she sends us. She has got to get that hundred million dollars a year back in some way. She does get it back. But how? Summer tourists and travellers carry it back and drop it in her pocket.

But the tariff is primarily for the defence of the American workman, isn't it? And is it the American workman that goes abroad in the summer to carry back that hundred millions and spend it in Europe?

Not on your life. So far as American workmen are concerned, the protective tariff is a grotesque fake, that takes from the poor to bestow upon the rich. If American labor needed protection, one way to protect it would be to restrain immigration. The protective tariff has always stimulated immigration by making it hard for European workers to sell their wares in this market. Being hindered in doing that, they come over here bodily as soon as poverty constrains them and compete in our labor market. That is all right, but it is a proper thing for the American workman to have in mind when his employer or his Congressman tells him that the tariff protects him.

By stimulating immigration the tariff possibly hastens the development of the country, makes railroads and foreign steamer lines more prosperous, and increases the home market and the profits of the manufacturers who control it. But who pays for all that?

The consumer. None other. All prices are sky high, and the consumer pays them.

Do high prices for everything help to make the lives of ordinary folks happier?

Go ask them.

High protection is good to fatten hogs and shear lambs. The American workman has been persuaded that he is the hog that protection fattens. They have fooled him. He is the lamb—one of the lambs in a great fold—that protection shears.

Live and Let Live

Talking about labor unions to the students of the Yale Divinity School, JOHN MITCHELL said:

> If I were asked to propose a solution of the whole vexed problem of modern industrial life I should unhesitatingly advise a literal application of the golden rule.

It applies just as much to the tariff as to the labor problem. "Live and let live" is the only sound principle for either

Income Tax and Tariff

An income tax will be more palatable to some, but less palatable to others, if it is offered as the price of tariff reform. So it is regarded by the Washington correspondent of the *Courier Journal*, who says:

> That the enactment of an income-tax measure means the destruction of the protective-tariff system which the Republican party is bound to maintain, come what may, is the argument being put to wavering Republican Senators by the Republican organization, headed by Senator ALDRICH of Rhode Island. These men are telling Republican Senators from Western States, who with difficulty see their way out of voting for an income tax, that once such a measure is placed on the statute books of the country and is declared constitutional by the judicial branch, then and there the Government will derive a revenue which will make impossible a high enough tariff to protect the manufacturers of the United States.

An income tax might affect the power of the manufacturers to get as much protection as they want, but it would hardly interfere with their getting as much as they ought to have. Persons of fixed incomes and fixed expenditures, whom an income tax would bother, may find much consolation in the idea that an income tax being coupled with revision downward would mean lower prices for commodities.

Beneficiaries of the Tariff Caught

The newspapers give vague reports of very extensive smuggling operations at the port of New York, involving millions of dollars in evaded duties, and conducted by a carefully organized gang who have been long in the business. A heavy seizure of dresses and dressmakers' wares from Paris led to the discovery of the operations, and to the detection—the papers tell us—of some of the malefactors who have conducted them. Their identity has not yet been disclosed, but will doubtless come out in due time. They will constitute a new and edifying group of beneficiaries of the protective tariff, having realized to their great profit the ideal of every ardent advocate of high protection, to wit: so to do business as to reap the full advantage of the duties while the cost of them falls on some one else.

The Senate Could Ill Spare Him

Even his opponents respect the man who knows his business and is good at his job. Thus the Springfield *Republican*, discussing the rumor that Mr. ALDRICH would decline a re-election in 1911 to the Senate, says:

> There is this to be said in praise of NELSON W. ALDRICH: Notwithstanding his identification with a degraded political system in Rhode Island and his lifelong sympathy with a pure capitalistic supremacy in the National Government, he has been as close and unremitting a student of the economic and financial problems of government as any man in our public life since the Civil War. His knowledge of the Federal finances, of the national banking system and of Federal taxation in all its forms is probably not surpassed in Congress to-day. This equipment certainly colors him far above the level of the average Senator; and, in view of the sort the Republicans of Rhode Island might put in his place, it is a suggestion worth considering whether Mr. ALDRICH should not be persuaded by his Rhode Island friends to continue in Congress six years more.

Mr. ALDRICH is a responsible legislator, qualified, able, and diligent. The presence of a few such men in Congress is necessary to intelligent discussion and half-way-sound legislation. Which side of any question they are on is of secondary importance, because when either side knows all about any question, the other side must learn or be beaten.

Protected Workmen in Pittsburg

Is anybody distributing "the Pittsburg Survey," made by *Charities*, as evidence of the blessings that high protection brings to American working-men? The conditions under which a large proportion of the protected workmen of Pittsburg live, the hours they work (twelve hours

a day for seven days a week for some of them), the wages they get, the accidents they suffer—all bear fearful and wonderful testimony to the value of high protection to American labor. Pittsburg is the very Paradise of protection. Its millionaires are the world's wonder. So should be its workmen, as *Charities* describes so many of them—overworked, underpaid, atrociously housed, bringing up their children to disease under conditions the most squalid and unwholesome.

The Pope on Equal Suffrage

A vague report came from Rome on April 21st to the effect that the Pope, addressing a delegation representing the Union of Italian Catholic Ladies, had uttered a pronunciamento against equal suffrage upon the ground that woman was designed by the Creator to be the inferior of man. The precise words of the declaration were not given, but so much interest was manifested that on April 24th the following statement was obtained by representatives of the press from the Vatican:

ROME, *April 25th.*—The following is exactly what His Holiness Pius X said on Wednesday, April 21st, to a delegation of the Union of Italian Catholic Ladies:

"After creating man, God created woman and determined her mission, namely, that of being man's companion, helpmeet, and consolation.

"It is a mistake, therefore, to maintain that woman's rights are the same as man's.

"Women in war or parliament are outside their proper sphere, and their position there would be the desecration and ruin of society. Woman, created as man's companion, must so remain—under the power of love and affection but always under his power.

"How mistaken, therefore, is that misguided feminism which seeks to subvert God's work. It is like a mechanic trying to correct the signs and movements of the universe. Scripture, and especially the three epistles of St. Paul, emphasizes woman's dependence on man, her love and assistance, but not her slavery to him.

"Woman's duties, however, are not confined within the household's walls. She has a great social mission; a place in every charitable cause; work to perform on behalf of the sick, the suffering, and the criminal; the protection of women and children. In this great and common action women should unite and should strive to secure the means necessary to exercise the apostolic injunction of social charity."

His Holiness, therefore—assuming this statement to have been authorized—accepts the second, or Jahoistic, account of creation and necessarily rejects the first, or Elohistic, account contained in the first chapter of Genesis. The two reports are contradictory in many respects, the chief differentiation respecting the relationship of the sexes being marked in these verses:

(Elohistic) Genesis i, 27: So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him, male and female created He them. Genesis v, 2: Male and female created He them; and blessed them, and called their name Adam, in the day when they were created.

(Jahoistic) Genesis ii, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22: And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make an help meet for him. And out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air. . . . And Adam gave names to all cattle, and to the fowl of the air, and to every beast of the field; but for Adam there was not found an help meet for him. And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and He took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and the rib which the Lord God had taken from the man, made he a woman, and brought her unto the man.

In the first account the birds and beasts are created before man; in the second account accepted by the Pope the birds and beasts are created after the man, but before the woman. If, then, as His Holiness maintains, woman's rights are not "the same as man's" because God created man first on precisely the same ground and for precisely the same reason, her position is subordinate to that of the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. Other considerations involving the origin and authorship of the two differing stories of creation would be obviously pertinent, but it seems hardly necessary to pursue the subject further at this time, unless, perhaps, in view of the reference to Paul, we might be permitted to wonder whether the great Apostle was misquoted when, in speaking upon equality as the very soul and essence of Christianity, he is reported in the New Testament to have said:

"There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

Mr. White Has a New Experience

In France, as is well known, the civil marriage, which alone is recognized by the state, is usually followed by a church marriage. Where one of the parties is a Roman Catholic and the other a Protestant there are sometimes two church marriages—one Catholic and one Protestant. In the case of Ambassador WHITE'S daughter, who marries a Catholic Frenchman this week, the Bishop of Breslau refused Mr. WHITE'S request that a Protestant ceremony might follow the Catholic one. So Mr. WHITE gave out that he would not be present at the Catholic marriage, and he said:

America is free from all religious domination. It is a country of religious toleration. So I felt that I should protest when a dispensation was refused for a ceremony in a Protestant church, especially since there have been several recent precedents in Paris for it, including the marriage of the niece of Mr. EUSTIS, a former American minister.

One would imagine, from what Mr. WHITE says, that Catholics and Protestants can marry on easier terms here than in France. We infer that he has never tried it. It is probable that the dispensation which was refused him in France would have been just as hard to get here. In this country the Catholic Church marries folks on its own terms, and the terms almost invariably are "no Protestant service and a pledge to bring up all children of the marriage as Catholics." The Church is within its rights in making whatever terms it will for its ministrations. Religious toleration does not affect that at all. If the Catholic Church wishes to discourage its members from marrying Protestants (as it does) that is its own affair. In Mexico, as we lately read in Mr. FLAGG'S book, its terms for marrying folks are ten pesos; and as all the Mexicans feel the need of wives, and comparatively few of them have ten pesos, a very large proportion of them get along without being married, with consequent swapping of wives and illegitimacy of children on an enormous scale. Perhaps the Mexicans could get a civil marriage cheaper, but that, we presume, they do not care for at any price.

Two Bad Jobs

Speculative minds are invited to consider whether AHMED HAMID or JAMES A. PATTEN had least fun last week. AHMED, according to latest accounts, still has his throne and JAMES still has some wheat; but AHMED'S case has been critical for several days, and he still feels of his neck, we presume, from time to time to see if it is still really unstretched and unscarred. As for PATTEN, a Chicago despatch early in the week said of him:

While the bears were lunging for the onslaught to-day, JAMES A. PATTEN, the King of the Pit, was in a distressing condition. In his office, pale and worried, he was surrounded—on one side by his family physician and a new force of bodyguards, and on the other by his personal friends, who have become greatly distressed over his physical condition.

Sultan of Turkey or King of the Wheat Pit—which would you rather not be? It seems to be pretty nearly a stand-off between these employments.

Changes in Washington

The *Herald* informs us that the alert and erudite young men whom President ROOSEVELT designated aptly as muck-rakers are disgusted with the present administration. The White House is no longer an unfailing source of "copy." Inquirers and investigators are referred to Cabinet officers and heads of departments. There is no kitchen cabinet and no tennis cabinet charged with the duty of keeping things stirred up by supplying information surreptitiously to the President's personal favorites. Everything is done openly and aboveboard. If an accusation is made against somebody for breaking the law the data are sent to the Attorney-General without the accompaniment of so much as a single blast from the unterrified bugle, and that painstaking official puts on his specs and studies the evidence and the law and acts in conformity with the requirements of his findings.

It was the great Corsican's habit to announce a fresh hunt every morning after hastily swallowing his coffee. Mr. WICKERSHAM hasn't chased a solitary rabbit. Whenever he has found convincing evidence of dereliction, he has simply notified the offenders that illegal practices, whether committed wittingly or unwittingly, must cease, and they *have* ceased. All of the nonsense seems to have followed a mass of half-baked, undigested "cases" for prosecution into the waste-basket. The new law officer does not blat as much as his voluble predecessor, but nobody thus far has intimated that he is not on his job. Indeed, up to date, we should say that Mr. WICKERSHAM has made a more favorable impression than any other Cabinet member, although that may be because his work has been more constantly under the limelight. No wonder the muck-rakers are disgusted! How can they make startling articles and mighty head-lines out of quiet, determined men who simply attend to their own business and keep their noses out of that of others?

The President, meanwhile, appears to have lost no part of his serenity. Instead of jumping fences and having his picture taken every six minutes, he picks up his friend, the Vice-President, and takes him to a ball game and treats him to peanuts. And the President's wife quietly transforms the White House from a palace with monarchial trimmings into a placid American home. A great change, truly—and hard on the yappers. But perhaps it is just as well for a while.

Castro Insinuation

Ex-President CASTRO feels himself much aggrieved at the unwillingness of various nations to let him use their territory as a springboard from which to jump on Venezuela. It is all the fault of the United States, he says, and warns the world that the United States have their covetous eye on Venezuela, and in their machinations against him have committed the first act against its sovereignty. As for himself, he says he does not want to be President again, but merely to go home and attend to private business and plant lettuce like DIOCLETIAN. We do not now recall what crop was raised when DIOCLETIAN planted lettuce, but everybody knows what Señor CASTRO would raise in Venezuela if he got leave to put in a crop there. He is an interesting character, and if he cares to come and live in New York he can have reserved for him the seat in Madison Square formerly occupied by GENERAL FRANCIS TRAIN. He would be nearer home here than in Paris and yet at a safe distance. He might possibly be convinced, if he came here, that our Government does not want Venezuela, and be induced to conjecture what Germany will do next with her prospective armada of *Dreadnaughts* after she has snuffed out England.

Rochester is Over-nice

Rochester has a prison, lately occupied by the State Industrial School, standing empty in its confines, and is worried at the suggestion that the State shall use it to hold temporarily some convicts from Sing Sing while the new Sing Sing prison is being built. Rochester strongly objects, in the words of Bishop HICKEY, "to the housing of any felons in the city for even one minute." Rochester needn't fidget so much or be so nice in its repugnances. Auburn has housed felons for seventy years or so and is still a respectable town. It is not the bad folks that are locked up in a city that make mischief for it, but those who run loose.

Momentous News from Turkey

As we go to press the Sultan is still the Sultan, but only to a limited degree. The troops of the Young Turks from Salonica have captured Constantinople after serious fighting, and are in possession of the Yildiz Kiosk and the Sultan's person. It will be for the Turkish Parliament whose troops have beaten the forces of the Sultan and of reaction to say what shall happen next to AHMED HAMID. The power that set up the new constitution seems strong enough to maintain it. Turkey is showing an edifying capacity for self-help. At this writing it has got ahead of AHMED'S practised and monumental capacity for mischief.

Obituary

PETER FENELON COLLIER, who died last week, was a fine example of foreign-born lads who found in America their opportunity and made the most of it. His capital consisted of keen intelligence, indefatigability, a good heart, kindly disposition, and a peculiarly buoyant temperament. He worked hard and he played hard, and to the credit of his memory he it said that whatever he did he did well. Of his making and selling of books there was no end; but the books he made and sold were good books. We have never heard of his yielding in a single instance to the obvious temptation to print flashy or even trashy material simply because it was easy to sell. And when he started his paper he made it a high-class paper, and appointed a high-minded editor whom he upheld in all good works. It seems a pity, and we are unfeignedly sorry, that he had to die at a time when life had become a joy not only to himself, but to all who knew and appreciated the graciousness of a cheering spirit which never flagged and never failed to lend encouragement to others.

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The Service of Beauty

Perhaps if one were given the power to change any one thing and remain otherwise the same person, one's first choice would be to have beauty rather than riches or talents or even wisdom. It gives such an easy entry to hearts and confidence to be able to give pleasure by the mere lines and colors one presents in the world. Just wherein beauty should consist is a nice question, more especially in the case of a man, for mere sometimes all feature seems a little unworthy in this earthly life of hard endeavor and passionate endurance. But even a man is better off for length of limb, strength of jaw, and a head well carried. The beauty of a young woman is all color and line and harmony; but that of a mature woman involves, too, some strength, some trace of having coped with human difficulties and complexities and come away victor. Indeed, as the generations pass, types change, and beauty now in not so soft, so yielding, so ingenuous, as it was in the early Victorian days. A modern painting of a beautiful woman is full of subtleties, and, although the exquisite silhouette is still unchanged, it is a little more refined, and the flesh is laid on sparely to show a bony structure underneath. In the living person grace of movement and of pose, whereby lovely line incessantly flows into lovely line, is as desirable as ever and as beneficent. Beautiful people bless by merely passing by, whereas the wise or the kind must enter into relations with us and speak or act to give us joy. But even human not in themselves extraordinary have their moments of passing suddenly into beauty and giving us fleeting pleasure. How often the impetuous grace of a child, the half-wild alliances of a growing girl, the play of muscles in an athlete, or the faint bathos of the cheek in an aged's face relieves and lightens the tedium of paying calls or shopping or railroad travel. They ease the strain of dull and dragging moments. And when, later, they drift back on the tides of recollection we gather them up, preserve them for further service in future dull moments. Remembered beauty is like stored fire wood for winter or rose leaves in china jars.

Beauty is, perhaps, the most easily serviceable thing in the world, for there is no waste in it. Religious convictions is much hampered by the dogmas with which it has become involved; philosophy is cold porridge, except to the speculative mind; wealth, we are told, hinders the assault upon the Kingdom of Heaven, and the mere human joys of eating, drinking, breathing, playing with our kind, are full of inhibitions. But there is none who may not learn to treasure the lovely face that passes us in the throng, or to look out of the window and take a long breath when the silent and chilly sunset burns gold below green across the darkling hills or at the end of the gray street. Every one who lives among trees can listen for the song-sparrow in February when his first eager proclamation, "Sweet! sweet! sweet!" precludes the thrills and twitters and sudden falls he shall give us later. Even those who live amid stones and bricks and mortar can watch for the hour in autumn when the misty vistas of the streets are tinged with pink and mauve and violet shadows on the early hoar frost, and the street lights gleam like fiery moon stones. Then life pauses for an instant, and in the hush the spirit draws breath audibly.

There was a working man returning from Dieppe to London, after seven years in France, who had read Jules Breton and William Morris, and was interested in the conditions of good work. He approved the French artisan's way of spending Sundays and holidays in the country with his family; he held that the French artisan had over the English an incalculable advantage simply in his climate. They come out in the product, those sweet, clear winds, those hours of living about on dry turf or in the open forest glades. The thing made was neater, solider, better in color, had a sort of elasticity in its lines, a vitality that was almost like the difference between the work of machinery and hand-work. This same thought was repeated by a woman whose employment, though all brain-work, was of a peculiarly exhausting kind. "You see," she said, "although it is difficult and wearing, the setting is so beautiful—the gray stone and green turf, and the shifting changing skies above; at night a mist, like a pearl or the stars shaken in the wind. One can do more and do it better where there is beauty." Yes; wherever there is beauty, work is lightened and made nobler. The great monastic orders knew this, and placed their convents well, with an eye not merely to wood and water, but to the barest aspects of nature. Everywhere the great Carthusian foundations are on mountain-tops, the Benedictines in rich fallows or gently rolling country; the Cistercians along riversides, among the willows and the poplars of a winding stream. The architecture, too, has reflected the situation: the heavy Romanesque where Benedictines hewed the rocks, the delicate Cistercian's tracery, like aspen leaves or lorns, abounds the purest Gothic in Italy and the most exquisite in England. Even in the Charterhouse the three rooms allotted to each monk for his private solitary life open in front on the great common cloister, and on the other side upon the lonely garden, with its fountain, its image, its plot of roses and Madonna lilies. Nor without these would the monks have prayed and meditated to such good purpose.

The whole point is susceptible of proof. If one would know what beauty can do to soothe the fever, to ease the feet, and relax the strain of our dusty days, let him turn and walk half an hour in a cloister at twilight. Let him note how against the pale gray sky the curve of the arches is pure and tranquil. Like a tide, like darkness, quiet mounts, cooling and cleansing thought. The very soul holds breath lest it shatter the image. One's slow steps are soft on the flags, while overhead the vaulting changes, grows plum, or vanishes like white surf watched in the darkness of a moonless night. With every turn the vista stretches long, but not far, traversed and recommenced again in iteration that soothes like an old nurse's rocking.

Beauty, like all great and good things, has her esoteric doctrine, her difficult ways reserved for few feet. Those who have travelled much know that the weariness of spirit that draws over us in sightseeing is not all a drawback. Send a young English girl to friends going on to the Continent for the first time; "When you are tired and your head aches, and it is tea-time, and there is just one more church on your list to be seen, don't go Annie. You will have all the remainder of life to rest in. Go on!" It is precisely when one goes on that one gets the miraculous second wind, one perceives and remembers as never before; one makes strange discoveries and registers the deepest delights; the tired senses are ready for the perfect apprehension; the shell is cracked; the veil half lifted. By mere concentration, continuity of attention begets a special sense. Any one who sits an hour in front of one picture knows that, after the first half-hour, an intolerable restlessness seizes one—hunger, thirst, cold, heat, or discomfort; but, once the first hour is over, one could stay on forever, for the picture begins to reveal itself; concentration has bred receptivity not unlike in kind—though infinitesimally less in degree—to that of the mystic. And just as sea and sky can talk to those who have an ear to hear, so the posture of the statue or the cathedral façade talks back. Those to whom beauty thus speaks are the servants of the inner shrine; they will not forget it, and they will think no price too dear to pay for the whispered message.

"This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise
Thy voice and hand shake still—long known to thee
By flying hair and flittering hem—the heat
Following her draft, of thy voice and feet,
How passionately and irrevierently
In what fond flight, how many ways and days."

But for us all are spread the mereker joys of natural loveliness. Each has at his hand without money and without price, the manye twilight of the city square; the deep blue dawn over empty, reboing streets, the mist that rises to the hilltops at night; the curl and scent of evening smoke; the faint odor of spring hyacinths; the rippling voice of running waters—nay, nearer, the gliat on silks or the lustrous light in jewels. Our senses we have always with us, and they can be purveyors at our will of keenest joys, ever at hand and ready to obey our beckoning.

Correspondence

THE PROVINCIALISM OF NEW YORK

Boston, Mass., March 30, 1909.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In commenting on President Woodrow Wilson's remark that the newspapers of the country are all provincial, you ask in the current number of the Weekly whether there are not national weekly papers and monthly magazines and say, "Is *McClure's* local, and the *American Magazine* and *Everybody's* and *Collier's* and the *North American Review*, and our modest self, and about a hundred others whereof the unfamiliar names appeal from a hundred thousand newsstands?" And you remark that "the rise of the national political weekly and monthly is one of the striking phenomena of recent times."

As you have issued the challenge I cannot be considered impertinent in replying to your inquiry about yourself. I have read both the Weekly and *Collier's* with some care for a long time, and have remarked to my friends frequently that both of these papers are provincial with the provincialism of New York and they have agreed with me. *Collier's* is bad enough, but Hapgood's is worse. It is true that you do print articles about things that happen in other parts of the country, but they are written from the New York point of view, either deliberately or unconsciously, and they seldom, if ever, have that broad sympathy with the aspirations of the great West and South that a really national paper must show. The centre of population is in Indiana. That may be one reason for the popularity of the Indiana school of literature—the writers look in all directions and understand the feelings of more of their fellow countrymen than is possible for a writer living on the edge of the continent.

The opportunity for a great national weekly newspaper was never better than at the present time, a newspaper that should be inspired with the spirit of American democracy and in sympathy with the aspirations of the great body of citizens who do not ordinarily dress for a seven-o'clock dinner, and who do not care for grand opera, and are more interested in honest and economical government than in the amusements of the frivolous rich. There is no such national weekly to-day, and it is doubtful if it can ever be produced in New York, for there is something about the great metropolis that deadens the sensibilities and narrows the vision of those who go there. Those who observe its many activities at close quarters are like the child who gazes at the candle—the eyes are blinded when they are taken from the flame, and there is nothing in sight but the image of the light.

I am, sir,

George William Douglas.

It is true enough that New York has its own sort of provincialism, but it is not by accident that nine-tenths or so of the periodical-publishing business of the country finds its centre here. As compared with the whole country New York is doubtless provincial, but as compared with any other definite spot in it—Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Indianapolis, even San Francisco—New York is a pretty wide open town. There are many people here. The combined population of seventeen of the States and Territories, as reported by the census of 1900, does not equal the present population of New York. Among so many people there is bound to be variety of views and interests. Moreover, New York is a great frontier city; by far the greatest in the world. New men and new views of life surge into it in a constant stream, and keep it from sinking into any rut of thought. It is a great world city, not self-possessed, but in possession and queen of humanity. It may be worth adding that a considerable proportion of its population does not ordinarily dress for a seven-o'clock dinner, and most of those who do dress for dinner dine now at 7.30 or 8. —Editor.

THAT INDIAN OUTRAGE

New Rochelle, April 13, 1909.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Harper's Weekly is to be thanked for its faint, very faint protest against the torture of an Indian boy to make him betray his own father, in Oklahoma. A disgrace to the Governor of the State. Few, if any, of the newspapers, notice it. Why? Are they afraid? Had it occurred in Russia it would have been made much of. Is it not a small and mean trait to be continually dwelling on the ill-doings of others and ignoring our own?

I am, sir,

E. S. P.

A Glance Ahead

Central Park in A.D. 1950

Tota, my son, 's the Central Park.
Yes, it does seem rather dark.
But you see these buildings high
Cannot help shut out the sky.
Once 'twas full of birds and bees,
Lawns and lovely spreading trees,
Where poor children came to romp.
And the rich to ride in pomp—
Awful waste of useful space
Now devoted to the race
For its uplift, as you see
In these homes of artistry.

That red building over there
Is the Public Theatre.
Where the actors of to-day
Show how splendidly they play,
And the little folks who'd be
Sarah Bernhardts, don't you see,
Go to learn the rudiments
Of the art that it presents—
Sort of high class Institute
Teaching how to elocute.

Over there upon the right
In that building tall and white,
Where was once the reservoir
Stands the new conservatoire.
Where our artist-folk who sing
For our use their talents bring,
And instruct the growing throng
In the joyous arts of Song.

To the north beyond the shrub
Is the New York Authors' Club.
Here the folk who stories write
Labor for us day and night,
Teaching all our little ones
How to be Lord Tennysons,
Thackerays and O. Khayyams,
Edgar Poes and Charlie Lambs,
And that all may get their name
In the City's Hall of Fame
Teaching them by daily stint
How to get their stuff in print.

On the height, where all may see,
Stands the new Academy
Of the Arts of Politics,
Built by Richard Croker Hicks.
Here the children of the town
Learn just how to win the crown
They may wear who wisely dip
Into modern Statesmanship—
It is said it used to be
Known to men as Tammany.

In the dell as soft and cool
Is the Civic Riding-School,
And beside it, near the wood,
Is the City Brotherhood
That is devoted to the Arts
Of the Ash and Garbage Carts—
For you know, my little son,
Everything we do is done
With our might and with our main
On a high artistic plane.
Nothing is too small, you see,
To be done with artistry,
And this Park's devoted to
Those who teach us what to do,
That our lives may not depart
From the levels high of art.

What if it be dark as night?
Have we not this inner light
In our souls to gladden us
With its radiance glorious?

J. K. H.

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Round the World Afoot

THE RECORD OF A JOURNEY THROUGH MANY COUNTRIES WITHOUT MONEY, UNDERTAKEN BY THE AUTHOR, WHO WORKED HIS WAY AS SEAMAN AND LABORER, AND EKED OUT HIS EXISTENCE BY PERFORMING VARIOUS OCCUPATIONS

By Harry A. Franck

IV.—A CLOWN IN A CEYLON CIRCUS

The cook's hour off

NEVER since I had set out to work my way around the world had it been harder to find employment than on this egg-shaped island of Ceylon. My companions, the "beachcombers" of Colombo, rose at dawn and wandered away into the city. Not that they were early birds by nature. But an executive order had made it a misdemeanor to sleep under the palms of Garden Gardens and the bungalow of Governor Blake that looked down on us from the hill above. I climbed the fence after my fellow lodgers in the "Park Hotel," and strolled away to the beach for a shark-out-to-sea swim. Breakfast would have been more to the point. The bazars, however, offered no welcome to a man without a copper to shake in a shopkeeper's face, and so, the daily plunge over, I retreated to the freight wharves, where the vague promise of a job had been held out the day before.

The dock superintendent was slow in coming. At ten o'clock I was still stretched out in the shade of his veranda when I was suddenly aroused from the half doze induced by the blazing tropical sun by a bellow from the shore end of the pier. I sprang up to see the Swede struggling to keep a foothold in the maelstrom of bullock carts, coolie carriers, and shrieking stevedores, and waving his arms high above his head.

"Circus!" he cried, "de circus is coom, Franck! I'rocket ground"; and having assured himself that I had caught the words, he turned and dashed off at a pace that one rarely sees equalled in Ceylon by white men who look forward to a long life of usefulness.

I dived into the throng and fought my way to the gate. The Scandinavian was already far down the red driveway leading to the native section. Among such a company of out-of-works as graced Colombo at that season there was small chance of employment to those who fingered. After a hot pursuit of the flying Norseman I overtook him at the entrance to the cricket-grounds a half-mile distant.

A circus at the hour of its arrival presents a chaotic scene under the best of circumstances. When it has just disembarked after a sea voyage of several days on a land swarming with half-civilized brown men whose curiosity is neither restrained nor hidden, its disorder is most oppressive. The centre of the cricket-field was a wild confusion of animal cages, horses, scattered tent-poles, and everything else that goes to make up the conventional travelling menagerie, not forgetting a score of those romantic persons whose pompous air and scornful raiment make them as effective advertising mediums as walking bill-boards. For the moment, however, these important beings had been pressed into service as a garrison, for the recumbent circus was decidedly in a state of siege. Around it surged a multitudinous and ever-increasing circle of natives, peering, pushing, chattering, and fast rousing the circus men to frenzy by their refusal to disperse. A half-dozen of the latter, armed with iron-headed tent-stakes, were attempting to drive off their tormenters by charging back and forth across the open space, throwing themselves alternately on opposite sides against the encircling multitude. The natives fell back terror-stricken before each onslaught, only to sweep again like a tidal wave after an earthquake over the scattered paraphernalia as soon as the circus men had turned their backs.

With less gentleness than violence we broke through into the inner circle and shouted an offer of our services at the fuming manager. He was the typical circus boss of the world over; Irish, of course, bullet-headed, of powerful build, and free of movement, with that belligerent cast in his florid countenance that promised his readiness to engage in a "scrap" with any one seeking it as soon as his pressing duties allowed him a moment's respite for such entertainment. He heard us from the top of a heap of canvas at which he was tugging, perched at us from between his outstretched legs, and shouted above the din of battle:

"Yes, I want four men—white ones. Are you fellows sailors? There's a —— of a lot of climbing to do."

"Both A. B.'s," I answered.

"All right. If you want the job get two others, and be quick about it."

We turned to scrutinize the sea of humanity about us. There was not a white face to be seen. Fearful of losing so rare a chance, we charged the mob, bent on breaking through and carrying the good news to some of our comrades "on the beach." Before we could escape I caught sight of a familiar slouch-hat well back in the crowd, and a moment later Askins, the erudite, stood beside us. Behind him trotted Dick Haywood, and, our party thus complete, we dashed back to the boss.

"All right," he roared. "If you chaps are looking for work I pay a quid a week and find yourselves. Can't do any better. Want it?"

"A pound a week!" said Askins, in an undertone. "That's more than two chips a day. Ay, we'll take it."

"All right. Jump on to that centre pole and get 'er up. If these niggers get in the way brain 'em with a tent stake. Get a bit of canvas spread and we can drive 'em back. Step lively now."

To the natives of Ceylon the sight of a white man employed at manual labor was the source of as much astonishment as any of the wonders of the circus. Few of them, indeed, had ever seen a European manipulating heavier tools than pencil or pen; for even the missionary, who at home would be left to split his own wood and sweep out the little church entrusted to his care, is followed by a "boy" to carry his books. There are some vocations, however, like that of seaman on a "windjammer," at which the Oriental, be he black, brown, or yellow, is a dismal failure—and among them is that of circus man. Hence our employment at eight times the native wage.

"This sight is to me astounding," shrieked a high-caste youth to his older companion. "I have never before known that Europeans can do such workings."

"Why, indeed yes," cried the babu, "in his home the sahib does just as strong work as our coolies. But because he is play cricket and tennis he is doing even stronger. He is not rich always and sitting in shade."

"But do the white man not losing his caste when he is wacking like coolies?" demanded the youth. "Why is this man work at such? Is he perhaps prisoner that he disgrace himself lower than the keeper of the arrack shop?"

"Truly, I not understand," admitted the elder man, a bit sadly. "But I am reading that in sahib's country he make the workings of coolie, and yet is not coolie."

There were others besides the native residents whose attention was attracted to the "white coolies." Here and there in the crowd we caught sight of a European scowling darkly at us; just why I could not guess, unconscious of having done anything to provoke the ill will of the members of my race. In due time, however, I learned the cause of their displeasure.

All was in readiness for the initial performance when night fell—at the cost of a day's work which, we were agreed, could not be indulged in more than semi-annually, even for an inducement of "more than two chips." The tents, large and small, were stretched; the circle of seats completed. Rings, flying apparatus, properties, and lights were ready for use. A half-thousand chairs reserved for white patrons had been ranged in the best calculated vantage. The cage of the performing lion was set up and bolted together, and unneeded "props" hurriedly stowed away. The boss gave vent to a final snarl, called a rickshaw, and drove off to his hotel for dinner. Fortunately, Askins' credit was good in the favorite native shop across the way. We despatched our curry and rice as quickly as if we had been supplied with forks and spoons, washed our fingers—surreptitiously, of course—in the chettie of drinking water, and returned to enjoy a brief respite, stretched out on the grass at the players' enclosure. One pipes were barely lighted when two Europeans appeared, dressed in snow white garments that even a black night could not hide. *Tout le monde se connait* in Colombo, and we recognized in the newcomers two Englishmen connected with the Lipton Tea Company.

"It strikes me, me men," began one in a high, querulous voice, "that you chaps should know better than to do coolie labor in sight of all the natives of the city."

"What's that?" I cried, in my surprise, though I heard Askins chuckling behind me.

"I suppose you have only come to Ceylon," suggested the other in a more conciliatory tone. "You probably don't realize what a different world this is out here from home. You cannot work at manual labor here, ye know, the way you can in Hyde

The quintette of "dead beats" in the park. The author is the second from the left

The trick elephant

The Singhalese baby's morning bath

Fetching home the water-supply

Park. Why, you will destroy the prestige of every white man on the island—"

"You've stirred up a fine kettle of fish already," burst out the first speaker. "But, Arthur, these chaps are not bank clerks. They cawn't understand the sowt of language you talk to your stenographer, ye knowe. They are only sailors. Let me tell them the trouble. Now look here, me men. This afternoon my Hindu boy stuck his head in at my office door and shouted for me to go to the cricket-ground and see the sahibs working as coolies. By four o'clock it took him twice as long as usual to do an errand. To-night, blawst me, he was so slow in filling my pipe that I had to chuck a boot at him. By morning I suppose he'll tell me to prepare me own bewth, by Jove! This sort of thing, ye knowe, is giving the natives the notion that they are as good as Englishmen."

"Think you'll find," said Askins, puffing slowly at his broken pipe, "that this unwonted arrogance in the aborigines and the noticeable decrease in their respect for Europeans, which you attribute entirely to our alleged indiscretion, are very largely the results of the recent victories of Japan over Russia."

The Swede snorted. The boat-chucker peered through the darkness at the rags that covered Askins, M.A. Even "Arthur" could not suppress a chuckle at his companion's notion of a mere sailor's vocabulary. Before the other had recovered he took up the broken thread of the sermon.

"Reginahl is right, me awen; ye knowe of all the castes these are out here only the very lowest work with their hands, and they are despised by every other class above them. Even the lowest caste in Ceylon won't undertahe the lowest work. We have to send over for Tamil and Hindu coolies. Now the Englishmen are at the top of this caste system. Even the natives look up to us as above their highest caste. If this highest class, then, knowe itself to do labor that would degrade some of their lowest castes, you can see where their reverence for white men would soon go. Chaps have come out here at different times, missionaries especially, determined to treat the natives like equals, saying it was all rot and wrong to keep up this caste system. And they chatted with their servants and patted the babies on the back, and

A roadside scene in Colombo

sat at the same table with natives, and even planted their own gardens. And those who didn't get knives in their ribs for knocking the children were looked upon as insane or degenerate, or as men being punished for some crime. And the lower the caste of the native they treated with decency, the more he despised them. Why, if once these people ceased to look upon us as their social superiors they'd drive us into the sea in a month. If you chaps want to stop long in Colombo you'd best drop this circus job."

"But if that is the only work we can find on this blooming island!" I asked.

"Work" cried Reginald, excitedly. "Why, blawst it, don't work. Better half than make us all lose caste among the natives."

"But if the wily chip continues to elude us?" drawled Askins.

"Eh!" gasped Reggie.

"I mean if the curry and rice refuse to come at our whistle."

"Oah, yeou mean if you have no money to buy food."

"You've hit it," replied the Dublin sage; "that's the very idea."

"Why, blawst it, me man, don't you know there's a Friend-in-Need Society in Colombo? What do you fawney we contribute to it for? Now if you chaps don't stop disgracing all the white race—"

"What's the bloody row," growled a voice in the darkness. We turned to see the boss loom up out of the night. The controversy was soon explained to him.

"Oh, that 'll be all right," he asserted in a voice that seemed to soothe the belligerent Briton. "The tents is all up. The night I'll give these min their uniforms. Whinever the show in going on and the niggers can see 'em they'll wear 'em."

"Uniforms?" cried the Englishmen in chorus. "That's different, ye knowe."

"Of course," said Reggie, lighting a cigarette, "it will be all right with uniforms. When a man wraps a uniform the natives think he is doing something they cawnt do, ye knowe, and he keeps his caweste. Oah yes, that 'll do very nicely. Well, good night, Mr. Manager. We'll be off, then." And the pair tripped away into the night.

Our first uniformed duties were those of ushers, and between the appearance of the frightened vanguard of the audience and the first fanfare of the audacious "orchestra" life moved with a vim. The hordes that swarmed in upon us before the barker had concluded his first appeal comprised every caste of Anglo-Indian society. Weighty problems, unknown to the most experienced circus man of the Western World, crowded themselves upon us, demanding instantaneous solution. A delegation of priests in cheese-cloth robes swept down upon us, clamoring that the space allotted them gave no room for their betel-nut boxes. Half-breeds shouted strenuous objections to being seated with natives. Merchants refused to enter the same section with shopkeepers. Shopkeepers were chary of pollution at the touch of scribes. Scribes cried out hoarsely at contact with laborers. Skilled workmen screamed in frenzy at every attempt to make place among them for mere coolies. The lower the caste of the newcomer the louder and more prolonged was the uproar against him from his superiors, and the more vindictive his own disgust at his own inferiors. The Hindu Sudra, in his scanty loincloth, was abhorred of all. To find him place the usher must take him in tow for an entire circuit of the amphitheatre, and he sank into an attitude of abject servility behind the man in uniform as each section in turn rose against him. The natives, for the most part, refused to sit as circus seats are meant to be sat on, and squatted obstinately on their bare heels, hugging their scrawny knees. Wily rickshaw runners could be kept from crawling in among the chairs set for white men only by extreme vigilance and occasional violence. Raven-brown women, caught in the crush, ran imminent peril of being separated from their loosely fastened skirts. And through it all native youths from the mission schools swarmed round us, intent on displaying their "English" by asking useless and unanswerable questions.

"Fitzgerald's Circus" had been domiciled nearly a week in Colombo when I was most unexpectedly advanced from the uncomplimentary position of a "swipe" to one of weighty importance. It was during an idle half-hour late one afternoon. The four of us were gathered in the deserted ring displaying our accomplishments for mutual entertainment, when it was my good fortune—or bad, according to the individual point of view—to be detected in the act of doing a "hand stand" by the ring master and the proprietor. Certainly no commonplace a feat in itself could not have attracted the attention which the pair bestowed upon me. I regained my accustomed posture, fully expecting to have my cherished "quid a week" summarily cut off for this base defilement of the inner sanctum of the sawdust circle. I waited contritely for a burst of wrath that did not come. The ring-master looked me over slowly from my shorn head to my bare feet with that critical dispassion with which an experienced hunter chooses the vital point of his quarry, turned his perpetual scowl for a moment on the circus owner, and addressed me in the brittle, metallic voice of a phonograph.

"Know any other stunts?"

Was the question meant seriously, or was this caustic sarcasm but a forerunner of my dismissal? The tone proved nothing. I admitted knowing a few other unimportant "stunts."

"Where'd ye learn 'em?" snapped the ring master.

I pleaded a few years of gymnasium in enumeration.

"Gymnasium on shipboard?" said the owner.

"Why, no; on land."

"Could you do a dive over that chair into the ring, a head-stand, a stiff fall, and a roll up?" rasped the ring master. Here was cutting irony, indeed. I strave, nevertheless, to ward off the impending blow as long as possible.

"Yes, sir, I can work those."

"You're a sailor!"

"Yes, sir."

"Then a few tumbles won't hurt you any. Can you hold a man of twelve-stone on your shoulders?"

A chuckle and a snort sounded from my three companions, grinning at the ringside. Losing a job was, from their point of view, neither a disgrace nor a misfortune—merely a joke. I made a brief mental calculation. Twelve times fourteen. One hundred and sixty eight pounds. "Sure," I answered.

"Well," snapped the ring master, almost savagely, "I want you to go on for Walhalla's turn."

The grins with which my companions had watched the scene so far faded and died. They were gulping painfully, like fish tossed ashore by some heartless angler. The ring master whirled on them.

"Here, you swipes, go over and brush the flies off that elephant—an' keep 'em brushed off. D'ye hear me?" It was a thoroughly squelched trio that hurried away.

From nightfall until the audience which Fitz was holding back as long as possible stormed the tents I worked feverishly with Faust in perfecting "gags," tumbles, and the time-honored series of "horseplay,"

Fakirs performing for natives in the park

and when our privacy was invaded, scurried away to the dressing tent to be made up. Several long established satires we were obliged to omit until the next day gave more opportunity for rehearsal. But the clouted audience was uncritical, the European section indifferent to "tommy rot"; and the performance passed with no worse mishap to the new member of the troupe than one too realistic fall and an occasional unfortunate lapse into seriousness.

Yet life as a circus clown was nothing if not serious under the paint. The least difficult functions of this new calling were those executed before the assembled multitude. To strike the equestrienne squarely on the head with a paper hoop while holding one leg in the air and to fall down from the imaginary impact with a whoop was as simple a matter as to do the same thing in all solemnity and the uniform of a "swipe." It was back in the dressing tent, scraping dried paint off one side of my blistered countenance, while my fellow lout was daubing fresh colors on the other, jumping out of a rhinestone costume into one more idiotic, changing from a bald-headed to a red-headed wig, turning the place topsy-turvy in a scramble for a misplaced dunce-cap or a lost slap-stick, that I began to lose my fascination for this honored profession. On those days when we favored Colombians with two performances there was little hilarity in the dethroned scaramouch who made his bed of chairs at midnight by the ringside. I wondered no more at the funereal countenance with which Walhalla had been wont to haunt our morning house before the fever left upon him.

One long week I wore the cap and bells in the cricket-grounds of Colombo. All good fortune, however, must have an end, even ten-rupee incomes for stranded wanderers, and there dawned a day when our canvas dwelling came down by the run and the mixed odor of sweat and sawdust was wafted away on the hot monsoon that sweeps across the playground of Ceylon. The season of Fitzgerald was over. The naked stevedores bundled into the ship's hold the chest that contained Walhalla's famous raiment as carelessly as they threw the sections of the lion's cage on top of it. On the forward deck the moth-eaten tiger peered through the bars at his native jungle behind the city and rubbed a watery eye; at the rail an unpainted Faust stared gloomily down at the churning screw. There were no tears shed by the reunited quartette that watched the circus sink half-down on the southern horizon from the far end of the breakwater, but as we straggled back at dusk to join the "beachcombers" under the palms of Gordon Gardens I caught myself feeling now and then in the hand of my trousers for the sovereigns I had sewed there.

The winning boat, the "Wolseley-Siddeley II."

The "Panhard-Levassor," which came second

The "Dixie II.," which finished third

THE INTERNATIONAL MOTOR-BOAT RACE AT MONACO

THE recent motor-boat race for the prize of Monte Carlo resulted in a victory for the powerful *Wolseley-Siddeley II.*, owned by the Duke of Westminster. The American boat finished third. There were five starters: the *Wolseley Siddeley II.*, the *Panhard Levassor*, the *Ilia I.*, the *Dixie II.*, and the *Standard*, the last two being entered from the United States. Early in the race the *Standard* broke down and the *Dixie II.*, which won the big race on Long Island Sound last fall, was hampered by the rough sea. The winning English boat, the *Wolseley Siddeley II.*, covered the course of fifty kilometres, or 31.05 miles, in 40 minutes, 4.5 seconds, making an average speed of 37.2 miles per hour. A great number of Americans went to Monaco to witness the races.

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"The Deadly Fourth Mile" in College Rowing

A CRITICISM OF AN ARTICLE IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY," AND A REPLY BY ITS AUTHOR

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In the issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY for January 30th, there appeared an article by Mr. William Inglis, under the rather sinister heading of "The Deadly Fourth Mile." Taking the death of the late Yale stroke oar as a text, he makes a sermon on the evils of collegiate boat-racing in general, with particular attention to the havoc supposed to be made in the health of oarsmen by racing four miles. Griswold's untimely death is adduced from the length of the race, but a ray of hope is found in a contemplated reduction of the Hudson River course to three miles, and a consequent saving of many young lives. It has been pretty well settled that the boat race had nothing to do with the unfortunate death of young Griswold, and no member of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association has the remotest notion of changing the rowing distance. The few other direct statements are equally reliable.

It has been some time since any one has written quite so much nonsense about rowing as Mr. Inglis. It is very unfortunate that the death of an oarsman should be used to advance a crochet, and, by an unblushing statement of untruths as facts, to give an entirely false impression of the conditions and the environment of college men who are really engaged in the most wholesome of sports. The statistics show that the university oarsmen of America and England have longer lives than their fellows, and I have yet to find, in an acquaintance of hundreds of college oarsmen, old and young, one who did not feel benefited by his rowing training.

I therefore feel that a little of the truth of the matter ought to be touched on, and that the sensationalism of Mr. Inglis should not go by without comment. He says that the advocates of four-mile racing are largely "amateurs who have never rowed a race." I am an amateur who has rowed many races in eight-oared shells at distances ranging from one mile to the "deadly" four; I have also followed rowing very closely in America and in England for a decade and, from my own experience and observation, as well as from my contact with other oarsmen, I can say, with considerable authority, that not only is a four-mile race a better test of eight-oared crews, but that it is actually easier to row than a three-mile course.

Undoubtedly the idea of a four-mile race came to us from England, as did most of our methods of rowing; Oxford and Cambridge were in light ships before most American colleges had even organized crews. The distance was there adopted as a supreme test that could not be had on the shorter courses of the upper Thames, such as Staines, Henley, or Oxford, and four miles has been adopted in this country for eight-oared university racing because experience has demonstrated that a long course minimizes the danger that the best crew will not win. In this connection the illustration given by Mr. Inglis is rather unmanly; he shows a picture of an eight-oared barge coming through a lock, the stroke-oar is on the waterside, assisting, and he entitles the print, "Robust Oxford crew of 1825 starting in a race. These grown men, wearing top-hats and whiskers, established the racing distance which our immature boys still follow with blind obedience." At that time every mother's son wore a top-hat and whiskers, while the average age of college men was rather less than to-day; and, incidentally, they did not then have the habit of starting races from the interior of locks and without stroke oars!

It seems necessary, by way of clearing the ground, to point out one or two of the more glaring errors into which Mr. Inglis has fallen in order to show on what slight premises his conclusions are based, and then to demonstrate how really healthful is collegiate rowing. Thus he describes the qualifications of an oarsman and the effort of a single stroke: "To do the best work in a boat a man should be long-bodied rather than long-legged, with powerful back, shoulders, and loins, and with unusual strength in legs. His lungs and heart must be faultless, capable of supplying abundant energy under conditions of severe and long-continued strain. All of his organs must be in perfect condition to maintain in him a high state of vitality. . . . The work requires wrists and forearms of constant strength to hold the oar steady at the angles which give the most efficiency. The shoulders and upper back must possess power to smash hard as soon as the blade grips the water. Then the legs must drive down upon the stretcher (i. e. foot-board) with tremendous energy. The muscles of the loins and abdomen must enable the body to swing far back and forth smoothly while exerting its utmost strength. The muscles along the shins must be able to draw the whole weight of the out-reaching body forward again as it rests on the sliding-seat on the recover after each stroke. These things must all be done during every stroke, repeated with unflagging power and precision throughout the race. . . . The rowing man must double himself up like a bent spring at the beginning of each stroke, and, having planted his oar-blade firmly, explode tremendous energy in each beat of the oar. Thanks to the sliding-seat, he gathers himself in a knot so that body, thighs, and legs are doubled upon one another like the parts of a letter N. As he heaves with his back and smashes with his leg-drive he feels as if all the power he ever possessed has gone into that one stroke. Yet this is the thing he has to keep on repeating with exquisite rhythm and unflagging strength until the race is over. It is a man's work—and something more."

If all of this actually happened, there would be few oarsmen capable of rowing more than a quarter of a mile; in that distance any man can completely exhaust himself should he put his extreme power into each stroke. Let us analyze the muscular effort. In the first place, one does not employ "unusual strength to hold the oar steady. This is a fault of beginners—the oar finds a correct position of itself and must be held loosely, except for the moments of turning involved in feathering; otherwise a "crab" is sure to result. The "smash" at the catch and "tremendous energy" of the leg-drive denote an exertion about equal to going through centre in a football game, but, in reality, these are smooth operations—of necessity performed without a "smash." And then comes the extraordinary feat of drawing forward the "out-reaching body" by means of the muscles about the shins. I must confess that I am at a loss to know how this could be done unless the boat were at rest; the ordinary human being has the greatest difficulty to avoid recovering too rapidly and uses the legs to restrain rather than to aid.

The exertion in rowing a race is a great one—as in any competitive effort, be it running, football, or tennis. Every muscle content will result in exhaustion. It is unwise to undertake such effort without proper training, and men are not allowed to compete in college sport unless they have been thoroughly examined, and they are always brought into condition by careful handling. It may be that boys should not row long races, but I recall one youth who sat in his Freshman boat when slightly over sixteen. At that time he was six feet four inches tall and weighed slightly over one hundred and fifty pounds—a lean, cadaverous person with arms and legs like pipe stems. He gained twenty pounds by the end of his Sophomore year, made the Varsity crew, and graduated weighing nearly two hundred. I know many other men in the best of health who hold their college rowing to be the foundation of their constitutions. The insurance records show that the rowing man usually lives beyond his expectations.

As to the distance of the races. Four miles in a long journey in a rowing-boat, and it would certainly seem that a shorter race would not require so much effort; but other elements must be considered. In a short race, the rate of stroking is higher and the inevitable exhaustion comes rapidly. The whole problem is one of the distribution of strength and stamina; precisely the same aggregate force must be exerted by the oarsman in the short race as in the long one and he must learn to reach the end of any race, at any distance, quite exhausted—if his crew is behind. Most cases of collapse in rowing are caused by stupidity—that is, by rowing the first mile of four as though there were not three more to go.

I have found that the Henley distance of one mile and five-sixteenths is the severest strain: the pace is very hard and no chance offered, once the race is on, to have a "breather." In a four-mile race, the second and fourth miles are usually the most unhappy; in the second mile a man is just beginning to get that mysterious "second wind," while in the fourth mile come the final "spurts" in which the oarsman may pull for everything that is in him with the knowledge that he has not far to go and can probably last. If the course be only three miles long, the pace is that much the faster and the final spurting begins before the oarsman has recovered from the strain of the start—the first mile is always a battle. I have talked with many men who have rowed at both three and four miles and they all agree with me that the longer distance is the more comfortable. It may not be entirely logical, but it is a fact. Likewise in running: there the quarter-mile is the hardest race, and most distance men prefer the mile to the half-mile.

The notion that all four-mile races are settled at the end of the third mile has been abandoned by those who have followed college rowing during the last ten years at New London and Poughkeepsie. Lately so many contests have been won in the final spurts that there is little ground for upholding the old theory, and it is sheer nonsense to say that any crew which can win at four miles can as easily win at three, unless the boats are very unequal.

The Anglo-Saxon has always made for the sports that bring out the utmost of skill, strength, and stamina. It is the development of these qualities that gives the four-mile rowing race and the thirty five-minute football period a fixed place in collegiate sport, and they will not cease so to be unless a great change comes in the physical and mental makeup of the college athlete.

I am, sir,

SAMUEL CROWTHER, JR.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—At the risk of seeming ungrateful, I must say a few words in reply to the printed conversation of Mr. Crowther, which is as truthful as it is courteous. A decent regard for the opinion of mankind forbids any characterization here of his charge that I have been guilty of "an unblushing statement of untruth as facts." What he means by saying that I have tried to "advance a crochet" is too deep a mystery to solve here. Surely all rowing men must be grateful to Mr. Crowther for the spirit which inspires him to declare: "I therefore feel that a little of the truth of the matter ought to be touched on and that the sensationalism of Mr. Inglis should not go by without comment." My! The readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY are being imposed upon by a wicked writer, and the good Mr. Crowther dashes to their rescue. He has rowed many races in eight-oared shells, he says, and he therefore can give his opinion "a gh considerable authority." Good! He has sat in a boat. In the face of such expert knowledge it is with the utmost hesitancy that I venture to say that I, too, have raced in eight-oared shells for years and, moreover, have watched carefully and written about the intercollegiate boat-racing at Poughkeepsie since its inception. The Yale-Harvard races at New London for more than twenty years have been my especial study and I have written reports of them.

But personalities are distasteful and have no place in a discussion which was begun, at least, with the intention of benefiting rowing men. Mr. Crowther accuses me of showing "a picture of an eight-oared barge coming through a lock; the stroke oar is on the waterside, assisting," as a picture of an Oxford crew starting in a race. He adds that "incidentally they did not then have the habit of starting races from the interior of locks and without stroke oars!"

Alas! that the truth should be so unkind as to contradict Mr. Crowther. The picture really shows a crew starting in a race. It is not "without a stroke oar," and it is not true that "the stroke oar is on the waterside, assisting"—Mr. Crowther makes both assertions, and may choose whichever one he will strike to. If he will wake up and look at the picture with care he shall see stroke balanced on the gunwale of the racing boat, pushing against the pier and thus "walking out" the boat until he shall come to his own place, where he can drop down on his thwart and use his oar. The picture is reproduced from *Boating*, a book in The Badminton series, of which Mr. Crowther may have heard, for it is the law and the gospel of the various British sports. The author of the book is W. B. Woodgate, of Oxford, a most eminent oar, who was in two winning Varsity eights that beat Cambridge from Putney to Mortlake, twice won the Wingfield Sculls, four times won in the pair-oars at Henley, and in 1884 won the Diamond Sculls at Henley, emblematic of the championship of the world. Mr. Woodgate placed under the picture this title, "Method of Starting the College Eights Prior to 1825—Oxford," which has stood unchallenged since its publication, in 1888, until now, when Mr. Crowther comes along and sweeps it into oblivion with a stroke of his typewriter. Poor Woodgate!

As to the able critic's objection to the detailed description of the work done by the rowing man in each stroke, I have only to say that that is the truth as I have learned it by personal experience and by observing with great care the coaching of Bob Cook and John Kennedy, of Yale; Charles E. Courtney, of Cornell; Dr. Walter B. Peet, Jasper T. Goodwin, and Edward Hanlan, of Columbia; Andrew O'Dea, of Wisconsin; and Dave Roach and Eugene Glannini, of the New York Athletic Club. Possibly these men are all wrong and the busy Mr. Crowther is all right; but they have developed many of the best crews in America. I have not only gone out in the coaching launches with each of them (except Mr. O'Dea), but have discussed with them and heard them explain with the utmost detail their theories as to rowing. Fortunately for Hanlan, he is dead and out of the reach of malice; but the other coaches may as well shut up shop: Mr. Crowther is against them.

A careful examination of the body of any able rowing man, moreover, will confirm the accuracy of my description of the physical equipment required and developed.

No matter what "the insurance records show," let Mr. Crowther apply to a few companies for life insurance, first telling them that he has rowed many races. After that he will know more.

"The notion that all four-mile races are settled at the third mile" was not put forward in my article, and only a clouded mind could suggest such a thing. I maintained that a crew which can beat another over a three-mile course can also beat that other over a four-mile course. That contention I believe to be true, and I am confident that most rowing men of unprejudiced mind agree with me.

The object with which the article was written—if I may be assumed to know my own motive, in spite of the loud scolding of this critic—was to help the good work of shortening the racing distance from four miles to three. In other words, to reduce the duration of the struggle from twenty minutes to fifteen. The pace would be faster, doubtless; but, I am convinced, the exhaustion would be less. It is still true, as I wrote, that in many cases—not by any means the majority of cases—college lads who race are injured by the system which puts them through a test for which their powers are not sufficiently matured. My aim was and is to benefit these men. What is Mr. Crowther's aim?

I am, sir,

WILLIAM INGLIS.

Peter Fenelon Collier

THE VETERAN PUBLISHER AND SPORTSMAN WHO DIED IN NEW YORK, APRIL 23d

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Mr. Collier as Master of the Monmouth County Hounds, the private pack he maintained at his estate near Eatontown, N. J.

PETER FENELON COLLIER, the publisher and founder of *Collier's Weekly*, died suddenly in the Riding Club at 7 East Fifty-eighth Street, New York City, soon after midnight, on Saturday last.

Mr. Collier was one of the best known publishers in this country. He was born at Myshall, County Carlow, Ireland, on December 12, 1849, and came to America at the age of seventeen, settling first in Dayton, Ohio, where he worked in the car shops. With money saved during two years of self-denial, he began a four year course of study at St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, where his parents had settled. After completing his education there he moved to New York, where he obtained a position as salesman in the employment of Sadlier & Co., publishers of school-books. In this capacity he offered their wares from door to door, and, being aided by the pertinacity, wit, and resourcefulness of his Irish nature, he did a flourishing business. McGuffey's "Third Reader" was one of his "best sellers" at that time.

Mr. Collier started out as a publisher on his own account by a remarkable speculation. Having accumulated the sum of three hundred dollars, he purchased from a bankrupt concern the electrotype plates of *Father Burke's Lectures*, a popular Catholic work. He was obliged to obtain credit for the paper on which the book was printed, as well as for the printing itself, but handled the book with such success that he is said to have cleared not far short of one hundred thousand dollars by it at the end of a single year. He then devoted his attention to the printing of other Catholic literature, and published the life of Pius IX. in 1874. After this he took up the publication of editions of standard authors, which had an enormous sale in this country and Canada; he brought out encyclopædias and several editions of the Bible, and issued *Collier's Library of Popular Novels*, which appeared twice weekly and were sold in connection with *Once a Week*, from which *Collier's Weekly* was later evolved.

It was in his grasp of business detail that Mr. Collier was remarkable. His publishing plant was one of the largest in the country.

The successful launching of *Collier's Weekly* was the culmination of Mr. Collier's business success. He partially retired from active business pursuits some years ago, leaving his son, Robert J. Collier, in charge on his enterprises. Thenceforward he was enabled to devote much time to sport, for which he had always great interest. He purchased a stable of hunters and a pack of hounds, and became one of the most enthusiastic huntsmen in the country. For the last fifteen or sixteen years he maintained a private pack of hounds at Eatontown, New Jersey, where he established the Monmouth County Hounds. He was Master of the Meadowbrook Hounds for two years, and recently rented Killeen Castle, in Ireland, where he had a stable of fifteen hunters. Up to the time of his death Mr. Collier was an active and vigorous polo-player. He had a handicap of three goals, which is highly indicative of his skill, and was noted for the dash and energy of his play and the enthusiasm which he managed to instil into a team.

He was also a member of the Hunt, Riding, Turf and Field, Rumson, Polo, Automobile, Motor, Racing, and Brook clubs, the Country Club of Lakewood, and the Rockaway Hunting Club.

In July, 1873, Mr. Collier married Katharine Dunn, of County Carlow, Ireland. His son, Robert J. Collier, married a daughter of James J. Van Alen.

Stories of a Railroad King

HOW McCarthy, the "Hand-Made Gentleman," induced Commodore Vanderbilt to obtain control of the Harlem Railroad and thus capture and organize the entire railroad system between New York and Boston and Chicago is told in one of the chapters of Irving Bachelller's new novel, *The Hand-Made Gentleman*. This is the incident:

We entered, and saw a large, handsome man sitting by a desk on the farther side of a big room. He had a massive head and white hair and side whiskers—the latter neatly trimmed—and sat with legs crossed in a big armchair. The elegance of his attire impressed me, especially the waistcoat of figured silk, the jewel in his shirt-front, and the spotless white cheker. He looked up over his glasses. The skin began to crinkle a bit around his dark eyes.

"Well, what is it, sonny?" he demanded.

"My name is James Henry McCarthy, of Rushwater, New York," said my friend.

"I don't care what your name is; tell me your business," said Commodore Vanderbilt—for he it was—and he spoke sternly.

"It's a railroad project, referred to by my friend, H. M. Pearl, Esq., in his talk with you."

"My God!" said Mr. Vanderbilt, as he flung a paper on the desk before him. "I've got projects enough now. Will you please let me alone?"

"No, I will not," said the hand-made gentleman, decisively. "I've travelled over two hundred miles to keep an appointment with you, and I insist that you show me proper respect."

The Commodore changed his tone. "Young man," said he, "I won't talk with you; I can't talk with you. Come to my house to-night. I'll see you at half past seven."

"Thank you, sir," said the hand-made gentleman, as we left the room.

Mr. McCarthy's feelings had been hurt, and his confidence began to leave him. He had gone there with a good deal of honest pride in his heart—perhaps, even, a little too much—and I think he would rather I had not seen his embarrassment.

"I am surprised," he said to me, as we were going down the stairs together. "He cannot have read the letters of Lord Chesterfield."

"Hasn't had time, probably," I answered.

Our inn was near, and no word passed between us after that until we got to our room. My friend strode the floor in silence, and tears stood in his eyes for a moment. I felt for him, but could think of nothing to say.

"I think one gentleman ought to be careful of the feelings of another," said Mr. McCarthy. "He made me feel like a dog."

"He was out of sorts," I remarked.

"I have learned this," said the hand-made gentleman: "business is war. I see it change every day. If you want respect you've got to fight for it."

We recovered our composure by and by, and spent the rest of the day among tradesmen extending the acquaintance of Sal and the sisters of Sal.

At half past seven we presented ourselves at the house of the Commodore at 10 Washington Square.

Mr. McCarthy carried his map under his arm, and it was about half the diameter of a piece of stove-pipe.

A servant showed us into a large parlor. We could see Mr Vanderbilt in a room back of it, sitting by a table in his shirt-sleeves reading a newspaper. We observed him fearfully as he took our cards from the tray—plain written cards they were, save that Mr. McCarthy's had a bird on it, drawn by his secretary. He flung his paper aside and rose—a splendid figure of a man, full chest, broad shoulders, and the six feet of him straight as an arrow—and came slowly into the parlor where we sat.

"Well, sonny, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"I have a map to show you," said Mr. McCarthy.

"Where is it?" was the sharp query of the Commodore.

My friend began to unroll his map and said, "Here it is."

The steamboat king was impatient. A sharp exclamation shot from his lips, like the toot of a warning whistle, and he added: "It's bigger'n a bill-board. Unroll it on the floor there. Run it down into the back parlor."

In a moment Mr. McCarthy had spread his map and began talking.

"Here's Albany," he said, pointing with his cane. "Here's eleven railroads reaching west to Buffalo called the Central System. Here are others that go on to Chicago and others that run east to Boston. Here is the steamer line from New York to Albany, closed half the year. Here are two lines of railroad that run north from New York to the capital—the Harlem and the Hudson River. The Harlem road can be bought for less than six cents on the dollar. I want you to buy it."

"What the devil do I want of it?" the Commodore demanded.

"It's the key o' the future and you need it," said McCarthy. "It's the beginning of a great plan. First buy the Harlem, and then buy the Hudson River road. And do you not see that all these railroads that run east and west up here can't reach the metropolis without your help—especially in the winter when the steamers are out of business? Did you ever see a small boy lead a big bull? It's surprising how easy he does it when he has a ring in the bull's nose."

I remembered the bull at Baker's, and felt the truth of his remark.

The Commodore was now leaning over the map and looking down upon it.

"These two railroads will give you command of the whole situation," my friend continued, "and that's important."

Mr. McCarthy paused for half a moment.

"Go on, go on," said the Commodore. "Let's have your argument."

"You can whip 'em all into one system from New York and Boston to Chicago. You can give us a continuous trip between these cities. You can run freight to any point in the system without rehandling on through cars, to pay each railroad according to the mileage it supplies. You would make it possible for me to sell my goods in Chicago and other distant cities and deliver 'em on time. You would quicken the pace of business. Every factory on the line would double its output in two years. It means growth and a new republic and a string of great cities, and a stream of traffic flowing east and west like a river. There are not as many tons in the St. Lawrence as your wheels would carry, and they would call on like the water-horse, never stopping. They would enrich you beyond the dreams of avarice."

The hand-made gentleman saw the truth clearly, and flashed the torch of his enthusiasm on all sides of it. He shook his cane over the map; his eyes glowed like a prophet's. After all this time, I can but dimly suggest the quaint dignity and the singular power of his appeal. I felt it, and have tried to remember all, since these years have complimented his insight by making history of his dreams. I recall how his ardor thrilled me, and how the Commodore rose from his knee and looked at him.

"Young man," he said, "the dreams of avarice do not bother me. I have money enough."

The tone of his voice made it clear to me, even, that Mr. McCarthy's talk had impressed him.

"True," said the hand-made gentleman. "But you have power, composed of brains, money, and public confidence. You're the only man who can do this thing, and it ought to be done. You must do it for

Irving Bachelller
AUTHOR OF "THE HAND-MADE GENTLEMAN"

the sake of the country. Patriotism, and not avarice, will inspire you."

The Commodore smiled. "Boy, how old are you?" he queried.

"Twenty three years; but they count double."

"They tell me you've made some money?"

"I'm getting along very well."

"Sit down a minute."

A man about thirty years of age had just entered the room. Mr. Vanderbilt turned to him.

"I want you to come over and keep my books," he said, brusquely.

"But, uncle, I'm not a bookkeeper," said the young man. "I don't know how."

"You know enough to take the money that comes in?"

"Yes."

"And add up the expenses?"

"Yes."

"And give me the difference?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's all I want, and any d—— fool could do that. You may begin Monday. Good night."

The thoughts of the Commodore went straight to their mark, and his words followed them.

He put his right hand on the arm of Mr. McCarthy. I saw then how the grip of the ear had stiffened his fingers.

"Young man, I'll think it over," said he. "You go home and don't talk too much. What you don't say will never do any harm. I make it a rule of my life never to talk of anything I'm going to do until I've done it."

We left the house and walked slowly in the direction of Broadway.

"He'll do it," said the hand-made gentleman. "He caught my point on the fly. His brain is quick as lightning, and he had the whole thing in a second. He let me go on to make sure that I knew what I was talking about."

Another good story of Commodore Vanderbilt is narrated in Mr. Bachelller's book:

We took an omnibus, and were presently in the big house on Washington Square.

"Hello, young man!" said the Commodore, as he took the hand of McCarthy. "Going out in the stable to look at a sick horse. Come along!"

He donned his overcoat, which had a collar of gray fur of about the shade of his hair, and it put a wonderful finish on him. I never saw, in all my life, a better figure of a man.

We went with him to a large stable back of the house. I recall my wonder at its size and comfort and cleanliness, and the splendor of its many vehicles and trappings. Yet it was not fine enough for the Commodore, who, seeing a wisp of straw on the floor of the carriage-room, interrupted the coachman with high words. Then a quick, spoken command.

"Bring out the mare!"

Out came the mare in a jiffy, and Mr. Vanderbilt looked into her mouth and felt her throat and legs, and said, presently, "Take her back, and have her bled in the morning."

He let down the shafts of a light road-wagon and rolled it to the middle of the floor.

"There's a good wagon," said he. "Take hold of the axle and heft it."

We did so, and were surprised at the lightness of the graceful thing.

"Not much heavier than a tom cat," said the Commodore, "and it cost me ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand dollars! Why, it cost as much as a house!" said Mr. McCarthy.

"As much as some houses," the Commodore went on. "I went for a good carriage-builder, and told him to plan the lightest wagon that would safely carry my weight. He brought the plan for a fifty-eight pound wagon at fifteen hundred dollars. 'I want do,' says I. 'Make it just as strong and five pounds lighter and I'll double your pay.' Well, he came back by and by with a plan for a fifty-pound wagon for three thousand dollars. 'That's the best you can do, is it?' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'I might get it down a few ounces if I had time to study the problem.' 'Take time,' says I, 'and I'll pay you a hundred dollars an ounce for all the weight you can take out of the wagon, but you must keep it as strong as it is now.' He took four pounds off the weight of it, and the saving cost me sixteen hundred dollars a pound. Money is quite a stimulant if it's used right."

The gentleman stood looking thoughtfully at the Commodore. When the story was finished he struck the air with his hand, saying:

"Mr. Vanderbilt, that wagon is worth its weight in diamonds." We looked into his glowing eyes, and he went on: "Let me tell you why. If brains, rightly stimulated, can reduce the weight of a road wagon without any loss of strength, let's see what they can do with our big, clumsy freight and passenger cars. If we could take a hundred pounds off every car in the country, think what it would mean. That weight could be turned from expense into income. Think of the saving in power and fuel. It would mean millions of dollars!"

"Well, boy, go to work on that proposition," said the Commodore. "I'll give you a dollar for every pound you save on every car that runs over my tracks. I wish to God that my boy Bill had your push!"

"You are very kind, sir," said McCarthy.

"Look out for the weight of your head," Mr. Vanderbilt continued. "It's your freight-car—remember that—and you don't want to carry any cup on it. Let me tell you a story: Bill is a fat, good-natured ass, and wants to take it easy, like all boys with a rich father. I told him that I wouldn't have him bumbling around, and I sent him down on the farm and put him to work there, and Bill is getting along. He played a good joke on me, and I've made up my mind that he'll do for the railroad business.

"He says to me the other day, 'Father, I need some manure for the farm.'

"'Well boy, how much do you want?' I says.

"'Seven or eight loads,' says he.

"'How much'll you pay a load?' says I.

"'A dollar a load,' says he.

"'All right,' I says to him. 'Come over to the car stables and get all you need at that figure.'

"What do you suppose the ass done to me? He came over and got eight scheuers loads!"

Mr. Vanderbilt roared with laughter.

"'You're no farmer,' I says to him. 'Come right over and learn the railroad business.'"

Here is the account which the author gives of the "Hand Made Gentleman's" method of settling disputes with his laborers:

The candidacy of Mr. McCarthy had been announced, the caucuses were coming on; no sign of opposition had developed.

One morning the gentleman came in with important news.

"They will strike to-morrow," he said. "I have learned the whole plot. Gaffney, that little red-headed Irishman who is the boss of the wrapping room, is at the bottom of it. They had a secret session last night and made him spokesman. He will come here to-morrow morning and ask me to put out the machines. If I refuse they will quit and fight me."

He sat, thoughtfully, tapping with his pencil. In half a moment he said:

"That man Gaffney has quite a head on him. I think I'll promote the fellow."

"Promote him!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, I never discharge anybody. I promote people if it becomes necessary to get rid of them."

He tapped his call bell, and said to the errand boy, "Ask Mr. Gaffney to come here."

Gaffney arrived presently, a bit embarrassed.

"Sit down a moment," said Mr. McCarthy. "I said when you came here that I would keep an eye on you, and I've done it. I'm satisfied that you're too talented for your position. I'm going to send you to the shop in Troy, where our machines are made, and keep you there until you've learned all about them. Then I'll try you as superintendent at a larger salary and a five per-cent. interest in the profits. If you 'lead to business you'll make a fortune."

Gaffney was dumb with surprise. His face turned red; his hands trembled; he voiced his gratitude in a stammered sentence.

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My Indian Tenants

By Sam Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REA IRVIN

IT was about nine in the evening when I got a powerful rap at my phone.

"Is dat you, Hamma Davs?" asked a voice.

"Who are you?"

"Indian Jim."

"What in thunder you want?"

"Me likee me your land out by Hot Springs to live on. Mebbee you no care much, I dun'no."

"All right, Jim; you go live there. Good-by."

Next morning when I drove past the land in question Indian Jim was there, having erected a wickiup and taken possession.

He had his rude tent, his belongings, and his family already on the ground, and the smoke was curling from the top of the habitation, which was merely a few sticks or poles arranged in a circle and fastened at the top with a few skins and some old canvas, and the whole decorated with pieces of rag carpet here and there.

The land was merely waste unfenced pasture land, where a goat might browse for the summer, but would not fatten, and where the greasewood and sagebrush grew in stunted forms.

"You pay some rent?" I asked the head of the house.

"Guess you no charge rent for this," replied the savage, as he looked about him in a degenerating way. "No have the gall."

"But you see, Jim," I replied, "if you don't pay something you can't take your wickiup off when you leave. That's the law, you know."

"You keep 'em wickiup?"

"Sure, Jim. That's the law."

"Guess, Hamma, you no do that. Be a dam mean trick."

"Perhaps you grub one acre sage-brush every year, and that pay the rent."

"You bet. Him be all right. Me grub 'em."

Next day when I passed I saw Jim hard at work swinging the grub-hoe, and he was so busy hammering away that he never paused in his toil to speak to me. One always feels sorry out in Nevada to put an Indian to work. They have a regal contempt for manual labor, and the Pintes hold that they, being of a superior race, should never degrade themselves with menial work.

I knew a man in Paradise Valley years ago who hit upon the unique idea of making Indians profitable by a substitute which was an inspiration. He was a rancher with a glass eye, the original optic having been knocked out in Genoa over a poker game. He hired some Indians to grub sage-brush, and every morning when he started them working he would solemnly take out the glass eye, and, after holding it aloft a moment, place it on the top of a stump and walk away. The result was very satisfactory, for the savages, supposing themselves to be constantly under the eye of their employer, did fully four times the amount of work performed by those employed on adjoining ranches.

Suddenly, however, there was a marked drop in the output, and the rancher, in searching for the reason, found that these poor guileless creatures had hit upon the happy expedient of placing an oyster-can over the recumbent eye, after which they would lie down in the shade and dream away the hours. No one has ever ventured to try the glass-eye remedy for lazy Indians since then.

But this is palpably a digression.

I sometimes felt remorse as I passed the land where the savage dwelt, and always found him hard at work with the grub-hoe. It seemed really not just the thing to put the humiliation of manual labor upon the descendant of a proud race of beings who had ruled the forest since the earliest time, and had become accustomed to a life of leisure and war from the very beginning. It weighed on my mind to such

They have a regal contempt for manual labor

an extent that I finally determined to drive over some morning and tell the Indian that he might take a rest for a few days at least.

Next day I drove over and found him, as usual, mauling the sage-brush with the grub-hoe. He was too busy to note my approach, and when I got within speaking distance and was about to stay his hand, I paused a moment and then changed my mind. The fellow was merely going through the motions of clearing up the sage-brush, and in all those weeks he had not separated a single one from the soil. It seemed to be so pleased and absorbed in his work that common politeness would seem violated by an interruption, and so I rode away again, letting him continue his labor masquerade unmolested.

In a few days I noted another wickiup, and, not long after that, a rude cabin made of old lumber—and then some more.

Jim explained to me that he had some relatives who had decided to take advantage of my offer of a year's rental for an acre of grubbed sage-brush.

"Mebby I git plenty people and grub all your sage-brush."

"Certainly, Jim." his right ahead."

It was astonishing to see how fast that little ranchy continued its growth. Hardly a week passed during which another habitation of some kind was not added. Some were merely a few poles and skins thrown together, and some were built on such lines of architecture that with a little carpenter work here and there they would almost pass for box houses.

The terms of occupancy of the land seemed tolerably well understood by everybody in the little village, for whenever I passed along the road, which ran within a hundred or so yards of the place, I noted the grub-hoes flourishing in the sunlight.

I did not exactly like to be prying about the locality like one of those obnoxious landlords in Ireland who oppress and harry the tenantry, but at the same time I had a curiosity to learn something about that sage-brush grubbing, and so one day I noticed Dick Bender, a very level-headed half-breed, coming away from the place, and, inviting him to share my buggy, asked him how the village was coming on.

"All a dam fake," he replied, decisively. "Those people no good. All pretty shiftless, I think, and never work."

I mentioned the rental I was exacting, the cheating of an acre a year by every tenant, and he burst into a roar of derisive laughter.

"They play you for a sucker, sure. They grub nothing. They play poker and git drunk, but don't grub no brush. My land, I give 'em all."

He went on to tell me that these tenants of mine were all outlaws and outcasts who never worked and who would not send their children to the Stewart Institute which a foreign government had founded in Ormsby County, Nevada, for the uplifting of the race. He described them as "Bannamers" and "sandhoppers," which latter epithet I never fully understood, but it was not meant to be complimentary, at any rate.

He went on to tell me of the scandalous condition of the settlement, and as he unfolded the inner life of the village it seemed to me that for all the world it had many features in its social make-up that were reminders of the more pretentious towns of the country inhabited by the whites.

"Poker Jake he never play a fair game. He cheat all the while, and when he make a jackpot bet he never pay a cent if he lose. If he win he chase everybody up till he get his money.

"Skookum git drunk almost every day and kick in door and shoot off gun and raise hell all night.

"Scar-faced Bill very bad man. He take squaw away from little Injun."

The half-breed gave me a rather good idea of the inner social condition of the camp, and was of the opinion that I should renovate the same, and that, too, before it was too late. He predicted that in a few months all the tramp Injuns and toughs and bootlighters and hard cases would be there, and I would have to call in the town constabulary to clear the land of them.

I had really begun to think I had a serious problem on my hands, when it began to work out its own salvation.

The very next day, as luck would have it, one of my tenants came to me with a sorrowful tale of how Skookum had filled up with whiskey and beaten in nearly all the doors in the place, and upset some wickiups because they had no doors. He wanted me to interfere and straighten out the trouble, which, at first, seemed something of an undertaking.

But an idea came to me on the way, and when I reached the scene of the trouble I called the entire outfit together and told them that I had come to hold court. I commanded them to produce Skookum at once, and it did not take long for a few able-bodied backs to drag him from his drunken sleep in his wickiup and bring him before me.

It is not easy for a man who has never been even so much as a justice of the peace suddenly to take charge of a court and be able to look dignified and severe, but I think I impressed the crowd with my judicial dignity—at least for a time—and Skookum was scared almost to death when I told him to stand up and give an account of his performances of the night before. I am aware that it is a rule of law, and hoary with age, that a defendant may not answer when it tends to incriminate himself, but it has always seemed to me that such evidence, instead of being ruled out of court, should be admitted as the best possible evidence obtainable, for who but the man on trial knows just what he did?

Skookum was asked to hold up his right hand and swear to tell the whole truth, which he did, shaking like a leaf all the while, and then he answered all my questions and told everything without reservation.

I am well aware that had Mr. Choate of New York or Mr. Delmas or any other eminent attorney been present he would have raised objections to some of my judicial methods, but I did not happen to see Mr. Choate, Mr. Delmas, or any other eminent member of the New York bar anywhere in the crowd.

When the defendant had told all he knew about the "jag" he had indulged in the previous night, there was no more light necessary to be shed on the

I impressed the crowd with my judicial dignity

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case. I am well aware that, had I given the defendant his legal rights according to the rules of law laid down by our Nevada supreme bench, Skookum need not have told anything about himself, and, if nobody else did, the trial might have been dragging on until now, while the country was being scoured for witnesses.

By my more direct judicial methods, however, I reached the happy termination of the case in five minutes, and pronounced the following sentence:

"Skookum, you pretty bad Injun. You are declared guilty by the Court [pardon me for spelling it with a capital], and the sentence of the Court is that you grub one whole acre of sage-brush in one week or get off the reservation."

If you could have but heard the howl of spontaneous laughter that greeted the sentence of the Court you would never again accuse the Indian race of being deficient in a sense of humor.

They proceeded to smart in the poor fellow's face, to pull him about derisively, and execute mocking dances about him.

Then some of the squaws handed him a grub-hoe and shoved him out into the open as they pointed to the sage-brush and motioned him to work.

He went at it in dead earnest, and I declared the Court adjourned. By the time the week was ended Skookum had finished his task—that is, he thought he had—and I called and measured up his work with a tape-line. He was just three-quarters of an acre shy, and I ordered him to get his traps together and take to the hills. I was glad of the chance to make an example of the man, for it was a good opportunity to show the Indians that the Court meant business.

The edict exiling Skookum was a popular one, and everybody was pleased when it was announced. He was a little sullen at first, but he saw that popular opinion was against him, and he threw an old blanket about him and trudged off toward the mountains without looking behind, while the rest of the village hurled epithets and derisive laughter after him.

I felt that I had struck a popular chord now, and awaited further developments from the little Indian commonwealth. I did not have to wait long, for Jim came out to my house, about a mile from his, and complained that a good quiet Indian had been assaulted by a neighbor and "heap blackum eye."

This seemed to warrant judicial intervention, and I had the Court running inside of half an hour. The inhabitants of the camp, in recognition of my position as judge, had paid an architectural defective to it by erecting a rude shed—built mainly of stolen lumber—where I might sit in judgment upon the shortcomings of the tribe.

I made short work of the battery case. As was my judicial custom, I ordered the defendant to stand up and tell everything he did, which he immediately proceeded to do, and I fined him an acre of sage-brush work on the same to begin immediately, and the measurement to be made by the man whose eye had been blacked. The latter was also to oversee the work and boss the job generally.

The fine imposed upon the defendant in the battery case was settled in due course of time, and, as I had anticipated, the Indian who did the bossing made himself so obnoxious to the poor devil whose manual exercise he was directing that, as soon as his work was done he laid down his grub-hoe and proceeded to black the boss's other eye, and in other ways make free with his face and short ribs.

When he stood up in the court-room next day he stated his case in few words. "I heve heap fun, I lickum good. I libum grub two acre."

Accommodating myself to the defendant's estimate of a proper fine, I made it part of the court record by transcribing it on the smooth side of the board which had been provided for the head and hind-quarters of the Court, and closed the week's calendar.

Nothing so thoroughly delights a savage as to be bossed by a "Big Chief," and I satisfied their cravings for monarchical rule by announcing that I would in future act as Mayor of the town.

They were more than pleased at this, and I pointed out the advantages they gained by not having to hold a regular election.

Seeing with what equanimity they accepted the new situation, I explained to them the necessity of having regular streets, and set them at work grubbing sage-brush to clear the main thoroughfare. There was some discontent at this, but the bucks side-stepped the issue by making the squaws labor in the field of municipal improvement. My next step was to bring water into the town. I showed them how to divert water from Henry Bath's ditch, and suggested that they do it in the night, as it would not dry up so quickly. They ran a ditch up to Bath's place, about two hundred yards distant, and tapped his riparian supply.

Now, if there is any short and direct cut to trouble with a Nevada rancher it is by way of his water-ditch. In a couple of days he was out hunting for the break in his ditch, and inside half an hour he was in that Indian village clewing up the bucks.

They voted him "bad medicine"—which he certainly was—and when I arrived the court-room was an impromptu hospital.

But this was not the worst of the sad affair. They all laid their troubles to me, and I soon noted the unmistakable rumblings of discontent among my subjects. Like all men of raw experience who attempt to play the rôle of dictator, I had overplayed my hand. Most men in similar situations do this, and I was no exception to the general rule, nor was mine an exception to the common fate which overtakes unwise monarchs drunk with power.

While framing some sort of explanation for the situation I noticed that they were gathering up their grub-hoes and were advancing toward me in a threatening manner. Thus those homely-looking implements of the agricultural industry now became formidable weapons of war, and as I took in the situation I hastily concluded not to make any speech, but decided to abdicate my throne. It was not a specially ceremonious proceeding, either.

Skookum, who had apparently returned from his exile, and was still smarting under the expatriation edict which had been pronounced against him, was at the head of the gang, and, mounting an old box, began to address the crowd:

"Hanuma Dahd, he dam bad man. Makum lajun work. Him no good. Heap hoolum lajun. Gittum lajun lickel." He swung his grub-hoe in air when he reached this portion of his talk, and the crowd yelled approval.

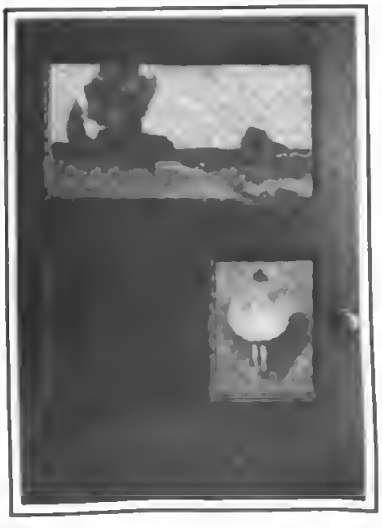
"Medby he go now and we kettum. Come back we heap killum."

I wheeled my buggy and started for town. They made no further demonstration, and now when I pass the spot, as I have to every day, I see a community of lazy bucks basking in the sun asleep, squaws playing poker for dear life, and naked pappooses rolling in the sand.

They don't grub the sage-brush there any more. I really think they are cultivating it.

"They play poker and get drunk, but don't grub no brush"

I decided to abdicate my throne



A NEW IDEA IN ART-CLUB EMBELLISHMENT

THE ART CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA HAS HIT UPON A NOVEL METHOD OF BEAUTIFYING ITS CLUB-HOUSE. IT HAS INVITED ITS MEMBERS TO DECORATE THE PANELS OF THE DOORS WITH ORIGINAL PAINTINGS. THERE IS LIVELY COMPETITION AMONG THE MEMBERS FOR SPACE ON THE DOORS

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A STAR IN THE MAKING

MISS HELEN WARE, WHO MADE HER FIRST PRONOUNCED SUCCESS THREE YEARS AGO AS THE YOUNGER SISTER IN JACOB GORDIN'S TRAGEDY, "THE KREUTZER SONATA," IS NOW PLAYING THE PRINCIPAL FEMININE ROLE IN CHARLES KLEIN'S PLAY, "THE THIRD DEGREE," AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

Scouting for the Farmer

THE WORK OF THE AGRICULTURAL EXPERTS WHOM THE GOVERNMENT SENDS OUT TO DISCOVER AND BRING BACK NEW PLANTS OF COMMERCIAL VALUE. MANY OF THEIR JOURNEYS ARE MADE AT PERIL OF LIFE

An agricultural explorer embarking on a steamship in the Persian Gulf

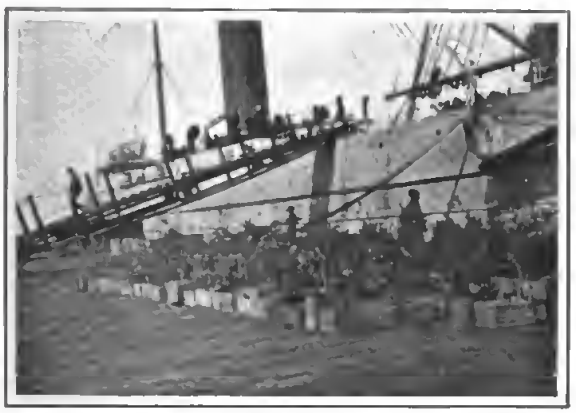
By E. Alexander Powell

Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society

THE unknown lands are almost all discovered. The work of the pioneer and the prospector is nearly finished, and ere long they will be on the lookout for other jobs. But hard on the heels of the explorer of strange lands comes the searcher after strange things, whose business it is to scour the remotest corners of the earth for plant industries adapted to the uncultivated or non-productive areas of our own land. "Agricultural explorer" he has been called, and the term is as descriptive as any other. In the whole field of human endeavor there is scarcely an occupation involving greater hardship, more niggardly pay, or smaller meed of thanks than that of these men. They have covered the globe with their operations, but how many of those whose pocketbooks have been fattened by their exertions so much as know these names? They uncomplainingly face famine and flood and plague, the knives of Manchurian assassins, and mobs of infuriated Japanese, but their praises are all unsung.

In one wing of the mammoth marble building at Washington which houses the Solons of the Agricultural Department may be found the offices of the Bureau of Plant Industry (the place, you know, where the free seeds come from), and it is the energetic, far-seeing officers of this division of our rural affairs who are concerning themselves with the destinies of the American people in general and the American agriculturist in particular. Their mission in life is to look after the material prosperity of the Yankee farmer. A solicitous government employs them to keep our farmers abreast or a little ahead of the times; to tell them of fruits and plants and grains of which they have never heard; to show them by example how they may obtain larger results for a smaller expenditure of money and labor; how to grow something bigger or better or sweeter than they have ever grown before. A poor white from Alabama writes to ask if there is any way in which he can utilise the canebrakes of which his property mainly consists and the Bureau of Exploration sends a man packing over to Manchuria to bring back another and better species of bamboo (for the giant reeds of the canebrakes are simply a thin-walled bamboo). The introduction of which will turn their Southerner's swamp into a profitable farm. From the overflown lands along the Great Lakes comes a plaint that nothing can be grown in so wet a soil, and the next day an exploring agent, resting in some African coast town, receives a cable despatch to ship a consignment of taros and yautias and dasheens instanter, and the despondent farmers to whom they are eventually delivered are informed that not only will they thrive in the wettest soil and are more edible than any sweet potato, but that there can be made from them starch, flour, alcohol, and a few other things as well. The brewers of porter and the makers of plug tobacco grumble and growl at the duty they pay on licorice, and the rebates come to the people who live in the big white building. A cable flashes its message under six thousand miles of ocean, and another explorer lands a camel-train into Asia Minor in search of a licorice root which will flourish in American soil.

They are picturesque personalities, these agricultural explorers who spend their days poking into strange corners over at the Back of Beyond. The qualifications they must possess are numerous and peculiar and seldom found in combination, for they must needs be linguists, knowing not only languages but tribal tongues and dialects; they must be diplomatists, after a fashion, and suave of manner, for their negotiations are as often as not with mandarins and pashas and chiefs and the governors of provinces, that they must be botanists and horticulturists, and all the other things that those words imply, goes without the saying; and, above all else, they must be born pedestrians, for the more inaccessible regions of China, Turkestan, Equatoria, the Himalayas, and the Andes can be explored only on foot. Perhaps the most remarkable of this corps of governmental explorers is a Hollander, who, until quite recent years, was a humble tulip-gardener in the employ of one of the great money lords of Amsterdam. Like all the Dutch, he had a remarkable facility for languages; the mysteries of botany and horticulture were at his finger tips, and his sole idea of a holiday was to take a walking tour. When he covered less than thirty miles a day on one of these pleasure jaunts he felt ashamed. He heard that there were openings in the New World for such men as he, so he came over steerage. It was a scorching day in midsummer when he presented himself at the Department of Agriculture, and the perspiration had induced the broad red stripes in his collar to run down over his yellow shirt. But it did not take the departmental people long to find out that there was more in this good-humored Dutchman than appeared on the surface; so, after a few lessons in dress and deportment, they packed him off to the China coast.



A ship-load of plants brought back from China by an explorer

With his belongings contained in a single valise, he started inland with a handful of coolies. He began on a horse, and when the horse gave out he took a boat, and when the river ran dry he was carried in a sedan chair, and when the chair became impracticable he was wheeled in a Chinese barrow—and after that he walked and walked and walked. How many thousands of miles he covered on foot in the next three years Heaven only knows. Natives from the far interior brought strange tubers to the coast cities of a mad foreigner who could walk as fast and as far as a rickshaw coolie could trot, and who spent his days in digging roots or plucking fruit, and his nights in examining them through a strange glass which, the Chinese said, undoubtedly had mystic properties, for it made everything put under it look a hundred times bigger than it was before. Twice he was waylaid by bandits in the wild country to the north of the Great Wall, and once he awakened, during a night spent in a filthy Manchu hut, to find an assassin bending over him with a knife-blade at his throat; but the explorer fired through the bed-clothes—a traveller is a fool who keeps his weapon under his pillow—and, after a time, dim figures slipped in quite silently and bore the body away. A year passed, two years, three years, and then he came back to the coast with a queue of coolies behind him bearing fruits and plants, roots and seeds, and shoots of strange and wonderful things, most of which had never been seen or even heard of in the white man's world before. And this energetic gentleman of whom I have told you is but one of a dozen or more members of the exploration corps which a paternal government keeps ever on the move in an unceasing effort to further the fortunes of the American farmer.

One of these explorers, travelling through the rural districts of Sweden not many months ago, halted in a village street to watch the erection of a house. Curiously, you see, is part of their equipment. It was a good house, and built to last, as only European houses are built. The walls were up and the roof on, and the plasterers were ready to begin their work. But there was one thing about this house which instantly caught the attention of the American: no bath—at least such

A new species of Ceylon cocoanut

baths as we are acquainted with—were used in its construction. So he began promptly to investigate. The rafters, he found, were covered instead with lengths of rushes about as large around as a lead pencil and woven loosely together in such a fashion that they looked not unlike the jalousies or reed screens with which we are wont to shade our verandas from the summer sun. Now the American, being, as I have said, of a curious turn of mind, for that is what he is paid for, obtained samples of these rushes and shipped them off by the first steamer to the Bureau of Plant Industry in Washington. It did not require much investigation, on the part of the Washington experts, to prove that these reeds which in Sweden so effectively take the place of lath are almost identical with the common reed of our own country which grows over wide areas of swamp land along our coasts and rivers. Here, then, was presented to those who direct our rural destinies an opportunity to utilize vast tracts of what had always been looked upon as worthless land, or rather, land and water. Several large matting manufacturers, having machinery suitable for the purpose, were communicated with by the Bureau of Plant Industry, and, after a few weeks of experimentation, they were able to prove that these reeds could be woven on their regular looms at a cost of less than one cent a yard, thus making it possible to put the reed-matting lath, as the departmental officials call it, on the market at a low price which would be profitable to every one concerned.

Another project to which the officials of the Department of Agriculture have recently turned their attention is the introduction from foreign countries of cultivated plants used in the manufacture of floor mattings. More than four million dollars' worth of

A hardy bamboo forest in Manchuria

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Oriental mattings are exported annually into the United States, a fact which to all the more surprising when it is remembered that American manufacturers have demonstrated that their looms can produce grades of matting superior in every respect to those which are imported by the ship-load from China and Japan. These Oriental mattings are made from aquatic plants, either rushes or sedges, and the industry of their manufacture is an important one.

It becomes evident that no satisfactory results could be obtained until a large working stock of

A wagon-load of red Chinese turnips

young plants of the Japanese rush was obtained, one of the department's agricultural explorers, Mr. John B. Tull, was sent to Japan for the purpose. The news of his coming preceded him, and when he landed at Yokohama he soon found that the task which he had been given was not only a difficult but a dangerous one. The officers of the powerful matting guilds made no secret of the fact that they would do everything in their power to prevent Tull from taking young plants out of the country, for the Japanese did not purpose to let so profitable an industry slip out of their hands if it could be prevented by any means or foul. The guilds began their campaign against the American explorer by flooding the country with leaflets describing him and his work, accompanied by photographs of him for purposes of identification. These were distributed among all the growers of rushes in Japan, all of whom knew full well that any attempt to sell plants to the American would speedily bring them bodily as well as financial harm. Tull was followed by spies from the time he set foot in Japan until he left; he was repeatedly exposed to attacks from the hostile rush growers whose means of livelihood he was threatening, and, although he eventually succeeded in obtaining seventy-five thousand roots of the yusora with the greatest difficulty, it was only possible to get them out of the country by packing them in boxes bearing misleading labels.

Have you ever examined the papers from which the best class of Japanese books are made or those bearing some of the rare old Japanese prints? Here, then, is a field in which the Japanese, who are spoken of as a nation of clever imitators, have heretofore been able to excel us. All our Western ingenuity and brains, all our skilled workmen, all of our improved machinery, have failed to produce a paper which can equal in beauty, texture, or toughness the famous Mitsumata paper of Japan. This paper is being imported in ever-increasing quantities for book making and similar purposes, not to mention the innumerable objects, such as fans, umbrellas, lanterns, and paper napkins, which are made from the cheaper grades of it, and of which eight million dollars' worth was imported by the American people last year alone. Experiments have shown that the shrub or small tree from which the bark is taken to make this Mitsumata paper can be grown in certain parts of our own country quite as satisfactorily as in Japan, there now being, as a matter of fact, several hundred thousand young plants of it growing at various localities in the United States. In July, 1907, young specimens of this plant were distributed to one hundred and fifty experimenters in different parts of the country, and the reports that have come in show conclusively that it has found a congenial and what will doubtless prove a permanent home in Georgia, the Carolinas, and Washington State.

In all the world there is no one plant which lends itself to so many uses as the bamboo. It is the Jack of all trades of the horticultural world. Food, clothing, and shelter are the three necessities of life, and the bamboo produces them all. Its culture is one of the most profitable plant industries of the Orient. In the East it is even more indispensable than rice. The number of things that the ingenious Japanese have made out of the bamboo is little short of incredible, and though it is true that many of these things would not find a use on our farms and in our gardens, there are still a host of uses to which the Yankee cultivator could put bamboo if once it was properly introduced. He would make from it his temporary irrigation pipes; there would spring up an enormous demand for bamboo pots in which to grow small plants for transplanting, because the wood of the bamboo will decay and let the plant slowly into the soil—an advantage which must be obvious even to a layman; instead of importing from India our bamboo for fishing rods, we would raise our own and thus cut the price of the finer qualities almost in half; the increasing quantities of bamboo furniture that are made in this country from imported bamboo canes would be made of domestic-grown materials. The use of bamboo instead of hickory would work a great change in the rearing of plants of this country, for the bamboo hoops are put on green, and in drying they shrink and tighten themselves, and are preferred by the Japanese to iron because they do not rot the wood. One large nurseryman and vine-grower in California has, on his own initiative, imported hundreds of bamboo plants to grow for vine-pole purposes. The use of millions of small stakes by the florists alone would create a demand for the small species of bamboo. Among the many modern things which are manufactured from bamboo is the bamboo suit-case which is being imported from Japan in great quantities by the trunk dealers of this country. By the introduction of the hardy timber bamboo, which can be grown in all of the Southern States and along the whole length of the Pacific coast, the Department of Agriculture will present the nation with a crop which, in a few years, should prove one of the best-paying and most universally used of native agricultural products.

Did you know that every time you open a bottle of wine or beer or mineral water you are paying tribute to Spain? Every cork used in this country is imported, and the odd thing about it is that we are perfectly capable of growing our own. But if we have failed to appreciate this economical fact, the people down in Washington have not, and just now they are hard at work on a project to introduce the cork oak as a culture into areas where cheap, dry land suitable for its growth abounds, thus keeping the few odd millions which we spend annually for foreign-made corks in the hands of our own people. We have millions of acres in Georgia and the Carolinas, in all of the Gulf States, and along the Pacific coast where the tree will flourish.

In no department of agricultural industry has greater progress been made than in that of fruit introduction, the new or improved varieties of fruits which the government explorers have brought back from the far corners of the earth during the past few years overshadowing in economical importance even their remarkable discoveries in cereals and fibres.

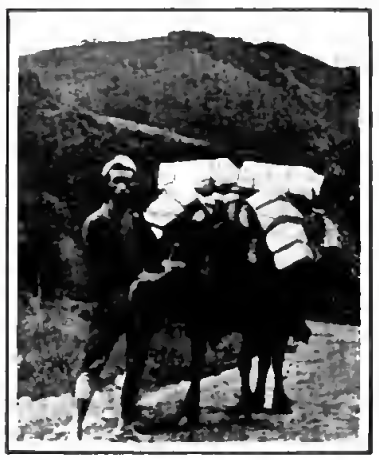
The Chinese will assure you that in all the world there is but a single tree of the species known as "Tsang-Shing Kwa Lo," and that the prized fruit from this lone and venerated tree is grown for the table of the Emperor alone. The tree in question stands in the grounds of a certain very ancient temple in the city of Tsang-Shing, being cared for by one of the priests. Years ago, in Hawaii, a Chinaman named Afong planted a litchi seed, and to-day there is growing a single tree that last year yielded two thousand fruits that sold for thirty cents apiece. Until the Bureau of Plant Industry recently took the matter in hand, no attempt had been made to introduce this peculiarly delicious fruit into this country, although California, Florida, and Porto Rico all possess soils and climates that would suit it well, and where it is hoped that in a few years the raising of this novel fruit will become a highly remunerative industry, and we will find one more thing on the menus of our fashionable hotels to tempt our jaded appetites and to flatten our pocket-books.

The world knows no more delicious or healthful food than the date. Along the entire western, northern, and eastern coasts of Africa, from Mogador to

Leaving Bahrein, off the Arabian coast

Port Said, from Akabah north to Smyrna and from Suez south to Zanzibar, it is the staple foodstuff of the people. And yet, though there are immense areas in the arid regions of our Southwest admirably adapted to its cultivation, we continue to ignore our opportunities, and to import each year thousands of tons of the dried and sweetened fruit from Morocco, Tunis, and Algiers.

The Department of Agriculture has now taken a hand in the matter of date introduction, and steps have been taken to get all the good varieties of the fruit in existence and all the information with regard to their culture, and to make both available to the horticulturists and fruit-growers of the country by importations and publications. To effect this it has been necessary to send explorers into the various date-growing regions of the world to obtain suckers of the best varieties. Owing to the unsettled condition of Morocco, the agricultural explorer charged with the duty of obtaining the suckers of the Moorish date was refused permission to enter the country, but, undismayed, he took ship to Algiers, where he organized a caravan and slipped across the Algerian frontier into Moorish territory, where, after numerous difficulties, he finally succeeded in obtaining specimens of the date for which he had been sent. Another one of these government agents was sent with a caravan from Alexandria straight across the Libyan Desert to the almost unknown oasis of Siwah, where, in spite of the hostile attitude of the fanatical Iribesmen who inhabit it, he succeeded in obtaining specimens of a giant date which is found nowhere else in the world and which frequently equals in size a small peach; while Conrad Magelssen started north from Bagdad for the Persian



Bringing Mitsumata paper to the mills in Japan

frontier in his search for the wonderful Ascherasi variety, said to have the largest proportion of flesh of any date known.

Any adequate idea of the real scope and multiple activities of the Exploration Bureau, as that branch of the Department of Agriculture is called which has to do with the discovery and introduction of foreign seeds and plants is impossible in the limits of a single paper. Sufficient it will have to be to mention briefly a few of the many strange fruits and plants which these agricultural explorers have sent back from the far corners of the earth for the benefit of the American farmer. They have brought from Hankow the seeds of the Tung Shu, or wood-oil nut, from which is produced an oil of peculiar value that is being used more and more by the varnish manufacturers of this country; licchee from Ispahan, a strange fruit known as the hairy cetch from Riga in western Siberia; a wonderful Korean pear from the wild country to the west of Seoul, for the rice growers of the South the famous One Hundred Day rice of Japan, which yields crops where all other rices fail; a Manchurian cherry, noted for its remarkable earliness, ripening its fruit in mid-April under Californian conditions, two varieties of the new and promising Indian forage crop known as guar; a Japanese pear, brought from the Pacific coast of Siberia and thought to be the hardiest species of pear in existence; a native forage plant from the Strait of Magellan; the Totem clover, cultivated over large areas in Scandinavia on account of its extreme hardiness, an enormous species of barberry from Djarkent; an entirely new species of asparagus from South Africa; the seed of the Ilang-Ilang, one of the best-known perfume-producing trees of the Orient; wild Scilluk rice from the region about Fushuda in the Egyptian Sudan, not to mention eleven new varieties of rice from Calcutta and two from Japan.

And meanwhile the explorers keep pushing onward, and ever onward, afoot, by boat and by caravan, and meanwhile the cables keep fretting at them to hurry, hurry, hurry, for Mr. American Farmer—whom some one has called the backbone of the nation—is waiting impatiently for the tall bamboo and the giant dates, for the wet-land beans and the fast-growing rices; for is his wife not clamoring for a newfangled sewing-machine, and his son for an automobile, and his daughter for a grand piano?

Revenge

By Marie Louise Tompkins

Th' big pink rose is open wide!
I ran to put my nose inside,
Th' Honey-bee—he saw it too—
He got there first,—(that's 'cause he flew!)

Th' Honey-bee,—he's impertite!
His mother better teach him things,
'Cause w'en I put my nose in, too,
He pushed me 'way with all his stings!

Th' Honey-bee—I guess he'll wish
He hadn't made my nose all sore!
'Cause Ma an' me has 'cided we
Won't buy his honey *any more!*

This stone marks the spot where gold was first discovered in Australia, at Ballarat, in Victoria

One of the street telephones that have been installed at Chester, Pennsylvania

The King of Sweden, who frequently deserts one court for another

Mrs. Henry Pollock, the woman carpenter, building her own home in Cincinnati. Her husband is her sole assistant in the work

The new Cuban House of Representatives in session in the city of Havana

An especially constructed road on the Brooklands Motor Track in England for hill-climbing contests

President Taft as a golfer. The others in the group, from left to right, are: Vice-President Sherman, Captain Butts, and Brigadier-General Edwards

CHIPS FROM THE WORLD'S WORKSHOP

THE TROUBLE WITH NEW YORK—FROM

DRAWN BY JAMES

THE SUSCEPTIBLE STRANGER'S STANDPOINT

ONTGOMERY FLAGG

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THE RUBAIYAT OF BRIDGE

By Carolyn Wells

Alas! how Subtle Bridge allureth Women!
And robs me of My Nightly Beauty Sleeve.
I often Wonder what Bridge Players gain
One half so Precious as the Sleep they lose.

Indeed, indeed—no Quit in out Before
I swore.—but did I Mean it when I swore?
And then,—and then came Thirst, and Cards in Hand,
I Joined them, and they made me Keep the Score!

SUBTLETY

THERE is a Washington man of limited income who is endeavoring to give a liberal education to quite a large number of children. Among these is a girl who is studying under a German teacher, whose custom it is to receive his wage each Monday.

That the good Teuton was much distressed by reason of his patron's failure invariably to recognize this important requirement was evidenced recently when the girl went to her teacher without the usual piece of money.

That evening, as per his habit, Father was looking over Agatha's exercises, when he discovered that the girl had been striving to put into good German something like this:

"I have no money. The week has come to an end. Have you no money? Has your father no money? I need money. What is the day of the week? The day of the week is Monday. Does your father know the day of the week?"

THE TRAGEDY

"You must!"

With these words Marie Van Hauteur, her coal-black eyes flashing fire upon him, a fire that showed him beyond the shadow of all questioning that her imperious will was not to be thwarted in this matter, and that there was left to him no other alternative than to obey, turned her back upon him and stood silent, determined—but oh, how beautiful! He was her husband, and she loved him deeply, passionately, unremittingly, and yet she turned her back upon him deliberately. And he? Henry Van Hauteur was a proud man, and the thing was repugnant to him, and yet he yielded to her imperious command.

"Very well, Marie," he said. "This once, but never again!"

And with trembling hands, and many harsh observations muttered under his breath lest she should overhear, he passed the next forty minutes hooking her up at the back.

THE HARVEST

He picked the lady's pocket,
And he scooped her *portemonnaie*,
As she struggled toward the counter
At the Bargain Matinée.
Yes, he scooped the lady's wallet—
It was fat as it could be,—
And he sat him down to divvy
With his other pal and me.

And this—oh, horrid lot!—
Oh, this is what we got:
Several bits of colored silk;
Ticket for a quart of milk;
Powder puff for Madame's face;
Inch or two of Irish lace;
Pencil black for Madame's eye;
Recipe for pumpkin pie;
Bit of verse on *Coming Spring*;
Feather from a pigeon wing;
Ticket for a Lecture on
"Women of the Parthenon";
Memo. of much needed things—
"Ice-cream freezer, muffin rings,
Shoes for Willie, hose for Jane,
When I go to town again";
Seven hairpins and some clips
Advertising "Rough on Hips";
Samples of a Scottish Plaid;
And a New York *Herald* "ad"
Of a Butler Japonaise
Very anxious for a place;
Notice from a bank Cashier—
"Your account, Ma'am, doth appear,
I regret to have to state,
Overdrawn a dollar eight";
Clipping from a Magazine
Telling of a new machine
Cutting housework square in two;
One undated I.O.U.
For one dollar understood
Which the maker hadn't signed,
Relic of some little game
Held in Charity's sweet name;
Sent check for a matinée
Held three weeks last Wednesday;
And in cash—oh, thing of dread!—
One punched nickel made of lead!

Pocket-picking, seems to me,
Ain't the trade it used to be!

CARLYLE SMITH.

WHERE WILL IT END?

SEXTON. "PLEASE CHECK YOUR HAT, MADAM."

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A WELCOME VISITOR

THERE seems to be a fair chance that the Prince of Wales will be the next challenger for the America's cup. This will be fine. It has been some time since we had a live prince over here, and we have been feeling a trifle lonesome. Not since the Kaiser kindly loaned us his brother Henry to play with for a while have we had any of our own kind from across the sea, and we are just ripe for him. We've got a lot of brand-new things to show him, too, that we have not yet shown to any princes of any sort. There's the New York Subway, for instance; and the McAdoo Tunnels; and the Public Service Commission; and Bryan's new check book; and Mr. Hammerstein—to be sure, Mr. Hammerstein was here when Prince Henry was, but he had not yet become one of the fine sights of our city; and Tom Platt in retirement; and Tom Lawson and Pings Conners and the Metropolitan Tower; a couple of new Brooklyn bridges; Fifth Avenue stages that really can and do run uphill; Oklahoma and Greater Rensenhurst; Vice-President Sherman and Governor Hughes; and about eight million quick and spare new Marathon runners between five years old and ninety. Really, the more we think of how we have developed since Prince Henry was here, the more anxious we are to have another prince come over and see how we have improved. If he comes, we not only promise to show him all these things, but if the cars comes off, and he travels on his own boat, we'll see that while it is in progress from start to finish he has a fine clear space to sail in just behind our new defender.

BANDITTI

THE Black Hand? Yes, I fear it much.
'Tis awesome unto me.
I dread its silent, darksome clutch,
Its veil of mystery;
And yet far more than this I fear
The sudden heart surprise
That comes whene'er I linger near
A pair of deep blue eyes!

The threat Sicilian fills my soul
With terror vast and deep.
It fills my waking hours with dole,
Pursues me in my sleep.
Yet more in awe I stand when nigh
My path Somebody trips
And flashes brightly on mine eye
Two smiling cherry lips!

The Mafia I may escape,
Its vengeful threats may fail,
The horror of its spectral shape
May falter on my trail.
But for all time, deep in the snare,
A victim stood apart,
I rest a captive of these fair
Banditti of the Heart!

HORACE DIXON GANTIT.

THE SACRIFICE

IT was a touching scene! The sun poured fiercely down on the hot sands, withering everything in sight with its scorching rays. The desert had never known a more awful day.

The two Bostonians, struggling across these superheated wastes, spied each other in the distance, and hope ran high in the hearts of each. Here might be relief, for both were dying of starvation and thirst; but when they came together, they saw that it was hopeless.

Neither had meat or drink?

"I have no bread," said the one. "But if I had but a crust, I would have shared it with you."

"I have no water," said the other. "But if I had but a thimbleful, half of it would have been yours."

And thus impulsively they clasped hands, and both spoke in unison.

"Never mind!" each cried. "I will split my last infinitive with you."

It was thus that they were able to happily and fearlessly face death together!

HER PROMISE

A TOLEDO man, who married a widow but recently bereaved, received an unpleasant shock one morning at breakfast when, without examining the address, he carelessly opened an envelope bearing a business-like-looking caption.

It was a communication from a firm dealing in grave monuments; it was addressed to his wife, and it read:

"In compliance with your request, we beg to enclose drawing of monument ordered."

The drawing showed this inscription upon the monument:

"To my dear husband, whom I shall never replace."

MR. HESPECK. "Hummm!"

SAFE

A PHILADELPHIA boy and his aunt Adelaide, who were visiting relatives at a country home in Lancaster County, were one day crossing a pasture together. When they were half way across Aunt Adelaide noticed two oxen and paused doubtfully.

"I'm not sure that it's prudent to go past those oxen, Harry," she said.

Whereupon Harry tightened his hold on his aunt's hand encouragingly.

"Don't be afraid of the oxen, auntie," said he. "They won't hurt us. The first time I came down here I was afraid of them. I didn't dare to go back of them, and I didn't dare go in front of them. But I thought of a way at last—I simply crawled under them."

NAMING HIM

AN Alabama man tells of an old darky in Birmingham who became possessed of a seedy and forlorn-looking dog, to which he promptly assigned the name "Moreover."

"Jefferson," the aged negro was asked, "how did you hit upon such a name as 'Moreover' for the dog?"

"I gits it outen de Bible," said the darky.

"The Bible?"

"Sure, sah. Doan' yo' 'member where it says, 'When Lazarus lay at de rich man's gate Moreover, de dog, come an' lick his sores'?"

DON'T ALWAYS ASCRIBE THE PATIENCE OF YOUR WAITING CLIENTS TO YOUR OWN IMPORTANCE

The Little Man with the Safety Pin

By Florida Pier

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD V BROWN

HARDMAN was completely upset, though that is only to be expected when one has proposed almost against one's will and entirely contrary to one's intentions. Particularly if one is of a cautious, conventional turn of mind and lacking in imagination. There is nothing that so successfully rescues one from an upset as a little judicious imagining, and Hardman was incapable of it. He merely fretted and poked the fire until it smoked back at him, after which they mutually glowered. This did not add to Hardman's peace of mind. He rose and stamped about the room. He kicked a footstool, and it toppled over so inadequately that it added to his rage. "Futile idiot!" he hissed at the footstool and himself, and the least in the world at the girl. Not that she really was an idiot of any kind; she was, he admitted, an extremely nice girl, only why had she behaved in such a way that now, three days after the catastrophe, he had not an idea whether she had said yes or no. He inclined in a panic toward the former. Hardman was a serious young man, and he believed in girls, he even believed in marriage, but he knew the wrong girl once he had proposed to her, and he had known that this was the wrong girl almost the moment she had not said no. He was sunk in wretchedness at being so sure and sat violently down before the fire, shouting mentally, "Wrong, wrong, wrong!" There was nothing to do about it; he would like to hear any one suggest that there was; he had all the proper outraged, honorable feelings at the thought, after which he wilted and wondered why he could not think of some way in which to crawl impressively and honorably.

He had always been eccentric, he now remembered with a pleasant thrill of hope. He had built up with a good deal of care a reputation for impulsiveness. It had been the one dissipation of his conventional life, and he clutched it now with a confidence that a branch might have been flattered by, much less a final straw. Surely, surely there was something to be done. He smiled, ready to welcome the idea if it should come, but it didn't. He rose and opened a window. Then he closed it, and stamped to his bedroom. He would go out. He did not quite know where, and it did not in the least matter. Yet going out appealed to him. It struck him as a definite thing to do, and hurriedly changing his clothes comforted him. He felt more like a man of action, and the wrong girl seemed less threatening. He slipped his latch-key into his pocket, gathered up some money, started to turn down the light, saw the picture of the wrong girl, dropped the money, turned out the light, and stamped from the apartment, slamming the door after him. He walked down the stairs, being far too furious to wait servilely for the elevator, and finally in the street, he turned the corner, ran hard into a man, and stopping with the air of a person who has sinned too much, Hardman swore.

The man remonstrated softly. "I beg of you, I beg of you," he murmured, "don't do it; it is not in character for you to swear. I see at a glance that you are not a swearing man; the inappropriateness of the thing pains me."

Hardman stood still and stared at the shabbily dressed little man in front of him. His thin coat was pinned together with a large, shining safety pin, which caught Hardman's eye, and the man, seeing where his glance was directed, smiled patiently, understandingly. "Ah yes, the pin, to be sure; it is singularly incongruous, is it not? But I was in such great need of it that I followed a young miss two blocks before I had the good luck to see it drop. It perhaps gave you the impression that I am of a domestic turn of mind. I am not, I assure you. I am, to be frank, peculiarly in need of funds. I was on the point of acquainting you with my lack when you so nearly—what shall I say?—upset, overturned, bumped—the list seems endless, yet I do not find a word to my taste."

Hardman grinned and felt in his pockets. As a rule he thought beggars most unpleasant, they threw him into such indecision as to giving or not giving, but this one had seen he was eccentric; there was a distinct recognition in the fellow's eyes, and— What in the name of all that's annoying was the matter with his pockets? They were quite empty. They were absolutely empty except for his latch-key. He exclaimed over it, and the beggar was most soothingly, impersonally interested.

"Only a key," he murmured. "Surprising, to be sure. Nothing but a key? It verges on the inexplicable."

The beggar cocked a sympathetic eye and wagged his head in gentle amazement. Hardman felt for the second time in his hip pocket, and, giving it a final slap, said, "Sorry, but I haven't a thing except the key."

The beggar bowed, not mockingly as one who doubts, but delicately, as one who salutes courteously an unkind fate. "Except the key," he echoed. "But why not the key? Why not let me have the key?"

"Have the key?" Hardman doubted the man's sanity, and blessed his limited number of inches. A demand for one's key, why, it was in a way assault.

"Only for this evening, naturally," the beggar hastened to say. "As you are unable to give me the money—you see I mention the word frankly—why not do the next best thing? Why not allow me an hour's comfort in your rooms? I will smoke not more than two of your cigars; I will sample your whiskey if it strikes me as good. You have a fire? Then it only remains for me to assure you that I am frequently honest—I sometimes attribute my troubles to the trait—and I shall, pardon my plain speaking, touch nothing in your rooms unless it is food I find more or less openly displayed on the sideboard. I—er—hope you have a sideboard."

Hardman stared through this speech, and the end of it found him still staring. He had seldom been more amazed. His every instinct bade him say, "Rats," and continue on his way. The man's eyes held him; they boosted him to heights where he was wanting. Unwillingly he rose. Berating himself for a fool, toppling on the pinnacle of trust where the beggar's expectancy held him, he handed over the key. The man took it with a light rapidousness that was reassuring. Hardman had somehow expected him to run, and had instinctively put one foot forward preparatory to following. Now he felt a little absurd and laughed. "I shall be back in an hour," he said. "Will I find you there? You'll have to stop for a while, I'm afraid, in order to let me in." Hardman was conscious of a vicious desire to be more unhappy than he was. With the wrong girl a thing to be inevitably faced, he almost hoped that the beggar would steal everything in the place or at least smoke his best cigars and break his decanters. He was delighted to have his troubles pile high, and he laughed sardonically as the man started toward the apartment-house, only stopping to add.

"I shall have to know where your apartment is. I can't try this key in every door, you see." He smiled, reasonably, and Hardman explained.

Almost as a matter of politeness we flirted

"The Annesley, third floor, to the right of the elevator."

"Ah yes," said the beggar, as though it was a thing he had merely forgotten, and sauntered away, allowing Hardman a ragged, nonchalant, and somehow elegant back.

The door of the third-floor apartment, to the right of the elevator, opened on the beggar's manipulation of the key, and he entered. He hung his hat on the rack; a hole came uppermost, and turning it so that it hung to better advantage, he smoothed his scant hair and strolled into the big sitting-room. He looked about for a moment, then exclaiming, "Dear, dear, what deplorable carelessness!" went over to the fire and, kneeling, rebuilt it carefully. His brows knit as though a careless fire was a thing past understanding, past forgiving, and when he rose, dusting his hands together, it was with a distinct tendency to criticise the ways of the house. There were letters lying on the table, and he looked over the addresses, delicately snipping them aside with a long forefinger. They were all addressed to Richard Hardman. He murmured the name and added aloud, "It is as well to know how to address one's host." There were plans, drawings, and rolls of blue prints in orderly piles in the pigeonholes, and the beggar eyed them. "The fellow's an architect, I'll be bound, and with such a flue, I can't understand that sort of thing, really." He returned to the fireplace and sat down. The chair was large, he small, and the fire burning reluctantly. The beggar smiled. "There's a poem about just such a situation as this; I don't recall it at the moment, but something about peace or heat or chairs or something; the exact words escape me now, but if I could remember them I know they would fit admirably. I must brush up on my poetry." His eyes closed, and he gave a little shudder, shaking from him his last sensation of chill. His head nodded, his manner, his air of verbal elegance, slipped from him, and he gave a little animal-like moan of fatigue.

He returned to the fireplace and sat down

The clapper on the hall door struck violently. The beggar rose. He couldn't for the moment remember what he ought to do; then his back straightened in a way that suggested broadcloth, and at the second knock he hurried to the door. It had hardly swung back when a girl brushed past him, crying,

"Why did you keep me waiting? I was sure some one would see me."

The beggar remonstrated. "How could I possibly have had any idea that you were in a hurry?"

The girl started. "Isn't this Mr Hardman's apartment?"

"Certainly," said the beggar. "Why should you doubt it?" and by his tone made her guilty of rudeness.

"Where is Mr. Hardman, then?"

"He is out."

"I must go," and she made a break for the door.

"Just as you say, of course, but hadn't you better wait until you have said what you came to say?" He was not pressing, only looking at the matter reasonably.

"How did you know I came to say anything?"

The beggar indulged in a deprecatory flourish of his red chapped hands. "That can wait, and in the mean time let me take you to the fire; it is not a kind fire, though handicapped by the flue."

The girl allowed herself to be led into the sitting-room, but before she sat down she said, sternly: "I think I should know who you are. You are not dressed like a servant, and yet—"

"Quite so; I am not dressed well enough for a servant, and yet— I had hoped you would not ask, but since you have I will say, I—er— As there is no need of anything definite, I will just say that I am one of Mr Hardman's minor indiscretions, and now it is not possible, is it— that—"

"I am a greater one?" The girl bit her lip, then laughed a little nervously, and immediately after looked most proper. "Do you know when Mr. Hardman is coming home? I hardly think I shall wait."

"Quite so, but then you shouldn't have, you really shouldn't have come, you know. It is a distinctly theatrical thing to do to come to a young man's apartment. You will pardon, of course, my saying so."

The girl was not so sure. "Your advice is not wanted," she said.

"Not advice—pardon me again—remonstrance, reproof, if you will, but not advice. You are doing an indiscreet thing. The fact that you are not in evening dress and are wearing rubbers chaperons you somewhat, but, nevertheless, you are behaving frightly. A note, you know, with the aid of a messenger could have saved you this."

"Oh, I haven't an idea who you are. You're impertinent, yet you're perfectly right, so you may be a respectable person. Anyway, I think I'll wait. You see, your having scolded me places you almost in the position of my protector. If you have sense enough to do that you must have sense enough to see that nothing happens to me, so I'll just stay, though perhaps it's as well for you to know that I am—"

"Stop," the beggar's voice was thin, but vaguely imposing. "If you are going to tell me your story, it's only fair that I should first tell you of my extreme hunger. Permit me to rummage for crackers and a little something else, and then you may tell me all," and quickly,

with an irritated trot, the beggar left the room. As he did so the girl followed him on tiptoes to the door, for a second contemplating escape before he could get back, then she returned to her chair.

"I must see Richard. I'll never get up my courage to do this again, and besides, a little man with a bald head and a big safety pin in the front of his coat couldn't possibly do any harm. I'll just keep an eye on the desk silver, for I owe that to Richard." She heard the clinking of glasses, a drawer being shut, and presently the little man returned, put a tray on a small table, moved it and a second large chair to the fireplace, after which he sat down with a sigh.

"Now go on," he breathed patiently, "and tell your story, as clearly as possible, please."

"But I'm not going to tell you my story." The girl sat up straight and indignantly removed her hat. It gave her a particularly permanent air.

"Pardon me, I thought you said, as I left the room, that it would be well if I knew—er—something. Am I—er—mistaken?" The beggar did not ask for information; he was merely reminding her.

"Oh, that—that's different! You seemed to think it queer my coming here, and so I thought you ought to know that I am engaged to Mr. Hardman—that is, I don't know whether I am or not, but that's the reason I came."

"And what, may I ask, is the cause of your uncertainty?"

"That's also the reason I came." She shut her lips tightly to dam the flood of words backing up behind them, then as a sop to her garrulity: "You know you are hungry. I never saw any one eat just in that way before."

"I hope it doesn't strike you as unsightly. It is owing to the length of time which has passed between this and my last meal, also between my last and the one before that." The beggar had the cracker jar between his knees, and a banana in each hand. The girl watched him anxiously.

"I could make you some tea. I'd like to. Though I suppose I'd better not if I'm going to break off the engagement—that is, if I am engaged." She seemed to be puzzled by the complications of the situation, and the beggar hastened to assure her that under the circumstances tea would be most unwise.

"Does he," the beggar asked—"does Richard know of your uncertainty?"

"Ah, that's just it! He may share it—he may not know, either, whether we're engaged. You—you haven't happened to hear him say, have you?"

"No, no; I haven't talked with him much lately." The beggar waved his eyebrows so skilfully, pursed his lips into such a consensus of understanding sympathy, that the pause which followed seemed on the girl's part positively confidential. So much so that the beggar asked, "When did it happen?" and was answered immediately with,

"Last Tuesday at a wedding," and things having reached this point, there was nowhere for them to go but on. "One really isn't responsible at a wedding—is one?"

And the beggar said, "Hardly," with such vehemence that the girl looked up and he was forced to add: "I've never been to one, but I feel sure that you are right." Yet as he did not say why the girl continued a little in the dark:

"Then you know how accidentally things do happen. We were both in the wedding-party, and almost as a matter of politeness we flirted. One girl who hadn't intended to at all announced her engagement just to, just to—"

"Just to encourage the bride; I understand perfectly."

"And Richard and I— Well, it was just one of those things that— You know they will happen. The conversation had led up and led up; not that we wanted it to, but somehow the thing was in the air, and finally there I was not knowing whether I had said yes or no; not that I wanted to say—well, either. Except that it's a little more comfortable to know where one stands."

"Why do you think that he thought you said yes?" Did he—"

"Yes, he did." This fiercely.

"Oh, I see!" The beggar was now groping for crumbs in the bottom of the cracker-jar. "Why wasn't it no at once? I don't mean to be cross, believe me."

"Well, I think he cares, you see, and I didn't want to spoil the wedding."

"Quite right; you're motives were admirable."

"You would have understood if you'd been there—that is, I mean—"

"I see perfectly what you mean, and I regret excessively my forced absence. Of course his caring makes it very difficult to know what to do. What was your plan of action when you came?"

"I didn't have any definite plan. I thought there would be a scene, we'd both lose our tempers or else be awfully sorry for each other, or in some other way become unreasonable, and then I'd bid him good-by forever and get the elevator boy to call a cab."

"Perfect. Your methods are most direct. I respect you wholly. But why not hold to your first idea? Why not wait here a little longer, and when he comes, why—"

"Have the scene?"

"Exactly."

"No, no; I think I'd rather not. I don't feel quite equal to a scene. I feel rather, not precisely forgiving, but—well I'm sure I don't want a scene." The girl spoke with a soft gruffness just to deny any idea of cowardliness that her words might have given. The beggar was forced to cover his mouth with three fingers.

At this instant the clapper struck in a masterful way, and the beggar, rising, said, "You may have changed your mind too late."

The girl jumped up. "You think it's Richard?"

"Sure of it. I'm on your side—that is, if you want me to stay."

"Oh, I do!" She looked at him, her eyes wide.

"But to help you to say yes or no?"

"No— That is— Oh, open the door! He'll break the knocker."

"Yes, but if I'm to help you, you must be sure. Which is it to be?"

"How can I tell? Open the door. Perhaps you'd better not stay," and she hid her face in her hands.

"Ah, you are so irresolute that I shall have to decide

"I see that you intend to call me a character"

myself. What a heavy hand the man has, to be sure! I'm coming, I'm coming." The two men faced each other at the door, and the beggar noticed that Hardman's eye spied a bulge in a pocket. "It's only a banana, sir. I assure you I've taken nothing else, though the lady has kept her eye most openly on the desk silver."

"A lady?" Hardman's voice bounced with surprise.

"Most emphatically so, sir. I am amused at your questioning it."

Hardman with three steps was in the sitting-room staring at the wrong girl. The beggar had followed noiselessly.

"Betsy!"

"Then we are—"

"What?"

"Nothing. Sit down. I came to see you. I—I wanted to talk to you. I—" Her eye met the beggar's and Hardman turned on him.

"Get out! You've had your hour's quiet. What are you staying for?"

"You are much mistaken," said the beggar, crisply; "it has not been quiet."

"Don't send him away, Richard. He's been very kind, even if he is a poor relation. I don't think you ought to be ashamed of him. He's very clever."

"Poor relation?" Hardman was near to sputtering. "I never saw him until this evening. He's a beggar."

"Quite so, sir, quite so," said the little man with the cutely pin. "My only connection with Mr. Hardman, Miss, is his crackers. I've eaten them all, and most of his other victuals, but why dwell on unpleasant details?"

"And you're not a minister, either, not even with such a manner?"

"Certainly not, Miss. Please be less suspicious. I must beg of you both to leave me entirely out of your discussion. The young lady has come here, sir, to find out whether she said yes or no, when you—well, sir, at the wedding— She's in quite a state. Now do you by any chance happen to know what she said?"

Hardman looked at the girl and the girl looked at Hardman. Then they both looked away. "No," said Hardman, and his voice was unaccountably mild. But as this did not straighten matters in the least, the silence continued. The girl opened her mouth to speak and closed it. Hardman showed symptoms of a remark, but nothing came of it, yet, as he did not turn on the beggar, he must have been thinking deeply. The beggar himself, with a calm that should have supported them both, said: "I see nothing for it, sir, but for you to—er—propose again."

Hardman blinked very rapidly, and his large confusion moved the girl to speech. "Don't think of it, Richard. I know it was just the wedding that made us do it, and of course no one was what I meant to say, and so it was what you wanted me to say, and so everything's quite all right—isn't it?" It was just nonsense. I understand, and that's what I came to-night to say."

The beggar had slipped out, and Hardman, pulling off his gloves, said: "Betsy, I don't know which you said. I've been a good deal of a muff. I know now what I want you to say, and if you're willing to say it—"

"But I don't know which it is, Richard."

"Yes, of course."

"No, I don't."

"Yes, I am."

"Are you contradicting me, Dick?"

"Betsy!"

"Well, not now."

"To-morrow?"

"No, the day after."

And a matter of two minutes later, the beggar hearing, "And I thought you were the wrong girl," felt moved to enter and say,

"A perfectly reasonable mistake, sir; it is frequently made."

"Now, Richard, there's no use in getting angry." There had been an explosive movement on Richard's part. "He's not the sort of person one can get angry with."

The beggar bowed slightly and brushed his hat on his threadbare sleeve. "I was thinking, Miss, that I'd be going, and I just wished to say that it had been a most agreeable evening, and I hope I haven't by any possible chance intruded. Nothing could have been farther from my intentions."

"You haven't," smiled the girl. "You've been a great help to me in making up my mind." The beggar smiled too. "But, you see, you know a great deal about me—"

"Don't say it, Miss. There's always something one forgets to tell."

"—while I know nothing at all about you. We want to know who you are, and—you don't mind?—how you happen to be what you are."

"Well, Miss, to put it plainly— No, on second thoughts that's impossible. To put it frankly, I'm just a beggar, and a good deal of a tramp, and a waiter the last time I worked. In fact, I've been a waiter rather often. I liked the conversation and the odors. But that was just one of my accomplishments, my heavy accomplishments that tipped the scale so surprisingly low. How I happen to be what I am—well, that's because I've always looked with equal favor on both sides of a question. A perfectly open mind, Miss." The beggar's eyebrow drew a mocking, slanting exclamation mark along his brow. "Though I understood the economic distaste for—er—stealing (at moments like this I am apt to speak the truth), I also felt the need of the article, and was quite capable of reasoning myself by logical deduction in taking it. Yet I did not even steal with conviction. I've always lacked convictions—most useful things, I assure you. I'm a failure, Miss. I've been called a disgrace and worse. I see that you intend to call me a character. I started in the world with a vocabulary, and not much else. I fancy I shall leave it with the same. I am the man who walks along the country road when the smoking lamps in the farmhouse windows wink and look domestic. I am the man who shuffles into the cities and gets run over on a crowded street because his legs have lost all ambition to hurry, or who by an amusing turn makes an unusual evening for such as you. Pardon me. I find I am boring myself, an infallible sign that I am boring others." The beggar stopped and blinked fixedly at a spot in the carpet directly in front of him.

The girl rose and came toward him. Hardman, remembering his eccentricity, unbent. "You haven't told us yet who you were in the beginning," she said.

"No, Miss? Well, if I told you I was somebody you wouldn't believe me, and if I told you I was nobody it would be superfluous, so, on the whole, I'll say good night again." He turned to go, and the girl held out her hand.

"Good night," she said, "and thank you." The beggar smiled, allowed his hand to be shaken, and then looked down at it as though it had suddenly become a responsibility. He laughed a little at his own bewilderment, and started down the hall. Hardman called:

"I say, you better stop here a bit longer. I'm going to take Miss Peters home."

The beggar opened his eyes wide, took in Hardman's meaning, then murmured, "Quite so," and flattened himself against the wall, waiting for them to pass. They looked at him kindly. It was clear that they considered themselves the arbitrators of his fate. He was patient and—the word is imperative—he was lenient. Miss Peters, with an air of proprietorship in everything and everybody, tripped out in the wake of Hardman—it was an interesting sight to her to take for the first time that momentous step behind—the beggar left it to be so, and grinned after them.

When the door closed he went back to the sitting-room and looked about, his eyes lingering. Then he sat down, and swung his hat idly in his hand. "They weren't bad sort, on the whole; she especially—" He looked into the fire, saw where he was drifting, and jumped to his feet. "No, you don't," he drawled; "you don't catch me stopping here. They'd want me to make a 'fresh start,' and they'd think I could do it. None of that any more. I'm a beggar and a tramp, and I move on. I always move on, in fact. I've lost rather a lot in the process, but, by Jove! I've retained no objection to being reformed." And, placing his hat slightly on one side, he sauntered nakedly from the apartment.

How Canada Started the Marathon Craze

By William Hemmingway

HOW many Americans know where our present craze for long-distance running originated? The entire continent is suffering an epidemic of Marathonitis in its most violent form. One cannot stroll in any big pleasure ground between Central Park, New York, and Golden Gate Park, in San Francisco, without seeing scores of youths, head up and elbows in, plodding along at the regular, monotonous jog trot which tells that they are training for the classic course of twenty-six miles, three hundred and sixty-five yards. The country roads are full of candidates in the throes of preparation. No athletic meeting is complete without a Marathon event.

And where did it all begin? Neither in Greece, where the original Marathon course still invites the fleet of foot, nor in England, where the sport of cross-country running has flourished for centuries, nor in the United States, where new inventions are born every minute. Canada is the birthplace of Marathonitis, and Hamilton is the city of its origin. The history of Marathonitis was flourishing in their midst. Neither had our party of all-day walkers. They began presently to do the entire distance without stopping, and cut the time well down within four hours. Then R. B. Harris, heeding for weeks abstained from rich foods, alcohol and tobacco, and having trained faithfully for the event, set forth one day in pursuit of the record. He covered the distance at a fair heel-and-toe walk in a little more than three hours, which was going some for the last decade of the nineteenth century. Other walkers of the coterie also trained for the event, and made mighty assaults upon the record, but, try as they would, R. B. Harris still proved himself the best man.

Out of this grew another event, or, rather, a further development of the same idea. R. B. Harris thought the newspaper ought to make the race popular by advertising it.

"The *Herald* will give a big silver cup for a go-as-you-please race around the bay," said J. M. Harris, elder brother of the champion.

"Fine scheme!" cried R. B., and "Fine scheme!" echoed all the other enthusiasts. The prize was extracted he used would be of no avail to-day; for his competitors declare that he had recourse to a very primitive plan. After saying good-by to leader Harris he ran as fast as he could, and then sat down upon a rock conveniently low—as the walrus and the carpenter did on a well known occasion.

When Mr. Marshall saw his competitors approaching he arose and ran on again for a few miles, until he again felt weary and again rested. At times he walked, too; so that by judicious alternation of running, walking, and resting he maintained his lead and finally won by a comfortable margin. It would seem invidious to mention here the time Mr. Marshall made. He is a good sportsman, and it is enough to say that he did better than two hours and a half. The long lean lads of to-day make the journey in one hour and fifty-five minutes.

In the next year Labor Day was chosen for the event, but this was as much too hot as the preceding Christmas was too cold, and with the thermometer marking ninety degrees in the shade the runners were fatigued. So in 1896 the run was made on Canadian Thanksgiving Day, which falls early in November, and

J. M. Harris, who, with his brother, originated the "Herald" race

W. R. Marshall, the first winner of the Hamilton Marathon race

R. B. Harris, who held the course record for walking

the game sounds like a legend, but it can be verified with ease. To begin at the beginning, R. B. Harris, one of the proprietors of the Hamilton *Herald*, was a great athlete in the early nineties. Canada is a sort of northern blue-grass country, noted for its fine women, fine horses, fine whiskey, and enthusiastic sportsmen. And one of the chief among these was Mr. Harris. If you look at a map of the west end of Lake Ontario you will find the city of Hamilton perched beside a long bay at the very tip of the lake. Some six or seven miles east of its head the bay is almost cut off from the lake by a long, low sand-bar, which is pierced by two canals. One can start from the city of Hamilton on a good, though hilly, road running westward, double around the head of the bay, then eastward and come back across the sandy peninsula toward the starting-point. The country is beautiful, the air bracing, the going diversified, and the distance around the circuit exactly nineteen miles, one hundred and sixty-eight yards.

Among the many lovers of outdoor sports in Hamilton about 1890 were a dozen or more young men who used to walk around the bay on winter Sundays when golf and rowing and sailing were impossible. They took their dogs with them, lingered an hour or so at a tavern for luncheon, and made a jolly day of it. Inevitably the spirit of competition seized upon them. The course was surveyed, and the party began to try to nip a little off the time consumed in walking the distance. Please remember that during all this period the 80,000,000 Americans and the 6,000,000 Canadian neighbors of the walkers had no idea that the germ of

hibited at the show window of the newspaper, and on Christmas Day, 1894, a dozen hardy athletes—aged men of thirty or so—started on the long journey for its possession. Then and there was ripened the germ of Marathonitis, which by this time has attacked hundreds of thousands of husky Canadians and Americans. A crowd, but not a large crowd, turned out to see the start, and not many more were present at the finish. The road was covered with snow and slush, and it was practically impossible for any one to follow the contestants in vehicles around the course. Our friend and champion, R. B. Harris, took the lead at the start, setting the pace with a fine, swinging, heel-and-toe stride which was the perfection of grace, good form, etc. He led all the way out of town. When the pack, still well bunched, swept out into the open country, W. R. Marshall felt that his heart action had been sufficiently accelerated by the brisk walk and began to run at a steady six minute clip. Of course, he began to draw away from leader Harris.

"Here, here! old boy; that won't do!" cried Mr. Harris, as Mr. Marshall ran away. "This is a go-as-you please race, you know."

"Of course it is," Marshall replied, as he jogged away. "It's go-as-you-please, and I please to run. Good-by, old man."

And good-by it was, too, for none of the others could run half so well as Mr. Marshall. Not that he would play a prominent part in a Marathon race of to-day. Far from it. The game has improved so much that he would be lucky in these times if he should finish in the first half-dozen. Indeed, the on that day it has been held ever since. It is worthy of note that the famous Boston Marathon race was not started until four years after the Hamilton event.

But let us trace the history of the Canadian sport a little further. When William Sherring, a product of Hamilton training, surprised the wise men by winning the Marathon race in the Olympic games at Athens, in 1906, he beat the best distance-runners of Greece, England, Ireland, Italy, and all the rest of the world. He had accumulated valuable experience in the nineteen mile road race at Hamilton, but he had never won it, and nobody thought of him as a championship possibility. He went to Athens with a light purse and very little baggage, and he not only trained himself and did his own rubbing down, but had to take care of himself on the long, dusty, and heart breaking journey from Marathon to the Stadium at Athens. Sherring left Hamilton in obscurity, but returned a hero. The Canadians gave him a purse of $6,000, a house and grounds and employment for life.

Sherring's victory exploded the theory which had been long entertained by American athletes—that only in the moist climate of England, mild all the year 'round, could the best long-distance runners be produced. Marathon races began to be featured at many of the Canadian and American athletic meetings. Hamilton produced Jack Caffery, Dennis Bennett, and other champions. There is hardly a club in either country to-day that has not a team of Marathon candidates, and, if the present craze continues, it is not rash to predict that the Marathon race at the next Olympic games will be won by a North American.

The Month Without an R

Hooray! Hooray!
For the gladsome May!
Hooray for the Oyster sere!
The time both come
When the Olivalve dumb
Hath vanished away from here.
The clamorous Clam,
And mantled Lamb,
In favor are popular.
They rule the roast
With a sudden boast
In the Month Without an R!

The sky is blue
As a Spinster who
Is sure she will never vote—
And mixed with the tune
Of the lonking Coon
Is the plaint of the love-lorn Goat!
The Derby Lid
That so well did
Way back in old Februar.
Hath a pallor now
Like a dreb, dun cow
In the Month without an R!

No more the wheeze
Of that famous Squeeze,
The Speaker Post-Prandial,
Breaks on the May,
For he's had his say,
And by now he has said it all.
With the gas turned off,
And a farewell cough,
He sleeps in the chestnut jar.
With nothing to do,
For his work's all through
In the Month without an R!

The Fur Coat man
Is beneath a ban
His Sables now count for nil;
And the furs he flashed
On a world abashed
Are somber and cold and still.
For the May hath come
With its summ-ti-tam,
Its leaks and its Evening Star,
And frills don't count—
Not for any amount—
In the Month without an R!

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Miss Julia Marguerite Penfield

Mrs. James S. Clarkson

WATER-COLOR AS A PORTRAIT PAINTER'S MEDIUM

TWO NOTABLE EXAMPLES OF THE LIFE-SIZE WORK OF ELIZABETH GOWDY BAKER

Turning the Detroit River from its Course

By Norman B. Beasley

THE United States Government, at a cost of $6,700,000, is now engaged in transferring the Detroit River to a new bed a mile or more distant from the old. The new channel will be 28,000 feet long, 800 feet wide, and 22 feet deep. It is being constructed to eliminate the dangers of the Lime Kiln crossing. The work was begun several months ago, and will be completed two years hence.

The feat is a particularly interesting one to engineers and seamen. For years the Lime Kiln crossing presented seemingly insurmountable dangers to the mariner. During the past ten years the Federal Government, at an enormous expense, has been at work continuously endeavoring to blast a channel through the limestone formations. Besides being slow and painstaking, it was doubtful if even in the end this method would be an absolute success. A new solution to the problem was then presented. A contracting firm agreed to blast a channel through the limestone between Stony and Boise Blanc islands. It was proposed to construct a cofferdam across the river between the two islands and then, unhampered by water or passing vessels, blast the new bed through solid rock. At first the suggestion was scoffed at, but when the actual work of damming the river was completed the sceptics were silenced.

The task of removing the rock is started by pneumatic drills. Long rows of holes are bored at a sharp angle in the limestone. When sufficient territory has been covered, dynamite is placed in them and discharged. Great masses of stone are thus torn loose and then scooped up in giant steam-shovels and thrown into a skip or bucket. The latter transport them to a point above the mountain of rock, where they are deposited.

The mountain, as it has been called, is approximately sixty-five feet high and about a third of a mile long. If nothing goes amiss, 1915 will see the completion of this work.

The railroad on the former bed of the stream and the mountain of rock taken from the excavations

Drawn by C. Clyde Squires

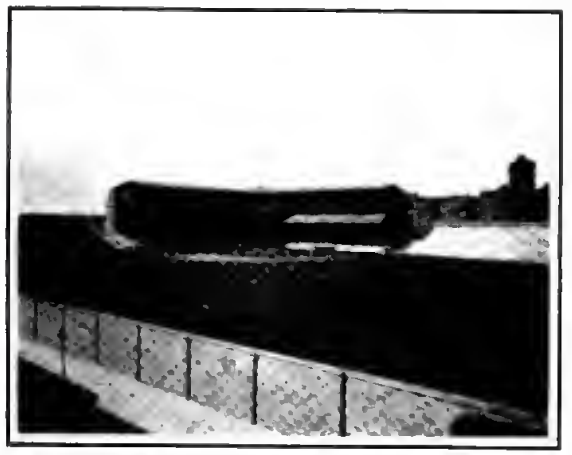
HOW THE SPRING TURNS ONE'S HEAD

Philadelphia's New $600,000 Ball Park

THE 1909 baseball season of the American League was inaugurated in Philadelphia by the opening of the magnificent new park on Twenty-first Street. The grounds cover an entire block, and the centre has been terraced so as to accommodate an additional seventeen thousand spectators who can thus obtain a good view of the game without interfering with the players. The crowd at the opening game between the Athletics and Boston was so great that, in spite of the commodious quarters, the gates of the park had to be closed one hour before the game was called.

The exterior of Shibe Park, at Twenty-first Street

stands are of strictly fire-proof construction, reinforced concrete supported on steel pillars. Grand-stand and bleachers have a seating capacity of twenty-three thousand, while the outfield back of deep



View of the field and stands which seat 23,000 spectators

First Nights, Old and New

By OTIS SKINNER

"First nights were often queer times in the Edwin Booth days."

Otis Skinner was enjoying a restful hour of reminiscence in his room at The Players, not many hours after his own first night in *The Duel*. Somehow, in the old Gramercy Park club-house, with its mellow memories and relics, all talk is sure to instantly return again and again to the great presence which seems there, of all places, to be just withdrawn.

"We didn't go at a play then as we do now," went on Mr. Skinner, "with rule and compass, plotting out every detail of the dialogue and stage business before the opening night. We rushed into the first performance with little but our enthusiasm and sublime faith that somehow Mr. Booth would make it all right. There were no elaborate dress rehearsals, with every inch of the set carefully determined, as is the case now. And our first performances had their surprises now and then, I assure you." Mr. Skinner laughed at his recollections.

"I remember my first night at *The Merchant of Venice* with Mr. Booth, when I played Bassania—very young and very careful of my dignity. In the scene of the caskets the table upon which they rested stood upon a raised dais. I found in my dismay that the table was so large it barely left me room to stand. However, by putting one foot in front of the other, and leaning close, I managed to keep my position not too ungracefully, and went ahead with my lines. Just in the middle of the apostrophe to the silver casket, swaying a little too far to windward, I suddenly felt myself going. I couldn't step down without losing my poise, so very gently I clutched the table beside me. Fortunately my hand caught a fold of the cloth, which slowly but surely slipped, until I ended by reeling hastily off the dais followed by cloth, casket, and table, which happened to be much too light. I had to wait ignominiously under the eyes of my amused Portia until the Belmont servants restored order and I returned to choose from a lower step with much dampened spirits.

"The fact that Mr. Booth rarely came to rehearsals used to make first nights with him all the more appalling to my youthful sense. I shall never forget once when I was rehearsing for my first appearance with the master. I was to be François in *Richelieu*, and was very, very nervous and deeply impressed with the importance of my part. When at the afternoon rehearsal just before the opening night Mr. Booth failed to appear I stood aghast.

"'But how,' I stammered to the stage-manager, who was reading Mr. Booth's lines—'how am I to know just whom Mr. Booth expects me to stand in our scene?'

"'Never mind, my boy,' said the stage-manager, soothingly. 'Mr. Booth will find you all right.'

"That used to be the favorite reassuring phrase of all Mr. Booth's managers: 'Don't worry, Mr. Booth will make it all right on the stage.'

"There was little enough time in those days to study things out carefully. We just got together and trusted to inspiration and our chief to get us through. And, somehow, scenes, however badly rehearsed, shaped themselves about him at the critical moment and went wonderfully, after all. Nowadays, we prepare plays with a microscope; then we went at them with a scoop and shovel, with more eagerness than finesse.

"But when first-night mishaps did occur," continued Mr. Skinner, "I always found it best to face the thing squarely and acknowledge it to my audience by showing that I knew it and that I knew they knew it, too. The moment you try to conceal an awkwardness, you lose their sympathy and become a fair mark for derision.

"It always seems to me a great mistake that an actor should be in any way bothered with the details of a production. There should be some one else to care for all that side of the matter. I can't bear now to have people coming to me on the eve of a new play with queries as to whether they have chosen the right kind of chair or drapery, or whether the set of a scene is strictly of the period. I like to go to the theatre on my first night without the faintest consciousness of any stage detail whatsoever, feeling that all those things have been intelligently provided for.

"Of course, the natural tendency of an actor on his first night is toward an overstraining of his effect, and too often one starts out in one's big scenes on such a high key that it is impossible to get higher. I remember once finding myself in the middle of the play scene in *Hamlet* at such a pitch that when I got to the line, 'Why let the stricken deer go weep,' the horrible conviction came over me that I was up to my top notch with nothing higher in sight.

"Still, I am not sure it isn't better to err on the side of hitting your top note than on that of underexpressing your part. For the main thing is to know your audience. In my way of thinking, their minds follow their hearts, and once you have thrilled them you have gone far toward convincing them. With the exception of the student, the critic, and the artist, the public goes to the theatre for sensation, which is, after all, the fundamental appeal to all art. Your Dumas 'Monsquetaire' plays, with their force of physical contest, are eternally attractive. The parts of *Hamlet* which really catch the average audience are the ghost scene and the play scene with their suggestion of hysteria. In short, the theatre is, in a way, a palace of sensation.

"An element of first-nighters that we have always with us are the people who are out to see if anything happens. They enjoy the sheer thrill of a first night. They watch for contretemps, they have a ghoulish glee in seeing an author's or an actor's laborious structure tumble down before the jeers of the public. If there are happenings of any sort—breakdowns, speeches, or accidents—these first-nighters want to be there so they can talk about it afterward.

"This first-night craze springs, I suppose, from the peculiar desire to be the first to see or to hear things. It is exactly paralled with the woman's wish to have the first spring hat, or to a man's struggle to wear the first fall necktie. This element of the first-night audience is on the alert for anything, ready to jump either way at the slightest provocation.

"On the whole, though, I am not sure it isn't an easier element to bear with than a certain type you find often enough in British audiences, which comfortably makes up its mind to 'boo' a piece anyway, particularly if it be an importation. Augustin Daly used to tell a story of his experience in an English theatre at the first night of an American play, when he happened to be sitting in the last row of the stalls. Before the curtain rose a burly pittite came in just behind him. As the man took off his coat and settled himself for the evening, he remarked to a neighbor, 'Well, damme, 'ere's 'all a crown thrown away.'"

A Great Hamburg-American Cruise

ARRANGEMENTS have just been completed by the Hamburg-American Line for a cruise of 80 days along the east coast of South America as far south as the Strait of Magellan—a total distance of 16,200 miles—with an optional trip from Buenos Ayres across the Andes to Santiago and Valparaiso, Chili. The trip will be made by the well-known twin-screw S.S. *Blucher*, leaving New York on January 8, 1910, a vessel of 12,500 tons, specially constructed for voyages to the tropics. The itinerary will include the following ports of call.

St. Thomas	(10 hours' stay)
Para (Amazon River)	(24 hours)
Bahia	(27 hours)
Rio de Janeiro	(31 hours)
Santos	(57 hours)
Montevideo	(28 hours)
Buenos Ayres	(36 hours)

From here the trip across the Andes to Santiago and Valparaiso, Chili, is made by those who do not continue to Tierra del Fuego (Land of Fire), there to Port Stanley (14 hours), Ushuaia, Beagle Channel (34 hours), on to Punta Arenas, from where trips will be made to the Admiralty Sound, Freward Reach, English Reach, and other fjords, affording magnificent scenery, said to be superior to that of Norway and Alaska; from here the vessel returns to Buenos Ayres (96 hours), where the passengers who went overland re-embark, continuing north to

Montevideo	(36 hours)
Rio de Janeiro	(32 hours)
Pernambuco	(33 hours)
Trinidad	(32 hours)
Puerto Rico	(22 hours)
St. Thomas	(5 hours)

The rates of passage, including stateroom accommodation and meals, will vary from $350 to $1750 per adult, according to the size and location of stateroom.

This is the first cruise of its kind, and it will afford an exceptionally convenient opportunity for visiting the countries of South America.

The grand Oriental Cruise of 80 days will be repeated in 1910, leaving New York January 29th, by the new S.S. *Cleveland*, of about 18,000 tons, visiting all points of interest in the Mediterranean.

Furthermore, the programme of the Hamburg-American Line for the winter of 1910 will include numerous trips to the West Indies lasting from two weeks to four weeks, also a number of short cruises in the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas, all of which have become so very popular in recent years.

PURE MILK FOR BABY.

SANITARY milk production was first started by Gail Borden in the early fifties. The best systems to-day are largely based on his methods, but none are so thorough and so rigidly enforced as the Borden system. For over fifty years the EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK has proved its claim as the best food for infants. a°n

THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT is "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA." 25 cents a bottle. a°n

Use BROWN'S Camphorated, Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the teeth. Delicious. 25 cents per Jar. a°n.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

OLD SOAKERS

Get Saturated with Caffeine.

When a person has used coffee for a number of years and gradually declined in health, it is time the coffee should be left off in order to see whether or not that has been the cause of the trouble.

A lady in Huntsville, Ala., says she used coffee for about 40 years, and for the past 20 years was troubled with stomach trouble.

"I have been treated by many physicians, but all in vain. Everything failed to perfect a cure. I was prostrated for some time, and came near dying. When I recovered sufficiently to partake of food and drink I tried coffee again, and it soured on my stomach.

"I finally concluded coffee was the cause of my troubles, and stopped using it. I tried tea, and then milk in its place, but neither agreed with me; then I commenced using Postum. I had it properly made, and it was very pleasing to the taste.

"I have now used it four months, and my health is so greatly improved that I can eat almost anything I want, and can sleep well, whereas, before, I suffered for years with insomnia.

"I have found the cause of my troubles and a way to get rid of them. You can depend upon it, I appreciate Postum."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The World of Music

THE SEASON'S ACTIVITIES—A RETROSPECT

By Lawrence Gilman

ANOTHER season of music in what has become one of the foremost musical capitals of the world has passed into the peaceful security of history. The tumult and the shouting have died, and New York for the next six months will rest undisturbed by the clamorous contending of rival opera-houses, conductors, tenors, and prima donnas. It has been an active season, in which performances of opera alone have totalled not far below three hundred, while concerts—with those other concerts which insist upon being known as "recitals"—have been as leaves in Vallombrosa.

Miss Clara Clemens
WHO GAVE A SONG RECITAL LAST WEEK AT MENDELSSOHN HALL

The concerns of the opera houses have, as usual, absorbed the bulk of popular consideration. There has already been discussion in this place of the winter's proceedings at Mr. Hammerstein's youthful and vigorous establishment; let us glance at the record of things done and left undone at that older theatre, which is enjoying a sufficiently exciting existence under the determinedly guiding hand of Mr. Gatti-Casazza of Milan.

The season at the Metropolitan endured for twenty-one weeks, beginning November 16th and ending April 10th. There were 134 performances of 31 operas. The répertoire consisted of these works (I give in parentheses the number of representations each received): *Aida* (8); *Madame Butterfly* (8); *La Bohème* (7); *Faust* (7); *Tannhäuser* (7); *Tosca* (6); *Carmen* (6); *Le Nozze di Figaro* (6); *Manon* (6); *The Bartered Bride* (5); *Die Walküre* (5); *La Traviata* (5); *Parsifal* (5); *Die Götterdämmerung* (5); *Le Villi* (5). *Il Trovatore* (5); *I Pagliacci* (5); *Die Meistersinger* (5); *Tiefland* (4); *Tristan und Isolde* (4); *La Wally* (4); *Rigoletto* (3); *Falstaff* (3); *Lucia di Lammermoor* (2); *L'Elisir d'Amore* (2); *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (2); *Siegfried* (2); *Fidelio* (1); *Don Pasquale* (1); *Das Rheingold* (1). In this record, Wagner, as usual, has the numerical lead, with 34 performances of 8 operas. His closest competitors were Puccini—with 26 performances of 4 operas—and Verdi—with 24 performances of 5. The poorest showing was made by Beethoven, who achieved one performance of his only opera, *Fidelio*.

The management of the Metropolitan promised, in its official prospectus, these things:

(1) The production of "remarkable novelties and revivals of importance."

(2) "A serious attempt to give grand opera in English."

(3) The improvement of the performances "as to ensemble." New scenery, costumes, and properties for "all the revivals and many of the principal works of the regular répertoire." "The highest standard of scenic excellence" in "the production of all the operas." A reorganized, increased, and improved orchestra and chorus.

It must be said that there has been an evident and welcome endeavor on the part of the management to redeem these promises; and, in many respects, the endeavor has been successful. Let us briefly consider the outcome of each:

(1) The following eight novelties were announced: Eugen d'Albert's *Tiefland*, Puccini's *Le Villi*, Alfredo Catalani's *La Wally*, Smetana's *Prodana Nevesta* (otherwise *Die Verkaufte Braut*, otherwise *The Bartered Bride*), Frederick S. Converse's *The Pipe of Desire*, Goldmark's *The Cricket on the Hearth*—or, as an alternative, Humperdinck's *Königskinder*—Tchaikovsky's *La Dame di Pique* (*The Queen of Spades*), and Raoul Laparra's *Habanera*. The "revivals of importance" were to be Massenet's *Manon*, Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and Verdi's *Falstaff*. Of the eight novelties announced, four were produced: d'Albert's *Tiefland*, Puccini's *Le Villi*, Catalani's *La Wally*, and Smetana's *Bartered Bride*. None of these can truthfully be said to have been "remarkable." *Tiefland* is a music-drama that is moving and effectual chiefly by reason of the play upon which it is based; the music is for the most part undistinguished and derivative. *Le Villi* is a student work, composed in Puccini's salad-days—an unimportant piece of writing with only a historical interest. It had no place in the répertoire of the Metropolitan Opera House, and its production was a lamentable blunder. *La Wally* is less inconsequential. The music has at times a certain force, a certain freshness, but the opera as a whole did not justify its presentation. *The Bartered Bride*, on the other hand, was indisputably worth while. It is by no means an important work, but it has vivacity, charm, a pervading humor. It was the only one of the four novelties which won a considerable measure of public approbation—a fact which is cited here as part of the record, and not because it testifies to the worth of the opera, for it might easily testify to precisely the reverse. The other novelties—the operas by Converse, Goldmark, Humperdinck, and Laparra—went by the board. The three revivals announced—Massenet's *Manon*, Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, and Verdi's *Falstaff*—were produced.

(2) The production of *The Pipe of Desire* and *The Cricket on the Hearth* (or its alternative, *The King's Children*) was to constitute the "serious attempt to give grand opera in English"; but whatever the seriousness of the attempt, there was no grand opera in English last season at the Metropolitan.

(3) The improvement of the performances "as to ensemble" was, in a gratifying degree, accomplished. Care and intelligence were expended upon the mounting of *Aida*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *The Bartered Bride*, *Fidelio*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Falstaff*, *Madame Butterfly*, *La Wally*, *Tiefland*, *Tannhäuser*, *Tristan*, *Meistersinger*, *Parsifal*, *Rheingold*, *Walkure*, *Siegfried*, *Götterdämmerung*; that is to say, more than half of the operas mounted during the season were given in a praiseworthy manner, and in some instances the productions were of memorable excellence—as those of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Aida*, *Tannhäuser*, *Meistersinger*, *Parsifal*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The other works performed were less effective in ensemble, though they were often notable by reason of the excellence of individual impersonations. The subsidiary promises as to new scenery, costumes, and properties were in the main fulfilled; and a generally creditable, at times high—if not "the highest"—degree of "scenic excellence" was attained in the mounting of all the works performed. A more important fact is that the orchestra and chorus were not only reorganized and increased, but likewise improved. The playing of the orchestra was generally admirable and at times superb, and the chorus showed a welcome regeneration: there has not been such good choral singing—singing so notable for precision, finesse, quality of tone—in many years at the Metropolitan.

Thirty new singers were added to the ranks of the company. Of these the most conspicuous were Emmy Destinn, soprano; Maria Gay, mezzo-soprano, Erik Schmedes and Carl Jörn, tenors; Pasquale Amato, Walter Soomer, Fritz Feinhals, and Jean Noté, baritones; and Allen Hinckley and Herbert Witherspoon, basses. Miss Destinn and Messrs. Jörn, Amato, Soomer, and Feinhals made highly favorable impressions. Miss Destinn is a singing actress of uncommon brains and power, her Santuzza, Aida, Madame Butterfly, were distinguished by remarkable dramatic intelligence and emotional vitality. Mr. Jörn is a lyric tenor who uses skilfully a voice of delightful quality and who acts with considerable expertness; his Walther in *Die Meistersinger* was one of the best we have heard here since the passing of the inimitable De Reszke. Mr. Amato uses well a voice that has beauty, and he is a magnetic actor. Mr. Soomer has a noble voice, he sings uncommonly well, and he is a fervid and able actor. Mr. Feinhals is a forcible actor with a large though not wholly pleasing voice. Concerning those who made less favorable impressions, it may be noted briefly that Miss Gay is neither a finished singer nor an accomplished actress, though she has natural ardor of temperament; that Mr. Schmedes, though an actor of parts—his Pedro in *Tiefland* was genuinely affecting—is an execrable singer; that Mr. Hinckley, while a singer of capacity, is an ineffective actor; that Mr. Witherspoon, distinguished for his skill in song recital, is as yet inexperienced as an actor; that Mr. Noté was a serviceable routinier. Concerning such performers as Mmes. Alda, Di Pasquale, Ranzenberg, and Messrs. Grassi and Paterna, little that is pleasant can be spoken. They did not ornament the season's activities.

A new leader, Mr. Arturo Toscanini of Milan, made his first appearance in America as chief conductor of the Italian works—though he also conducted the performances of Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*. Mr. Toscanini is a man of rare gifts. He is intellectually alert, catholic in his sympathies, a musician of learning and resource with a fabulous memory; as a conductor he has imagination, passion, sensitive taste, and masterful authority. His reading of the scores of *Aida*, *Cavalleria*, and *Falstaff* will not soon be forgotten. His Wagner conducting, so far as it may fairly be judged by his *Götterdämmerung*, is not flawless.

Mr. Gustav Mahler's traits and talents have been sufficiently discussed in this place. His conducting of *The Bartered Bride*, of *Le Nozze di Figaro*, of *Fidelio*, was ideal; his conducting of *Tristan und Isolde* was not. Mr. Alfred Hertz, who is now a veteran at the Metropolitan, accomplished much that was admirable in his reading of *Tiefland*, *Parsifal*, *Tannhäuser*, *Meistersinger*, *Tristan*, *Rheingold*, *Walkure*, and *Siegfried*. It is not necessary to speak in detail of the doings of the Metropolitan's more famous and familiar singers—of the performances of Mmes. Sembrich, Eames, Farrar, Fremstad, Gadski, Homer; of Messrs. Caruso and Bonci. In the company also were such worthy but less important celebrities as Mmes. Matzenauer and Rappold, and Messrs. Burrian, Anthes, Burgstaller, Martin, Reiss, Goritz, Mühlmann, Blass, and Didur (formerly of Mr. Hammerstein's organization).

All in all, the season's proceedings offered much that was stimulating and praiseworthy—on the whole, that which was artistically successful outweighed that which was futile, newise, and inferior. With the political difficulties which have agitated the machinery of the opera house this deponent has no concern. They are not at all the affair of the public, but wholly that of the administrators of the institution.

In the concert field no new work of large artistic consequence has been brought forward. The outstanding novelties of the season have been the symphonies of Elgar and Paderewski—in each case a first endeavor in the form—and the huge seventh symphony of that experienced and unwearying tone builder, Gustav Mahler. Each of these works has been discussed at length in this place. None was of inherent musical importance. The Philharmonic Society produced a tone-poem, *Solance*, by the American composer, Henry K. Hadley—music of mediocre quality. We heard also the eighth symphony of Bruckner, which, though it is by no means new, had never been performed in New York. This score displays all of the traits that are characteristic of Bruckner—traits which were considered here a year ago in discussing the ninth symphony of this curiously gifted and curiously limited genius. The only unfamiliar choral work of significance was Delmas's early *Damoiselle Elue*, a somewhat insipid though at moments exquisite setting of Rossetti's poem: here the essential Debussy is but faintly, though none the less arrestingly, foreshadowed. Of important new chamber music we heard nothing, though some excitement was caused by an astonishingly brilliant performance at the hands of the Flonzaley Quartette of an earnest but un-aërated quartette of Hugo Wolf's.

Our chief orchestras, the Philharmonic, the New York Symphony, and the Boston Symphony—which is ours by periodical borrowing—operated in their wonted fashions. Mr. Safonoff completed a pleasantly remembered three years term at the head of the Philharmonic. Mr. Damrosch provided an interesting Tchaikovsky cycle and a repetition of the previous year's Beethoven cycle, and his programmes were otherwise attractive and well-designed. Mr. Max Fiedler, as conductor of the delectable Boston orchestra, bettered the initial impression which he had made here.

The Oratorio Society earned commendation by its production of Debussy's *Blessed Damozel*, and it performed again the St. Matthew Passion of Bach.

The soloists were, as usual, bewildering in number and variety. Among those who were newcomers, the most emphatic successes, both artistic and popular, were accomplished by Dr. Ludwig Wüllner, the remarkable interpreter of songs, and Mischa Elman, the youthful Russian violinist. Lacking beauty or poignancy of voice, Dr. Wüllner yet contrives, by the exercise of a gift of lyric-dramatic communication difficult of analysis, to express and to convey with marvellous eloquence the emotional burden of a song. In such Lieder as Brahms' *Lure*, *Ernste Gesänge* and *Auf dem Kirchhofe*, Schubert's *Der Doppelgänger*, Strauss' *Schmerzhl*, *Cäcilie*, and *Lied des Verklärten*, Sinding's *Ein Werk*, Wolf's *Der Freund* and *Lied vom Winde*, he is amazing and incomparable in the veracity, power and intensity of his expression. His command of tragic, exalted, and passionate utterance is masterly, and he is an irresistible comedian; in lyricism that is not impassioned he is comparatively ineffectual. As for Mr. Elman, he is one of the most gifted violinists who have been heard in America. He has a superbly beautiful tone, dazzling technique, ardor and sensibility of temperament; he has not yet complete safety of poise or deeply penetrating insight. We listened also to a young American, Albert Spalding, whose undoubted talent is as yet undeveloped. The most illustrious of feminine music-makers, Cécile Chaminade, stirred gently the musical waters by a visit—her first—early in the season.

There was industrious piano-playing by such established virtuosi as Messrs. Paderewski, Gabrilowitsch, Lhevinne, Sauer, Schelling, by Mmes. Goodson, Hopekirk, Zeisler, Germaine Schnitzer; and by others who, if of less shining eminence, contributed color and vivacity to the sum of the winter's activities. Not to name them is by no means not to praise them.

So ends the chapter.

Mischa Elman
THE REMARKABLE YOUNG RUSSIAN WHOSE VIOLIN-PLAYING HAS BEEN ONE OF THE SEASON'S FEATURES

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Washington's Hyde Park

THE Speedway in Potomac Park, Washington, D. C., has received the sanction of Mrs. Taft, and will become the rendezvous for society in the capital. A grandstand has been erected, and on April 14th the Marine Band initiated the new custom of playing in the park on Wednesdays and Saturdays. A veritable endless chain of carriages and automobiles may be seen along this popular drive on any pleasant afternoon.

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Washington's Speedway

The Speedway is an extension of Seventeenth Street, and runs south through the monument-grounds along the banks of the Potomac River. At the main turn, about one mile south of the War Department, the band-stand has been placed. The principal part of the park is about a quarter of a mile west of the Washington Monument.

Abraham Lincoln

MAN'S saviors are men's martyrs—even thus
It hath been written, and must ever be:
Souls born for sacrifice vicarious,
They bring us life and we repay with death,
Whether the vision that their sad eyes see,
Portentous with the ultimate agony,
Appear in Illinois or Nazareth.

So also Lincoln, steadfast, gentle, strong,
Both human and divine, to whom God yet
Gave the glad triumph, and withheld the long
Ordeal of the aftermath.—Because
Of that an man can ponder with regret
Upon the ends: serene at last, he met
Death in the first, swift moment of applause

He is not ours to mourn nor ours to praise—
Not the great North that set upon his brow
Its laurels: nor the South that, in the days
Of conflict, faced the grim-determined odds
Destined to conquer, impotent to saw;
Nor all America can claim him now:
Forevermore he is Mankind's and God's.

REINALD WERRIT KAUFFMAN.

When the Genuine Is Not the Best

THE person who receives a counterfeit coin generally decides that he is just that much loser by the face value of the coin, and this assumption is only natural because the counterfeiter never intends that his "money" shall contain any metal of value. But sometimes the makers of spurious coins have given better than they realized, and the forgeries have been worth more than the genuine.

Not many years ago a counterfeit Mexican dollar found its way into the hands of the government assayers at the Philadelphia Mint, and curiosity prompted them to analyze the coin and estimate its intrinsic value. The genuine Mexican dollar was worth about ninety-five cents, and the experts found that the counterfeit's value was one dollar and nine cents. This blunder, on the part of the counterfeiters, was caused by their using silver in their dollar which came from a mine whose ore held a strong trace of gold.

The Spanish doubloon in gold has an intrinsic value of fifteen dollars and sixty-one cents, but a counterfeit of this coin was made of platinum worth seventeen dollars and sixty cents. This spurious coin, dated 1801, was of the reign of Charles IV. of Spain, and sold recently at the Collector's Club in New York City for sixty dollars. The workmanship displayed in the engraving on the coin was excellent, and the gilding covered the purest of platinum. At the time that platinum was worth about six dollars an ounce, it was much used in this country to counterfeit our ten and twenty dollar gold pieces.

It is very probable that more Spanish coins have been counterfeited than those of any other country. At the present day there are 100,000,000 five-peseta pieces held as a reserve by the Bank of Spain, and it can hardly be denied that a great proportion of these coins are counterfeit.

The Cost of Maintaining the President

ACCORDING to figures given out in Washington, the cost of maintaining the President during the fiscal years amounts to $329,430, including his present salary. The various items included in the budget are as follows:

President's salary	$50,000
Clerk hire	60,920
Contingent fund	25,000
President's travelling expenses	25,000
Maintenance White House, horses, vehicles, etc.	35,000
White House grounds	4,000
Fuel	6,000
Care of greenhouses	9,000
Repair of greenhouses	3,000
Printing	2,000
Lighting White House grounds	510
Total	$329,430

The largest item mentioned, $60,920 for clerk hire, includes not only the salaries of Secretary Loeb and two assistants, but those of about a score of clerks, stenographers, messengers, some of whom are telegraph operators, others of whom attend to telephones connecting the Executive offices with the various governmental departments.

France's New "Immortal," Jean Richepin

RICHEPIN has just been received as a member of the French Academy, and his elevation to a seat among the "Immortals" recalls several amusing anecdotes.

Immediately after the war with Germany, where Richepin had fought under Bourbaki, he sought employment as a teacher of literature at the preparatory school of Saint-Cyr, Paris. He was told that the position was vacant, but the principal acknowledged to him that the position was a very arduous one, saying: "The students will not give any attention to literature. It seems to them so useless and so contemptible that they raise a row with every professor of literature, and not one of these professors has yet been able to keep the position."

"That's all right, Mr. Director," said Richepin, "I will take charge of your students."

The next morning Richepin seated himself at his desk and waited for his scholars. They came in and began hooting, whistling, stamping their feet; they were suddenly stopped by a deep bass voice, and they listened with some surprise.

"Gentlemen," said Richepin, "I beg you to understand that I am not here as a matter of pleasure. I am here to earn my living. Do any of you intend to prevent me from doing so? If you do, just step outside into the square and tell me so face to face. But it is understood that, as you and I are very nearly the same age, we will make our explanations with our fists."

As he ended his sentence he banged his big hand on the desk with such force as to break it, scattering all the papers. But this was the end of the uproar. For the rest of the year the students behaved like little lambs.

In 1877 Richepin, who was beginning to be known, was asked by his publisher, "Would you like to write for the *Revue de Deux Mondes*?"

"I see no reason to the contrary."

"Well, let me have a novel. I will submit it, and I think it very likely that the editor will accept it."

The editor did accept it, but he informed Richepin that in accordance with the rule of the *Revue* the first work of any author appearing in the *Revue* was not paid for.

Richepin was poor and proud, but obstinate. "Oh no!" he declared, "no money, no novel. Return me my manuscript."

The editor was so amazed at this unheard-of independence that he paid a fair price for the novel.

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THE SO-CALLED CORNER IN WHEAT

By Franklin Escher

"Y[illegible]u are trying to corner the wheat-market," cries the press. "You are disturbing the whole country and taking away profits out of the pockets of the poor and needy."

"There is no wheat corner," replies Mr. Patten of Chicago. "Conditions justify the price. Why should I not take advantage of the conditions I have foreseen?"

And as the discussion goes on, the press and the pulpit denouncing the speculation in the one commodity which the poor man must buy at any price, the little coterie of speculators out in Chicago going quietly ahead with their plans, and the whole world looking on and wondering where it will all end. Is there a corner in wheat, and if so will it meet the fate of every other wheat corner since Joseph's exploit in Egypt three thousand years ago? Or are conditions such as to warrant present prices, and must we count on a high price for wheat as an integral factor in the general situation for a long time to come?

Wheat statistics are no more interesting reading to the average business man than any other kind of statistics, but there is one little group of figures which sheds more light on this vexed question than all the fulminations of the press or the cool reasonings of the bull leader. Reference is made to the figures of the world's wheat production during the past five years. The following table is reproduced from the Wall Street *Journal*:

IN MILLIONS OF BUSHELS

	World's crop	Europe	North America
1908	3,472	1,751	787
1907	3,142	1,618	730
1906	3,432	1,810	873
1905	3,331	1,797	815
1904	3,103	1,747	630
Five-year average	3,248	1,744	770

As bearing on the question of the present wheat-supply the striking thing about these figures is, of course, the fact that the world's crop of last year was only two per cent. below the five-year average, and was actually thirty million bushels more than in 1907. Not much ground there for the "world wide shortage" talk being put out from Chicago. Not much ground, either, for the talk of a European shortage with last year's European crop—133 million bushels greater than in 1907 and running well above the five-year average. The best refutation of "shortage talk" evidently is right in the figures themselves.

To bring the matter nearer home, it appears that what is of vital importance, as far as wheat prices are concerned, is the question of how much wheat is being held back by the farmers. Secretary of Agriculture Wilson in his last report states the amount at 143 million bushels. Mr. Patten comes out declaring the estimate much too high. Secretary Wilson replies that Government estimates in previous years, on the percentage of the crop held by farmers March 1st, have run about five per cent. under the actual figures. "The reporters of the Department of Agriculture," he says, "are farmers living on farms and know. If anybody knows, and have knowledge, if anybody has knowledge, of the facts. We cannot whistle these men down the wind. If we seek an honest class of the community and hesitate to take the word of the American farmer we will not establish truth by going to the gamblers."

Secretary Wilson may or may not be right in his estimate, but the fact remains the American wheat crop in 1908 was thirty million bushels more than in 1907, and that exports have been about ten million bushels less. Consumption has hardly increased by forty million bushels. If this wheat is not still on the farms, then where is it?

To the men not directly concerned in the wheat-market, and who look at the question in a disinterested way, these figures are of interest as showing up the claim of the speculators that "the present situation represents simply the working out of the natural laws of supply and demand." The bull leader declares that his holdings of wheat are not more than one day's consumption for the world—say, about ten million bushels—and that he is not manipulating the market. Conditions with regard to the supply on hand being as they are, how could the purchase of that amount of wheat put prices twenty-five to thirty cents higher than they were at this time last year?

The conclusion being inevitable that either Mr. Patten's holdings are larger than he says they are or that he is merely acting as an agent for much stronger interests, the question comes up as to what these operations in the wheat-market are costing the country at large. First in importance, of course, comes the direct effect of higher prices for flour and dearer bread. Corollary to that is the difficulty the milling companies are having in getting wheat, their loss at the export markets, and the fact that a great many of the smaller concerns are having to shut down entirely. After that comes the loss in earnings to the railroads. A fourth result is that reduced cereal exports have put our gold within the control of the foreign markets, and that gold shipments have begun again. Lastly, there is the fact that rising wheat prices invariably attract great numbers of speculators, many of whom sell out investment securities in order to raise money to take a hand in the "game" and most of whom get badly hurt before the "game" is over.

It is a pretty good-sized bill which the country has to pay, and its first item of dearer bread is particularly unfortunate at a time when the number of the unemployed is still so great, and when wages in so many lines are being lowered. Already the size of the loaf sold by many bakeries has been appreciably reduced, and the unanimous opinion of a number of wholesale bakers interviewed last week was that a continuance of present wheat prices inevitably means dearer bread to the consumer. Flour is up $1.50 per barrel already, and instead of the normal supply of seven hundred thousand barrels usually carried in New York there are not over four hundred thousand barrels on hand now. This is but a month's supply, and unless conditions change materially within that time flour and bread are sure to advance materially in price.

The second item on the bill is that on account of the scarcity of cash wheat many mills have had to shut down entirely, throwing a good many men out of employment. All through the country it appears there are small milling concerns who never carry any great stock of wheat, finding it all they can do in normal times to put up the $800 required by each car-load. When a car load goes up from $1,200 to $1,300, as at present prices, many of these millers simply have to suspend operations. A further illustration of the confusion into which the business of the country is thrown is the purchase of large amounts of cash wheat in New York for shipment to mills situated right in the heart of the wheat belt.

The railroads, too, suffer from decreased tonnage when conditions are as they are at present; and the decrease is not only in wheat and flour, but in merchandise which would be moving into the agricultural sections were wheat moving out freely. The small supply of flour hauled to New York during the past month is a concrete illustration of the business the railroads are losing.

The fourth serious factor is the loss of the export market on flour, and the fact that diminished exports have given Europe a renewed grip on our gold supply, with the result that the precious metal is again moving out. Even in March, before the price of wheat had risen to anything like the present level, exports of the cereal had been checked to a point where they were only one half of what they were in March of last year. For the nine months ended with March exports of wheat showed a loss of twenty-four million bushels, while flour exports had already fallen off 2,400,000 barrels. Already, because it was only in April that wheat soared to high level, and low exports in that month and the months to come are still to be heard from. In the mean time our gold goes draining away to Argentina or Brazil or wherever our European creditors direct us to send it, and will very probably be moving direct to Paris before very long.

Lastly, there is the item of inevitable harm to come to the army of speculators who trail along behind every such movement as the present. It is always the same story, as a glance at the record of similar high-price periods will show. The last time wheat got up around present prices was in the Leiter corner in 1898—from $1.05 in May the price smashed down to sixty-two cents in October. The same thing happened in 1892, when the break ran from $1.40 in May to ninety-one cents in December. Cornering the wheat market has always been a pretty precarious sort of a business in the past, precarious enough for the few who were on the inside and had some way of knowing when to "get out from under," but an almost surely losing game for those just "trailing along." Nor can the hurts that these speculators sustain be lightly passed over. Their number is recruited from men in every walk of life, and their eventual and inevitable discomfiture does the general business of the country a very considerable degree of harm.

So much for the tax the country has to pay—*now*, what is there in the efforts that the farmer derives great benefit from the high price of wheat? Some benefit, of course. He has some of his wheat in reserve, and he sells some of it at high prices. But only very little. In the first place, he had on the farm on the 1st of March of this year only twenty-one per cent. of the wheat he raised last year, and most of this was concentrated in the hands of the comparatively few farmers rich enough to hold on to their supplies. In the second place, very little of this wheat held for the high prices is ever sold at the high prices. There is nothing which will make a farmer who has wheat hold on to it like rising prices and a demand for what he has. All experience in the past has been that as long as prices keep on going up the farmer holds on tighter and tighter to his grain. It is when prices begin to slump, and the farmer gets it into his head that the upward movement is all over, that he begins to think of selling. By that time the market is usually fast on the down track, with this selling of hoarded wheat the biggest kind of a factor in driving it down faster. By the time the farmer actually disposes of his wheat the high prices are all over, and he has derived little or no benefit from them.

Who does derive any benefit from high wheat prices? Certainly not the consumer, who eventually has to pay six cents for a loaf of bread instead of five, nor the baker who has to keep on selling a five-cent loaf long after the price of flour has been unreasonably raised on him. Not the small miller who has to close down entirely, nor the large miller who loses his export trade. Not the farmer. Who, then, but the speculator—not the army of deluded people who sell their stocks and bonds to buy wheat at the top eighth, but the small coterie of wealthy financial buccaneers who are on the inside of the proposed manipulation.

What can be done to stop it? Bills by the dozen are being introduced into State Legislatures to prohibit trading in grain futures, but Government interference with the business of the country is at a discount these days and not much is likely to be accomplished. What should be done, and done at once, is the removal of the duty of twenty-five cents a bushel on Canadian wheat. A tariff on wheat is in itself an economic absurdity. About every ten years it becomes something very much more serious—a bulwark behind which most outrageous manipulations of wheat prices is carried on.

Remove the duty on Canadian wheat and there would become available in times like these not only the tens of millions of bushels of wheat which we now sit helplessly by and watch Canada send away to Europe, but also other tens of millions of bushels which would be planted on the wheat fields of the Canadian Northwest. The problem of supplying enough wheat to feed our growing population is becoming serious. The farmer does not need protection. The consumer does need more wheat. Removal of the tariff barrier would not only go a long way toward solving the problem, but would put an end to corners and such conditions as prevail in the wheat-market at present.

Continued increase in the volume of bank-notes at a time when the banks are finding the greatest difficulty is loaning out their deposits is an anomaly which is drawing attention sharply to the queer way in which our currency system at times works. The bank-notes are wanted by nobody except the issuing banks, and by them only because they have Government bonds which show them a loss and which they must find some way to carry along. Issuing circulation does not show much profit, but is better than letting the bonds lie idle or selling them at a loss—and so the country has to be flooded with unwanted and unneeded currency.

Practical results are to be found in the expulsion from the country of forty million dollars of gold since the beginning of the year, unconservative loans by the banks which make possible such episodes as the Patten wheat deal, and flagrant pool operations on the New York Stock Exchange.

Strong foreign participation in the syndicate which has just bought a large block of St. Louis and San Francisco bonds speaks well for the attitude of the foreign investor toward American securities. Reports from abroad have by no means indicated unbounded enthusiasm over any advancing markets, and the sight of strong foreign capital going into one of our new issues is decidedly reassuring. As is the case here, money is exceedingly abundant and cheap in Europe, and the foreigners are in a position to help us out materially with the large amount of railroad financing still to be done.

Talk of higher dividends has as its basis mainly the better outlook for trade when once the tariff is out of the way, and also the economies which the corporations are being able to effect during this dull period. It is a comment upon our optimism quite as much as upon our recuperative power that only eighteen months after the panic we should be actively figuring on the prospects of higher dividends.

C. O.—Can you tell me anything about Lackawanna's dividend record or where I can look it up? What I want particularly to know is whether the stock is now paying the highest dividend in its history, and as to when the payment of these big dividends began.

In 1863 the stock paid twenty per cent. in cash and ten per cent. in stock. In 1865 fifteen per cent in cash and seventy per cent. in cash was paid. These are the only times previous to 1906 when more than twenty per cent. (the present rate) was paid.

B. E. T.—To what do you attribute the low price of British consols? As I understand it, they are only a few points from their bottom price.

The low price of consols has long been an enigma to economists as well as to financiers. The most reasonable explanation seems to be the tremendous increase in Great Britain's debt since the beginning of the Boer war. Political uncertainty in Europe has also probably had an adverse effect on the so-called "premier security."

G. O. E.—As a holder of Rock Island stock, I fail to see where the stock will be benefited by these further large issues of St. Louis and San Francisco bonds—for the interest on which I understand Rock Island is responsible. I have the preferred. Would I be wise to get out?

The taking of these St. Louis and San Francisco bonds by a strong syndicate seems a decidedly favorable influence on the Rock Island shares. It was the inability of Frisco to raise money which put Rock Island in jeopardy last year, and with this financing safely out of the way the course is cleared for a resumption of dividends on Rock Island preferred when general business conditions warrant such a step.

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Grown People

Grown people are so *funny!*
The things they say so *queer!*
Of such a curious jumble,
Pray did you ever hear?

My mother pours hot water
On crumpled leaves, you see,
Then through a "tiny sifter,"
And calls it *straining tea!*

Last night when I was reading,
With grandma sitting near,
She spoke to me quite sharply,—
"Don't *strain your eyes*, my dear!"

At school the singing-teacher,
When we sing our choice,
Cries out, "No, no, more softly,
Or you will *strain your voice!*"

The scrubbing woman's daughter
Came in her mother's sacque,
And said, "Please ma'm excuse her
For she has *strained her back!*"

Oh, me, this is most awful!
Each day brings some surprise!
Where are the things through which you
strain
Your back and *voice* and *eyes?*

MARTHA BEAL.

The Antiquity of Hats

Just now, when a well-known New York pulpit orator has been inveighing against unwieldy monstrosities of female headwear, and when the very law itself steps in and says, "let there be light," it may not prove uninteresting to trace very briefly the evolution of the hat.

Of course, we owe to Asia all our manufactures, not omitting the discovery of producing felt. The hats which are so constantly alluded to in Scripture were genuine ones adorned by turban-cloths, and not mere turbans, as, for instance, those which were bound upon the heads of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego when they were cast into the Assyrian furnace.

To-day, upon the heads of Asiatic Jews, you will see tall, narrow cylinders of gray felt surrounded by a colored handkerchief.

The Nestorian Christians of Kurdistan wear felt hats very similar to the Irish *caubeen*, while, throughout the Orient, dervishes and fakirs affect tall, light-hued, felt head-coverings.

During the Wars of the Roses, fair dames wore hideous, steeple-crowned fabrics, and the progress of the hat in Europe was not wholly of a peaceful character. There were cities in which rival factions—electing to die for Red Rose or White—divided themselves into "hats" and "caps" and fought strenuously for the supremacy of one or the other party.

The pulpit in those days, too, was most unfriendly to the hat. Broad brims were preached against, and plumes and jewelled clasps were roughly mauled by fiery, clerical orators. And behold! the steeple-crowned hat became the mark and sign of the Puritan party, while it had its very antithesis in the Geneva skull-cap. But right on top of this ungraceful, Puritanical apex there fell the raillery of the gallantly and beautifully plumed Cavaliers.

The cocked hat followed, which the great Napoleon and that philosophical old crony Voltaire loved so well, this being succeeded by those beavers patronized by dandies of the Beau Brummel type.

And we know that the hot-blooded youngsters who fought for our independence under Lafayette and Rochambeau took the round hat with them to Paris as a novelty. That benevolent and patriotic printer, Benjamin Franklin, used to be mobbed when he represented us at the court of Louis XVI., so very wonderful, in the eyes of the Parisians, was that modern cylinder.

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Correspondence

THAT DEADLY FOURTH MILE

BOSTON, MASS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—As Mr. Inglis has pointed to England as the mother of the four-mile race, perhaps you will allow me, as an Englishman, to correct some false impressions which his article may leave.

In the first place, it would be interesting to know how Mr. Inglis came to the conclusion that the English university oarsman is an older and more mature man than the American. Without plunging into any exhaustive statistics, I think it is safe to assert that in both England and America the university crews are picked from men who vary in age from nineteen to twenty-three, and that if the average were worked out, no appreciable advantage could be claimed by either side.

I fear, too, that the English rowing coaches will not bear out Mr. Inglis' statement that the young Englishman arrives at Oxford or Cambridge an accomplished waterman. While Eton, Radley, and a few other schools (far less numerous than Mr. Inglis seems to think) do supply a fair nucleus of boys who have received careful training, by far the larger number of those who take up rowing have had little or no previous experience. Mr. Inglis can hardly lay serious when he instances punting, canoeing, etc., as providing valuable experience to the future "Blue." Granting, however, that any degree of efficiency can be gained by such means, I should imagine that the average American boy who has learned to sit the light canoes, which few English boys could remain in for two minutes, would have the advantage.

In his condemnation of the "fourth mile" Mr. Inglis seeks to strengthen his case by the statement that he "never saw a three-mile race which didn't establish conclusively that the winning crew was the best." Best! Certainly—at *three miles*, but not necessarily at four miles, as Mr. Inglis seems to infer.

If a crew ran in at three miles, says Mr. Inglis, it would win at seven miles! By a similar process of reasoning, I have little doubt that he would be prepared to back Walker of South Africa for the next Marathon race, on the strength of his records over 120 yards!

Last year's Cambridge crew was as fine a combination over a four-mile course as one could wish to see, but how did they fare over the short Henley course? If Mr. Inglis had been there he might have secured an even more excellent picture of the collapse of a beaten crew than the one published in your columns.

To take a mile off the distance would do little or nothing to reduce the severity of the strain. It would simply mean an increase in the pace, and the weak or ill-trained man would "crack" just the same.

In England a rowing coach demands from a beaten crew that they shall be "rowed out." It matters not whether the distance be one or four miles, if they can't win they must, at any rate, have nothing left in them of reserve force at the finish.

I imagine that American coaches hold very similar ideas. They do not find much consolation in a crew "sitting up, smiling," at the end of a race in which they have suffered defeat by three or four lengths.

No change of distance will alter the fact that from a beaten crew physical exhaustion is demanded.

If, therefore, we would safeguard our boys from any danger which may lie in a pastime which leads thousands of young fellows to a clean and healthy life, it is rather by insisting upon frequent medical examination during the critical period of hard training, than by attacking the "fourth mile."

I am, etc.,

F. L. HUTCH,
Late of Jesus College, Cambridge.

THE WALL PAPER TRUST DECISION

NEW YORK, *February 6, 1909.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It has been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States that the Wall Paper Trust is an illegal combination and therefore it has no standing in court and cannot recover under process of law money due it for goods purchased. In other words, this concern is privileged to be robbed and its property confiscated, while the person coming into possession of its goods is protected from prosecution. So long, then, as the clients of this combination are what is known in business parlance as honorable men, and recourse to the courts is not necessary to the collection of outstanding accounts, the combination may continue to do business.

Don't you think that this decision of the Supreme Court is ahead of the play, and that along the line there has been a laxness that has left to a private concern a work that should have been performed by a public officer? Now that attention has been called to the existence of an illegal corporation, let us see what the government official whose business it is to look after such cases will do.

I am, sir,

H. S.

THE COST OF PRODUCTION OF GOLD

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., *January 6, 1909.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Mr. William Greenwood, in your issue of the 26th of December, 1908, takes issue with a previous article by Mr. W. C. Brown, wherein the latter stated "that the improvements in mining methods and metallurgical processes constantly reduce the cost of producing gold," by saying that "prices for products and services rendered are no lower than before the new processes were installed, and that the cost of mining for gold has not been reduced."

It is very evident that Mr. Greenwood is not familiar with modern mine practices as applied to gold-mining.

Your foot note asking, "How about gold production in South Africa?" Would our correspondent say that that has not been cheapened?" should be answer enough for any one. The cost of producing gold has been very materially cheapened in the past ten years. Strange as it may seem, the principal reduction in the cost of producing gold has been mechanical and not metallurgical. The principal step in advance was taken some nine years ago, when at the Angels Iron Works, in Altaville, Calaveras County, California, it was decided to narrow up the mortar in which the stamps do their crushing, by adding side and end liners. This increased the crushing capacity of each 1000-pound stamp from 3½ tons to 5 tons in 24 hours, and this at an extra cost to speak of. This form of mortar was copied and manufactured by all the large foundries in this and other countries. This improvement alone permitted the working of low grade ores at a profit which previously had been considered worthless. The improvements made in the various concentrators and tables which are used to separate the sulphides from the pulp after it has passed over the copper plates, where much of the free gold is caught, is another factor lessening cost. Add to this the regrinding of the pulp in rotating tube mills to the fineness nearly of flour (which is called sliming) preparatory to its treatment by cyanide of potassium, and you have almost completed the tale of mechanical improvements. The treatment of these slimes by cyanide is of comparatively recent practice, and is one of the great advance strides which the metallurgist has made. While the fact that gold in a fine state could be easily dissolved in cyanide solutions has been known a great many years, yet its commercial use has been (as I remarked before) but recently adopted on low grade ores.

The production of gold in California and in many other places has been greatly cheapened in the past ten years, even in the face of higher prices for all commodities, higher wages, and shorter hours of labor. The best proof of this assertion lies in the fact that mines are being reopened and worked profitably today which were closed down years ago.

At the works of the Goldfield Consolidated Mines Company, at Goldfield, they have recently developed a process which at a small cost permits them to extract between ninety-two per cent. and ninety-five per cent. of the gold from very high grade concentrates by the cyanide process. This means a very great saving to the stockholders when compared with the shipment of these concentrates to the smelters and the application of this and similar processes will still further reduce the cost of the production of gold.

I am, sir,

W. C. RALSTON.

"SOME ASPECTS OF NATURE"

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *January, 1909.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—When I read such articles as your "Some Aspects of Nature" in your paper, January 23d, page 6, or such thoughts as expressed in Victor Hugo's large preface to his *Les Miserables*, it always seems to me like a poor soul groping about for its bearings or trying to find solid ground for its sinking feet, or like a lone sailor in a frail bark at midnight, on a trackless sea, trying to determine in what direction he can steer a straight course to even some safe harbor, or determine the direction from which he came so he could at least return to where he started from.

It prompts in me a desire to just tell them how they can be certain of all those bearings, and where they can get such information as explains to a soul all things it needs to know to the extent of its entire satisfaction.

Yours is not a religious journal, as I do not expect my source of information or views will, according to your idea of fitness, find any place in your columns.

But I do want to say a few words to that soul who wrote that article, that he leaves his subject unsolved and unsatisfactory to almost every reader. You are right when you say, "Only those can bear life who by some means keep alive a knowledge of the soul."

Evidently the man who, recently in your city, hired an undertaker to dispose of his body to ashes and to scatter them on the ground, then immediately used his own hand to separate his soul from his body, did not have "a knowledge of the soul." He had not studied the subject, or, anyway, had not studied it out of the right book.

You say "the means are varied," and refer to the means employed by several people, but leaving out the most important personage in the matter—viz., St. Paul or the Bible.

You did not mention one source of knowledge which will keep the soul alive. Each soul comes on the earth, and through the present realities and materials is inspired to do, even to die, strenuous for a brief season, then passes out; and the continuity of that effort by unnumbered souls keeps the world going around. The whole progresses, but where is the satisfactory reward for the individual? Souls have been wrung in anguish trying to think out the mystery of the satisfaction of a yearning immortal soul. St. Paul says, "Behold! I show you a mystery." That brings me to what I wanted to say to you and to all unsatisfied souls: Look into the Bible with care and sincerity, and you will find a *satisfactory* explanation of the great mystery of life, also those "means to keep alive the knowledge of the soul."

Read the testimony in the Bible of those men who "could not help but speak the things they had seen and heard." Are they credible? Read them in authority, and you will see that they were eye-witnesses of those things in which your origin, present, and destiny are interested. In the Bible you will find the "wisdom of God in a mystery"; even that which "God ordained before the world was"; "having made known unto us the mystery of His Will," "That in the ages to come . . . He might show . . . in His kindness toward us," etc. Turn to the Bible, and you will find there the explanation of life; and if believed will enable a soul to live here when no immediate reward is in sight for heroism, patience, love, submission to bondage of limitations, and other virtues which an immortal soul is properly called on to exercise.

The next article you write to satisfy a soul in this unsatisfactory life, tell your readers to turn to the Bible, the only source of information, and they will find a solution.

They will find Shakespeare's question answered, "Whether 'tis better to bear the ills of life we have or fly to others which we know not of."

They will learn also that the great Creator cares for a sparrow even, and that His children are of more value than many sparrows.

I am, sir,

F. L. RAYMOND.

"A DESPERATE AFFAIR"

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS, *April 3, 1909.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In reply to Col. Charles H. Ayres' article, "A Desperate Affair," published in HARPER'S WEEKLY, January 30, 1909, I beg to say: In the beginning of his story Colonel Ayres says he depends on his memory, but that certain events were so clearly impressed on it that its accuracy can be relied on. Then he describes as one, three separate and distinct occurrences that took place three years apart, his memory apparently only furnishing his style, his imagination most of his facts. For example, he says, "San Angelo was, and is to-day, a small place." Such a public statement regarding a city that furnished England most of her cavalry remounts in the Boer war, and will supply the Armours a large per cent. of the beef for their English army contract, shows ignorance of the resources of his own country. As HARPER'S WEEKLY has restricted my reply to five hundred words, I can only give a few facts from court records and the testimony of citizens taken at the time.

After taps on the night of February 14, 1878, a squad of the Tenth Cavalry, led by First Sergeant Goldsby, entered Morris Brothers' saloon and fired several volleys from Government carbines, their object being to stampede those present and rob the gambling tables. Only one inoffensive and unarmed white man was killed. Dad Cranstaume and Diamond Dick pulled their guns and reversed the stampede. If the soldiers' intentions were crooked on coming to the saloon they were straight and prompt in leaving it. Examination of their clothes showed they crossed the river regardless of foot bridge or ford. One trooper was killed and one wounded. Colonel Ayres' shrapnel must have been charged with bluing powder.

In 1879, Bob Thomas, deputy sheriff, thinking a trooper in front of the sutler's store was Lieutenant Ward's orderly, asked him where that officer was; the man replied insolently. Thomas shot him down, rode back to town, was arrested and put under bond. The soldiers never interfered with him; he was known to be both quick and careless with a gun. On the night of January 31, 1884, a ranchman named McCarthy, while on a spree, accidentally killed trooper Watkins of the Tenth Cavalry; he went over to the post, surrendered to the officer of the day, and was turned over to the civil authorities. On the night of February 3, 1884, over two hundred soldiers of the Tenth Cavalry, in company formation, with Government rifles, marched over to and shot up San Angelo, and when James D. Spears, sheriff, ran up to stop them, surrounded him, tried to take his pistol, and threatened him with death if he did not surrender McCarthy to them. Spears would not give up his prisoner, did not let them get his pistol, and when they tried to enter Mrs. Tankersley's hotel searching for McCarthy, and that lady refused to let them enter, saying she had a sick guest, at last drawing a six-shooter from under her apron as an additional argument, he told them if they persisted he would kill more of them than they would of him. They did not insist.

I am, sir,

PENMORE N. JONES.

THE GREATER SOUTH POLE

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., *April 12, 1909.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your motion (April 3d) to incorporate the Greater South Pole, bounding that highly restricted section with a circle of polar radius one hundred statute miles, is a generous impulse, but needs a little amendment in the interests of mathematics and Lieutenant Shackleton as well. According to the explorer's statement, he penetrated to latitude 88° 23', thus falling short of the pole itself by 1° 37', or 97 geographical miles. But a geographical mile is the equivalent of about 1.15 statute miles, so that Lieutenant Shackleton lacked a little more than 111 statute miles of reaching the goal. We can afford to be generous with what doesn't belong to us, and I would suggest that you increase the proposed penal radius by fifteen miles, thus giving ample room for the terminal already reached, and for a broad bounding esplanade besides. At any rate, don't leave the explorer outside his own domain.

I am, sir,

A. R. DAVIS.

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An Experiment in Human Vivisection

In the midst of the universal discussion concerning the scientific value of animal vivisection versus the cruelty of the operations on the dumb brutes, a remarkable story of an experiment in human vivisection and its great success has been announced to the public. Dr. Henry Head, physician to the London Hospital, was the subject of the experiment, which extended over a period of five years, and its object was the determination of the functions of certain important nerves.

It had long been a problem how best to study accurately the action of these peculiar nerves, for accidental injuries to these parts rarely occur and no satisfactory treatment in such cases had been perfected. Dr. Head offered his left hand for the experiments, since this member was entirely free from scars or deformities. Forty-two years of age and in perfect health since boyhood, he was an exceptionally fine subject for the tests. The Doctor had given up smoking more than two years before the experiments, and had rarely touched alcohol at any period in his life. To ward off the distractions and worries of ordinary life, St. John's College, Cambridge, furnished a suite of rooms in which Doctor Head might reside during the entire experiment.

The first operation was performed on April 25, 1903, and consisted of the excision of a small portion of an important nerve and the joining of the two ends with silk sutures. The oldest nerve specialists now conducted a series of intricate experiments which lasted for nearly five years, and are reported to have been wonderfully successful. Loss of sensation in various portions of the body following the severing of certain nerves and the subsequent recovery of the sensory apparatus as the nerves gradually united again was fully explained in this study of human vivisection, and to-day Doctor Head is enjoying just as good health as he ever did.

Preferred a Book to a Coat

A COLLECTION of rare books, pictures, and autopsies valued at $20,000 has been brought before the public notice by the recent death of "Charlie" Hopper, a porter in Sunderland Street, London. Although for many years he earned about twenty-four shillings, less than six dollars, per week, yet entirely by his own means he gathered these treasures, among which are five thousand books, Indian and Chinese curios, and many choice specimens of Crown Derby, Wedgwood, Royal Vienna, and Royal Worcester ware. There are also many cases and cabinets of birds' eggs, shells, coins, stuffed animals and birds. Included in the articles of historical interest is a curious mug from which the Duke of York drank when opening the first Orange Lodge in Newcastle, and a ewer which belonged to Queen Elizabeth.

Many stories are told of the thriftiness of the late Mr. Hopper, who lived an exceedingly frugal life and never smoked or drank. A suit of working clothes customarily lasted him ten years. Once when he had saved up enough money to purchase a new coat and as he was on his way to the clothier's he chanced to pass a bookshop where was displayed a rare volume of Longstaffe's *History of Darlington*. Although the price of the book was as much as that of the new coat, Hopper never hesitated, but bought it immediately. As a consequence the old garment had to do many weeks more of service, though its owner never regretted his purchase.

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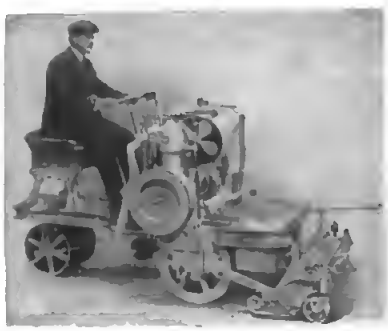

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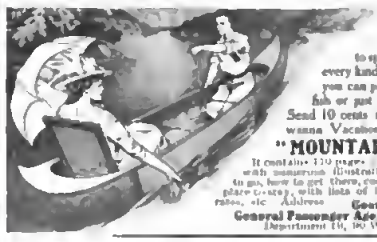

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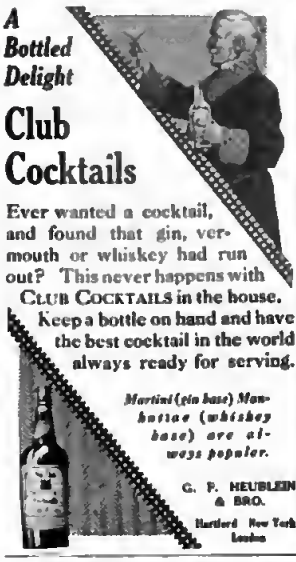

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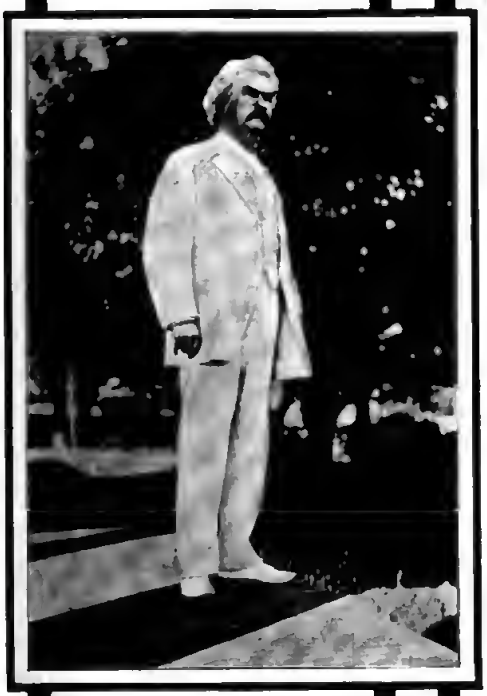

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LIII | New York, May 8, 1909 | No 2733

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THE NEW "SICK MAN OF EUROPE"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LIII. No. 2733

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THIRTY-SIX PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 8, 1909

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Comment

To Educate the People

Dreadnoughts and armies are expensive. Hereafter a well-to-do Englishman must pay eight per cent. taxes on his income and twenty-seven per cent. on all he leaves when he dies; also a new tax on all his land, twenty per cent. of all increase in land values, doubled taxes on stock-exchange transactions, and goodness knows what all. The immediate consequence is that all of the great landholders have stopped improvements and raised the rents, depriving many workmen of employment and causing real distress in small houses. The Duke of Norfolk has sold his best Holbeins—to an American, of course—and the picture-dealers say hundreds of masterpieces will soon be on the market. A first-class hotel has to pay more than $20,000 a year for the privilege of selling liquor; one bus company in London is taxed $185,000, considerably more than it earns; and so on. The political result, of course, will be a change of parties and probably the imposition of tariff duties. But that will only change the form, not reduce the burden, of the enormous taxation. Germany is mean to keep our affrighted cousins so stirred up all the time. We can stand it because the presumption is that a good deal of our relatives' money will seek investment here. But how long will it be before we shall find ourselves in a similar hole if we keep on increasing naval expenditures from $20,000,000 to $150,000,000 a year and generally squandering money with the profligacy of a prolific writer who can get a dollar a word for inanities? Mr. ALDRICH can add and subtract—chiefly add—all he likes; he can't reduce the cost of Imperialism and Pensions and Rivers and Harbors and Rural Deliveries and Canals and Internal Waterways and all other forms of Glory, Paternalism, and Fatuity for which the appetites of the People have been so adroitly whetted. Our day of reckoning is coming, all right, and soon, too, unless—and mark you this—unless some way can be devised to convince the dancers that they have got to pay for the fiddling out of their own pockets. A tax on every income exceeding $1,000 is our notion. That would cause some sitting up and taking of notice.

A "Policy" Worth "Clinching"

The government probably does well to compromise with the American Sugar Refining Company by accepting $2,000,000 in lieu of the aggregate of fines which might be imposed and collected as a result of protracted and expensive litigation, but it is to be hoped sincerely that District-Attorney STIMSON will have the unqualified support of the administration in his efforts to send the scoundrels responsible for the iniquitous work to jail. More barefaced, shameless robbery was never perpetrated. Employees of the company, acting in conjunction with "guileless" inspectors, so fixed the scales as to obtain short weights of dutiable materials for years and, for their valuable services, received extra compensation at the end of each week. That these men should be punished goes without saying, but the seeming fact that the wholesale thievery was not only encouraged but actually instigated by officers of the company induces the hope that some way will be found to reach and punish those higher up. It is the privilege and probably the duty of the company's lawyers to plead ignorance on the part of their clients, but it is no less the privilege and duty of the prosecutors to trace the bribe money and extra compensation to their source and pursue remorselessly, at whatever cost of time and money, the smug scoundrels who deliberately corrupted their own employees in order that they might rob their own government. To the ROOSEVELT administration belongs the full credit of making the disclosure. It is squarely up to its successor to "clinch" the good work by jailing the criminals.

Mr. Jerome and the Papers

District-Attorney JEROME has ample justification for complaining of the press's "demagogic criticism" of public officials who try to do their duty. None has been misrepresented and traduced more persistently or causelessly than himself. The *Journal's* diatribes have been ineffectual because they were obviously politico-personal, but the *World's* everlasting hounding, the real motive of which has not been apparent, has undoubtedly wrought damage to Mr. JEROME's reputation and consequently has seriously impaired his efficiency as a public officer. That is bad, of course; and yet we are disposed to agree with the *Tribune* that Mr. JEROME generalizes somewhat too freely from his own experience. And even so, the papers have treated him pretty well, on the whole, and will support him quite vigorously, we imagine, if he runs again. We hope he will, by the way, for he is the ablest and squarest man New York City has had in high place for many a day.

No More Deals

Attorney-General WICKERSHAM seems to be one of those rare beings who have no occasion to even think of being courageous. He simply finds how thing are, says so, and goes about his business, heedless of political consequences or the pain of those whose toes may be pinched. When the great Corsican started up to do something, he used to summon a brass band, puff up his chest, and direct attention to the fully developed fearlessness of himself and his boss. But we suspect that even his obtuseness must have been pierced when he read in the papers the other day his successor's casual statement that suits had been instituted and prosecutions begun "without sufficient consideration and without adequate cause." Everybody knew that to be the fact, but not many, we opine, suspected that Mr. WICKERSHAM would say so quite so plainly. However, he did, and then went on to declare that there was nothing hidden or mysterious in the conduct of his department. He did not propose to hound men who, however guilty of technical infractions, had never intended to violate the law. But the time to make ignorance an excuse had passed, and from this day on "the price of peace is obedience to law," without any hemming and hawing or any private understandings with "good" corporations and "good" individuals who encouraged civic righteousness with thumping contributions, such as characterized our recent personal gorgarmont. No more favoritism under the guise of a "square deal" is the way we size up the intent of the TAFT administration, as interpreted by the Attorney-General. And that is something like. We have had enough of deals and want no more of them, square or otherwise.

Republican Senators Speak Up

We are not overfond of the Senate, but right now it seems to be performing fairly well its proper function in our system. It is at least behaving like a deliberative body—and not as if it were content to turn over all the deliberating, as well as the deciding and acting, to Senator ALDRICH. True, there is, as we write, nothing actually accomplished by way of upsetting Senator ALDRICH's plans for the new tariff; but there is a good deal of the sort of scrutinizing and debating of his proposals which we wish the House had been able to give to Mr. PAYNE's. Moreover, the press and the country appear to be following the Senate debate with a growing instead of a languishing interest. That is the most cheering feature of the situation—that and the behavior of the "progressive" Republicans.

The spirit these men are showing is altogether encouraging. We expected as much of new men like Senators CUMMINS and LA FOLLETTE, but the stepping forth of DOLLIVER and the venerable Senator NELSON looks like a clear gain. Excepting President TAFT's inaugural and some other of his speeches, we should have to go back to MCKINLEY's last speech at Buffalo—and then away back to GARFIELD—for Republican utterances on the tariff to be compared to some of the things these Senators have said. There was Senator NELSON's vigorous remark that the worst service anybody could render the Republican party would be to commit it to a higher rate of duty than the principle of protection really demands, and his frank inquiry, what had become of the old protectionist contention that, once protection has set an industry well on its feet, it will soon grow strong enough to take care of itself. And there was Senator DOLLIVER's equally frank confession that he had defended the DINGLEY wool and woollens schedule many times, but that he was getting precious tired of trying to convince people it was a good thing to have to pay a tax of eighty per cent. and upward on practically everything they wore upon their backs. When Republican Senators in good standing dare to talk like that, light would seem to be breaking. We feel better.

Even Democrats Help

Some of the Democrats also are getting into the game rather better than we hoped. It is true that the straight, frontal attacks on the whole system of high protection, all along the line, which we should love to see, are not forthcoming. For such work the opposition is badly handicapped. It is handicapped by ignorance—Senator BACON has several times plaintively remarked of certain schedules that they are a sealed book to anybody but an expert; and it would be hard to name a single Democratic Senator who can be called an expert in the sense in which Senator ALDRICH can. Not one of them has at his fingers' ends the history, the real meaning, and the real effects of the various schedules. Senator ALDRICH has these things at his fingers' ends; but he does not keep them all at his tongue's end also. He could probably tell us who are the men—the two or three nameless gentlemen, not members of either House of Congress—who are said to have written our recent tariff laws; but he doesn't. A partial excuse for the tariff ignorance of the Democrats is that they have never had much to do, as Senator ALDRICH has, with the framing of tariff laws. We suspect that Senator ALDRICH even knew more about the final shaping of the WILSON-GORMAN act, Democratic measure as it was supposed to be, than any Democratic Senator except GORMAN, who is no more. But the Democratic excuse is not sufficient. At the beginning of the nineties WILLIAM L. WILSON and ROGER Q. MILLS and WILLIAM E. RUSSELL and GROVER CLEVELAND and other Democratic leaders were also without experience in making tariff laws. But they did not plead ignorance, or need to plead it. In the discussions of those days they held their own and more. They put the other side on the defensive.

Flanking Movements

However, if the Democratic leaders of to-day are weak in frontal attacks they seem to be doing fairly good flanking. Their turning movements seem to be bothering the enemy considerably. The income tax proposals and speeches are uncovering some of the hollowness of the high-protectionist contention about taxation in general. Senator DIXEMAN's proposal to tax immigrants ten dollars a head likewise goes straight at the hypocrisy of the pretence that protection is all for the benefit of American labor. The exposure would be still more damaging if he should submit figures showing the proportion of foreigners employed in the very industries that are clamoring the most piteously about American and foreign wages. Senator NELSON, by the way, has repudiated that argument, and ridiculed the way the highly protected manufacturers "crawl behind the laboring man." "The laboring man has no protection," he bluntly confesses. "His wages are based upon the law of supply and demand." Were any measure seriously pressed which would have the effect of cutting off the supply of foreign labor, it would probably encounter no opposition more resolute—though it would doubtless be secret—than that of some of these same highly protected manufacturers.

Meanwhile, we are eagerly awaiting the defeat, by a combination of Democrats and "progressive" Republicans, of some one of Senator ALDRICH's amendments increasing a House-bill rate. We wish something of that practical sort may have happened by the time this paragraph sees the light.

Mr. Taft as a Democrat

Mr. TAFT seems to have a more exalted conception of the duty of the Democratic party than the party itself has.—*The World.*

Yes, the party's idea of its duty, these many years, seems to have been to boost Brother BRYAN's lecture business.

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As to Racial Difference

We have been so exercised of late over the tariff and Abdul Hamid and James A. Patten that we have neglected to take notice of our correspondent of a fortnight ago who seems to object to our supporting President Taft's Southern policy. We keep a humble ear always open to serious criticism, and our correspondent was evidently serious. But we confess a difficulty in taking his admonition altogether seriously. "It is generally admitted," he tells us, "that there is no physical, intellectual, or moral obstacle to an amicable settlement of racial differences *(sic)* of the South, but rather the presence of a moral disability on the part of the white citizen." We do not know who have done the general admitting, but Abraham Lincoln was not one of them. In a famous passage, often quoted, he admitted, on the contrary, that the "racial differences" of the South presented a terribly perplexing problem, the complete working out of which was beyond his vision. We suppose that our white Southern fellow citizens, to the number of a good many millions, would also decline to admit that the whole trouble is their own "moral disability" (whatever that may mean). On that point a goodly and growing number of Northern people would, we fancy, stand with them. It is no longer as fashionable as it used to be to set apart great masses of human beings as incurably perverse. For our own part, we are inclined to agree with an old friend of ours, a naval officer, who had seen much of life in many lands, as well as on many seas, and who was wont to remark that "there is a great deal of human nature in mankind." We don't believe in drawing up indictments against a whole people—or half a people, either, since that, fortunately, is what the South has remained, instead of setting up for itself. In fact, such an attitude as our correspondent's comes pretty near making us a trifle angry; and we are exceedingly good-tempered, as a rule—as witness that hunt breakfast. The South has done things, and espoused policies, which Harper's Weekly, in the course of its life, has bitterly denounced and opposed. But when our correspondent would fix a stigma of "moral disability," or any other kind of cussedness, upon all the people of the South—or of the East or the West, for that matter—we are moved to invite him to look around his own particular quarter of the compass and see if he isn't rather exaggerating the extent of the other section's monopoly. As to his other notion, that treating the South like the rest of the country—which we take to be the essence of the new policy—means wrong and detriment to the negro, we again dissent. We adhere to the view and hope of Booker Washington that when the negro gets the substance of the political recognition he is entitled to he will not get it by any "outside forcing"; and we incline to think he may have suffered more than he gained by such outside forcing as was embodied in the Lodge and other force bills, which were the fashion a decade or so ago.

Yale Calls Deacon Hemphill

Yale did well to get John C. Hemphill to give the Bromley lectures on journalism next year. Major Hemphill has ideals, convictions, and quite exceptional facility of expression. His paper is the Springfield *Republican* of the South. That is the highest compliment we can pay any American journal if we forego the pleasure of pronouncing the *Republican* the *News and Courier* of New England.

Doctor Lord Again a Regent

When the Board of Regents of this State was reduced in number from nineteen to seventeen the two youngest in point of service were dropped necessarily. One of these was Chester Sanders Lord, Doctor of Laws and Managing Editor of the *Sun* for many moons. Death having caused a vacancy, the Legislature felt disposed to reinstate Doctor Lord, but hesitated in view of the fact that he resides in the Second Judicial District, otherwise known as Brooklyn, the home of Doctor and Regent St. Clair McKelway. To the credit of the latter, however, be it recorded that he promptly published a leading editorial in the course of which he graciously gave notice that "Should that other be Doctor Lord, the other regent would have the pleasure of resuming relations with him in the present Board." This made clear and easy the way of the Legislature, which thereupon unanimously made the wise and judicious choice suggested. The brothers, consequently, will again be permitted to sit together in amity, as we trust they may for many happy years to come. Although Doctor Lord sleeps in Brooklyn, he works in New York; but that is not unusual. We once knew a man who worked in Brooklyn and slept in New York, and so was enabled to pass to and fro uncrowded. But he would not make as good a Regent as Doctor Lord, who is an exceptionally fine man both in and out of his office.

Oh No!

A correspondent whose letter appears on another page prays "that Roosevelt may be captured by some big chief in Uganda, and put in a cage there, and then kept on exhibition for the rest of his days." His prayer will not get much endorsement. If it happened to the ex-President as our prayerful friend suggests, the immigration of Rough Riders, newspaper-writers, and other adventurous spirits to Uganda would be powerfully stimulated, and there would be a great man-hunt, possibly with results that would be important to the civilization of Africa. It would be much more interesting to have Mr. Roosevelt pursue his sports and his travels according to schedule, and see what he is like when he comes home. He will have time for much reflection, and possibly he will reflect. And it may be that the results of a calmer administration of our government than he gave will impress not only him, but the country at large.

Brother Josephus Daniels Complains

Brother Josephus Daniels, of the Raleigh *News and Observer*, who came here last month to the meeting of the Associated Press, stayed to the press banquet given at the Waldorf-Astoria, and wrote home to his paper about it. He says the room was beautiful and the flowers and decorations made it a dream—a poem. And the food and cooking and service were perfection and exalted the expectations with which he awaited the after-dinner discourse. He looked to hear speaking that would be "fresh, new, eloquent, full of uplift." Sad to say, he didn't hear it. Mr. Choate was there, and spoke, but he disappointed Brother Daniels. "There wasn't a sparkle, a sciatillation, a noble thought, or an eloquent paragraph in the commonplace utterance of the man held up as America's foremost talker." Brother Daniels thought it "a pity that a man who has made reputation and has real ability . . . should give five hundred editors, from every State in the Union, an address that was evidently unprepared and thrown off with little reflection." He half apologizes for criticizing Mr. Choate, but feels heartily that on such an occasion he should have done better. "A pleasant scrap" between Ben Burdette and Senator Patterson amused Mr. Daniels, but he went home a little sore because his mind had not been fed as delectably at the New York dinner as his body was.

We Explain About It

We apologize to Brother Daniels for what seemed to him to be defective in the entertainment he received here. We respect his expectations. They ought to have been realized. How widely were they shared by the five hundred editors who sat at those tables? Were the five hundred pretty generally keyed up to expectation of fresh, new, eloquent, uplifting discourse, or were they for the most part in that frame of contentment where it doesn't greatly matter what is said to them? As for Mr. Choate, *quandoqua bonus dormitat Homerus*. He is a kind man whose work in the world in these days is to do good. Think how many thousand after-dinner speeches he has made; scores of them doubtless this very year. His discourse by long practice flows easily. It is in much demand, and he is wonderfully good-natured in supplying it. But the dinner of the editors was undoubtedly more of an occasion for the editors than for him, especially as it came late in the season, long after his mind had been relieved by frequent utterances of the more urgent messages that had gathered in it in the summer vacation.

We don't wonder that Brother Daniels was disappointed. He ought to have talked himself. There are too many public dinners in New York nowadays for the average of the local after-dinner discourse to rise very high. There are a great many able men here, and some of them are able speakers, but to them the effort to stir the enthusiasm of an after-dinner audience soon comes to be like Sisyphus, his everlasting job of rolling a stone uphill. They soon get to take it easy and to feel that when does it easiest does it best. And the audiences take it very much the same way, and are apt to disperse at bedtime, no matter who is getting on his legs.

You can't live always inside of the circus tent, Brother Daniels, without losing some of the edge off your excitement in the performance. The voice crying in the wilderness is apt still to be the one that carries the message. And yet there is good talk after dinner here sometimes when a man who wants to say something meets the folks who want to hear him. When Mr. Wickersham talked to the lawyers last week he said plenty.

Trinity Corporation

In the current *American Magazine* the corporation of Trinity is muck-raked with passable moderation by Brother Ray Stannard Baker. The most important criticisms contained in his compendium seem to be that the corporation has spent too much of its income in building and maintaining churches for well-to-do folks who are able to pay for their own church privileges, and would value them more, and profit more by them, if they did. The policy of the vestry in keeping control of its newer chapels instead of turning them loose to find independence is set forth with disapprobation, and it is represented that in the management of its tenement property Trinity has been unenterprising, somewhat negligent, and very reluctant to obey good and necessary laws. Brother Baker harps overmuch on the poverty of the tenants from whom part of the Trinity income is derived. That is irrelevant unless Trinity is a hard landlord, which it is not. The vestry are honest, which is immensely important. Their great charge could undoubtedly be better administered, but it could so easily be in worse hands that the prudent innovator will be loath to go farther than ask for a moderate infusion of new blood and a betterment of policies and methods. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder would make a valuable vestryman for Trinity, and he has fairly incurred the risk of election.

Juliana Louise Emma Marie Wilhelmina

Queen Wilhelmina's baby is a girl, and very acceptable to the Dutch, who have it deeply at heart that their throne shall stay with the House of Nassau, and have yearned deeply and with reason for an heir to their royal house. It is suspected that they would have preferred a boy. A prince, it is argued, might make a marriage more useful to Holland's independence than a princess can, and that is a reasonable argument so far as it goes, though it may seem to look a long way ahead. But for practical purposes of government in such a country as Holland a queen may be quite as good as, or better than, a king, for the work of government is done in the main by ministers and legislators—all men—and a woman has special qualifications for dealing with men. Anyhow, the new Dutch baby is very welcome. All the world is interested about her, and most of it is glad she has come, and wishes her good luck, and brothers and sisters for company.

Takes His Job Seriously

We read in the paper that at the lawyers' dinner given to Mr. Wickersham in New York on April 30th, "Mr. Wickersham described a certificate hanging on the wall of his office at Washington. That certificate said in effect that William H. Taft, reposing a special trust and confidence in the patriotism, integrity, and abilities of George W. Wickersham, had appointed him Attorney-General of the United States.

"'I read that every morning and every evening,' said Mr. Wickersham, 'and every time I read it its significance sinks a little more deeply into my soul.'"

Possibly that will encourage Brother Bryan to hope that, after all, Mr. Wickersham will be a true servant of the people.

A New Gate-keeper for New York

Mr. Watchorn, it seems, will not be reappointed Commissioner of Immigration at the port of New York. Irrespective of his merit or efficiency, he should never have been appointed to that place, for the reason that his predecessor, Mr. Williams, should have been retained in it. Mr. Williams was an ideal keeper of the gate at New York. President Roosevelt, who appointed him, could have retained him in office if he had chosen. It has been in the papers that "Herbert Knox Smith, of Connecticut, the present Commissioner of Corporations, probably will be told that he can have the office if he wants it." It is not an office to let a man have if he wants it. It is one that a carefully selected man should be urged to take. Mr. Williams was urged to take it, was fit to hold it, and did a great work of cleaning up while he had it. Maybe he would take it again.

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"But Not for Love"

As one's eye travels over the news, one reads day after day the records of those who commit suicide or kill others, giving as their excuse the enthralling powers of love or jealousy. It turns one back with a sigh of relief in that high hearted, cheerful minded maiden, Rosalind, who felt quite secure that all these tales of dying for love were founded on lies. To her clear sighted gaze this six thousand-year-old world had never yet seen a man "die in his own person, *celestest*, in a love-cause." Troilus, indeed, had his brains dashed out with a club, and Leander was seized with a cramp in the Hellespont; but, however the romantic coroners of that day chose to furbish up the tale, Rosalind knew that "men have died, from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love." Indeed, had Rosalind, by the nature of the case, been able to make acquaintance with Romeo and Juliet, and know the tragic story of their ending, she would likely enough have recognized them for eloquent but sickly children, with but little stored wisdom to apply to this various world.

Indeed, a very various world it is we hasten through. And he who, whatever odds are against him, will attempt to stand still in the flowing current and hold things fixed will by the nature of the case, be dashed against the rocks and broken. Who is determined to fling all his hopes into one investment and make believe that life has room for but one passion and one emotion is like enough to be shipwrecked. It is one of the most serious injuries done mankind by the glut of cheap fiction with which we are overrun, that its convention is to try to uphold this false standard, and to misinform and emphasize readers as to the important part which emotion plays in life. It would be quite a service to humanity to write a few readable novels, light enough to reach the masses, setting straight this sad misapprehension as to the power of love. To tell the truth, it is no life and death affair at all. Normal people train themselves not to fall in love periodically—to avoid this, a modern writer says, as they would fits—and when they do, to treat the ill rationally. To realize, for example, that the tendency belongs to a limited period of life; that we are most prone to the discomfort between eighteen and twenty-eight, and that after thirty-five most healthy occupied people are entirely immune. It might be well, too, to impress the fact on sensational and emotional natures that success in wooing very much lessens the value of that we strive for and brings about an immediate readjustment of vision, in which we see that for which we were so willing at one time to lay down our lives more nearly at its true valuation as only one factor in satisfactory living; at best, a comfort to have achieved; but, at any rate, not indispensable to the interests of life. To many women, with generations of emotional culture behind them and centuries of neglect of reason and broad interests, there is a poetic glamour about a missed love, a lost affection, that nothing else can offer. It is a liberal reluctance in the sense of humor, for example, to fall in love at eighteen with a melancholy young poet, and to meet him, twenty years later, fat, bald, and serene, showing his six little daughters through the Zoological Gardens. How fully the realization of the absurdity strikes home then of the past desire to pine away, or with a green and yellow melancholy sit, "like patience on a monument, smiling at grief," because the manifold exigencies of life have forbidden the spending of life together!

It is an evil conspiracy of cheap fiction and melodramatic tradition to misinform humanity and make poor suffering mortals believe that one passion is the whole of life. At its highest and best, love is only one of many useful and delightful activities that life provides for us. And any one of any mental activity whatsoever, set to the gloomy task of wading through a large number of cheap novels, must come to realize how flimsy their conventions are, how wasteful and deadening the habit of accepting their narrowing and injurious traditions. Indeed, the novel reading habit is to the mental life what the taking of opium is to the physical life. Fiction portrays the passion to us as if it were the end and aim of existence instead of no more than a single facet of the many sided jewel life. They offer a sentimental, romantic fragmentary picture of what is in reality a many-sided, wonderful world full of various interests, possible affections, enjoyable relations. And if one thing in the innumerable company fails us, is that a matter for despair? Is that a thing to cause any healthy mortal to throw away life?

Rosalind was right; men have died, but no healthy man, who would not have wrecked his life anyhow, has died for love. Love, when it is anything more than a mere ebullition of emotion, is a health and strength giving impulse, a freeing of oneself from egoistic narrowness, a new power to do, to create, to endure.

Let any man have healthy occupation, study, research, a craft, a power to make order or beauty or useful things in the world, and love will fall of its own accord into its right place—it will be an added beauty to life, an enhancement of all enjoyments, a new vitality, a golden glamour softening and beautifying, but it will not roll itself up like a black vapor covering everything, blinding and blotting out all the rest of life's interests.

The narrowed field of vision is the chief sign of the nervous disease. The fixed and single idea is the mark of insanity. The test of sound nerves is a wide vision, broad and various interests. It would be a wholesome thing if all the sickly lovers contemplating suicide might take as motto Emerson's lines:

> "Beautiful knave,
> When half-gods go,
> The gods arrive."

The best things that fall upon us in life are not one own finite willful choices, but are those free gifts of heaven rained down alike upon all men—the sun and the air and the habit of breathing, the miraculous wanderings of sun and moon and stars, the secrets of the wind; the push of life out of the earth; the beauty and fidelity of the lower animals, true to their instincts and their created purpose; the natural affections and beneficent relations. How much more valuable are these than a foolish, overmastering emotion which blinds a man to the whole of life and absorbs him in a fragment!

"Set not your trust in princes nor in the son of man," says the psalmist, realizing how tiny a portion of life these stood for; how easily they might break or fail or get lost or forget, while the glory and the beauty of the whole of life lives on and is worthy of continued wonder and pursuit. The heart cannot set its whole treasure safely in any but the largest, the most enduring and infinite pursuits—God—virtue—the increase of knowledge—the hope for the race—these things can never quite fail us, can never break—or get lost—or cease to be.

A cool love is a force that leads us from the care for one person toward beneficence for all. It is but a step in the great education of life, the learning to feel toward all men as one does toward oneself and one's best beloved. It leads us "into a diligent inquisition into all natures, their qualities, affections, relations, causes, ends, so far forth as by nature thee may be known . . . it includes all humanity and divinity together—God angels, men, affections, habits, actions, virtues . . . as well as material and visible things . . . as heaven, earth, air, water, fire, the sun and stars, trees, herbs, flowers, influences, winds, fowls, beasts, fishes, minerals, and precious stones . . . it openeth the riches of God's kingdom and the nature of His territories, works, and creatures in a wonderful manner, clearing and preparing the eyes of the enjoyer."

Whatever love narrows life down to interest in a single fate is disease, and bears death like pestilence on its wings; but whatever love shakes down the prison barriers of the self, and lets loose the spirit to love and enjoy all creation, is of the nature of divine love, and is creative and life-giving and makes for eternity.

Correspondence

A BELATED CRY

BOSTON.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Even great editors like Dr. Alden and Colonel Harvey, of your esteemed publications, do not seem to have any consideration for the feelings of their readers; for Dr. Alden so ingeniously apportions your unsurpassed serial, "The Inner Shrine," as simply to leave one breathless, gasping, at the end of the April instalment, and Colonel Harvey has apparently forgotten the tragic fate of Dr. Holmes' "wretched man," when he writes that immutable satire—"The Unfortunate Combat of Journalists," over which all my late callers and friends have nearly perished with laughter. Notwithstanding the warning of Dr. Holmes, Colonel Harvey dares be "As funny as he can." Not since Mallock's *Poet and Paradox*, many agree, has there been anything so overwhelmingly funny, so sparklingly witty, as this. No one is able to read it through aloud for paroxysms of laughter.

But that Dr. Alden—so courteous and gracious to every one, should suddenly develop a propensity to torture his fellow beings, is unaccountable. Why, St. Sebastian on his gridiron wasn't "in it," compared with the Bostonian sensations yesterday, on reaching the end of the April instalment of "The Inner Shrine." It left one fairly petrified, paralyzed. "What has happened to Mrs. Wappinger's?" "Why do you suppose she sent for Diane?" The eager questions are flung out on the air, and we can only gaze blankly into each other's face. "A month! Think of having to wait a whole month!" despairingly exclaims some one.

To-day, at the Lowell Institute, after Professor Lowell's lecture on "Cosmic Physics," a group gathered to discuss, not the problems of the universe, but that more immediate problem, "Who can be the author of 'The Inner Shrine?'" Alas! the sweeping search-light of Boston, even Cambridge criticism, reveals nothing.

And this is the way that the brilliant editors of the great Harper house are harrowing up the feelings of the Boston Back Bay.

"'An apoplexy upon them' if they don't disclose the name of the 'Inner Shrine' author," said one Italianized American.

With every nerve in tension,
I am, sir,
LILIAN WHITING.

THE TYRANNY OF THE MOTOR CAR

NEW YORK.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The rights of pedestrians are so notoriously abused—nay, utterly ignored—in this so-called progressive age, the members of that down-trodden class wonder where they can turn for redress. Downtrodden in a misnomer, hardly applicable to the oppressed who walk the streets in hourly peril of having their lives crushed out and their immortal souls hurled with unseemly haste through the gates of Paradise by the reckless drivers of motor cars.

The young, light of foot, keen of vision, with bearing unimpaired, do not always escape, and the older ones who have far exceeded Dr. Osler's period of age limitation have no showing whatever. If they walk the streets for recreation they are terrorized at every crossing, lest a huge mass of scientific insolence swerve quickly around a corner, shattering their nerves, if it spares their bones. 'Tis of no use to seek the seclusion of country life—there is no seclusion. Our bucolic neighbors have adopted the craze. Old Tom and Jerry are relegated to the plough. The family carriage disintegrates in the barn, and the sweet leisurely rides through country lanes are a thing of the past. Women can no longer trust themselves to drive in the old time phaeton, for at any time in the road the iron bound juggernaut, with its fierce "honk, honk," is liable to usurp the entire driveway and preempt the atmosphere, leaving an unwholesome trail of smoke that quite annihilates the odors of violets.

Hospitals for neurasthenic patients are multiplying rapidly, and if present conditions are maintained will prove valuable assets to their promoters.

What shall we do about it? Stay in the house, increase our life-insurance and accident policies, or sue the owners of motors for infringement of privilege?

I am, sir,
A. M. M.

AN ECHO OF IMPATIENCE

CHICAGO.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have waited, not with patience, for you to review Roosevelt's "A Judicial Surprise" as published in *The Outlook* of March 13, 1909. It is such a glaring example of his disregard for law that it deserves the severest of treatment. Outside of the merely narrative portion the whole burden is to the effect that law should be ignored and the courts should decide as the mob or any crank may suggest, notwithstanding the law was clearly against the mob's or the crank's desires. It was this desire to disregard law and to set up his will against the laws that induced Roosevelt to attack the judges as he so often did. The article proves that, though he is no longer President, he still desires to have laws decided as the mob may wish, in place of desiring that the law shall be amended or repealed.

To follow Roosevelt's teachings in this respect is to invite anarchy, for unless the laws are obeyed any protection we have as to life or property would be left to the tender mercy of any Debs, Gompers, Coxey, or Roosevelt that might be "in the saddle" for the time.

Every lover of his country, I am sure, will join with me in making earnest prayer that Roosevelt may be captured by some big chief in Uganda, be put into a cage there, and then kept on exhibition for the rest of his days.

I am, sir,
D. A. DALTON.

AN OLD FRIEND OF "HARPER'S MAGAZINE"

MANCHESTER, MICHIGAN.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In The WEEKLY of February 13, 1909, you speak of Henry Cuple as a subscriber of forty six years, and of A. H. Norton, of Jacksonville, Florida, as a subscriber to MAGAZINE since 1869. The "Boys" have done pretty well, but I think I can do them "one better."

With the exception of Vols. 22 and 23, I have been a regular subscriber to HARPER'S MONTHLY since December, 1859, and have them all bound but the year 1886. They make a fine library which I am very proud of.

I am, sir,
FRANK SHEPARD.

WOMEN AFTER MR. PAYNE

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your editorial "Women and the New Tariff" was just splendid. That ridiculous Mr. Payne, trying to tax the stocking-wearers of the country an extra twenty per cent., is certainly a subject for editorial castigation.

Of course the women of the country went after him, and they will keep after him, too, if he tries to put that tax back in the bill. We are going to take your advice and keep fighting until we get what we want. If we can't vote we can at least make ourselves heard, and that will count some.

The women of the country appreciate the support of HARPER'S WEEKLY, and only hope you will encourage us from time to time with your advice. We expect to win this fight, and want you with us when we celebrate our victory.

I am, sir,
A. C. NEILSON.

PHILADELPHIA PROTESTS

PHILADELPHIA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—As a subscriber to your paper I have read most of your Comments with pleasure, but I must take exception to your "Women and the Tariff" in your issue of April 3d. This was written from an importer's or jobber's standpoint, or probably from what you know in New York.

I would suggest that you get a few facts from Philadelphia or any other hosiery centre, and note how the present Dingley tariff rates affect the women wage-earners in the hosiery mills.

I am, sir,
FRANKLIN THREAPLETON.

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Fostering Foreign Criminals

HOW THE LAX INTERPRETATION OF THE DEPORTATION LAW OF 1907 AND LACK OF CO-OPERATION AMONG THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS ENFORCEMENT PERMIT THE ENTRY INTO THE UNITED STATES OF IMMIGRANTS WITH CRIMINAL RECORDS

By Frank Marshall White

IS it strange that foreign criminals consider the United States a land of promise? Every country in Europe, with the exception of England, reserves the right to cite any foreigner who may have become in any way obnoxious, and, assigning no reason, to inform him that within a given period (generally a few hours and never more than a few days) he must leave the state, failure to comply with the order entailing severe punishment and deportation afterward. In this country a known foreign criminal only needs to stay three years to establish himself permanently, and we have seen that he (or some of him, at least) is treated with consideration by the Federal authorities.

No further argument is needed to demonstrate a grievous condition of misgovernment in the United States than is furnished by the statistics of the Bureau of Immigration. While European criminals have been flocking into the country by tens of thousands concurrently with the great wave of immigration from southeastern Europe since 1900, these statistics show that, since that date and up to the beginning of the present year, there had been less than a thousand (703, to be exact) of them stopped at the gates, or deported from Ellis Island after gaining admission.

Some three years ago the Italian government offered a reward of a hundred thousand lire for the capture, dead or alive, of one Francesco Varsalona, a celebrated Sicilian bandit, and a few weeks later exchanged that amount for his head. It has since been rumored that the money was paid for the wrong head, and that Varsalona took his to the Argentine Republic. However that may be, the band of which he was leader was disrupted, and several of its members left Italy for the United States, among them the brothers Pelletieri, Giuseppe and Giovanni, ex-convicts, the former under sentence for felony, and the latter having recently finished a term of imprisonment for crime.

Arriving in New York in the fall of 1906, the brothers found a fertile field for professional operations among half a million of their fellow countrymen in this city alone (with a million more throughout the federation of States, eighty-five per cent. of whom were from Sicily and Calabria, and hence acquainted with the methods of the Mafia, and tolerant of its principles before those principles were applied to their own undoing, and, what was more, who considered themselves bound by the omerta, or conspiracy of silence, and would never think of appealing to the police. The Pelletieris were in a congenial environment, with from 3,000 to 5,000 other ex-convicts of the Mafia and the Camorra in the city, who were preying upon their honest and industrious compatriots, while conditions that could not have been better contrived for the purposes of the Italian criminal existed in the circumstance that the sensational newspapers had given the name of "Black Hand" to this aggregation of assassins, blackmailers, and thieves. Thus, although they were without organization, these scattered malefactors were able to make their lawless demands upon their ignorant victims in the name of what these latter believed to be a powerful society, for the individual criminal needed only to announce himself as an agent of the so-called "Black Hand" to obtain the prestige of a fictitious association, membership of which was, nevertheless, believed by these victims to be in the tens of thousands. To make this paradise of the Italian outlaws complete, there were only about forty men (with whose identity they easily made themselves acquainted) who could speak their language connected with the police department, and that department—in the one city in the world where the police problem is complicated by an admixture of the criminals of all races—was deprived of an indispensable arm, a secret service.

The brothers Pelletieri got to work in the land of their perforce adoption without losing time, one of their first ventures being a kidnapping operation, in which were associated with them two other Sicilians, named Giuliano and Sperlonza. The men quarrelled over the division of the spoil, as criminals generally do, and the Pelletieris swore vengeance upon the others. Giuliano lived in a rear basement in First Street near the Bowery, and, a short time after the quarrel, the muzzle of a double-barrelled shotgun was put through his window and a load of buckshot terminated his earthly career. The Pelletieri Brothers were suspected of this crime, the more particularly as one of them was known to own a shotgun, but if there were any witnesses to the shooting, the detectives could not induce them to admit it. Sperlonza lived in a tenement in Forsythe Street, and, fearing the fate that had overtaken Giuliano, kept under cover. He was in the habit of sitting at a table behind a door in the rear of his home, which was visible in the next street. A week or two after Giuliano's death some one sketched an O on this door with chalk, and the same evening a .38-calibre bullet from an unseen weapon penetrated the figure on the portal and a vital spot in the person of Sperlonza behind it.

There was no doubt that the Sicilian brothers had committed both murders; and when another jailbird named Randazza, with whom they had also had a dispute, was killed at his home in Chrystie Street in an exactly similar manner as Sperlonza, the lethal messenger passing through a chalk mark on the door, their handiwork was recognized. (The Italian outlaw in a crowded tenement considers it wise to close the door of his apartment on entering, and seat himself in his chair against it, thus preventing the surreptitious entrance of an enemy.) However, there were no witnesses to be found to any of these tragedies, and to have arrested the Pelletieris on suspicion would have been a barren procedure. As the world was well rid of their victims, moreover, there seemed no urgent demand for vengeance. Indeed, the extent of predatory crime among those Italians who exploited the others was so great, that the police might

Giovanni Pelletieri, a notorious murderer and blackmailer, now at large in America

almost have felt like rewarding the criminals who murdered one another instead of honest men and women.

It is impossible in the nature of things to make anything like an accurate estimate of the number of malefactors among the Italians in the city, or in the United States. The writer was told, two years ago, by Lieutenant Joseph Petrosino, head of the Italian bureau of the New York Police Department, who has recently fallen a victim to the Mafia, in pursuance of measures to rid his adopted country of the criminals

Giuseppe Pelletieri, returned to the Italian Government through the efforts of the late Lieutenant Petrosino

of his race, that he thought these latter might number somewhere between two and three per cent. of the entire Italian population of the United States, which would mean that there are something like 35,000 or 40,000 of them within our gates. Five years ago Petrosino declared publicly that there were then 5,000 Italian criminals in New York City. Police-Commissioner Bingham, in an article in the *North American Review* last September, put the number at 3,000, and his estimate would naturally be conservative. According to a New York newspaper, Petrosino stated in the summer of 1907 that the Pelletieri brothers were the heads of a criminal band numbering more than a thousand.

Though we do not know even approximately the number of Italian criminals in the United States, we do know, nevertheless, that they have piled up a record of crime here during the last ten years that is unparalleled in the history of a civilized country in time of peace. In New York City, presumably the very centre of Western civilization, the most heinous crimes have been matters of almost daily occurrence, in so much that news of the dynamiting of the store or shop of a hard-working tradesman, or the kidnapping of his children, or even his murder, at the hands of brigands among his countrymen, has almost ceased to interest, much less to excite or anger, the average newspaper reader, while the sufferings inflicted upon the respectable Italians throughout the forty-six States by these brigands, who have everywhere fastened upon the others, is an almost unbearable burden.

During the entire period in which exotic malefactors have been swarming into the country, nothing of any value has been done to stem the tide. The only measure designed to deal with those already within the gates is the wretchedly inadequate one which went into effect on July 1, 1907, by means of which a foreign criminal may be deported, provided he has been in the country less than three years. At the same time that this law was passed Congress created a commission to visit Europe, study the immigration question, and prepare a law that would keep foreign criminals out of the United States altogether. That was more than two years ago; but, while the commission has visited the various ports whence undesirable immigration reaches us, it has up to the present date made no report, although the riffraff of the prisons of Naples, Sicily, and Calabria have been continually coming in at Ellis Island, through Canada and Mexico, and as deserting sailors from foreign ships.

Lieutenant Petrosino was unenthusiastic about the deportation law, not quite comprehending the idea that a foreign criminal shrewd enough to keep out of the hands of the American police for three years ought then to earn the right of asylum here. He had advocated a law whereby any criminal from another country, who was continuing the practice of crime in America, might be sent back whence he had come, no matter how long he might have pillaged his compatriots under the flag of the United States; and he had declared that, given such a law, he would have been able to lay his hands upon Italian malefactors in groups of fifties and hundreds, whose long residence and consequent familiarity with conditions here made them particularly dangerous. Petrosino would have liked, for instance, to have bidden farewell at Ellis Island to Giuseppe Morello, the acknowledged chief of the Italian counterfeiters, who for years exported "green goods" from Naples, and circulated them west of New York, but who had been adroit enough to escape punishment himself while one after another of his confederates had been sent to prison; who had been almost within the reach of the law on charges of murder not once, but several times, and whom all the rigors of the "third degree," administered over and over again, had not shaken. There were many other experienced criminal leaders, including Morello's brother-in-law, Lupo, whose office was to take up the training of greenhorns from the old country, whom the detective believed that he might have banished permanently but for the three-year limit. He had a long list of such undesirable citizens to deport, upon the enactment of an adequate law.

In spite of the limitations imposed, Petrosino nevertheless proceeded to do what he could in the matter of the deportation of his lawless countrymen under the new statute as it stood, and the first of these malefactors to whom he turned his attention were the brothers Pelletieri. The Police Department having just then received from the Italian government a list of fifty desperate members of the Mafia who had recently left Sicily and Calabria for America, on which, as the most dangerous, the names of Giuseppe and Giovanni led all the rest. The brothers, at the time the list arrived, were conducting a one-sided commercial negotiation with Antonio Cipaco, a well-to-do importer and naturalized citizen, doing business in East Twenty-ninth Street, their proposition being that he separate himself from $1,000 to their advantage and continue to exist, or that he conserve his capital and depart this life forthwith by their instrumentality. Only a short time before a woman had given Petrosino information that might have convicted the Pelletieris of the murders of Giuliano and Sperlonza, but to have put her in the witness-chair to testify against them would have meant certain death to her at the hands of their confederates, for the brothers had a big following. Accordingly, it seemed best to take advantage of the opportunity to get the precious pair out of the country.

In bringing his first two candidates for deportation under the new law to Ellis Island, Lieutenant Petrosino had their criminal records from Italy, with the necessary proof that the men had been in the coun-

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try less than three years, as well as information as to their connection with three murders, and with many other crimes, since their arrival. The Pelletieris were arrested in July, at pistol point, each man being received of a murderous knife, and were sent in the Immigration Bureau at Ellis Island, before a board of special inquiry, according to law. Petrosino and his men appeared before this board, and under oath told what they knew about the brothers.

Giuseppe Pelletieri, being wanted for imprisonment by the Italian government, was deported. Giovanni Pelletieri was set at liberty, and allowed to return to his fellow banditti in New York.

One of Petrosino's next candidates for deportation after the Pelletieri brothers was Giuseppe Staccopiano, who also came within the three-year limit and had served four terms of imprisonment in Italy, one for robbing a hospital fund. He was also set at liberty. There were other similar cases about that time; but, as until the recent reorganization of the detective bureau, Petrosino kept the Italian records "in his hat"—in the language of one in authority at Police Headquarters—it is impossible to ascertain just how many. Since the records have gone on file, however, there have been set free from Ellis Island (presumably as desirable citizens, seven ex-convicts whom Lieutenant Petrosino had sent thither for deportation, who at the time of arrest were living criminal lives and who, the police were morally certain, came within the three-year limit, while their records, obtained from the Italian government, showed that one of them had served five sentences in Italy, two of them three terms each, another two terms, and the others one term each, for crimes ranging through murder, outrage, "a grievous crime," felonious assault, and "bodily injury," to petty larceny. One of these malefactors, Luigi Graziano, was under a sentence of life imprisonment in his own country for murder, passed upon him last July while he was a fugitive from justice, and a letter from the Italian Minister of the Interior declared that the desperado had made two other attempts at murder, one of his victims being his own wife, and that he had robbed the mails while he was in the employ of the Italian post-office department.

A situation that would be humorous if it occurred in a comic opera is that created by Vincenzo Abadessa's relations with the land of his adoption. Abadessa, who is at present serving a term of two and one-half years in State prison for attempted extortion, had been arrested in Italy twenty-seven times, and been convicted twenty-five times, before he sought these hospitable shores. When he was sentenced here he had been in America less than three years, and the police applied to the Department of Commerce and Labor for a warrant for his arrest in order that he might be deported when his sentence expired. The warrant was refused, on the ground that when Abadessa has completed his term of imprisonment he will have qualified as a permanent resident under the three-year-limit clause in the law of 1907.

Another incomprehensible decision is in the matter of the deportation of Enrico Alfano, a leader of the Neapolitan Camorra with an international reputation. Alfano, who was captured and identified in New York in 1907, was "wanted" in Italy to answer for many heinous crimes. Nevertheless, he was sent back to Havre, the port through which he had come to this country, while Italian police officers were on their way here to take him to Italy. It was only by means of hurried negotiations with the French government that the Italian government was able to secure the desperado before he was set at liberty in France, in which event he would doubtless soon have got back to America.

One would naturally imagine that all the powers at law and order would unite to drive out at least those foreign marauders who come within the three-year limit. Incredible as it may appear, this has not been the case. In the first place the Department of Commerce and Labor, which controls the Bureau of Immigration and upon which devolves the duty of passing upon aliens suspected of being criminals, has issued

Enrico Alfano, a leader of the Camorra, captured in New York and deported

regulations whereby the burden of proof as to a suspect is put upon the police. That is, the police are compelled to prove that a criminal has not been in the country three years, instead of the criminal being made to show that he has been here for that length of time, and this order has prevented the police from taking action in many instances in which they are morally certain that a criminal comes within the three-year limit.

Then, until after the assassination of Petrosino, the Italian Consul-General in New York (whom one would naturally suppose would have done everything in his power to assist the police in securing deportation of the criminals who are the scourge of his countrymen in the United States), while willing to obtain the foreign records of Italians arrested for crimes committed here, or of those wanted for trial or punishment in Italy, refused to procure any information as to the foreign record of an Italian in this country, who may have been a criminal before coming here, but is not now "wanted" on a charge here or in Italy. Had the Consul-General given his assistance in these latter instances, many more dangerous criminals might have been returned whence they came.

Further, the New York police are under an enormous disadvantage in obtaining information as to the length of time Italian criminals may have been in the country, as in their other work among them, by reason of the fact that every member of the Italian detective bureau is known by sight to the criminals themselves, who, indeed, make it their first business, on reaching the city, to acquaint themselves with the appearance of the personnel of that bureau. However, in spite of the circumstance that Police Commissioner Bingham has personally made conditions plain to the Board of Aldermen, that body blocks every effort on his part to secure a secret detective service—a service that is more essential in New York to-day than in any other city in the world.

The immigration officials congratulate themselves upon the fact that only eight prisoners have escaped from detention at Ellis Island during a number of years. Of these fugitives, only three of whom have been recaptured, four were Sicilians with criminal records bad enough to have brought about sentences of deportation. Another escaped prisoner was Henri Boulanger, alias Plantigrat, under indictment in the Federal courts last summer for an ignoble crime. Boulanger was allowed to keep several thousand dollars in cash on his person in prison; and, as he complained of a toothache, he was allowed to visit New York in the custody of two watchmen from Ellis Island, who were instructed to take him to a dentist's office. The watchmen had agreed to accept $500 and allow him to escape. Boulanger did escape, but he did not get off for the amount stipulated. Instead, his custodians are said to have relieved him of all of his money, with the exception of enough to carry him to Germany. Boulanger's American experience did not wean him from his affection for this country, evidently, for in the fall he started to return hither by way of England and Canada. He was, however, recognized by the Liverpool police, having been deported previously from Great Britain, and was sentenced to three months' hard labor; but, though the Department of Commerce and Labor was notified that he was in custody, no effort was made to take advantage of the information. He has long since concluded his sentence, and been deported to Germany, whence he will, doubtless, soon get back to America again, if, indeed, he is not already here.

Lincoln and the Child

A HITHERTO UNTOLD STORY

By Henry D. Lyman

AT the time of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation of September, 1862, I was an active and impressionable lad ten years of age, residing with my parents in Washington, where, during the war, my father was chief of an important bureau of the Treasury Department. Naturally, people of all ages and stations in life, whether residents of the city or visitors to it, were constantly on the alert to gain a glimpse of Mr. Lincoln, and, if possible, to have a word with him. Any boy of my years who had succeeded in doing either was regarded by his comrades as something of a hero. Consequently, to the restless, inquisitive youngster I then was, every opportunity of seeing the President was eagerly embraced, and from respectful distances I came to know him very much better than he knew me. For instance, I sat near him during his notable speech at the Patent-Office Fair, held to aid of the wounded soldiers, saw him when reviewing the troops on their way to Virginia, or when taking his afternoon drives to his cottage at the Soldiers' Home, and even while there as he sat on the porch in his favorite rocking-chair.

As the 1st of January, 1863, drew near (when the proclamation was to become effective) the fervor to be held on that day was, locally at least, designated as the "Emancipation Proclamation Reception," and it seemed as if every loyal resident of the District was making preparations to attend it, as well from devotion to the President as to celebrate the event itself—one which was destined to immortalize its martyred author. Near my father's residence at that time lived a gentleman named Winter, whose little daughter Hattie, then seven years of age, was my playmate and almost constant companion. Not unnaturally, most children are prone to emulate their elders, and, child as I was, I resolved to attend this ceremonial in case I could prevail upon Hattie to accompany me, since she usually followed my daily fortunes, whatever they were. I found her reluctant at first to do so, but my importunity finally overcame her hesitation. While from the first our parents discouraged our strenuously urged suggestion that we might accompany them, it was not until the morning of that "day of days" that we were positively and peremptorily forbidden to go. Their chief objection, no doubt, arose from the fact that it was dangerous for children of our slender strength to risk ourselves in the crushing mob that characterized all White House receptions during the war. Moreover, we had no suitable apparel for such an occasion. Bitterly disappointed over this parental denial, we consulted together and concluded that, children though we were, we had the same right to visit the White House as grown-up people had, and we therefore resolved to emancipate ourselves for that day at least, and be as free as the manumitted slaves themselves now were to be.

As the hour drew near, we sallied forth, clad in our every-day clothes, toward the White House. On our arrival we encountered the overwhelming multitude then filing in, two by two, and by reason of the novelty of the thing, I suppose, we were admitted into the line, well forward. As the procession moved slowly along, Hattie began to lose courage and lag somewhat behind me, so that when we approached the President we were virtually in "single file." A moment later and the towering figure of Mr. Lincoln loomed before us.

Observing little Hattie, rather than myself, his naturally grave and anxious face instantly lighted up, and, stepping around me, he seized upon Hattie and lifting her high above his shoulders, to the amazement of the entire multitude, held her there for a moment, then lowered and kissed her, and placed her tenderly on the floor, remarking as he did so, "You can't avoid me in that fashion, little one!" When, extending his hand to me, he inquired smilingly, "How do you do, sir?" I tremblingly replied, "I am pretty well, sir," and we passed on.

This was an altogether novel and unexpected occurrence at a White House reception, where children, for obvious reasons, are always rigidly excluded, and for this reason, as well as the ado the President had made over us, we became, for the remainder of the ceremony, the attraction of the occasion. The cordiality of Mr. Lincoln's greeting had utterly dispelled our trepidation and embarrassment, and we felt quite unperturbed as we passed on down the line, where we were effusively greeted by Mrs. Lincoln and the distinguished ladies of the official circle surrounding her, as well as by generals and other prominent army officers, members of the Diplomatic Corps, and other distinguished officials. Among these I distinctly recall General Scott, General Halleck, General Hitchcock, Lord Lyons, the then British Minister, and other notables of that period, all of whom were conspicuous in their bedazzling uniforms, a thing that impressed us quite as much as the august presence of the President himself.

Upon our return home, the narrative given our parents of our interesting experience utterly amazed them, but no doubt saved us from an expected and possibly well-deserved chastisement. If the President himself could condone our audacious and unheard-of presumption, they doubtless thought themselves called upon to be equally magnanimous also.

Mr. Lincoln's love of children was proverbial. Often when saddened and driven well-nigh to despair by the signal defeat of our army in some important battle whose defeat was least looked for, he would find comfort and consolation in the company of his children which he could not find elsewhere.

This incident, now for the first time narrated, shows, and in a way that no other could so well show, Mr. Lincoln's characteristic devotion to children. Touched by the sudden and unexpected appearance of two unattended little ones at this formal state function, he at once yielded to a natural but irresistible impulse thus to greet them, regardless of the traditional restraints and formalism which official etiquette had imposed for such occasions. The interesting and pathetic scene will not be soon forgotten by those who were fortunate enough to behold it.

The New Order in Turkey

Enver Bey, a leader of the young Turks, and the chief spirit in the revolution

THE swift and startling sequence of events in Turkey during the past few days has astonished the world by the rapidity of its movement and by its dramatic climax. About the middle of the month Abdul Hamid, the reigning Sultan, thought the time propitious for the throwing off of the constitutionalist shackles imposed upon him by the successful revolution of last July. Six thousand of the gendarmerie of Constantinople, bribed by enormous sums of gold, rose, overthrew the Cabinet, and established a new régime which, while nominally constitutionalist, was obviously the precursor of a return to absolutism. More than two hundred Young Turk officers were murdered, and the Sultan issued a decree pardoning the mutineers. For a while it seemed as though Abdul Hamid had triumphed. But an army of volunteers was enrolled in Salonica, the centre of the constitutionalist movement, the soldiers of the Second and Third Army Corps supported the Young Turks, and with almost incredible celerity a force of thirty thousand troops had gathered around Constantinople. In a brilliantly managed attack Gen Shefket Pasha forced the defences of the loyalists and took possession of Yildiz Kiosk, the residence of Abdul Hamid, who was deposed by Parliamentary decree, together with a *fetwa*, or religious authorization issued by the Sheik-ul-Islam, the head of the Mohammedan faith. Mahomet Rechad, the Sultan's brother, and next in order of succession according to the law of the Ottoman Empire, was proclaimed Sultan under the title of Mahomet V., and the deposed Sultan taken to Salonica, where he now remains a prisoner. The downfall of Abdul Hamid is a triumph of poetic justice, he having detained the present Sultan in prison for more than thirty years after usurping the throne.

Shefket Pasha, who commanded the constitutionalist troops. He is an Arab, from Bagdad

The Admirable Side of Abdul Hamid

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

THERE is hardly an incident in the career of Abdul Hamid, hardly even a point in his character, that is not a matter of dispute. For three and thirty years he has been the most discussed and the most execrated man in Europe. Yet no two writers agree in their estimates of his history, his policy or his personality. There are those who declare that his accession to the sultanate was the result of a plot which, if he did not instigate, he willingly fell in with. There are those who declare that the throne was thrust upon him, and that he mounted it with the most sincere and shrinking reluctance. There are those who picture him as one of the most benevolent and beneficent Sultans in the history of the House of Otteman. There are those to whom he has been simply Abdul the Damned, the conscienceless plotter of Christian massacres. There are those who represent him as a maniac fiend, whose nerves are soothed by spilling blood and who reads himself to sleep with tales of ravage and slaughter. There are those who describe him as a mild-mannered ruler of sensitive and melancholy disposition, of charming hospitality and the gentlest ways, to whom cruelty in any form is unbearable, and who has never even been able to bring himself to the point of signing a death warrant. It is an old saying that no European Christian ever has written or ever will write a true and impartial history of the Ottoman Empire. It seems to be not less true that no European Christian has as yet drawn up or is ever likely to draw up a true and impartial estimate of Abdul Hamid. Every act of his life, every stroke of his policy, every feature of his temperament, from the beginning of his reign to its present disastrous climax, has been something of a mystery.

Abdul Hamid is sixty-seven years old. He was reared in the seclusion of the *seraglio*. Forbidden to take part in public affairs, he was flung in his earliest manhood into the midst of that debauchery which makes Constantinople the cesspool of the world. For some years he is reported to have spent his life in riot and excess. Then he suddenly reformed. From a profligate he became an ascetic, and an ascetic he has remained ever since. No one, perhaps, really knows how the Sultan lives at Yildiz, but all accounts agree in ascribing to him the simplest and most abstemious habits. Wine he never touches, and if palace eunuchs speak the truth he seldom notices any woman in his harem except the chief, Hedjaz. He is practically a vegetarian, sleeps little, smokes cigarettes all day long, is passionately fond of music, and for the past thirty years has been immersed in affairs of state for from fifteen to eighteen hours a day. The inside history of the events that led to the deposition of Abdul Aziz and of Murad and to the accession of Abdul Hamid has never been told in full, but enough of it is known to make one reasonably certain that the latter had no hand in it, that he was a passive instrument, and that he ascended the throne solely in obedience to developments that he could not control. Even for one born of the House of Otteman and a devout disciple of Mohammed the prospect could hardly have seemed tempting. Without training, without preparation, without a single friend whom he could trust, Abdul Hamid was suddenly brought forth from his seclusion by the men who had deposed his uncle and his brother, and established on a throne reeling from the blows of domestic insurrection and foreign war. "The last days of the Ottoman Empire seemed to have come. Among all the Powers not one would promise him any help. Among all his Pashas there was not one who he did not believe would depose him on the morrow if private gain or public policy appeared to demand such a step. The treasury was empty. The credit of the Empire was at such a low ebb that no new loan was possible, yet armies had to be retained in the field to keep Servia and Montenegro in check. Preparations had to be pushed forward to prevent the threatened Russian invasion. Greece was menacing in the south, Russia in the north and east, while Austria was suspected of aggressive designs in the west. There was hardly a single province which was not threatening revolt. The Powers were clamoring for reforms, the first condition of which was lacking. What and where and whom was he to trust?"

Abdul Hamid answered the question, as his ancestors would have answered it, by trusting himself. For a time, on the advice of his Grand Vizier, he agreed to throw dust in the eyes of Europe by proclaiming a Constitution. But the farce, a farce that must have seemed to him all but a blasphemy, lasted only for a few months. For the past thirty-two years the Sultan has been an absolute autocrat. "Believing in no one but himself, he trusted no one but himself. Surrounded by men who had betrayed his uncle and his brother, living in an atmosphere malarious with corruption and saturated with intrigue, he early decided to govern single-handed. And, hopeless though the enterprise appeared, Abdul Hamid may at least claim that, whatever may be said in criticism of his policy, it has at least achieved one great and indisputable success. It has enabled him to survive. And that is more than most people believed possible. Not only has he survived for thirty years and more, but he has until quite recently been regarded as one of the ablest and most successful rulers of our time. Despotism is an unsatisfactory system of government for every one who lives under it, but most unsatisfactory of all for him who presides over it. Abdul Hamid has toiled for thirty years in the peopled solitude of his palace like a galley slave. He has governed in all and every detail. His Grand Viziers and his Ministers have been merely secretaries. Everything has been reported to him; everything has been decided by him. No European sovereign, not even the Kaiser, has shouldered one-tenth of Abdul Hamid's daily burden of work. No detail of administration has been so trivial as not to receive attention.

Yet the fact remains that the Sultan has in many ways been an eminently good and successful ruler. He has probably done more for education than all his predecessors put together. He is, I believe, the only sovereign in the world who entertains at a picnic annually all the school children in his capital of both sexes and of every denomination. More than three thousand elementary schools have been opened since he came to the throne. He has endowed the Ottoman University with many scholarships and founded schools of law and medicine. He has been especially active in promoting the better education of women. He has been the first Sultan to patronize art and to endow museums and galleries. Though precious portions of his Empire were torn from him by the Treaty of Berlin, he has contrived to keep what was left all but intact, and has showed consummate ability in playing off one European Power against another. He has survived war, insurrection, treason, attempted assassination, bankruptcy. He has quelled a formidable revolt in Arabia. He placed Turkish finances under the control of an international commission. He had the excellent good sense to call in a German officer to reorganize the Turkish army. He has carried through a large number of improvements in the judicial administration of the Empire; he has remodelled the police and gendarmerie; he has constructed railways and built roads. Above all, he has immensely enhanced the prestige which belongs to the ruler of Turkey as Caliph of Islam and protector of her holy shrines. Whatever one may think of his domestic policy, it is the truth that as head of the Mohammedan faith he has proved himself the most popular prince that ever came to the throne. At the commencement of his reign Russian armies were encamped within sight of Constantinople. To-day Russia's chances of possessing the Bosphorus are more remote than they were even in the later years of Catherine the Great. The great railway which has been constructed under his auspices throughout the length and breadth of Anatolia and which will ultimately reach the Persian Gulf, and the Hejaz railway to Mecca, are undertakings great enough in themselves to have conferred distinction upon even a more enlightened and beneficent reign.

The supreme blot on the Sultan's record, in the eyes of the Christian world, is his share in the Armenian massacres. How much that share amounted to will perhaps never be known. There are those who hold him directly and personally responsible for the atrocities committed by the Kurds and Turks, and who declare that the orders to kill and ravage emanated from his own hand. But I do not think any one who has studied the history of the Ottoman Empire in Europe and in Asia Minor will accept so fanciful and so unnecessary an explanation. There are at this moment massacres going on in Asia Minor that equal the horrors of the Armenian outbreaks, yet no one pretends that the Sultan has instigated them or that they are due to anything but the historic operation of Moslem pride, fanaticism, and poverty. At any rate, to found on the Sultan's supposed complicity in the Armenian massacres an estimate of his character in which a passion for cruelty is made to predominate is ridiculous. So far from being in himself a cruel man, the testimony of all observers agrees in depicting Abdul Hamid as absolutely the reverse. "There is in Abdul Hamid," wrote a former Servian Minister who knew him intimately, "a peculiar modesty, timidity, and tenderness which are quite womanly. He always looks earnest, almost sad, as if he were subdued by the consciousness of his great responsibilities. He smiles quietly, almost sadly, very often, but he hardly ever laughs loudly. He is distinctly a man of æsthetic taste. He is fond of flowers, of beautiful women, of fine horses, of lovely views of sea and land, of everything that is beautiful. He is an affectionate father. He can be, and is, a devoted friend to his friends. He is able to contract deep and faithful friendships. He is considerate, modest, charitable, and patient. His consciousness of his responsibility toward God makes him hesitate to punish any one severely. Certainly he was never carried away by impulsiveness. He even exaggerates in his desire to consider every question from all points. He is slow; often much too slow for the nervous and impatient one of the West. Terribly earnest as he is and so sensitive to everything touching his personal dignity, he has much of quiet humor in him. He quickly perceives the comic feature in things and men and in a peculiar, quiet way enjoys it. His sky is generally and almost permanently covered by clouds of state anxieties and personal melancholy. But from time to time, and most unexpectedly, those clouds are pierced by the sunny rays of a mild humor. Personally I could never detect in his character even the shadow of cruelty."

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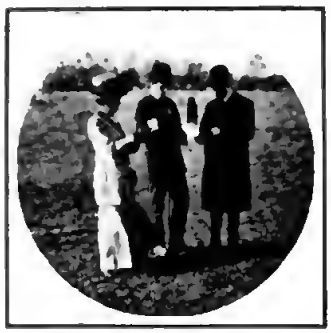

Miss Angelica Gerry, an enthusiastic patron of the races at the Rockaway Hunt meet

Coming down the homestretch in the Pony Race, which was won by Mr. J. Osgood Nichols' "Whirlwind," of the Essex Hunt, ridden by Mr. Burden

The race for the Cedarhurst Cup at the annual meet of the Rockaway Hunt Club, won by Mrs. G. F. Rawlins' "Ringlets," ridden by Mr. Fletcher Harper

Mrs. Arthur S. Burden and Mr. Henry W. Bull at the Long Island meet

"Sir Ellerslie" of the Essex Hunt winning the Hunt Team Cup

Miss Cornelia Bryce (laughing), an interested spectator at the races

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney (to right) at the Rockaway Hunt Club meet

A coaching party by the judges' stand on the Long Island track

Taking a post-and-rail fence in a run on Staten Island

THE OPENING OF THE 'CROSS-COUNTRY SEASON

For Old Times' Sake

THE YEARLY PENSIONS WHICH ANDREW CARNEGIE GIVES TO MEMBERS OF THE MILITARY TELEGRAPH CORPS IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE DAYS WHEN HE "POUNDED THE KEY" FOR A LIVING

MUCH has been written and much more has been said in the way of criticism concerning Andrew Carnegie's public benefactions: his gifts of libraries and library buildings all over the world; his grants to colleges, technical schools, institutions for special research, the hero commission; and his other donations to various national and international enterprises, including the million and a half-dollar Peace Building at the Hague.

The tone of some of the published references to Mr. Carnegie's public gifts gives the impression that he bestows his bounty chiefly for the sake of notoriety and to be eulogized.

Very little, however, has been published concerning Mr. Carnegie's private benefactions, which in number far exceed his public gifts. While many of the separate amounts in the latter class run into millions, the aggregate of his pensions to individuals is of itself enormous. These pensions have been bestowed chiefly upon his early associates in business and to those in his employment during his Pennsylvania railroad service, 1853 to 1860, and also during his later career in bridge building and in the iron and steel business. No pen can record and no human being can conceive of the vast amount of good these individual benefactions have accomplished. He himself cannot possibly know the facts except in comparatively few special cases, and even then he hears but a small part of the story.

The turning-point of Mr. Carnegie's career was when in 1852 he became a telegraph operator in Pittsburg, in the old building at the corner of Third and Wood streets, which has recently been demolished. Mr. Carnegie did not long continue his service in this location, for in 1853 he attracted the notice of Thomas A. Scott, then superintendent at Pittsburg of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, whose lines had into a short time before been completed to the "Smoky City." Young Carnegie was employed by Scott as his clerk and operator on February 1, 1853, and for over twenty years the two were intimately associated together. In April, 1861, just after Fort Sumter fell, Thomas A. Scott was appointed by Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, to be general manager of military railroads and telegraphs, and naturally Carnegie became Scott's assistant in the government service. He at once drafted a number of telegraph operators from the Pennsylvania Railroad, among them being Richard O'Brien, now superintendent of the Western Union Company, at Scranton; William Bender Wilson, author of the *History of the Pennsylvania Railroad*; and the writer of this article. These operators formed the nucleus of the United States Military Telegraph Corps, which rendered such important and valuable service during the progress of the Civil War.

The old building at the corner of Third and Wood streets, Pittsburg (now torn down), where Andrew Carnegie became a telegraph operator in 1851

General Grant in his *Memoirs* (Vol. II., pp. 204–207, eulogizes this special corps in these words:

"Nothing could be more complete than the organization and discipline of this body of brave and intelligent men. Insulated wires were wound upon reels, two men and a mule detailed to each reel. The pack-saddle was provided with a rack like a sawbuck, placed crosswise so that the reel would revolve freely; there was a wagon provided with a telegraph operator, battery, and instruments for each division, corps, and army, and for my headquarters. Wagons were also loaded with light poles supplied with an iron spike at each end to hold the wires up. The moment troops were in position to go into camp, the men would put up their wires. Thus in a few minutes' longer time than it took a mule to walk the length of its rod telegraphic communication would be effected between all the headquarters of the army."

President Lincoln commended the work of the corps in many successful and frequently called upon Maj. Thomas Thompson Eckert, our chief, for important services of a confidential nature, the performance of which he was not willing to entrust to army officers in the field.

So much for the work of the Military Telegraph Corps of Andrew Carnegie's founding, the survivors of which now number scarcely two hundred, some of whom is under sixty years of age, most of them over seventy, scattered all over the land, some of them still at the telegraph key, earning a meagre salary, others in various lines of service or business, and some of them in positions of great responsibility, as, for instance, Col. Robert C. Clowry, president, and Gen. Thomas T. Eckert, chairman of the board of the Western Union Telegraph Company; Mr. Edward W. McKenna, vice president of the St. Paul Railway Company; and Albert B. Chandler, chairman of the board of the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company. A large number of the survivors have retired from active work, and the majority of that class are in moderate or needy circumstances. Many of our number were captured by the enemy and are at this time in failing health.

The executive committee of the United States Military Telegraph Corps, at a special meeting held in New York City, on December 3, 1907, voted to call Mr. Carnegie's attention to certain facts pertaining to our corps and its surviving members, and to ask his help in cases of special hardship.

This was done on December 9, 1907, in a letter which expatiated upon the heroism shown by the members of the corps, their inability to obtain pensions from Congress, and the impaired financial condition of many of the survivors. It was suggested that Mr. Carnegie might be willing to supply such as were in necessitous circumstances with a small annual pension. Mr. Carnegie answered this communication on December 16, 1907, as follows:

"Yours of December 9th received. I consider it a great privilege to furnish the sum indicated, one hundred and forty four dollars, each year, to such members of the Military Telegraph Corps as the committee recommends. Mr. R. A. Franks, president of the Home Trust Company, Hoboken, New Jersey, has been instructed to place on the pension rolls those the committee recommends, and mail them checks each year beginning January 1st next.

Very truly yours,
ANDREW CARNEGIE."

A circular letter was duly forwarded to each member of the corps whose address was known, and the Associated Press sent special reports by wire to all newspapers in the United States giving an account of Mr. Carnegie's generous action.

It was not long before letters began coming in from needy members of the corps, some of whom were living in obscurity, their existence unknown to the officers of the corps, applying for the Carnegie Honor Pension. Each case was carefully investigated, and, as fast as the executive committee became satisfied that the applicant was entitled to the pension, the necessary approval was given and a check for $144 was sent to the beneficiary. The names of these recipients have been kept sacred in the files of the committee, and they have not been divulged to any one not even among mutual beneficiaries, nor, indeed, to Mr. Carnegie, except in a few cases incidentally.

Up to November 30, 1907, sixty nine of these pensions had been granted. The letters of acknowledgment from all the pensioners are full of expressions of the deepest gratitude for Mr. Carnegie's graceful and, to them, most timely gift. In some of the letters there is a vein of deep pathos and an unveiling of the secrets of a life of hardship suffered bravely and yet with constantly dwindling hope.

The Passing of the Padishah

By Francis Medhurst

O Lascryt! Fair daughter of the dawn!
The East in travail hails thy birth star.
Above the crescent o'er the Golden Horn
Blesane thy more golden star.

The day of wrath is dead, the brighter day
Of freedom shines on all thy shining towers,
O Istamboul! With joy the roses gay
Blush in thy blooming bowers.

By the Sweet Waters all the long night through
The nightingale hath carolled amorous.
And now in morning's glory dances blue
The sunlit Bosporus.

Above thy minarets in the clear sky
Hangs a dun pall of smoke, the throbbing drums
Beat where the flaunting banners float and fly.
And lo, an army comes!

For thee at last, grim ruler of the Turk,
Has dawned the day when thy red cup brims o'er,
And Fate doth beckon thee above the murk
And flattered flags of war.

O man of blood, behold, thine hour is here!
The armed avenger thunders at thy gates
And in the silence of a guilty fear
The Yildiz Kiosk waits.

Above thou art. None cares thee care or love
Where crouching shapes of terror come and go.
Master of life and death, death broods above
Thy hushed seraglio!

Where are thy wives, thy children, where within
Thy harem's gilded and bejewelled bars?
Where are thy eunuchs, half men sleek with sin?
Where tarry thy pashas?

Where are the thousands who obeyed thy nod?
The countless feet that on thy business ran?
Fate finds thee now, O throned and threatened god!
Death waits for thee, O man!

O Sultan, rise and gird thy loins in haste!
A sultan greater than thyself is here.
Prepare to meet him bravely, if thou may'st,
This moment crowned with fear!

All thy life long, a shadow grim and gray,
Has he not ruled thine empire at thy side?
And now he calls on thee the price to pay
And will not be denied.

Though of thy blood stained race the least and last,
Thou canst snatch fame from death, the envious,
Pass, fighting bravely, as in like case passed
Stern Palaeologus.

Look up, take heart, rouse all thy craven blood!
Redeem thy guilty life and die, a man!
The souls of those thou slewest, o'er the dead,
An endless caravan.

Thou shalt not lack for subjects. On the strand
Beyond the darkling waters wait the dead—
The strung man slaughtered by thy cruel hand,
The young babe bayoneted.

The mother dying ere her child had birth.
The widowed bride, the maiden maid no more,
The friends betrayed, whose blood cries from the earth—
These wait thy passing o'er.

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Round the World Afoot

THE RECORD OF A JOURNEY THROUGH MANY COUNTRIES WITHOUT MONEY, UNDERTAKEN BY THE AUTHOR, WHO WORKED HIS WAY AS SEAMAN AND LABORER, AND EKED OUT HIS EXISTENCE BY PERFORMING VARIOUS OCCUPATIONS

By Harry A. Franck

V.—THROUGH THE MALAY JUNGLE

LATE in the afternoon, while we were lounging in the Seamen's Home in Rangoon, Burma, an Englishman in khaki burst in upon us.

"Ate you the chaps," he began, "who are talking of starting for Siam on foot?"

"We've been asking the way," I admitted.

"Well, save yourselves the trouble," returned the other. "There is no way. The trip can't be made. You'd be killed sure, and your governments would come back at me for letting you go. I have orders from the chief of police that you are not to leave Rangoon except by sea, and I have warned the patrolmen on the eastern side of the city to head you off. Thought I'd tell you."

"Thanks," said James. "But we'll hold down Rangoon for a while yet, anyway."

The author starting to cross the peninsula

"Yes, I know," laughed the Englishman. "So the government is going to give you a guide to show you the sights. Come in, Pearson."

"Pearson" entered, grinning. He was a sharp-eyed Eurasian in uniform, gaunt of face and long of limb. The Englishman took his leave, and the half-breed sat down beside us. When we left the Home he followed us to the monastery. When we slipped on our shoes next morning he was waiting for us at the foot of the steps. He was a pleasant companion, and his stories were well told, but we could no more shake him off than we could find work in Rangoon. For three days he camped relentlessly on our trail.

"Look here, James," I protested, as we were breakfasting on Monday morning, "the longer we hang around Rangoon the closer we'll be watched. If ever we get away it must be now, before they think we're going."

"But Pearson—" began James.

"There's one scheme that always works with Eurasians," I answered.

The Australian raised his eyebrows.

"Firewater," I pronounced.

"Swell," grinned James.

We put the plan into execution at once, halting at the first arrack shop beyond the monastery to show the detective our appreciation of his services. By eight bells he was the most jovial man in Rangoon; by noon he felt in duty bound to slap on the back every European we encountered. Luckily good cheer sells cheaply in Burma, or the project would have made a serious inroad on our fortune of seven rupees.

We halted, well on in the afternoon, at an eating house hard by the Chinese temple. The Eurasian, alleging lack of appetite, ignored the plate of food that was set before him.

"See here, Pearson," I suggested. "You've been sticking close to me for a long time. The government should be proud of you. But I should think, after three days, you'd like to get a glimpse of your wife and the kids."

"Yeah, yeah," cried the half-breed, starting up with a whoop. "I'm close home here. I'll run round a minute. Don't mind, old fel', eh? I'll be back. You're all through," and he stumbled off up the street.

Once he was out of sight, we bolt our dinner unfinished and hurried back to the Home. The manager was sleeping. We laid hold on the knapsack that we had left in his keeping and struck off through the crowded native town.

"This is no good," protested James. "All the streets leading east are guarded."

"The railroad to Mandalay isn't," I replied. "We'll run up the line out of danger and strike out from there."

The Australian halted at a tiny drug store, and, arousing the bare-legged clerk, purchased twenty grains of quinine. "For jungle fever," he muttered, as he tucked the package away in his helmet. That was our "outfit" for a journey that might last one month or six. In the knapsack were two cotton suits and a few ragged shirts. As for weapons, we had not even a penknife.

A mile from the Home we entered a small suburban station. The native policeman strutting up and down the platform eyed us curiously, but offered no interference. We purchased tickets to the first important town, and a few moments later were hurrying northward. James settled back in a corner of the compartment and fell to singing softly over:

"On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flying fishes play—"

About us lay low, rolling hills, deep green with tropical vegetation. Behind scintillated the golden shaft of the Shwe Dagon pagoda, growing smaller and smaller, until the night, descending swiftly, blotted it out. We left asleep, and, awakening as the train pulled into Pegu, took possession of two wicker chairs in the waiting room. A baby, sent to rout us out, murmured an apology when he had noted the color of our skins and stole quietly away.

A sandy highway, planked the "Tongoo Road," led forth from the village, skirting the golden pagoda of Pegu, a rival of the Shwe Dagon, but soon swung northward, and we struck across an untracked plain. Far away to the eastward a deep blue range of rugged hills, forerunners of the wild mountain chains of the peninsula, bounded the horizon, but about us lay a flat, monotonous stretch of sandy lowlands embellished by neither habitations nor inhabitant.

During the first three days of our tramp through the jungle we obtained food and shelter from hospitable superintendents of districts and at native villages. The fourth day must brought two misfortunes. The rainy season, long delayed, burst upon us in great up turg, not an hour after we had spent our last copper for breakfast. Where dinner would come from we could not surmise, but "on the road" one does not waste his energies in worry. Something would "turn up." It is in wandering aimlessly about the streets of a great city in the midst of plenty that the penniless outcast feels the inexorable hand of fate at his throat, not on the open road among the fields and the flowers and waving palm trees.

The first shower came almost without warning, one sullen roar of thunder, the heavens opened and the water poured. Thereafter they were frequent. At times some hut gave us shelter, but more often we could only plod on in the blinding torrent that drenched us to the skin in the twinkle of an eye. The storms were rarely of five minutes' duration. With the last dull growl of thunder, the sun burst out more colorific than before, sopping up the pools in the highway as with a gigantic sponge, and drying our dripping garments before we had time to grumble at the wetting. Amid the extravagant beauties of the tropical landscape the vagaries of the season were so quickly forgotten that the next downpour took us as completely by surprise as though it were the first of the season.

We took refuge in a native village that night in sad condition. The swamps and streams which we had plunged through during the day had swarmed with leeches. One of them, boring imbedded itself in a vein of my right ankle, refused to be dislodged. At supper a tiny stream of blood had trickled along

The pathless jungle through which the author passed

The best means of locomotion

my toes, but, fancying the flow would cease of itself, I made no efforts to staunch it. I awoke in the morning with the sensation of being held captive. The blood, oozing out during the night, had congealed, gluing my right leg to the canvas of the charpoy. Before I had dressed, the Hindu cook and caretaker wandered into the room, and, catching sight of the long red stain, gave one lusty shriek and tumbled out on the veranda. James, who had slept in an adjoining chamber, was awakened by the hellow, and, hearing the Hindustanee word for "blood," sprang to his feet, with the conviction that I had been assassinated as he slept. I was explaining the matter to him when the cook returned, wild of eye, and bearing the register in which we had inscribed our names the evening before. Waving his free arm now at the hook, now at the charpoy, he danced about us, screaming excitedly. Comprehending little of his

The last village before the jungle begins

voluble chatter, we waved him off and stepped out upon the veranda. The "manager" was just mounting the steps.

"Here, babu," demanded James, "what's biting our friend from the kitchen?"

The Hindu turned to his superior, all but choking himself over his convulsive utterance. Tears were streaming down his tawny cheeks.

"He says," cried the babu, when the cook fell silent at last, "in the charpoy is much blood. Have you become wounded?"

"It was only a blood-sucker," I explained. "But where does the register come in?"

"The cook asks that you will write all the story of the blood in it very careful."

"What nonsense!" I answered, when James' mirth had subsided. "I'll pay for the damage to the charpoy."

"Oh, it is no dam-mage!" protested the babu. "No dam mage at all. He is not ask for pay. But when the inspector is coming and seeing the much blood in the charpoy, he is thinking the cook have kill a man who have sleep here, and he is taking him to Kawkarick and making him shot. Very bad. So cook cry. Please, sir, write you the story in the register book."

I sat down at the veranda table and inscribed a dramatic tale for the visiting inspector. Only when I had filled the page below our names and half the next one did the Hindu acknowledge himself contented and carry away the book for safe keeping.

The day was not yet done when we reached the outpost of Siam, to be picked up at the edge of the jungle by a Siamese of ape-like countenance and conducted to the hut of the village head man.

Picture to yourself a magnate of the most pompous and self worshipping type, with the face of an Alaskan totem-pole, the general appearance of a side-show wild man, a skin the color of a door-mat that had done service for many years, dressed in a cast-off dude-rich, and you have an exact visualization of the man who ruled over Mikawi. He received us in the "city hall," sitting with folded legs on a grass mat in the middle of the floor. Around the walls of the one-chapon bamboo shack squatted several briefly attired

courtiers. Through the network partition that separated the hall of ceremonies from the family sanctum peered a parchment-skinned female and a troop of dusky children not yet arrived at the dignity of clothing. If we had waited for an invitation to be seated we might have remained standing all night. The attitude of the Siamese toward the European is quite different from that of the Burman. Their very pose seems to say, "We are a free people, not the slaves of white men, like our neighbors over the border."

We made ourselves comfortable on the plank floor, with our backs to the wall, and lighted the "sapbullies" that had done service for three days past. For more than an hour the head man and his satellites sat motionless, staring fixedly at us, and mumbling in an undertone without ever turning their heads toward those they were addressing. The sun sank into the jungle and swift darkness fell. The parchment-skinned female drifted into the room and set

A Burmese house of the better class

on the floor an oil torch that gave a poor imitation of a light. At the dictation of the baba of Thongaveyane I had jotted down a few vital words of Siamese. When conversation lagged, I put this newly acquired vocabulary to the test by calling for food. The head man growled, the female floated in once more and placed at our feet a small wash-tub of boiled rice.

Now this Oriental stuff of life is not without its virtues, but to eat one's fill of the tasteless stuff without any "trimmings" whatever is rather a pleasureless task. I dragged out my notebook and again ran my eyes down the list of Siamese words. Neither curry nor chicken was represented. The only word that appeared to be of any value under the circumstances was that for "sugar." I bellowed it at the head man. He stared open-mouthed until I had repeated it several times.

"Sugar?" he echoed, with an inflection of interrogation and astonishment.

"Yes, sugar!" I cried, sprinkling an imaginary handful over the rice.

The councillors gazed at one another with wondering eyes, and the word passed from mouth to mouth—"Sugar!"

"Sure, sugar!" cried James, taking up the refrain.

A man rose slowly to his feet, marched across to us, and, squatting before the dish, began to run his bony fingers through the rice.

"Sugar?" he queried, peering into our faces. "No! no!" He took a pinch of the food between his fingers, put it into his mouth, and munched it slowly and quizzically. Then he shook his head vigorously and spat the mouthful out on the floor.

"No! not Sugar no!" he cried.

"Of course there's no sugar!" shouted James. "That's why we're making a bloody holler. Sugar, you thick-headed mummy!"

The official taster retired to his place, a silence fell over the company. We continued to shout. Suddenly a ray of intelligence lighted up the face of the head man. Could it be because we *wanted* sugar that we were raising such a hubbub, rather than because we fancied that foreign substance had been inadvertently spilled on our supper? He called to the boatlies. When she appeared with a joint of bamboo filled with muddy brown sugar the councillors rose gravely and grouped themselves about us. I sprinkled half the contents of the bamboo on the rice, stirred up the mess, and began to eat.

At the first mouthful such a roar of laughter went up from the assembly that I choked in my astonishment. Who ever would have guessed that these gloomy-faced dignitaries could laugh? The chieftain fell to shaking as with a fit, his advisers doubled up with mirth and accused the entire community with their shrieks. Wild-eyed Siamese tumbled out of the neighboring huts. Within two minutes half the village had flocked into the room, and the other half was howling for admittance and a glimpse of those strange beings who ate their rice with sugar!

The surging mob would surely have burst the walls of the frail hut asunder had not the head man risen to the dignity of his position and driven all but the high and mighty among his subjects forth into the night. Among those who remained, after the general exodus, was a halai. He was a Siamese youth who had spent some years in Rangoon, and his extraordinary erudition, like the garments he wore in excess of the diaphanous native costume, weighed heavily upon him. At the instigation of the head man, he subjected us to a searching cross-examination, and later communicated to us the result of a debate of some two hours' duration. The jungle to the eastward was next to impassable to natives; obviously such motorlously neck and helpless beings as white men could not endure its hardships. There was in Mäsawt a squad of soldiers with whom we could travel to Rehang when their relief arrived—in a week or ten days. Meanwhile we must remain in the village as government guests.

James and I raised a vigorous protest against this proposition. The only reply to our outburst was the assertion of the head man that we would stay whether we liked it or not. As the night was well advanced we feigned capitulation and made ready to retire. The village chief lighted us into one of the small rooms of his dwelling and left us to turn in on the bamboo floor.

Had we anticipated any great difficulty in escaping in the morning, it would have been a simple matter to take French leave during the night. Bolts and bars were unknown in Mäsawt, and, had our door been fastened, it would have needed only a few kicks at the flimsy walls of our chamber to make an exit where we chose. We had no desire to lose a night's rest, however, and fell asleep with the conviction that the head man would not be an energetic in executing his order as in giving it.

So was he. While the mists still hovered over Mäsawt, we packed our "sang" and entered the council-chamber in marching array. The chief was already astir, but the only effort he made to thwart us was to shout somewhat huskily when we stepped out into the dripping dawn.

At the eastern end of the town began a faint suggestion of a path, but it soon faded away, and we pushed and tore our way through the jungle, guided only by the pocket compass. The militant vegetation wrought havoc to our rags, and cut and gashed us from brow to ankles; the perspiration ran in stinging streams along our lacerated skins and dripped from our faces. Though we fought the undergrowth tooth and nail, it is doubtful if we advanced two miles an hour.

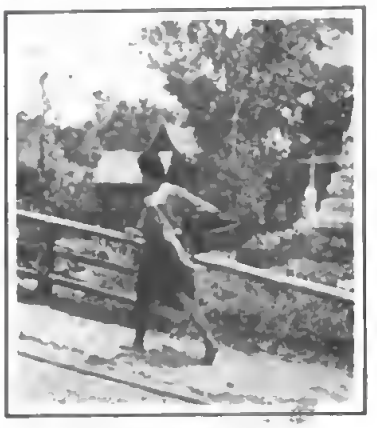
Thus we went on from day to day, sometimes with wild fruit as our only sustenance, sometimes obtaining rice and chicken at native villages, until we reached Rehang.

In every published map of Siam you will find Rehang noted—somewhere within a hundred miles of its actual situation. Not that the city deserves such distinction. The geographer must have some name to fill in this vast space on his chart or he lays himself open to a charge of ignorance. On nearer sight the white two-story buildings were rather pathetic, dilapidated structures. The avenue between them was not much better paved than the jungle paths, and deeper in mud. The sanitary squad, evidently, had not yet returned from an extended vacation. Here and there a dead cat or dog had been tossed out to be trampled underfoot. There was no dearth of inhabitants. One could not but wonder how the town could house such a population. But the passing throng was merely a larger gathering of those same uncouth "wild men" of the jungle villages. The fear of being arrested for unseemly exposure soon left us. James, in national costume, attracted much less attention than I in the remnants of jacket and trousers.

Half the merchants of the town were Chinamen. We stopped at a shop kept by three wearers of the pigtail, and, dragging a bench into the centre of the room, called for food. One of the keepers, moving as if he deeply resented our intrusion, set canned meat and fruit before us, and brought us as a can-opener, after long delay, a hatchet whose blade was considerably wider than the largest tin.

When we rose to depart the Celestials quickly lost their apathy. They demanded ten teeals. I gave them two. The market price of the stuff was certainly not over a half of that sum. A triple stream rent the air, and a half-dozen Mongols bounded into the shop and danced like ogres about us. One caught up the hatchet and swung it high above his head. James snatched it from him, hacked time across the room, and threw the weapon among the bespeckled warwa. We fought our way to the street. The keeper neared us gave one stentorian bellow that was answered from every side. Chinamen tumbled out through every open doorway, out of every hole in the surrounding shop walls; they sprang up from under the buildings, dropped from the low roofs, swarmed out of the alleyways for all the world like rats, screaming, yelping, snarling, clawing the air as they ran, their queues streaming behind them. In the twinkling of an eye the mob at our heels had increased to a hundred. We refused to sacrifice our dignity by running. The frenzied Celestials scratched us savagely with their overgrown finger nails, caught at our legs, spattered us with mud. Not one of them used his fists. When we turned upon them they recoiled as from a squad of maniacs, and we could only retaliate by catching a flying pig-tail in each hand to send a pair of yellow-skinned rascals sprawling in the mud. They came back at us after every stand before we had taken a dozen steps. Our backs were a network of finger-nail scratches. We cast our eyes about us for some weapon and found two bamboo sticks. Before we could use them our assailants turned and fled, still screaming at the top of their lungs.

Not far beyond we turned in at the largest edifice in the town—the Rehang barracks. Among the half-hundred little brown soldiers lounging about the entrance were our intermittent comrades of the few days past. It was plain that they had told our story. The recruits gathered about us, laughing and plying pantomimic questions. How had we liked lizard curry? What had turned our dainty skins so blood red? What ignorant and helpless beings were white men, were they not? Suddenly, amid the general chatter, I caught a hint that there was a European on the floor above. We sprang toward the stairway at the



A Siamese lady going to market

end of the veranda. The soldiers shrieked in dismay and snatched at our rags. We must not go up. It was contrary to stringent barrack rules. A guarding man on duty at the foot of the stairs held his musket out horizontally and shouted a tremulous command. James caught him by a shoulder and sent him spinning along the veranda. We dashed up the steps. Two doors stood ajar. James sprang to one, while I pushed open the other.

"Hello!" I shouted. "Where's the white—"

A triumphant roar from my companion sent me hurrying after him. He was dancing gleefully just inside the second door and shaking a white man heartedly by the hand, an unclothed white man in khaki uniform with officer's stripes.

I reminded the Australian of his costume and he subsided. The European invited us inside and sent a servant for tea, biscuits, and cigars. He was commander of the garrison, a Dane, but with a fluent command of English. That we had been wandering through the jungle was all too evident, but that we had come overland from Burma was a tale he would not credit until the sergeant had been called in to confirm our assertions.

A Picture-Puzzle Victim

By Carolyn Wells

Those things set me perfectly crazy!
Oh, where is that left knee of his?
For goodness' sake, don't push me, Maisie,
I'm shaky enough as it is!
Don't look at me! That makes me nervous.
I know you are standing behind!
In future, dear Heaven, preserve us
From fads of this kind!

Now *this* is the fat lady's forehead.
Or is it the grandfather's nose?
Why, it doesn't fit either! how horrid!
I'm sure I don't know where it goes.
I believe it's the hand of the lady.—
But no, that would make him have three!
It would fit in this little space, maybe.—
Why, yes! it's a tree!

Some secrets of practice revealing.
I've learned a few tricks of the trade.
The tints of the wall, floor, and ceiling
Are *always* of similar shade.
If you find a straw hat trimmed with grasses,
You may make up your mind it's not that;
It's a broom—or a jug of molasses,—
But never a hat!

Oh, where is that funny shaped drab bit?
I had it a moment ago;
I thought it was part of a rabbit,—
It's the roof of the distant chateau.
Now, is this a colore curtain,
Or the old fellow's legs that are crossed?
Of one thing I'm perfectly certain!
Some pieces are lost!

Oh, me! I *must* rest for a minute,—
Why, there is that yellow boat now!
How lovely the moonguy fits in it.—
And I thought all the while 'twas a cow!
Well, certainly her cheek is missing
From her forehead right down to her chin!
Oh me, here's the young man that's kissing.
Was face just like his?

With this rate I'll push it competely;
Now,—where is that long, rounded bit,
Shaped somewhat, although not exactly,
Like a wheelbarrow, backward and split?
Yes, that is the end of his trombone!
Oh! the glands in the back of my neck!
But if I get through this by luncheon,
I don't care a speck!

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FROM A GALLERY OF FAIR WOMEN

THE NOTABLE PORTRAIT OF MRS. WALTER M. SCHEFTEL, OF NEW YORK, BY DANA POND

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Making Cities for Workmen

By Eugene J. Buffington

IN approaching consideration of the model village, our thought naturally gravitates toward problems associated with the complex social relations found in present-day urban life. Who can doubt that the future of our nation will be worked out, to a large degree, for weal or for woe, in the rapidly increasing centres of concentrated population?

The inclination of men to congregate in large urban populations is often referred to as a modern tendency. But history reveals the fact that most, if not all, of the ancient civilizations were centred in cities. To such an extent was this a fact, that the history of early nations is found in the history of their cities. The ancient world empires are designated by the names of their cities. Memphis and Thebes, Babylon and Nineveh, Tyre and Sidon, Athens, Carthage, and Rome, were cities first and empires afterward.

There is found in man, persistent throughout his recorded existence, that centripetal social force tending ever toward the concentration of population in city, town, and village. Man's nature may have been attuned to the "call of the wild," but certainly he has been acutely sensitive to the luring call of the social vortex. He has seemed ready always to listen to the poet's song of "fresh fields" and "forest primeval," of the humble cot and peaceful valley, but in great numbers he has directed his course toward the "brownstone front" in the already overcrowded boulevard. This social tendency is shown farther in the conception of heaven, which assumes the material form of the city—the celestial city with its "streets of gold," "gates of pearl," and alabaster colonnades. Yes, the city has been always an important human institution.

The first of man's purposes served by the city was protection from a foreign enemy. Hence the early cities were military in character. Effort and plan were directed chiefly toward walls and battlements and ponderous gates. At a later period, when primitive barter had assumed the more fixed form of trade, commerce sought safety within the city walls. Still later, art, science, and culture found protection in and gave pleasing form to the city. In this way the products of human ingenuity and collective effort began to centre in urban communities, where comforts, conveniences, and amenities of life became more easily attainable. These early communities of large populations had to a greater or less degree many of the forms of accumulated oppression, suffering, misery, and degradation incident to our present-day city life. True, they were not recognized to the same degree. The query "Am I my brother's keeper?" had then found but little affirmative response in the heart of man. Still, we find record of man's early struggle with the problems of social relations in crowded centres. Philosophers and statesmen of many ages been grappled with questions relating to the ideal of social government and the cure of recognized ills incident to community life. Aristotle, I think it was, held that the only ideal social state would be found under the rule of an absolute tyrant, provided a good tyrant could be found. He evidently found much that was awry in Athens under both an oligarchic and a democratic form of government. Plato, preceding him, bequeathed to posterity the theory of an ideal republic. In this republic the populations of cities are limited to six thousand, and the opinion is held that it is impossible to provide and maintain proper and just social relations in an urban community of larger aggregation.

Following Plato's theory of social democracy, Sir Thomas More limited the populations of cities in Utopia to exactly the same number, under a provision to remove from a community of six thousand to other communities of a less number any increase in population. It is interesting and practically profitable to note just here the progress in social philosophy from the time of Plato to the time of More—a period measured by nearly two thousand years. Plato, while emphasizing the importance of the individual, placed more reliance upon the extraneous influence of government to attain the idealistic in social relations; while More found the possibility of Utopia in the ethical nature of man, in man's capacity for and discernment of right and justice. Who can read Raphael Hythlodaye's recital of the Utopians' mode of life and mutual intercourse, their religious and forms of worship, their policies respecting relations to foreign peoples, without realizing that More had imbibed the inspiration of the Reformation, and found the true solvent of all social problems in the cultivation of the ethical and religious nature of the individual man? We may not be able to endorse his ideas of equality in ownership of property, but we can and do recognize in the moral status of the individual Utopian, in his regard for the rights of his fellow man, his discrimination in seeking and choosing the true values of life, all the possibilities of an ideal social life.

Lafayette and Franklin avenues, a residential section of Vandergrift

Of the model industrial village type, perhaps Essen, in Germany, would first suggest itself to the student of social economics. It is regarded by many as the ideal of a community. Pronouncedly paternalistic in character, it embodies in some essentials features which are alien to our traditions and antagonistic to our idea of community government. Essen is a development of urban life by one industrial management under the ownership of one family. When Peter Fredrick Krupp built his first furnace for smelting iron ore in 1811, Essen was a village of less than four thousand inhabitants. Through the genius and energy of the Krupp family, a great thriving industry involving the mining of coal and ore, the manufacture of steel, the building of ships, and many other allied branches has been developed in and about Essen, until now the population numbers two hundred thousand. In the year 1863 Alfred Krupp, the son of the founder of the industry, being then provided with ample surplus means, began the building of homes for employees with a view to bettering living conditions in Essen. These houses have been grouped in colonies which form villages within the corporation of Essen. There are now eight of the colonies or villages, beginning near the steel works and extending in well defined order up to and beyond the neighboring hills. These villages are self-contained, embracing stores and market places, schools and libraries, beer halls, recreation-grounds, and other public institutions. In the older villages, representing the first provisions of the Krupp family, are found the stereotyped working-men's houses of two and four rooms. The plans of later date are more pretentious, the houses being grouped around central open spaces and provided with small gardens in the rear.

In some of the villages are large dormitories for housing and boarding the unmarried male employees of the steel works. Recent statistics show that about twenty-five hundred employees are living in these dormitories. The colony most recently formed, called Altenhof, in picturesquely situated on an elevation some distance from Essen proper, and is devoted to the aid and care of the disabled and superannuated workmen. In the year 1905 there were 31,141 persons living in houses in Essen owned by the Krupp interests. Different members of the Krupp family have from time to time established and endowed various benevolent institutions and benefit funds for the employees of the several industrial interests. Thus has a large industrial enterprise, under the ownership and control of one family, embraced within its management provision, care, and aid for its employees, which one is inclined to believe should promote and maintain a close approximation to the ideal of industrial community life. Yet there are sceptical investigating committees making perennial visits to Essen, for the purpose of investigating and reporting upon the wisdom or unwisdom of the Krupp plan, and, perhaps, not unnaturally, there are instances of complaint on the part of employees themselves. But these latter instances are rare.

There are numerous other industrial villages of like character to be found in Germany. At Elberfeld a silk-manufacturing industry, and at Ludwigshafen a large chemical manufacturing plant, provide much in the same way for the social betterment of employees. Part of these plans is in conformity with governmental regulation, and is paternalistic in character. Many of the governmental regulations of relations between employer and employee in Germany are regarded as compromises with socialism, and, while effective, are not promotive of that individualistic initiative which is so much emphasized under our form of government.

The most successful attempts at industrial social betterment in our country are those farthest removed from the suspicion of domination or control by the employer. Fresh in the minds of all of us is the failure of the Pullman Company to maintain its authority over the village affairs of Pullman, Illinois, near Chicago.

In a great many respects Pullman offered good, healthful, living conditions. The dwelling-houses were far above the average homes of workmen. Rents were relatively low, and the community conveniences, such as gas and water supply, sewerage, etc., conformed, in all respects, to the best sanitary engineering ideas of that time. There were stores and markets, banks and newspapers, schools and churches; all planned and developed for the comfort and convenience of the Pullman Company employees and their families. But all these community conveniences and comforts were labelled "Pullman." The workmen became suspicious of some relation between the cost of these conveniences and their wages. Suspicion engendered discontent, and finally revolt, culminating in legal inquiry into the status of the company respecting these community matters and the abandonment of the plan. The large car-manufacturing plant is still maintained, but the paternalistic village of Pullman has long since passed into the democratic municipality of Chicago. American ideas and atmosphere are inherently antagonistic to such plans of community life. Successful plans for social betterment have recognized the fundamental idea of self-helpfulness as the keystone in the structure of our industrial village life. The American laborer repels and resents any so-called benevolence which an-

The corner of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, Gary, Indiana, from the southeast

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A panoramic view of the model town of Vandergrift, Pennsylvania, showing the curved streets which harmonize with the undulating surface of the land

sumes to provide him with benefits not attainable by his own efforts. He regards such from his employer as designed to take the place of wages. To a certain extent this applies to our foreign laborers as well. The foreigner comes to us, not for our charity, but for our freedom and opportunity to win a manly independence.

One of the most attractive industrial communities in our country is the village of Vandergrift, Pennsylvania, located about forty miles east of Pittsburg in the picturesque valley of the Kiskiminetas River. Its environs of wooded hills lend much charm and attractiveness to the village. This community was projected for a single industrial purpose, having in practical view good labor conditions. In the year 1895 the Apollo Iron and Steel Company, subsequently merged into the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, one of the companies now owned by the United States Steel Corporation, found it necessary to provide additional plant equipment for its manufacturing enterprise. The site of its then existing plant afforded no opportunity for enlargement; hence a new location was necessary. Under the masterful guidance of Mr. George G. McMurtry, then president of the company, the land necessary for the manufacturing plant was selected and ownership acquired. At the same time a Land and Improvement Company was organized, which bought land adjoining the plant site and made first preparations for the village, or borough, as it is termed in Pennsylvania afterward called Vandergrift. The natural contour of the land suggested and directed a departure from the widely prevalent custom of laying out village streets at right angles to each other; hence the streets of Vandergrift are found in curves, harmonizing gracefully with the undulating natural surface conditions and the winding course of the Kiskiminetas River. The plotting of the land into lots along the curved streets resulted in several irregular spaces in various parts of the village which have been effectively and artistically utilized as decorative areas, with small gardens for flowers and shrubs. The Land and Improvement Company provided a good sewerage system, a plentiful supply of good water from wells located in the uplands several miles distant from the village; also gas and electric-light service. The Land Company built no houses. Lots were offered for sale at low prices and on easy terms of payment to the employees of the manufacturing company. The directing genius of the plan was a practical, sagacious man, having through long experience in industrial and social affairs attained an abiding faith in the ability of the American workingman to work out for himself the best in the art of home-making and community regulation. This faith in individualistic competence has been abundantly and hopefully justified. The only restriction imposed in the sale of lots was the prohibition of all traffic in intoxicants. No building lines were provided by the Land Company and no regulation as to the character of buildings was attempted. Every regulation of that kind was left to the judgment and control of the future citizens of Vandergrift. The results have been perhaps not short of astonishing to that well meaning class of social-betterment workers who seem by their talk and effort to believe that all of community good must be superimposed by regulation and prearrangement. Lots in Vandergrift were bought rapidly by the employees of the manufacturing company, and community interest at once asserted itself. Each of the purchasers of lots provided his own plans for a home. Before building commenced the future citizens conferred one with another regarding the building lines to be established along the various streets. Soon a harmonious and efficient committee on building had been organized, whose only authority proceeded from the will of the people, in good American fashion. By common consent building lines were established with a view to realizing the best architectural appearance. In the same way provision was made that no outhouses should be built within the village confines, and many other approved sanitary regulations were evolved from co-operative effort and consensus. Here we have an exemplification of Herbert Spencer's idea of social evolution bringing about a co-ordination or conciliation "between the interests of each citizen and the interests of citizens at large, tending ever toward a state in which the two become merged in one and fall into complete concord." Thus it was that Vandergrift developed as an industrial village, with its well paved, gracefully arranged streets, bordered on each side by attractive homes of individual design, having no monotony in appearance to give it the stamp of centralized ownership.

The present population of Vandergrift is approximately ten thousand, with a decided predominance of American-born citizens. The percentage of foreigners is relatively small, which may be accounted for by the fact that the percentage of skilled labor required by the industry is unusually large, being about seventy-five per cent. of the total labor enrolment. The village is incorporated as a borough under the laws of the State of Pennsylvania; all officers are elected by the citizens and are charged with the supervision and regulation of borough affairs, including public improvements and school matters. Funds for school buildings and public improvements are provided through taxes and the sale of bonds. The improvements are all of a substantial character and attractive in design. Officers of the Land Company and the Steel Company co-operate actively with the other citizens in borough affairs, but have purposely and wisely not become identified with or interested in any business in the community which in any way derives revenue or profit through trade relations with the resident employees of the manufacturing company. The high order of citizenship and public spiritedness is substantially attested by a handsome community building called the Casino, which was built with funds subscribed largely by the citizens. It is used as a public hall for various meetings and entertainments, and as a public library. The library contains over five thousand well selected books, and is accessible, free of cost, to every citizen. It is estimated by an official of the Land Company that between eighty-five per cent. and ninety per cent. of all the homes in Vandergrift are owned by their respective occupants. Under such favorable circumstances, it is not surprising to find an unmistakable atmosphere of thrift, cleanliness, wholesomeness and content. Nor is it surprising that under such conditions of individual and collective thrift opportunity for culture and recreation is found. The homes are neatly and comfortably furnished. Statistics show that a piano is part of the equipment of nearly every home. The aggregate savings deposits in the two banks are relatively large. An attractive athletic field near the outer limits of the borough is the scene of frequent contests of various kinds at different seasons of the year. A photograph of a recent gathering of Vandergrift citizens to witness one of these athletic contests reveals the presence of seventeen automobiles, and it is stated that over thirty of these twentieth century vehicles are owned in the borough, mostly by employees of the manufacturing company. There are four public school buildings, with an enrolment of approximately thirteen hundred children. The school methods and character of instruction conform to modern ideas of public-school education. The diversified nationalities of foreigners, from whom the unskilled labor required by the manufacturing plant is recruited, segregate themselves in the community, or rather on the outskirts of the borough, and the sanitary officers of the borough are watchful of their living conditions, enforcing regulations for cleanliness and health. Vandergrift is an exemplification of what may be accomplished in the way of promoting social betterment in an industrial village through a little wise provision respecting general conditions on the part of the industrial management, together with a large exercise of faith in the capacity of the individual for self-helpfulness. Provide the normal wage-earner with proper opportunity to exercise self-helpfulness, and he will do tenfold more for himself and his family than can be done for him through any kind of benevolence.

Ambridge, Pennsylvania, is another community projected by an industrial enterprise, located within a few miles of Pittsburg on the Monongahela River, and providing homes for the employees of the American Bridge Company. The present population is about six thousand, about thirty-five hundred of whom find employment in the plant of the Bridge Company. At first it was deemed advisable by the management of the Bridge Company to avoid any connection with the building of a town or the sale of land or homes to employees, the intention being to depend upon near-by village communities and the initiative of the employees in buying land and building homes near the Bridge plant. It soon became evident that through the density and rapidity of land-owners a village community would grow up around the plant in a haphazard way, not conducive to wholesome living conditions for the employees, nor to the best interest of the Bridge Company. So a tract of land was bought by the Bridge Company; streets laid out and paved; sewerage, water, and electric-light provided, and houses built. The houses are not rented, but are sold to employees at their approximate cost of erection on terms

Broadway and Fifth Avenue, Gary, looking northwest

of easy payment; provision being made in the sale contract to refund the amount paid toward the purchase price, less a stipulated amount as rental, in case of death, discharge, or voluntary termination of employment with the Bridge Company. The employees are availing themselves of this opportunity to own their homes and are evincing commendable and effective zeal in the administration of borough affairs. Many of the tendencies toward unsightly and undesirable living conditions which appeared in the days of early development have been checked and a new start toward distinctively better conditions in making rapid progress under the inspiration of self-interest on the part of the employees. Prohibition of traffic in liquor is the only restriction laid upon the community. Public improvements and regulations are now entirely under the direction and within the control of the citizens,

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The incentive of personal interest will undoubtedly secure for Ambridge good, wholesome, pleasurable, normal living conditions.

Along these practical lines of experience the Steel Corporation has undertaken on a large scale the building of Gary, Indiana, believing in a paraphrase of Lowell's epigram that "one twig of experience is worth a whole forest of theory." Gary is nothing more than the product of effort along practical lines to secure right living conditions around a steel manufacturing plant. The Steel Corporation interest in the city came through necessity. When the corporation found it essential to increase on a large scale its producing capacity, in response to the rapidly increasing trade demands, and formulated plans for building what is now known as the Gary plant, it acquired ownership of several thousand acres of land on the southern shore of Lake Michigan in the State of Indiana, about twenty-five miles southeast of Chicago. This location was chosen on account of its suitability and availability for the manufacture and distribution of steel products on a large scale. Industrial and commercial enterprise has outlived about all of the transportation facilities available in Chicago; hence manufacturing plants of many kinds are seeking locations beyond the southeastern limits of Chicago, in northern Indiana, along the Calumet River and the southern shore of Lake Michigan. In this way the industrial communities of Whiting, Indiana Harbor, and Hammond, Indiana, all thriving towns, came into existence before Gary was projected. All these towns Indiana Harbor is nearest to the site chosen by the Steel Corporation for its new steel plant, being about nine miles distant from Gary. Michigan City lies twenty-six miles to the east of Gary. Hence it is seen that the question of living facilities for employees near the projected steel plant presented a necessity which the Steel Company had to face and provide for.

Jefferson Street, Gary, a residential section, looking north from Eighth Avenue

To one not acquainted with those natural conditions encountered and successfully dealt with by the early settlers in what are now attractive and populous communities along the shore of Lake Michigan near Chicago, the land acquired two and one-half years ago by the corporation in northern Indiana would have presented almost impossible conditions when thought of as a site for an urban community. The surface between the small stream called the Calumet River and the Lake, about one mile in width, was made up of a succession of sand dunes, with intervening sloughs of surface water, the sand-dunes offering precarious existence to scrub oaks, dwarf poplars, and a variety of small vegetable life. South of the river surface conditions were somewhat more pleasing in aspect, but the whole area offered little more than the hospitality of "discouraging solitude" to the casual onlooker. But the discerning eye of the engineer, quickened and sharpened by industrial needs, recognized its suitability for manufacturing purposes and community development. The steel plant was located north of the Calumet River, on the shore of the Lake, in order to provide the requisite water transportation facilities. The town site was selected south of the river, where natural surface conditions were more favorable. The area comprised within the corporate limits of Gary, including the steel plant site, amounts to over ten thousand acres, with a Lake frontage of seven miles. The Steel Corporation through the Gary Land Company, owns practically the entire area. Of this, eight hundred acres have been platted into lots, constituting what is known as the first subdivision of Gary. The plan to make this first subdivision a complete unit as regards public improvements at the earliest date practicable, in order to meet the first living requirements, is well toward accomplishment. Streets have been graded and paved with concrete blocks or macadam; concrete sidewalks laid along both sides of nearly all streets; black soil applied to the surface of many of the residence lots, grass seed sown and small shade trees planted along the parkways between the sidewalks and curb line of the streets. Under the supervision and direction of experienced hydraulic and sanitary engineers, a water-supply system and a sewer system have been installed. Each lot has connection with these improvements. The water-supply is taken from Lake Michigan through a tunnel three miles in length, running under the bed of the lake to an "intake" located at a sufficient distance from the shore line to secure freedom from pollution. Provision has been made for the installation of a water purification system, if in the future the waters of Lake Michigan in this vicinity become undesirable or unhealthful for domestic uses. The sewer system has been designed with reference to the future installation of an anti-septic-treatment plant.

Artificial gas and electric light and power are furnished by a company organized and owned by the Steel Corporation under franchises duly granted by the town authorities, with provision that ownership of these public utility plants may be acquired hereafter by the city. The rates of charge for water, gas, and electric lights are as low as rates charged in older communities of large population. It will be some years before the capital invested in these public utilities will earn even a small interest return under the rates of charge provided in the franchises.

Public service pipes, including sewer, gas, and water pipes, electric light and telephone wires, have been placed in the alleys, so as to avoid any future disturbances of street paving incident to repair work in connection with these public utilities.

Lots are offered for sale to the public under the requirement that buildings of approved character shall be erected within eighteen months after date of agreement to purchase. The purpose of this requirement is obviously to prevent building lots falling under the ownership of speculators whose profit would be at the expense of employees of the Steel Company. The town authorities have adopted a building ordinance which aids in properly regulating the character of buildings. Employees of the corporation interests are offered opportunity to buy lots at a special stipulated discount from published prices, representing the approximate cost of the land, together with improvements. No property within the first subdivision, excepting five designated sites, may be used for traffic in alcoholic liquors. These five designated sites exempt from this restriction will always remain under the ownership and control of the Land Company. The large percentage of unskilled laborers required by the manufacture of heavy steel products is recruited from the ranks of foreigners, and, if no alcoholic liquors were available in the territory thus restricted, those accustomed to its use, especially the foreign element, would be enticed to gregarious of the lowest type located at or near the outer limits of the Land Company's ownership. By providing a limited number of saloons controlled by the Land Company as to the method and conditions under which liquor is sold, it is hoped and intended so to regulate the traffic as to make it least harmful and objectionable to the community. Under this provision it will be always within the power of the company's management to suppress the traffic within this territory, if at any time it seems desirable and advisable to the community. It perhaps may be asked, and naturally, why not provide absolute prohibition of liquor traffic in Gary, as in Ambridge and Vandergrift, where its beneficial effect is so palpably recognized? The answer is, first, that Gary was planned to be a centre of a very large population. Its proximity to Chicago offers large opportunity for practically uncontrolled liquor traffic under most degrading conditions. Secondly, long experience with foreign labor need around a steel plant like that which is being built at Gary has shown that this class of men will have their liquor, if not from sources where its sale is regulated and restricted, then from other sources of a less favorable character. In other words, the plan is regarded as the better choice between two evils. So far, during the period of construction, when necessarily conditions of life and character of population have been mixed and shifting from day to day, it is believed that this liquor-traffic plan has been a wise one. It certainly has found sanction in the opinion of the citizens in general.

Municipal affairs are subject to the control and direction of three town trustees who were elected by vote of the time Gary was incorporated. Their duties and powers are the same as those of a mayor and council or board of aldermen. This board of trustees was elected by a small number of widely scattered inhabitants, the majority of whom had no conception whatever of community interests or needs, and little idea of the fitness for office of candidates posing for election. By force of circumstances there could have been no competent judgment on these questions at the time of the election. One would think that but little good could result from such a precarious, fortuitous organization. But on American soil the germinating power of local self-government is strong and will develop under the least favorable conditions. Community competence seems indigenous to our American life.

Through the sale of building lots property interests have become diversified, and these interests are active in counselling and directing the trustees respecting matters of public control. Good police and sanitary measures have been adopted, building regulations enacted, the school affairs placed under the guidance of an experienced superintendent, and thus the holy politic has assumed definite and effective form. The formal meetings of the trustees took on the form of the New England township meetings, where every citizen may be a self-appointed delegate. In fact, the early development of Gary has been in many respects closely parallel to the development of our national political life. The growth of Gary has been surprising to those who at first regarded it as "an airy exhalation of a speculator's brain." Where two and a half years ago there were miles of waste sand-dunes, and solitude broken only by the occasional passing of a railroad train, there is now a busy town of ten thousand population, with well paved streets, attractive homes, substantial business blocks, several creditable hotels, banks, churches, and public-school buildings and all of the facilities and conveniences of modern urban life. One school building now being constructed, under plans and direction of the public-school architect of St. Louis, will have capacity for fifteen hundred pupils. Ample and modern facilities are provided for manual-training and domestic-science teaching. A large natatorium, with steam-heating apparatus and suitable dressing-rooms, is one of the many features of modern school equipment included within this building. In character of architecture and general appointment, it is superior to any public-school building in the city of Chicago. There is a large promise for the future of Gary in the character of its school facilities. For, after all is said concerning the model village, public education will play the largest part in its accomplishment. Let education implant within the hearts of the people an intelligent desire for right living and right conditions, and we shall have the closest approximation to the ideal in community life.

Broadway, Gary, looking north from Seventh Avenue

As far as it lies within the power and judgment of the corporation's management, there have been provided those basic community conditions which seem best conducive to the highest and best social order of practical life. The material welfare of Gary is an accomplished fact. Its social welfare is held within the desires and aspirations of its future citizens.

Peace in the market place—Trinity Church, at the head of Wall Street, flanked by two Broadway skyscrapers

The cloistral charm of Grace Church, Tenth Street, with its undisturbed a

An effect of sunlight on the impressive walls of St. Patrick's Cathedral at Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street

A striking impression of a traditional home of romances—the "Little Church Around the Corner" in East Twenty-ninth Street, near Fifth Avenue

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS UP

IMPRESSIONISTIC STUDIES OF A GROUP OF THE CITY'S MORE FAMOUS HOUSES OF

at Broadway and
mosphere of quiet

Dr. Parkhurst's Madison Square Presbyterian Church, at Twenty-fourth Street and Madison Avenue, suggests the long traditions of a London edifice

New York's ecclesiastical architecture at its most poetic—a sunset view of the First Presbyterian Church, at Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street

The massive dignity of upper Broadway's most notable church—the Broadway Tabernacle at Fifty-sixth Street—illuminated by the afternoon light

ON NEW YORK CHURCHES

WORSHIP, AS SHOWN IN SOME REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL ANDERSON

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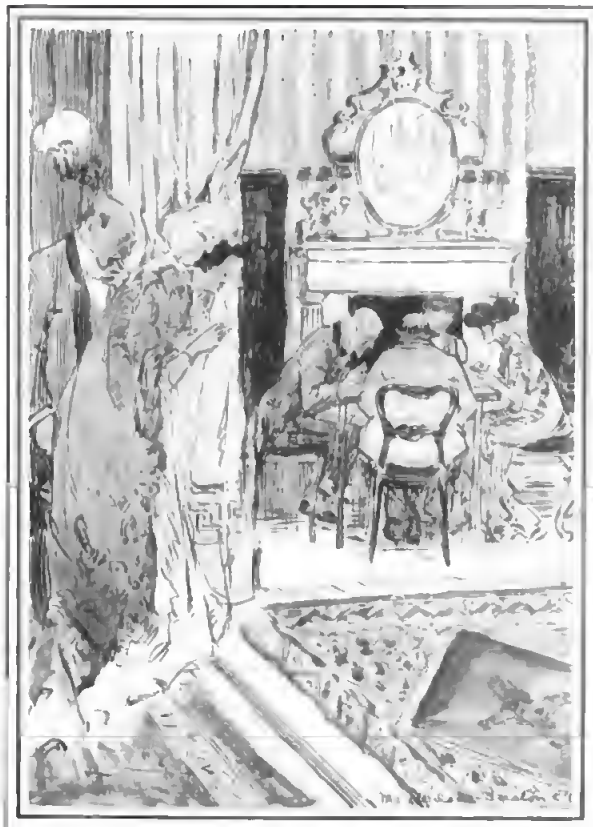

THE RUBAIYAT OF BRIDGE

By Carolyn Wells

When you and I our Last Bridge Game have played,
The Games will go right on by Those who've Stayed;
Who of our Comings and Departure heed,
As the Heart Ace should need a little Spade.

We are no other than a Moving Row
Of Magic Dummy Hands that Come and Go,
Played to the Last Trump by the Hand of Fate,
By whom our Hearts are Shuffled To and Fro!

AS TO OPTIMISM

OPTIMISM! That's it! It is the best thing in all the world. Every cloud has a silver lining. Take that little milliner's bill, O ye groaning men, and turn it over—no heart-rending figures lie on the other side of that bill—it is pure snowy white, unsoiled with inky reminders of what that little apple-orchard coat you wore to church last Sunday has cost you. And you, ye jealous folk, who look with envious eyes upon you speeding motor cars, banish that envy, and rest content while wheeling the baby carriage, happy in the knowledge that no tires burst on perambulators, and that no justice has ever yet fined a father for going too fast up and down the pike with little Willie in the car. And if you seek electric transportation, there is the bounding trolley, the flashing Subway, and the ten-cent stages with their upper-decks waiting to do your bidding at all times. Do you pine for yacht-like ten-cent stages with their upper decks waiting to shove, and for a niggardly thrippence take your fill of life on the ocean wave. Are you sitting behind a lady at the theatre whose immovable coiffure completely shuts away the stage from your eager vision? Waste not thy breath on muttered maledictions. If half that is said about the present condition of the theatre be true, it is best that you should not see the stage, and that bale of golden hair is a blessing in disguise, in that it shields from your gaze things better left unseen. Have you been suspended at your club? What joy awaits you, driven back to the simpler beauties of the home. Have you no home? Then is your soul unvexed with leaking pipes and broken panes of glass, and, best of all, no domestic problem agitates your weary spirit; no departing cook leaves you stranded on the shores of hunger and dismay. And, finally, has SHE, the only SHE in all this wondrous world of love, said no, and sent you forth to walk your way alone? Well, our sympathy is yours, and yet—draw hither while we whisper in your ear—"You will not have to hook her up!" Ah, yes! Optimism! That's it! It is the best thing in all the world. Even the Subway has its sunny side—suitable—and all we need to do to find the sun is to look for it. If it isn't here, it is in Omaha, or the Philippines, or gallivanting somewhere around the West Indies, shining, shining, shining, until all life becomes one glad and glorious shine!

"FRIENDS, ROMANS, COUNTRYMEN, LEND ME YOUR EARS."

THE LESSON

In a certain Sunday school a teacher told her pupils the tragic story of Samson and Delilah. Then she turned to a little boy.

"What do you learn, Joe," she said, "from the Samson story?"

"It don't never pay," piped Joe, "to have a woman cut a feller's hair."

THE PENALTIES OF FAME

I dreamed that Fame was mine.
And all along the line
Friends, relatives, and foes—all three—
Began to hammer me.
And when I woke 'twas with relief immense
To find my fame marked down to thirty cents.

I had the dream once more
'Twas worse than 'twas before.
I found myself perched up on high
Just underneath the sky.
Stone-cold it was and bandy. O be sure
'Twas sweet to wake and find myself obscure!

Again it came. Alas!
How sorry was that pass!
A wreath of bay all flaming red
Pressed on my scorched head.
Did near me so that when I woke anon
'Twas bliss to find I'd but a nightcap on

And hence it is I say
Fame need not come my way.
I much prefer things as they are
In byways nebular,
Where public optics do not rudely stare,
And burning laurels do not singe my hair!

J. K. B.

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AS TO WIRELESS

THE old saying that love laughs at locksmiths is more than ever true to-day, and we shall soon be able to add that the little god of Hymen smiles also at switchboards. A wireless telephone has been added to the marvels of science, and it will not be many days before Strephon, beholden old Chrysos's house, lest he whisper soft words to Perilla, will be 'phoning sighs to his Dulcinea on the waves of Heaven, with no court of sufficient jurisdiction to enjoin him from so doing. That will be a great day when two spirits attuned to each other, though separated by mile after mile of intervening territory, shall be able by the mere propulsion of a few aerial waves to transmit a heart full of messages fairly dripping with joyous affection to each other, and nobody the wiser for it save themselves. Viewed from this standpoint, the wireless telephone is a happy discovery, but in some other respects—well, time alone can tell what it will do. It certainly will not be pleasant for a man engaged in an afternoon stroll with the object of his affections to find the air suddenly agitated on all sides by a C. Q. D. message from his tailor referring to an overdue account; and we look with some apprehension upon the condition of that man who, having secured a front seat at the reigning comic-opera success suddenly hears from home—"James, what are you doing? Where are you, James? What are those multitudinous musical strains I hear on our wireless, James? Answer me at once, James"—and so on, to the utter discombobulation of James and the destruction of an evening's pleasure.

Altogether there are disadvantages as well as advantages in these new contraptions, that science is bringing into being, and it is as yet too early to say which of the two will overbalance the other.

AT THE MOVING-PICTURE SHOW

PAT *(on the screen—just dead from a parade)*. "HEY, MIKE ROONEY! BRIDGET'S GOT OFF HER MOURNIN' AND SHE'S GOIN' TO MARRY DOOLEY!"

BLESSED PROFANITY

Bishop. "This is terrible, Captain! Is there great danger for us? Tell me truly."

Captain. "No, no, Bishop, we're coming out of it all right."

Bishop. "Tell me truly, Captain; you are keeping it from us. The storm is more awful every minute! My wife is in such terror! Tell me the worst!"

Captain. "We're all right. Here, Bishop, come here in the forecastle and listen down the hole. Do you hear the sailors down there swearing and cursing? That means it's all right. When they stop that, then you may know there's danger ahead."

Bishop *(fifteen minutes later, who has been sworn to the forecastle to listen down the hole and has come back to his wife)*. "Thank God, Mary, they're still cursing!"

PHILOSOPHY

If there's no sun, I still can hare the moon;
If there's no moon, the stars my needs enlivee;
And if they fail, I have my evening lamp;
Or, lampless, there's my trusty tallow dip;
And if the dip goes out, my couch remains
Where I may sleep and dream there's light again.

BLAKENEY GRAY.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

A very simple and effective method of overcoming draughts from an exposed window is to fill the window in with bricks, heavily plastered, and covered with a green wall-paper two inches thick.

In the suburbs the problem of how to get your wife's spring hat in through the front door has been solved by the building of a large square receptacle on the front piazza, which can be used as a hat garage, as it were, so that the hat of millinery need not be taken into the house at all.

To cure your children of the habit of sliding down the banisters, keep them freshly varnished all the time. Lest there be any doubt as to our meaning in the foregoing sentence, let us add that it makes no difference whether you varnish the children or the banisters as long as the varnish is sticky.

An upright piano makes a very useful article of furniture for a small suburban residence, since it takes up comparatively little room, and can be used in emergencies as an ice-box, as, upon the arrival of an unexpected guest, as a tolerably commodious upper berth for him to sleep in.

If you go in for raising pigs do not let them run on the grass. Exercise keeps them lean and hardens their muscles. Bear in mind the fact that the philosopher voiced unconsciously a great principle in pig-culture who remarked that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

Discover, if you can, the bent of your children, and strive to cultivate it judiciously. Remember, however, that because your boy in an unguarded moment has put two coats of red paint on the piano legs is no sign that he is an artist in embryo.

Growing plants indoors are always decorative. A barrel of morning glory seed dropped in the little heaps of dust which your housemaid daily conceals under the sofa, and carefully watered every morning, will completely change the appearance of the most unpromising drawing room.

The best place to keep a rubber plant is in the front parlor window, especially if this commands an extensive view of the highway and its throngs of passers-by. This will keep the plant actively rubbering at all hours of the day.

ACCORDING TO HISTORY

A woman in a Western city who belongs to a community called the "Sisters of St. John the Baptist," not long ago spent a month in a backwoods district.

Shortly after her arrival she went to the local post-office and inquired if any letters had come for Sister Bernardine. The rural postmaster looked bewildered.

"Sister Bernardine," repeated the lady; "a sister of St. John the Baptist."

"I think not," he answered, dubiously. Then, after some reflection, he added,

"Say, ain't he been dead pretty near a hundred years, now?"

OUR EXPRESSIVE LANGUAGE

SCENE: A DOCTOR'S WAITING-ROOM.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: "PATIENTS."

SUPERIORITY

We much despise the humble Fly,
And yet I have a feeling
That he is cleverer than I
At walking on the ceiling.
As well as on a window pane,
Without appearing to be vain.

We rather scorn the William Goat,
As on our way we're strutting.
But, haughty friend, I'd have you note
He beats our kind at butting!
I know that what I say is true—
I've had 'em butt me. Haven't you?

We're apt to jeer the silent Clam,
And call him dull and vapid,
But when it comes to using "D——n,"
And other language rapid,
The nobby with me grows intense,
The Clam has got a lot of sense.

We patronize the Mother Hen
And note her lack of knowledge,
But I have known a lot of men
Who've spent long years in college
Who couldn't lay a single egg—
No, not if it cost them a leg!

And so I say that when we think
We're smarter than these others,
That they are wholly on the blink
Beside our human brothers,
We might reflect that in their style
They've really got us skinned a mile!

CARLYLE SMITH.

SHE. "WHO IS THE OLD LADY YOU JUST BOWED TO?"
HE. "OH, SHE IS THE DAUGHTER OF THE INGENUE."

Their Friends

By Owen Oliver

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. B. WATSON

THERE was wind with the fog, and all day long the mist swooped upon us in towering bergs, swallowed our big steam-yacht, and spat it out again; all day long we drove through the thick mist and the thin mist at fourteen knots, and sounded as born or bell.

At five o'clock we were sitting in the lee of the smoking-room—Vera Boyd, her lover's brother, Darrell, Joynder, Richardson, and I. The old captain walked slowly up to us, saluted, and jerked his left shoulder, as was his way before speech.

"According to reckoning," he announced, "we're about fifty miles from the island. I couldn't take the sun properly to-day, and may be a bit out."

"Oh, Captain!" cried Vera. "Oh, Captain! You aren't afraid of running it?"

She laid her hand entreatingly on his arm. He had been on the yacht since she was a child in short frocks, and she called him her "sea-father."

"I'm more afraid of hitting it," he said, grimly. "I think the course is pretty right. It's the distance I'm doubtful about. I can't tell to twenty or thirty miles. I'll take soundings, of course; but if we find the shallows at this speed—!" He jerked his shoulder again.

"But if we are thirty miles out the other way, and you slow down," she said, "we shan't be in time. Just think!"

"I've done a lot of thinking," he told her. "And it's you I've been thinking about, Missie. We're men and don't matter; but I don't like gambling with your life."

Vera looked at him and at us.

"I ought not to reckon," she said; "but you—I ought to reckon the risk to you."

"We came to take the risk," I said. Darrell, Joynder, and Richardson nodded and laughed.

"It's half the fun," Richardson remarked.

The captain jerked his shoulder and nodded too. "Not that I make a jest of it," he protested.

Her lover's brother neither nodded nor laughed.

"Then you may gamble with my life," Vera said; "and—and thank you."

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The captain gave another jerk of his shoulder, saluted, and went to the bridge, and Vera turned to us.

"Oh!" she cried. "Thank you all! Not Rupert, of course, because he is his brother, and he was bound to; and as for me—my life is his. But you—no, I will not thank you. You are his friends."

"We are his friends," I said, "and could do no less."

Her lover lay in prison at the island. I will not name it. Some years have passed; but they have a long memory in that fierce country of his. It was a political offence. He had followed his brother, and they had failed. His brother had escaped, and the secret police had caught our Frank. To-morrow at sunrise he would die, unless we rescued him.

It was a mad idea this rescue. His brother had called it impossible when it was proposed by the little pale man who came from over the sea. But the little pale man had gone to Vera; and she had brought them to us, the friends of the Prince—well, I did not mean to write him down that; but it is down, and it can stay—the friends of the Prince and of her; the gray old friend, myself, once his tutor; and the three young friends who had learned with him.

"Let us go in my yacht," she had pleaded, "and try to save him. It is worth risking our lives."

"It isn't the risk of a useless old life that I mind," I told her. "It's the uselessness of the risk. It can't be done, girlie. It can't be done."

"This gentleman has a way," she declared. "He is his friend." And the little pale man had shrugged himself and extended his hands.

"It is simple," he asserted. "So simple! I will go to the island, as I have gone once before. It was to arrange for the escape of—of some one who died too soon. It was fever they said. I was a priest then, and I shall be a priest again. They will let me see the Prince. I shall be his confessor and sit with him on the last night. I know the cell. It is in the end of the narrow corridor on top of the castle; seven rooms to the right, from the tower with the flagstaff. I will show you on a plan. One window looks out upon the courtyard where they will put up the scaffold. The other looks down the cliff to the sea—a little window with big iron bars. It is ninety metres—a hundred of your feet—to the beach, straight down; but half-way there is a ledge. I know—how I know! There is a crevice on the ledge and a rope ladder is hidden in the crevice. I know who put it there." He smiled and made a sweep with his hands.

"You are used to risking your life?" I suggested.

"It is what our lives are for! I shall take tools under my priest's robe that night; and a ladder of cord; only cord, but strong. It will be fifty feet. I can hide no greater. It is enough. It will reach the ledge. We shall remove a bar with my tools, and fix the ladder to the other bar. Then we shall go down to the ledge. It is so simple!" He smiled at us with his head on one side. "From the ledge we shall go down by the other ladder to the foot of the sea. If there we should find a boat? And if the boat should find a big ship? Then—poof!" He blew and shrugged. "It is done."

"There will be a patrol at the foot of the cliff."

It was his brother who raised the objection.

"With the boat will be four revolvers; perhaps five—if your Highness should come."

He assumed that we should go—his friends—that he was not sure of his brother. He was a judge of men, I noticed, this little pale man.

"The Prince, of course, will come," said Vera. She looked straight at him, but he did not meet her eyes.

"Of course," he said, slowly, "I shall come; but I know that it is madness."

"It is madness," I agreed; "but that has nothing to do with the question."

"Nothing at all," said Darrell and Joynder and Richardson.

"Then there will be five revolvers for the patrol," the little pale man concluded.

"Six," said Vera.

"Nonsense!" said I. "You can't come ashore, girlie."

"It is my right to share the risk," she cried.

"Yes," I agreed; "but not to increase it. You would only handicap us—and him—my dear."

"Five, then," she sighed.

"Seven," corrected the little gray man. "If all goes well. I shall take arms for our Frank and myself. A priest's cloak covers many things! It is not the patrol themselves that I fear, but the alarm. They have fast gunboats, and if they pursue your ship. . . . Well, it is a risk that we must run. The hour shall be as near midnight as may be; and the day that before he is to die. I will cable to you when to come."

"They will watch the cables," the Prince protested.

"A priest," said the little pale man, gently, "would only cable to his superior what any one may read. He may need money or vestments or books; or he may ask for Brother Anselm or Brother Clement, or—for a blessing on his work. The superior may cable to a merchant in London; and the merchant may cable to you. There shall be a code that I will teach you."

He taught us the code and other things—the approach, the anchorage, the lie of the place, the plans of the fortress and especially of the prison, where the patrol marched, and how we could row ashore unseen, under a jutting rock, and where we could land and where we could lurk in hiding.

"And that I may know if you are there," he said, "you shall make me a signal, for what is the use to ask my old neck, if it will not profit him? His Highness can make the call of a seagull, one that has young in the nest. Our Frank has told me this of him. Let him make the cry three times, counting five between; slowly—so!"

"And if by any chance his Highness should not be there?" I asked.

"Then his Highness will be dead," said Richardson, and I thought it not unlikely. We loved our Frank.

"He might be ill," I explained, smoothly. "It is best to provide for all things."

"So!" the little pale man assented. "Learn you, then, to make the sound, if you can. I shall know the difference, but they may not."

"I will learn," I promised.

"And then," he asserted, "we will both come to you, if your Frank can come by any help of mine. If he cannot I will come alone, if I can, and you shall judge me, if I have not done my best. For lives shall count for little when we meet again."

He bowed and went. Three weeks later the cable came. We had it one afternoon. There was a margin of barely one day. In the evening we sailed. The Prince was out when we went to fetch him, and had not left word of his movements, as was agreed, but we found him, and he came. Perhaps he feared us. Certainly he feared Vera, or to be shamed in her eyes. Anyhow, he came.

On the second morning, before it was light, the captain came to my cabin and roused me, and stood by my bed, jerking his shoulder. There was a traitor aboard, he whispered. He had gone on the bridge at eight bells—which was four o'clock, in the time of sailormen—and he had seen from the stars that the course was wrong. So he had examined the compass, and found a magnet under the card! By running off the course we had lost some forty miles. He had ordered the officer of the watch to set a man on guard by the compass with a revolver.

"You had better not tell *her*," he suggested, and the shoulder jerked quickly; "only your friends."

"The four of them?" I looked at him.

"The three of them," he corrected.

The next day the engines broke down and lost us fifteen hours. Some of the thinner parts of the machinery had been filed through, the chief engineer reported, so that they would succumb to the strain of the working. It must have been done the day before we started, for he had inspected those very parts the day before that.

"By an amateur or by a skilled mechanic?" I asked.

"By a very skilled mechanic," he stated; "one of the men who were employed to overhaul the machinery, no doubt. Some one must have bribed him. . . . Well, we can put it right, and it won't occur again. If any one tries to bribe any of my men, they will fling him among the machinery!" He laughed a short fierce laugh. "If you know any one who is likely to try you can warn him!"

"I don't think we will warn him," said the captain. "Thank you, Donaldson."

The chief went and the captain looked at me. His shoulder jerked furiously.

"If the little girlie weren't aboard," he said, "we should know what to do."

"We shall know what to do," I told him, "when the time comes."

We looked at each other and nodded. We were old men, and did not waste the breath left to us.

So our margin of time was eaten up, and we came to be driving through the fog at full speed.

We went on for two hours longer, then we slowed down and took soundings. They could not find bottom, so we went on at three-quarter speed for three half-hours, sounding after each. Then the lead touched, and we judged that we were nearing the island, for we knew that the bed of the ocean rose higher round it. We steamed a little farther and lost bottom, and the captain concluded that we were passing the island on our left. We made slowly that way with a man heaving the lead constantly and working toward the shallower water. About ten o'clock the mist thinned a little and the moon shone faintly through. In the dim moonlight we saw a tall black rock like a sentinel ahead, and turned just in time. The captain sent a message down to us that he knew the rock, and it was three miles from the smaller harbor under the fortress. There were other rocks on our road, and we steamed very slowly. He

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dropped anchor at a quarter to eleven. The lights of the fortress glimmered faintly—very faintly—through the mist silvered by the moon. We carried no lights ourselves, and the portholes below were curtained.

Darrell and Joynder and Richardson stood ready by me. The Prince was not there. He had been in his cabin most of the day. He had neuralgia, he said.

"Perhaps he is not well enough to come," said Darrell, softly.

I looked at my comrades and my comrades looked at me. I nodded and they nodded too.

"Now," I said, "it is my turn to tell a story."

I told him how the Prince had been out of the way when the summons came, and how we had found him; how the compass had been deflected and how the machinery had broken down; how we had found him drugged by himself to avoid coming ashore; how he lay now in the boat, bound and insensible.

In a large room as we sat at a table with wine to our hands they brought our Frank to us

"He must be well enough to come," I said. I spoke softly too.

"He must be well enough to come," Vera repeated. There was a great fear in her eyes.

We went to his cabin. The door was fastened. We broke it open. He lay on the bed unconscious. Joynder knelt down and examined him. He is a doctor. The Prince was drugged, he pronounced, and would be unconscious for many hours. Vera clasped her hands and gave a sharp cry. She was standing behind us in the doorway.

"He must have taken something for his neuralgia," she said; "and taken too much. He—he must have meant to come."

"He shall come," I said. I nodded to the others, and they lifted him and carried him to the boat; and I stood alone with Vera.

"Do you think," I asked, "that, in years to come, if our Frank were lost to us—do you think that you might have married *him*?"

"I think," she said, "that he might have wanted me to. I think— Uncle Fred" (I am no uncle, but she calls me so.) "You don't think—? You *don't* think?" She caught at my arm.

"Some one tampered with the compass on the bridge," I said. "Some one tampered with the machinery that broke down. Perhaps some one betrayed our Frank at the beginning, and has betrayed him now at the end."

"And betrayed you!"

"And betrayed us. If we do not come back you will understand."

She turned white and reeled. I took her in my arms and sat her down.

"If that is so," she said, slowly, "you must not go. You were ready to risk your lives to save his. You are his friends, and he would have done the same for you; but to throw them away for nothing—I am the guardian of his honor as well as his life; and I also love him tell you not to go."

"We shall go," I said. "God bless you, girl—dear . . . My dear child. . . . The child of a childless man. . . ."

She swayed and fainted. I laid her on the bed, kissed her forehead, and left her there.

"If we do not come back," I told the captain, "or if you are attacked, you must get away and save her."

"And if *he* comes back and you do not?" he asked.

"He will not," I said.

He nodded and jerked his shoulder and shook my hand, and I went down to the boat. I took the tiller; Richardson sat in the bows; Darrell and Joynder rowed. The Prince lay at my feet. The unlit ship grew dim in the mist and disappeared. The lights of the fortress grew nearer and nearer, and we heard the waves break on the beach.

We found the rock and the ring to tie up our boat, as we had been told by the little pale man. We tied up the Prince's hands also, and then we landed, and lurked behind the boulders that we recognized from a drawing that the little pale man had given us. I made the cry three times—the cry of the seagull with young in its nest—counting five between. It was then nearly twelve. When the clock in the fortress had struck I made the cry again. The patrol passed seen afterward. They were not three yards distant, but they passed on without seeing us, talking and laughing—four men with rifles on their shoulders. Presently I made the cry again. Soon afterward a man came toward us through the mist; only one—the little pale man. We rose, but he motioned us back and joined us behind the boulders.

"So!" he said. "The Prince has not come. I knew by the cry."

"Where is Frank?" I asked.

"Is he aboard?" he demanded, without answering me. "The Prince?"

"No," I told him.

"Then I cannot save your Frank," he said.

"Could you have saved him if the Prince were here?" I asked.

"Yes." He nodded gravely. "I will tell you. You may wonder that I put my life in your hands; but I have never been afraid to put my life in the hands of honorable gentlemen. I will tell you all. I am of the secret service. It was I who took your Frank. We did not want to take him, but we had to. His brother, whom we wanted, escaped and betrayed him. Perhaps you can guess why?"

"We can guess why," I answered.

"Also he betrayed this rescue of yours—not knowing that we knew of it already. He wrote to the Emperor himself, and the Emperor knew the hand, though he tried to disguise it."

"I suppose," I said, "there is no doubt about the hand?"

"It has been examined by experts. There is no doubt at all; and if it were not his hand I should have no doubt that he sent it. There is no doubt in the whole matter. . . . Well, our Emperor is a just man and a good; and what he said was true. For the sake of the country he must make an example of one of these princes. It should be the older one; and then the foolish, misguided boy need only be banished. He would marry his English sweetheart, and do no harm. 'Find me the real culprit,' said the Emperor, 'and this boy for whom you plead'—It was I who pleaded for him—'you may do what you will with him.'

"So I planned this rescue to bring his brother here. If he had come we should have taken him. If he were aboard we should send gunboats and take him. If we had taken him your Frank could go. In any case you would be free to go. You *are* free to do. I am in your hands, and you can shoot me, if you will. I do not much care. But I cannot save your Frank."

"Take him," I said, "and hang him in the morning."

"We believed," said the little pale man. "We do not hang." He rubbed his hands. "And now I will summon the patrol and they shall take him and bring your Frank to you; unless you will come and accept hospitality at my hands."

"I should like a drink," said Richardson. "This has been a creepy business."

"By Jove, yes!" said Joynder. He laughed curiously. "I've been wondering if I was afraid or wasn't," Darrell confessed.

"But you are not afraid to trust yourselves with me?" the little pale man suggested.

"We have no reason to be afraid to trust ourselves in the hands of an honorable gentleman," I told him. And though he was an agent of the secret service, I knew the little pale man for that.

He blew a little whistle and the patrol came swiftly and took the traitor from the boat, and went away with him; and we went with the little pale man. We passed through great iron gates and up stone staircases; and in a large room as we sat at a table with wine to our hands they brought our Frank to us. He had grown a little less of a careless boy, and a little more of a thoughtful man; but it was the same dear old Frank who loved his friends and whose friends loved him—the Frank who was worthy to mate with our Vera.

"The little girlie?" he asked. "The little girlie?"

"Aboard the yacht," I said, "waiting for you."

"God bless her!" he said; and we bowed and said amen. Sometimes I think that women like Vera do not need God's blessing. They are the blessings that He sends to us.

"And—and—?" he looked at the little pale man.

"And you should forget that you had a brother," said the little man.

"Is there no way of saving him?" he asked, with a shudder.

"None," said the little man.

"And if there were I would not save him," I said; "not even for your sake, my dear boy."

"Nor I," said Darrell and Joynder and Richardson.

Then they escorted us down to our boat, and we got in. The mist had cleared and the stars shone in the sky, and the moon made a long track across the waters. The ship lay black in the moonlight. At the top of the ladder a girl in white waited. He stood up that she might see him sooner, and waved his hand.

"Frank!" she cried. "Frank! . . . Are they all safe—our friends?"

It was like our Vera to remember us even then.

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Do Animals Reason?

By Alexander Petrunkevitch, Ph.D.

(Life member of the German Zoological Society; Fellow of New York Academy, etc.)

SEVERAL years ago, on a cold Christmas morning in north Russia, when the snow on the fields and in the woods lay already so deep that one could no longer walk without snowshoes, and the thermometer stood at zero, many members of our family heard the distant barking of a dog. It was on my father's estate, and it was easy for us to recognize by the sound that it was the bark of Bonyam, a common cur quite without pedigree, an old, untrained watch dog which had been included in the purchase of a house in Moscow, and brought along with us to this country estate. He had his own kennel and was never permitted to enter the house, but he liked to play out of doors with the children of my brother, and always accompanied me on my zoological hunting trips through the woods. We were accustomed to hearing him bark at the squirrels, and on that particular day, therefore, no one paid any attention to him. However, he continued to bark more persistently than usual and after a while another of our dogs, a mongrel female setter, was seen to make a straight line for the woods from which the barking came. Soon after she had disappeared into the woods the barking ceased, and a little later Bonyam came rushing home, and, finding my elder brother, acted so strangely and so out of the usual way, pulling with his teeth at my brother's overcoat, barking, and pulling again, that finally my brother put on his snowshoes and followed the excited dog to the woods.

The dog ran in its own tracks, and soon they reached the place where, warmed by the female setter that lay all curled up in the snow, was a tiny naked baby. How long it had been kept warm by the male dog before he was relieved by the setter is not known, but it must have been a long time, since the baby had been born some time during the night and carried apparently in the darkness of the early morning to the woods. The mother, a peasant woman employed on our estate, in fear of disgrace, would have added crime to a fault. My brother carried the baby home and restored it to its mother, who was compelled to take care of it. It is now a growing child. The dog died about two years after the incident.

Did the dog reason when he waited until another dog came to his help? Did he reason when he tried to induce my brother to follow him, persisting in his attempts until he at last succeeded, this dog which, though naturally clever, had never been trained to do anything of the kind? Do animals reason? Do they, as human beings do, draw conclusions from their experiences and bring their actions into accord with these conclusions? How often do these questions arise in the mind of every one who observes, how often has every one heard them, and how seldom do the answers agree! Some would altogether deny reasoning to animals, declaring their actions to be machine like, automatic obligatory. Others ascribe to them, at least to the higher animals, real reasoning, and discern in their actions the same motives as in man. Like the ancient great writer of fables, Æsop, they endow animals with cunning, generosity, thankfulness—in fact, with all that in human save speech—and they admit even the possibility of speech in the case of the ants. The opposing parties stand hopelessly arrayed against each other, in the best case smiling in silence at the short-sightedness of each other, at worst taking recourse in print to expressions unworthy of the high calling of science. The controversy during recent years in the popular magazines between the now famous "nature fakers" and their opponents is in its essence only an echo of the discussion which was, and to a certain extent still is going on in science.

Yet are we perfectly clear as to the question itself? Suppose, for a moment that animals do reason, that is to say, that they store up in their memory the facts of every-day experience, and later, when placed in new conditions, draw logical conclusions as we do. What means have we to lay bare the process that, hidden from the human eye, takes place in the gray substance of the brain? A human being is able to speak, to aid us by reproducing retrospectively the sequence of feelings and thoughts. Yet, even so, how often does one attribute another's action to a wrong cause, how common it is that even after an explanation the actions of another continue to seem illogical! How frequently do courts and medical experts disagree on the question of responsibility—*i.e.*, as to the real cause of an action, which the former attribute to reasoning and evil will, and the latter to an abnormal condition of mind and a will overruled by passion! It matters little to what the criminal himself attributes his action. A paranoiac may be entirely sincere in affirming that he was in possession of perfect reasoning powers at the time of his crime, though mind and action are often independent of each other.

How, then, is the question to be decided in the case of animals? We have nothing but their actions to judge from, their actions either when they are left to themselves or when they are placed in new conditions determined by the experimenter. An organism that differs from our own, a past individual life that is often unknown to the experimenter, a vast amount of possibilities to reckon with—these constitute the adverse conditions which one has to take into account.

I would ask you for a while to keep your attention on the first of these conditions. Even an organism that is different from ours—and of that there can be no question—how far can we stretch the comparison between the motives of human actions and those of similar actions on the part of animals? The method of analogy, so long in use in science, the only good method in the opinion of no less an authority than Romanes, and, indeed the only method applied by the general public, is of little value now in consequence of the investigations of the past quarter of a century. It is no idle problem, and of more than common interest, to find out whether animals see and hear, smell and taste, in the same manner as we.

Take an example from another field, from the field of unconscious actions. According to the theory of sexual selection formulated by Charles Darwin, it is to such selection, unconscious though it may be, that the secondary sexual characters, the beautiful plumage of the male birds, their mechanical songs, the odor of some butterflies, etc., are due. It is essential for this theory that the females should be able to appreciate differences in variations in color shape sound, etc., giving unconscious preference to those males whose secondary sexual characters excite them more. But where is the proof that the females do perceive such differences? And what would become of the theory if it could be shown that the sense organs of the animals are so structured that they are physically unable to perceive these differences? In an attempt to explain the sexual dimorphism of the males of a jumping spider, *Marpissa cribata*, in which the one form has three pairs of hairs on the cephalothorax, lacking in the other, Mr. and Mrs. Peckham ascribed the origin of that structure to sexual selection. The males begin their love dance in the presence of a female, showing that they have recognized the sex, at a distance from her of between ten and twenty centimetres. Now each of the pairs in question is only about 0.7 millimetres long and, according to my own investigation of the sense of sight in spiders, at the distance of ten centimetres would form an image occupying not more than one rod in each of the two large front eyes of the female her best eyes. But an object the image of which falls on not more than a single rod must, in the best case be seen only as one point, and then only provided that the light is strong enough to stimulate the rod sufficiently. Yet even in this case it is doubtful whether three adjoining rods can give the sensation of three separate points. On the contrary, it is more probable that a row of points, the image of each of which occupies a single rod, will appear as a continuous line not as a row of points. Of the truth of this in the case of human vision every one may easily assure himself by making on white paper a row of black fields one square centimeter each in such a way that their corners touch.

I tried this experiment on myself and found that I see the row of squares as a straight, broad black line with edges already parallel at a distance of about twenty nine metres, a row of black fields, each one centimetre square, but separated from one another by a space of one centimetre appears as a black line at a distance of forty two metres, while a single black square of the same size, when by itself on a sheet of white paper, becomes invisible only at a distance of about sixty metres. At the same time I am unable to see the structure of a black and white checker board made up of the same sized fields, which presents a uniform gray surface at a distance of about forty metres. If the same laws govern the vision of spiders, they see things without much detail, somewhat as we see a landscape from a distance. At any rate, the structure of their eyes prevents them from seeing many a thing visible to the human eye, just as the structure of our own eyes does not allow us to see bacilli without the aid of a microscope. And I have shown that the best spider eye known to me still sees with sixty-four times less detail than the human eye, and would require an opera glass of eight times linear magnifying power in order to make its resolving power equal to the latter. But a spider has four pairs of eyes, each pair of a different resolving capacity. To cause all pairs to see things with the same detail, it would be necessary to provide them with four pairs of opera glasses, and the pair for the "weakest" eyes would have to have a magnifying power of 150 diameters. Add to this that the spiders do not focus their eyes upon one point as human beings do, but that their eyes are immobile, all with axes directed away from one another, and that if they do see distance, their stereoscopic vision of space is based on a principle unknown to us, and is entirely different from ours. It is interesting to mention in connection with this the great discovery made by Lippman of the new stereoscopic principle of the faceted eyes of insects. Lippman calculated, and was able to prove by means of a celluloid model that a photographic plate made on the principle of a faceted eye having the axes of all lenses converging to one point and with a sensitive layer of gelatine emulsion in place of the retina, gives when viewed as a transparency, an upright image which is formed by the prolongations of the axes of the thousands of separate lenses or facettæ, and which besides being stereoscopic, appears to the observer of the natural size of the object photographed. The great difficulty in the understanding of the function and origin of the faceted eye disappears now through the work of the French physicist. The poor sense of sight credited to the insects by Plateau, Forel, and others, may yet prove to be merely an error of observation on their part. More probably the faceted eye is a great step in advance of the other, simple eyes of the insects, making possible to such robbers as dragon-flies their wonderful dashes through the air in pursuit of their winged prey.

Thus even in the case of simple perception, we have [illegible] to learn the structural limitations of function in the sense organs of each species which we may select for our experiment. Yet in the case of the eye, for example, with the exception of a few spiders which I have studied more intimately, we may safely assume that we possess no exact knowledge as to the relations between the size of the image and the structure of the retina. Indeed, as yet we do not know whether human infants have the same acuity of vision as adults.

If a male jumping spider be put in a box at some distance from a female of the same species he usually begins his love dance as soon as he becomes aware of the presence of the female. This shows us that he has recognized the female, since the dance is so characteristic that any one who has once seen it will be sure to recognize it again. Now this is a good way to find out the distance at which the male recognizes the female and the results which Peckham obtained by this method several years ago accord well with my own measurements of the acuity of vision in spiders. Some time ago I endeavored to control Peckham's experiments by means of a box specially constructed for that purpose. In this box are two galleries meeting each other at an angle and a plain mirror placed so as to have both galleries where they meet. The result of this arrangement is that a spider in either gallery cannot see his own image in the mirror, but sees the image of the entire other gallery as a prolongation of that in which he himself is. I hoped in this way to ascertain more exactly the distance at which the male first takes notice of the female. But with very few exceptions the male never danced at all before the image of the female. We know that mammals and birds and lower vertebrates have to learn by experience that the image in the mirror is not a living rival. The natural conclusion would therefore be that in the experiment the distance was too great for the spider to see the image yet thus distance (the distance between the male spider and the image of the female) was sometimes much less than the exhibition demanded, less than the distance at which a spider commences his dance in free nature. This explanation would, therefore, be entirely wrong, although at present I am unable to offer any other.

Another example will suffice to show how difficult it is to judge of the senses of an animal from observation of its actions. Every one knows that a spider will often run rapidly toward a moving insect with the evident intention of seizing it but will frequently come to a standstill when almost upon the insect if the latter stops moving. From this Plateau and others concluded that spiders do not see any object that is not in motion. Such a conclusion may be right, and it is very probable that it is; but there remains another explanation never thought of before, that in such a case the insect has moved out of the field of vision of the spider. I find a beautiful specimen of *Lycosa tigrina* living in a large glass jar the bottom of which was covered with earth. After keeping it for several days without food, I put a cockroach in the jar, and the spider at once attacked it fiercely. But the cockroach kept still, and although it was already under the mandibles of the spider, the latter also stopped, and both remained quiet for a few moments. A spider is not able to see an insect in this position, since the limit of its field of vision lies a little in front of the mandibles. After a while the spider left the cockroach and walked slowly away. A few minutes later the cockroach ran across the jar, when it was at once seized and devoured. Several times I have made similar experiments with the same result.

There is left still a third and perhaps the most probable explanation, which is that an animal, in this case the spider, does not consider an object alive unless in motion. The same spider that does not touch a live cockroach sitting motionless even well within its field of vision, will often attack a little moving wax or bread ball tied to a string, appearing thus as though it were alive. Several years ago it happened to me that, while demonstrating a microscopical preparation of *Trichina spiralis*, the renowned human parasite at roundworm to students in my class at Freiburg in Baden, I was startled by hearing one student remark to another, "Look here, the worm is alive!" I at once explained to them that the worm had been killed by me personally some six years before and had been stained, dehydrated, and enclosed in Canada balsam. All in vain. The student persisted in his idea that the worm was alive and his classmate upheld him. This is an obverse case. But what criterion, indeed, does an animal possess by means of which to distinguish between a living and a dead being or inanimate object? Here lies a field for research as yet quite untouched. Yet without this knowledge who may say whether a spider which does not attack a motionless insect really does not perceive it or seeing it, does not think it alive and a fit subject for prey just because it is motionless? In both cases the spider's action might be the same but how different the cause or motive!

But if it is difficult to draw true conclusions from the actions of animals as to the functions of their sense organs, how much more difficult it is to establish a relation between actions and the mental processes which precede and accompany them! It is generally accepted that the simplest form of action is the reflex. Stimulus—reflex action—this simplest form of activity is known to occur not only in animals, but in man as well; yet it affords no explanation of the more complicated actions. Here as is well known in the case of man at least, associations inherent between a complicated system of stimuli and the response thereto or action, and similar associations in all probability

(Continued on page 27.)

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An Amusing Play of the Wildest West

J. Wallingford Speed, the pseudo-sprinter, appears in the first act and is induced to give an exhibition of his powers for the benefit of the Flying Heart ranch cowboys

The scene in the second act when "Gabby" Gallagher, foreman of the Centipede ranch, comes to taunt the Flying Heart cowboys in order to induce them to raise their bets

The second scene of the fourth act. J. Wallingford Speed, about to start in the race with Skinner, assures Willie that he need have no fear as to the result

To produce a play of the Wildest West which contains no sheriff, outlaw, or lynching party, nor any stock characters and situations, which contains a novel and ingenious plot, and has the faculty of keeping the audience in a continuous uproar of laughter, is to command success at any New York theatre. These things have been done by Rex Beach and Paul Armstrong in their new play, *Going Some*, which is attracting large audiences at the Belasco Theatre, and, by its lon furnishing qualities and the able interpretation of a cast of excellent actors, as well as the fine staging by Paul Armstrong and J. C. Huffman, is likely to ensure for itself a successful career in the metropolis

The plot of *Going Some* hinges upon the rivalry between the Flying Heart and Centipede ranches in New Mexico, an antagonism which has almost developed into a feud in consequence of the last year's foot-race. In this race the cook of the Centipedes, one Skinner by name (William Harrigan), ran away from the best of the Flying Heart athletes, and netted for his ranch, among other stakes, a twenty-dollar phonograph, the pride of the district, with records from New York, London, and Paris, whose loss has left the Flying Heart cowboys disconsolate. There are four of these cowboys: "Still" Bill Stover, the foreman (George K. Henery); Aurelio Maria Canara (E. L. Fernandez); the Indian Cloudy (Aug. Glassmire); and Willie, a desperado (George Leach). In the midst of their lamentations appear J. Wallingford Speed (Lawrence Wheatt, 'varsity head yeller of Yale, and his coach "Larry" Glass (Walter Jones). Speed, learning the condition of affairs, volunteers his services as a competitor against the cook of the Centipedes at the forthcoming race, in order to win the love of Helen Blake (Ora Waldorp) by outshining Berkeley Fresno (Herbert Cothell), of Leland Stanford University Glee Club. Although Speed has no ability as a sprinter, he calculates that at the last moment he will be able to retire in favor of his friend Culver Covington, Yale's Intercollegiate 100 yard Champion. The cowboys, rendered enthusiastic by Speed's promises of success, wager all that they have against the Centipedes, and depart joyful in the assurance of regaining their cherished phonograph.

Now begins the contest between Speed, the pseudo-champion, and Berkeley Fresno, the songster, for the love of Helen Blake. Fresno, furious at being beaten in the lists of love, suggests to the cowboys that Speed must undergo enforced and vigorous training or the recovery of the phonograph will not be assured. The cowboys fall in with the suggestion enthusiastically, and numerous amusing situations are created thereby. Willie, the desperado, whom the programme laconically calls "a killer," forces "Larry" Glass, the trainer, at the pistol's point, to adopt a rigorous regime for his client, which includes shower-baths of iced water, a diet of raw beef and raw sage-hen eggs "to make him wild," and—best and greatest scoop for Berkeley Fresno—abstinence from feminine society. While the plot is thus ripening a telegram comes from Culver Covington. He is in jail in Omaha, and cannot arrive in time to take Speed's place in the contest. Speed and "Larry" Glass are threatened with death unless they succeed in recovering the phonograph. However, fortune amends: a second telegram arrives from Covington stating that he is on the way. Cowboy gun salutations announce his arrival. "Here comes the only man who can beat me in a 100-yard race," announces Speed, and Covington enters—on crutches. He has broken his toe. Here the curtain most felicitously falls upon the second act.

But help arrives from an unexpected quarter. Skinner, the cook of the Centipedes, is an all-round crook, and, for reasons of his own, is willing to make a deal with Speed. He appears upon the scene surreptitiously, and agrees, for a consideration of $250, to fall and lose the race. In the second scene of the fourth act the race is run. Skinner is true to his agreement, and Speed wins Helen's hand, as well as the coveted phonograph, to the strains of one of whose records the curtain finally descends, while the cowboys surround it in ecstasy.

A better cast than this has seldom been seen on Broadway. As "Larry" Glass, the coach, Walter Jones is, perhaps, the most laughter-provoking of all, though capital fun is provided by Herbert Cothell as Berkeley Fresno. One of the most humorous episodes in the play is that in which he courts Helen Blake by warbling one of the two songs known to him—the other, "Dearie," having been heard spasmodically by the audience on most of the occasions of Fresno's exits and entrances. George Leach, as Willie ("the Killer"), gives a grim and realistic exhibition of the "bad man's" tactics with shooting-irons, to the discomfiture of Glass, and is ably seconded by E. L. Fernandez as the Mexican Canara, whose weapon is a well-polished stiletto. George K. Henery's presentation of "Still" Bill Stover, the Flying Heart ranch foreman, is excellent. Lawrence Wheat, as J. Wallingford Speed; F. H. West, as Culver Covington; T. J. Corrigan, as Jack Chapin, the ranch owner; Aug. Glassmer, as the Indian Cloudy; W. Tamaeny Young, as Ah Sing Ho, the cook of the Flying Heart; Hugh Cameron, as "Gabby" Gallagher, the Centipede foreman; and William Harrigan, as Skinner, were all excellent. Ora Waldorp was charming as Helen Blake, and Muriel Starr, as Jeanne Chapin, and Laura Lemmers, as Mrs. Roberta Kemp, added zest to the performance. A tribute of praise should be paid to Crosby Little's fine impersonation of Maribelita, the Mexican servant. With few lines to speak, Crosby Little vitalized and made both prominent and amusing a rôle which in other hands might have been merely subsidiary, uninteresting, and unimportant.

THE NEW SUIT

DRAWN BY W. J. BIGGS

One Way of Tearing Down Old Buildings

A dynamited arch caught by the camera

THE front of the old Boston and Providence Railroad terminal in Boston was recently demolished by exploding a charge of twenty pounds of dynamite under its foundations. The arch was of brick, sixty-five feet in height with a span of seventy feet, and a single explosion effected its entire collapse.

DO ANIMALS REASON?

(Continued from page 34)

interest in the brain of an animal. A long chain of associations may be called forth without the intervenience of reasoning. But reasoning, to which the control of human actions is broadly attributed by the general public, is usually denied by modern zoopsychologists to animals. Why? Because, they say, we have no conclusive evidence that reasoning takes place, while, on the contrary, all animal actions may be readily explained by the simple admission of a chain of associations; because, when placed in new, unaccustomed conditions, animals apparently do not form conclusions or make use of their former experiences as human beings do. Take, for example, the celebrated experiment of Bethe on ants. He put a flat dish containing ant pupæ in the path of the ants, on a small table which could be raised by means of a screw after the manner of a piano-stool. In the beginning the surface of the table and the path were on the same plane, and the ants soon discovered the dish, which was kept filled with pupæ. As soon as the ants had learned well to carry the pupæ from this dish to their nest, Bethe began slowly to raise the table. It took weeks until the dish was at last so high that the ants could only with difficulty climb into it. Finally the dish was too high even for this. However, they were still able, by raising themselves upon their four hind legs, to touch the edge of the dish, and a few grains of sand or little sticks would have sufficed to make it again accessible. These ants belonged to a species known to construct large ant-hills, yet never once did they make an attempt to reach the dish of pupæ by building a little elevation. On the contrary, they at last desisted from all attempts to reach it. No human being, even a small child, would act in this way, but would rather make use of experience gained under other circumstances.

This furnishes conclusive proof, so think Bethe, and, with him, the majority of zoopsychologists, that ants are incapable of reasoning. It is the conclusion nearest at hand; yet it is here that the difficulty begins. The logic of thought is not the logic of action; and the logic of my thought is often not the logic of another's thought, since the premises, often hidden in the dark, may be totally different. In the same estate belonging to my father, which I mentioned in the beginning, there is a beautiful forest bordering on fields that belong to the peasants of a neighboring village. The peasants had no forest of their own and were in need of wood, so they would come by night, cut down a few trees, and carry them secretly away. This constitutes a criminal offence in Russia. My father did not want to bring the matter into court; he simply wished to protect his property, and to this end had a narrow ditch dug all along the forest. This put an end to the thefts. If the case were one of ants we would, following Bethe, conclude that they could not reason, and on this account did not construct a bridge across the narrow ditch; but since it was one of human beings we may safely conclude that they understood what the building of a bridge would mean, and did not consider it safe to prolong the thefts in this way.

Besides, what is meant by the statement that the actions of animals do not display reason? Their actions are declared to be machine-like, blindly governed by instinct alone or by the memory of former associations without the possibility of choice to act otherwise. But what choice have human beings? The modern school of psychology denies to our actions all choice, all free will. If this be so, then wherein lies the difference between man's actions and those of animals? Or, if choice does exist, is it limited to human beings? Thus we have three questions before us which must be answered, three possibilities to be reckoned with. If the first of these be true, that choice does not exist at all, or the second, that choice is limited to human beings, we shall evidently never be able to find out whether animals reason or not, since action and reasoning bear no necessary causal relation to each other, but may follow entirely independent courses. For if I have no choice, no means to accomplish a certain end that seems to me logical, how is it possible for another person from mere observation of my action to affirm that no reasoning took place inside my brain? As well might I deny that a person dreamed because he slept quietly!

Only in the case that choice exists and is a universal principle applying to animals as well as man may we hope some day to find out whether or not animals reason. It is unfortunately extremely difficult to find an example entirely free from doubt, owing to our lack of knowledge of even the most immediate causes of an action. To this we must add the fact that in the case of domestic animals we seldom know how much we have to attribute to training. Perhaps the clearest examples are to be found in the case of young animals that have been placed in conditions entirely new to them. Three years ago we had a male puppy, a pure-bred black and tan German dachshund, obtained, when three months old, from a kennel in Ohio. One day when Boy (so we called him) was about four months old, we bought a toy piano for our little daughter. She was so delighted with it that for a long time she played on it with both hands, while Boy watched her attentively. When she had finished he went straight to the piano and began to play on it with his nose. Had he used his paw, it would have been easy to explain his action by imitation. The same dog was fed from a little enamelled dish in our dining-room at the same time that we were having our meals. He soon learned, without being taught, to take the dish in his teeth and bring it to us in case he still felt hungry. But when one day we gave him soup with dog biscuits, instead of finely chopped raw meat, he refused to eat it, and after a while picked up the dish, spilled all its contents on the floor, and brought it to us with the evident intention of getting something better.

Another young dachshund belonging to my uncle was one day discovered in the act of jumping up and breaking off with his teeth beautiful peonies in his master's garden. He then gathered them all into one heap and rolled over and over in this fragrant, improvised bed of flowers. I myself was a witness of this incident, too, from the very beginning, and I know that no one had trained him to do it. What instinct or what complicated chain of associations can adequately explain these instances? Is reasoning not the simpler explanation? And was there no choice when another of my uncle's dogs, a beautiful St. Bernard, learned from observation of his own record to ring the old-fashioned bell at my uncle's house by pulling the bell-rope, in this instance an embroidered, broad band, with his teeth? Each time that he wanted to go indoors he did what he had seen human beings do, although he could as well have gone, and indeed frequently did go, through the open gate and back door to the kitchen. He learned it all by himself; but the servants, angry that they had to open the door to a dog, taught him with a whip to refrain from displaying intellect.

And yet this same dog could not outwit the common crows (*Corvus cornix*), which every day during several successive winters played the same trick on him. The feeding hour of the dog was at noon, when a big dish with steaming soup containing nice bones was put before him in the courtyard adjoining the garden. Every day the crows would come a little in advance of the feeding hour. There were about a dozen or more of these clever birds perching on the branches of the trees or walking on the snow round the place where the dish would be put. They seemed to have learned the time perfectly, and certainly they would not have gotten anything to eat if they had come a quarter of an hour later. The dog did not relish having his dinner snapped away from him and guarded the spot patiently until the dish arrived. This was the time of action for the crows. Immediately they would surround the dog. Some of them would boldly jump toward the dish, and, while the dog would be trying to scare them away, others would quickly tweak his tail. It must have been very painful, for the dog would invariably turn his head in a vain attempt to grab his assailant, and as invariably the rest of the crows would use that moment to steal bones from the dish and fly away with them. I observed this scene every day from the window of my room, and do not remember a single instance when the crows did not succeed in their trick. No one can say whether the dog thought of some other defence, but his action was undoubtedly the immediate effect of the sensation of pain.

In order to comprehend thought we should study thought; yet we are limited to the study of actions. Therefore it is that before we can answer the questions as to whether or not animals reason, we must decide whether or not their actions admit free choice, whether free will is or is not. To avoid all misunderstanding I wish to state that I do not adduce the above examples as proof of reasoning in animals, since I am well aware of the objections made to such examples by various psychologists. I made use of them—especially of the one referring to the dog pulling the bell-rope—in order to suggest the possibility of choice. My point of view is simply this: Those who deny the possibility of choice can, by the nature of things, give no proof of the non-existence of reasoning in animals, since even in man there is no necessary interdependence between thought and action. On the contrary, their connection becomes looser with the progress of the mental functions, and may disappear entirely in the case of abstract thinking. On the other hand, those who admit choice, and hence believe in free will, have first to furnish sufficient evidence of its existence, and then to give examples of animal actions more readily explicable by reasoning than by associations alone.

The same question confronts us that confronted the Greek philosophers two thousand years ago, and we are scarcely nearer the solution. In a paper on the freedom of the will I made an attempt two years ago to show that choice really exists, when I formulated the Principle of *Plural Effects*, and applied it to the actions of man. Notwithstanding the objections raised, I still think that the principle holds good. If a cause resolves itself not into a single effect only, but into many effects simultaneously, then slight changes of environment may result in different combinations of effects from the same cause. In that I see the origin of Choice, limited though it be, but step by step following the process of evolution. Or, since change without motion is unthinkable, we may put it in the form of an aphorism—Motion is Choice. If this be true, if choice really exists, then and then only may we hope in time to lift the veil which hides from us the motives of animal actions and to grasp the very process of their thought.

Uncovering the City of Jericho

THE location of the ancient city of Jericho and its walls of Biblical fame has at last been accurately established through the excavations made last year by German archæologists working in the interests of the Deutsche Orient Gesellschaft, and any tourist in Palestine may now visit the scene of Joshua's successful assault upon the wicked city.

Near the village of Ericha, close by the Dead Sea, were a collection of peculiar mounds which had long been suspected of containing interesting material relating to the life of the early peoples in that district, and very probably marked the site of Jericho. On a plateau 400 yards long by 160 feet broad and dotted with seven of these mounds excavations were begun on January 23 of last year and continued until the middle of April. Scarcely eight feet below the surface was encountered the exterior wall of the city, and it was in a remarkable state of preservation and denoted a high degree of excellence in the method of construction.

The wall is composed of three distinct parts. A filling of loam and fine gravel, a little more than a yard in depth, was laid on the solid foundation of natural rock. Above this was built a rubble wall some twenty feet in height and varying in thickness from six and a half feet at the base to eight feet at the top. This rubble had been laid with much care, great stones being used for the lower portion, with smaller ones above, and the interstices well filled in. The fortifications proper, of clay brick, surmounted the rubble and added about a dozen feet more to the height of the wall.

These walls of Jericho, whose length is estimated at nine hundred yards, were constructed with such technical precision that they compare most favorably with modern masonry. The single disadvantage which those early builders had to contend with was that the use of mortar had not then been discovered.

The Earth Is Stopping

THAT the earth experiences undulations twice a day, corresponding to the sea tides, was recently established. After working for six years in a chamber cut inside a well eighty feet below the surface of the ground, Professor Hecker, the German astronomer, has estimated that the movement of the earth, in correspondence with the tides, is about one-third as great. It rises and falls with the elasticity that would be expected if it were of the consistency of steel.

According to Sir George Darwin, who has been lecturing upon Professor Hecker's investigations, the friction of the tides acts as a brake upon the motion of the earth, which is, therefore, gradually slackening speed. As the tides are caused by the attraction of the moon, they produce a reaction whose effect is to drive the moon gradually farther and farther from the earth. There was a time when the moon was only three or four thousand miles distant, and the two bodies moved round as though they were linked together, making their revolution in a few hours. To go back to a still earlier epoch, the moon at one time probably formed part of the earth, and that the hole which it left when it broke away was filled in by the Pacific Ocean.

The Caterpillar

A Juvenile Nature Study

Tit' Caterpillar—he's all lazy,
Jus' like th' curtain in our door!
I broke a little tassel off
An' put it by him on th' floor,
An' how I knew w'ich one he to
In 'cause he walked away, you see,—
But I don't care so very much
If he don't want to play wif me!

He's got too many feet, I think,
'Cause one time I was in my swing
An' he sat down, right on my lap,
An' scared me jus' like ever'thing!
I didn't know where he came from
('Way, 'way up in th' big, high tree),
He only can have leaves to eat,
But he's as fat as he can be!

I'm glad, w'en it comes summer time,
My Mamma don't make me fur cle'es,
Th' Caterpillar mus' wear his
Jus' ever' single place he goes!
I saw him w'en he took his walk
Right up an' down our apple tree,
Wif his fur coat all buttoned up—
I guess he wished 'nt he was me!

An' w'en it's rainy—do you s'pose
Th' Caterpillar's Ma makes him
Put rubbers on so many feet
So's he won't muddy up th' limb?

MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.

Towing the Boat
BY [illegible]

Madame de S.
BY RAYMOND WOOD

Madame Frances K.
BY CLAUDE BOURDONNAIS

PAINTINGS IN THE PARIS SALON OF 1909

Landscape
BY ALFRED PIERRE AGACHE

The Young Republic
BY ALFRED ROLL

Mother and Child
BY RAYMOND WOOD

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From the Zoo to the Museum

THE Barbory lion, "Hannibal," was presented to the New York Zoological Park in 1902 by Miss Margaret Carnegie and was considered one of the finest specimens in captivity. Three years later the animal died, and the American Museum of Natural History acquired the body through the courtesy of the Zoological Society. Mr. James L. Clark, the museum's animal sculptor, prepared to mount the skin, and made a careful study of the method to be employed before undertaking the task. He took impressions in clay from living specimens at the zoo, and from this a life-size model was developed with exact reproduction of muscles, cords, and tendons. At intervals the skin was placed over the clay to insure an exact fit.

When the model was completed a plaster mould was taken, and from the latter a thin cast was made. After this had been waterproofed, the skin was adjusted and the seams carefully stitched. Then came the most delicate part of the work—the modelling of the eyes, nose, and mouth, which gives expression to the face. The photograph shows that this has been successful, and the position of rest enables the general anatomy to be displayed to advantage and eliminates the mechanical effect of taxidermy.

Putting on the finishing touches

The Indian who Invented an Alphabet

IT goes without saying that inventors of alphabets are few and far between in this day and age of the world. The A B C of civilization is centuries past. For this reason great interest attaches to Sequoyah, the Cherokee, who, having seen the whites communicate with one another by writing, composed an alphabet to represent the sounds of his own language.

The story of his invention of the alphabet and its final adoption by the Cherokee government is one that all the old-time Cherokees still remember and talk of with pride. At first the Indians did not have much faith in Sequoyah's alphabet. Up to that time his standing among his people had not been of the highest, and they did not consider him one of their wise men. They said he was a dreamer and that he was lazy. Some even hinted that he was crazy, and at best he was considered harmless. From boyhood he had been scratching his hieroglyphics on rocks and chips and trees, or made them with strands of pebbles in the sand. The older heads of the tribe paid little attention to him, as they thought his pastime of making letters was merely something to keep him busy and amuse his clouded intellect. But as time passed Sequoyah's alphabet began to assume a definite form, and he finally announced that he could teach it to others so that they could send messages. When completed it consisted of eighty-five characters, which represented syllables and sounds and was phonetic in kind. In its conception it is the very foundation of the method by which children are taught to read to-day, and he asked to be allowed to teach it by establishing schools in the tribe.

But the wise men of the tribe were incredulous, and said it would only be fooling away time to teach it to the children.

At that time Sequoyah was married and had a family. He taught his alphabet to his own little girl, at that time a child of about eight, and also to several other children of the tribe. He was then living in Alabama, but contemplated emigrating to the Indian Territory, and he said his object in teaching it to the children was that it might be preserved in case he was lost, as the Cherokees had no material upon which he alphabet could be written and kept with certainty.

He first made the trip to the Cherokee Nation alone in order to look up a location. After his arrival he wrote a letter to his little daughter, and sent it back by some Cherokees who were returning to Alabama. When the little girl read the letter, and told all the things that had happened and where her father was, the other members of the tribe were surprised and the wise men were impressed. There began to dawn upon them the usefulness of all of Sequoyah's dreaming, and shortly they began to teach it to their children.

Not long after this Sequoyah emigrated to the Cherokee Nation, where his alphabet was soon adopted by the Cherokee government, who established it in a system of public schools. An official paper of the nation was also established and printed in those characters, and that paper lasted and was printed in Cherokee up to the final dissolution of the tribe, in 1906. The Cherokee government voted Sequoyah an annuity in recognition of his work, and at his death it went to his wife.

The primal object of Sequoyah in the use of his alphabet was to find a means by which he might unify and hold together the various bands and tribes of his nation. From time to time bodies of Cherokees would become dissatisfied with acts of the tribe, and go off to live by themselves. There was no medium of intercourse among them by which they might understand one another. Sequoyah saw in that the final disintegration of his nation, and all the powers of his great mind were bent to stop the clannish discontent and weld all of the parties and sub-tribes into one uniform nation. It was his zeal to reclaim one of them last clans that finally cost him his life.

About the year 1809 the United States government contemplated measures for removing the Cherokees west of the Mississippi. Later they were consulted upon the matter, and answered through their wise men and chiefs. The majority consented, but the question divided them up into parties and bands, and one day one of those bands gathered together, embarked in boats on the Tennessee, floated away and was never heard of again. It was supposed they had gone west to the Rockies.

After Sequoyah had seen the triumph of his alphabet, he began writing a history of the Cherokee people. While engaged on his history some of the Cherokees who had been to the far West on a hunting trip, beyond the plains, reported having come across a band of Indians who spoke the Cherokee language. That interested Sequoyah, as he believed there to be the same who had deserted the tribe years before and floated down the Tennessee. He at once organized a party of about eight men, and started out to find the lost band of Cherokees. His relatives were very sad at seeing Sequoyah start on his trip, and tried to persuade him not to attempt it. They told him he would never get back. But he was in good spirits and seemed hopeful, and laughed and chatted and told them to have no fears for him. Then he examined the provisions of his party to see how they were supplied. Each man carried a little sack of kah-whe-i-tak, which is Indian corn parched and pounded up and cemented into a ball with syrup. It was one of the main foods the Indian depended upon on a hunting trip. The party expected to kill enough game to furnish them with meat.

All of the men of the party except Sequoyah returned in a few weeks. They said that when they came to the plains Sequoyah became sick with dysentery from drinking the alkali water, which was all they had there. On account of his sickness they frequently had to stop to let him rest and recuperate. Game was very scarce, and Sequoyah would send the men out each day to hunt while he stayed in camp. They made it a point to return every evening, but one day they went so far that they did not get back that night. Next day when they got back to their camp, which was in a cave in the hills, Sequoyah was gone, but had left them a letter stating that they would find him at a cave a little farther on. They went on to that cave and found him dead. He had succumbed to the dysentery and thirst, and had left them on word that they could find, except his history manuscript of the Cherokees, which he had taken with him. They decided at once to return home; so, wrapping his body together with the manuscript of his history in a blanket, they laid him high on a shelf of rocks in the cave, and started back, intending to return with a larger party for the remains.

When those men got back home and told their story, another party was at once organized and started back to get Sequoyah's body, but they could not find the cave where the men had left him. In vain they searched, and after being gone several weeks they returned and reported their bad luck. Other parties were sent out, but they had no better success. The men who had been with Sequoyah were utterly unable to find even the caves where they had camped, and consequently the last resting-place of the great Cherokee has always remained unknown.

Several years ago a skeleton was found in a cave in the Wichita mountains, which was thought at first to be that of Sequoyah, but it could not be identified with certainty. One of the thigh bones of the skeleton was defective, showing an injury in life. Sequoyah limped from a lame thigh caused by white swelling in childhood, and that seemed to be one point of identity. A Jeffersonian medal was also found with the skeleton, and it is believed that Sequoyah had such a medal given him by the United States government—but that is not certain. While Sequoyah was still living in Alabama, he was sent by the Cherokees as a delegate to Washington on the question of the removal of the tribe, and while there he received many complimentary attentions from the officials. His picture was made, and is now preserved among the archives at Washington, but whether he received a medal is not known.

Of all the brilliant Cherokees, Sequoyah was the greatest, and his name is still held by the Cherokees in profound reverence. He was unlettered and knew no English, but that did not affect the powers of his active mind. Not only his own people, but also the whites recognized his genius and strove to do him honors. It is after him that scientists have named the big trees of California *Sequoyah Gigantea*. He is said to have been the only person on the Western Hemisphere to have invented an alphabet, and historians call him the American Cadmus.

Spring Cleaning at the Capital

As an example to other American cities, Washington's recent crusade for a "spotless town" will serve as a splendid pattern because it was an unqualified success and apparently will have a lasting effect. The movement originated with the women of the Twentieth Century Club, who determined to exert their best efforts in order that the streets of the capital might present an immaculate appearance befitting a well-regulated municipality. A casual observer can see that the reform has accomplished results.

Mrs. F. V. Coville, president of the Twentieth Century Club, was the chairman of the committee which outlined the plan of campaign. A particular day was decided upon for the opening assault, and the forces were concentrated for united action. Each woman interested in the crusade agreed to see that the lawns, sidewalks, and parkings in front of her own and her neighbors' residences should be spick and span by nine o'clock on a certain morning. Not even the vacant lots were neglected, and for the first time in months their natural accumulation of broken bottles and tin cans disappeared.

Contrary to exaggerated first reports, Washington's society women did not invade the domain of the street-cleaner with brooms, rakes, and shovels in hand, as the "white wings" expected, but they supervised the work generally. Children and servants were the actual reformers. Armed with market-baskets or meal-bags, this host of warriors invested the city, and a piece of waste paper had to be extremely tiny and well hidden behind some obstruction in order to escape the ruthless hands of the pillagers. One enterprising young woman enlisted the services of a troop of small negro boys, who thoroughly removed every bit of débris around the entire block. Many of the carts belonging to the Street-Cleaning Department were accompanied on their rounds by watchful youngsters who never overlooked anything that the professionals failed to haul away.

The District government has been requested to aid in the attempt to beautify Washington by the simple means of keeping its thoroughfares clean and neat. Waste-paper boxes attached to the lamp-posts in the business section of the city have admirably served their purpose, and now others are to be scattered throughout the residential quarters. Placards are being placed in the parks and circles calling attention to the receptacles for refuse. At the request of the women's committee the Commissioner has ordered all ash-collectors to remove ashes, whether they are in cans or not, thus relieving the situation among the poorer classes who cannot afford the luxury of a metal barrel. The trash-wagons are also to be kept covered as they move through the streets, because heretofore paper and other light material would frequently be blown out and lodge on the sidewalks and lawns.

When questioned as to the length of time this "house-cleaning" was to last, one of the leaders in the crusade replied: "We are in for the scheme just so long as needed. We think the best object-lesson we can give the Commissioners is that of the women of the city being compelled to work daily toward cleaning up the streets. We are sure to win out. They won't stand for that very long. When they provide for cleaning up properly by other means, then and then only will we call it off."

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Finance

THE GREAT DEMANDS ON CAPITAL

By Franklin Escher

ONE of the mercantile agencies recently trying to get a quick report on a firm in a Southern town received the following wire from its local correspondent: "We find that Blank & Co. have just been made a large loan by the First National Bank, from which we infer that the firm is all right." Other things might have been inferred from the first half of the message, but, as it turned out, Messrs. Blank & Co. were all right.

There is something in the above which suggests the present situation—the corporations borrowing left and right and the bankers and investors only too willing to lend. Far from suggesting any weakness in the situation, the way in which the corporations have been borrowing during the past few weeks, and the readiness with which the money has been forthcoming, are the strongest possible commentary on the confidence with which the great body of investors view the outlook. There is nothing forced about the borrowing being done now—no near-by maturities of notes to be met, for instance, such as was responsible for a good deal of the borrowing which marked the close of last year. The corporations are not borrowing now because they have to, but because they want to. And that raises some interesting considerations as to why they want to—what the movement indicates and what its results are likely to be.

Above all other things, the recently developed borrowing movement ($135,000,000 of new bonds were put out during the month of April) indicates that the time has passed when the corporations did not know what to do with their money, and that in the outlook financial managers see the opportunity to employ profitably the money raised by the sales of bonds. In the next place, the class of financing being done shows very plainly the desire to avail of present easy money conditions to pay off in advance issues of bonds and notes coming due within the next few years. Thirdly, there is evident on the part of corporations the determination to fund their floating debts—to charge up to capital account (where they belong) the large expenditures for betterments and extensions which have been made during the past few years.

To come back to the first of these considerations, sales of long-term bonds such as are now being made mean increased fixed charges—more money to be paid out for coupons over a long period of years. Finance managers believe, evidently, that the money can be productively used, otherwise it would be a pretty poor policy to saddle the company with increased fixed charges. Finance managers' willingness to take on money now and start paying interest on it at once does not prove that business is to become active at once, but is an unmistakable expression of optimistic opinion on the part of men whose opinion on these questions is the very best which can possibly be had. Actions speak more loudly than words.

In the second place, it needs but very superficial examination of the new financing being done to see that the present condition of money ease is being utilized to clear away many of the financial encumbrances with which the corporations became saddled during the past two or three years. Reference is made particularly to the high interest-bearing note-issues which were put out under the stress of necessity, and which, maturing anywhere up to the end of next year, have been an eyesore to finance managers ever since the present long period of cheap money began. A stockbroker who finds himself saddled with a four per cent time loan in a long period of dirt-cheap call money can do nothing to help himself. He has made an error in judgment and he has to pay for it. But a corporation that has high interest-bearing notes out, running into next year or 1911, can help itself by refunding them with long term bonds, and that is exactly what many of the bonds being sold now are being sold for.

The clearing away of these obligations maturing during the next year or two, or at least the getting of the money in hand with which to meet them, will be an important factor when business becomes active again. Under our present currency system the distance between money plethora and money famine is very small, and corporations having notes coming due next year have no assurance but that the maturity of their obligations will coincide with one of our periodical "stringencies." London, it appears, is already confident that if trade here revives appreciably after the tariff goes into effect, a money-pinch late in the year is inevitable. If the foreigners should happen to be right in their long range view, it may be a very good thing for the situation here to have at least a fair proportion of the maturing note-issues provided for.

Then again, the present security-issuing movement represents largely the determination of the finance committees of the corporations to charge to their proper account the heavy expenditures which have been made for betterments out of current earnings. The United States Steel Corporation is supposed to have begun the capitalization of a part of its extraordinary expenditures, while the recent issue of $15,000,000 of first mortgage 5's by the Jones & Laughlin Steel Co. was avowedly for that purpose. In a number of other cases the same thing is being done. Ever since 1906 most improvements and extensions work have been paid for out of earnings—in the case of many of the corporations simply because bonds could not have been sold. While the easy money of last year would seem to have afforded the opportunity, it is a fact that the uncertainty of the business outlook restrained a number of imminent operations of this kind. Capitalizing a floating debt by selling long-term bonds means increasing fixed charges over a long period of years—something which conservative managers are apt to think over twice before doing.

But with the outlook as it is now the case is different. The prospect of a speedy settlement of the tariff, the thorough liquidation which has been going on, the wonderful showing of railroad earnings—all these are things making for confidence that we are on the right track and running fast into a period of great business activity. Money is still to be had in great abundance and at low rates. This is evidently the time, figure the finance managers, to make provision for what is coming. The $135,000,000 of new bonds issued in April is the result.

So much for the sense and reason of the present big bond issues. What of their result? Since the first of the year just half a billion dollars' worth of new securities have been put out. Not all new money borrowed from the public, of course, refunding operations making up a considerable part of the total. But here, nevertheless, is an enormous sum of money transferred from the deposit account of the private investor to the corporations' treasuries. What will be the effect?

Primarily to put the corporations in a position to buy what they need. Take the case of the railroads. Ever since the end of 1907 they have been going along on the lowest of a minimum of expenditure. Business is better now, and it is no longer necessary to cut the expense account to the last cent, but we are not many months removed from the time when the old discarded locomotives were being hauled out, patched up, and put back into service, or when the old worn-out passenger coaches were given one more coat of paint and put back on the line. Nineteen hundred and eight was a year of remarkable economies, but of economies which, as in the case of a man who wears the old suit until it is gone, inevitably call for heavy renewal expenses.

Most of the railroads are in a position where they must buy locomotives, cars, equipment of all kinds. Just now business is pretty dull and the old equipment can be made to do. But if business improves according to present indications, the railroads will be literally forced into the market for materials of all kinds. Fortunately for themselves, for the general public, and most especially of all for the good of the companies who manufacture the goods they must buy, the railroads are at last well supplied with cash.

Reports of orders for three hundred locomotives and several thousand freight cars were current last week. More are to follow. There is still an unfortunately large number of cars standing idle, but the settlement of the tariff question and the return of wheat prices to a sensible basis will soon enough set their wheels turning. The taking up of deferred electrification projects, too, should mean a great stimulus not only to the business of the electric companies, but to the copper industry as well.

As against this stimulus to business which will result from the supplying to the corporations of the capital they need, there must be considered two questions: first, whether the creation of all this volume of attractive new securities is not in opposition to the price of the old issues; and secondly, whether, large as is the supply of available capital, money rates are not bound eventually to rise in response.

Concerning this question of the effect of the issue of all these new securities upon the prices of the old, examination of the bonds recently sold suggests that they come into competition rather with high-grade investment stocks than with the first grade of mortgage bonds. It is very much of a question indeed whether the notable absence of broad public interest in the stock market is not largely attributable to the great amount of investors' money being diverted into these rather attractive new bond issues. More and more as confidence returns and the business outlook brightens do investors realize that some of these bonds now being offered to net over five per cent. are a decidedly attractive proposition; that they net more, for instance, than most high-grade stocks and that their possible margin of reaction is infinitely less. For a year now the amount of panic-produced bargains has been steadily diminishing. Where they are still to be had they come into decided competition with stocks which have gone back to pre-panic prices.

As to the effect of the new issues on the money market, were it not for the enormous supply of idle capital, rates would necessarily have risen already. Will the money market remain unaffected by these great demands upon capital? Hardly, and yet there are reasons for thinking that the effect will be comparatively slight for a good while to come. It is highly undesirable that the supply of bank notes should have increased as it has, and yet there is one good side to it—the increase in circulation to nearly $700,000,000 is a powerful factor in keeping money rates from going up. The country is full of money; the amount of available investment capital is incredibly large.

Abroad the same conditions prevail, except that in London and Paris, perhaps, the glut of money is worse than it is here. Hopes that the foreigners will assist us greatly in taking care of our big issues of new bonds are bounded on good reason, and indications are not wanting that the foreign investors are interesting themselves liberally in the new securities being put out here. The best opinion of those doing an international business in bonds is that the first visible signs of a revival in business here will be the signal for very heavy foreign participation in every one of the syndicates being formed. Foreign capital interested itself strongly in the recent issue of St. Louis and San Francisco 6's, and it needs only the realization that the corner here has been turned to draw very large amounts of Europe's capital into all our other issues. The supply of idle money abroad is enormous. A good part of it should find its way into American bonds during the course of this spring and summer.

Looking at the matter from these points of view, it seems as though the present big borrowing movement were a decidedly favorable feature in the situation, a forerunner of better things to come. As a nation we do our business on credit. A wholesale anticipatory providing of credit does not guarantee the return of the expected prosperity, but is a process which goes a long way toward clearing the obstacles out of its path.

A number of inquiries recently received refer to the advisability of selling stocks on which profits have accrued and the putting of the money into bonds. That the price of stocks has discounted a large measure of returning prosperity is plain enough, and in cases where the discounting has been particularly marked it might be well to switch over into securities in which the margin of possible reaction is less. There are a number of bonds well adapted to this purpose; bonds which net a large return, have good appreciation possibilities, and which may be expected to hold up fairly well even though the stock market suffers a relapse.

The copper market remains an enigma, and the Producers' Association figures for April which will be given out about the thirteenth are awaited with a good deal of interest. The key to the position appears to be size of surplus stocks on hand and the length of time which it will take to work off this surplus when once conditions become more active. Bearing on this point is the fact that the two leading electric companies are at present running at only a small proportion of their capacity, and that the great electrification projects which were under way when the panic came have not yet been resumed. Believers in the copper stocks are confident that resumption of the demand from this source will bring about a quick reduction in the supplies on hand.

The question of how soon dividends will be resumed on such stocks as Southern Railway and Rock Island preferred is being given a great deal of attention. The successful flouncing of the former property and its gratifying earnings statements suggest that the resumption of the dividend on the preferred is more a matter of expediency than ability. A great deal of talk is being heard, too, about the general restoration of dividends reduced last year. Atchison's statement issued last week makes it seem likely that that road will be among the first to be put back on the old basis.

If the advance in steel prices announced April 27th should mark the turn in the steel business, precedent would be closely followed. It has always been the case in the past that, when price wars were begun, consumers held off, waiting to see how low prices would actually go, and that considerable time elapsed before any real volume of buying was developed. That time seems now to have been reached, and a statement of unfilled orders on the United States Steel Company's books at the end of April would undoubtedly make a much better showing than the figures given out for the unfilled tonnage as of April 1st. The way in which the stock has held up perhaps reflects the belief of a good many people that the pauper-to-prince metamorphosis of the steel industry is under way.

C. L. I.—Do not the earnings of Union Pacific warrant its ten-per-cent. dividends? If they do, I do not see why so many people speak of the stock as "high" in comparison with Northern Pacific, St. Paul, and such roads.

Current earnings of Union Pacific fully warrant the continuance of the ten-per-cent. dividend, indications being that twenty and one-half per cent. will be earned on the common stock this fiscal year. Considering how much greater the yield from Union Pacific stock is to the investor than the yield from the other stocks you mention, it is hard to see why Union Pacific should be called "high" in comparison with them. Such a statement is perhaps based on the idea that the ten per-cent. dividend has been paid for only three years, and that in spite of present wonderful earnings there is no guarantee that the high rate will be maintained.

0. V.—Do the earnings for the United States Steel Co. reported in the papers last Tuesday warrant the payment of the dividend? I realize that times are bad but it seems to me that the surplus earned was pretty small to be paying a dividend out of.

The continuance of the regular dividend seems to us to be fully justified by earnings as reported, $5,508,187 having been earned on the common as against dividend requirements of $2,841,813. The surplus is not large, but it must be remembered that the first quarter of the present year has been a period of extreme depression in the steel trade. That the company can earn its common dividend during such a time speaks well for what it will be able to earn when conditions improve. There is further to be considered the fact that the company has accumulated a large surplus out of previous earnings.

The Gentler View

Incorrigible Nature

By Florida Pier

SAIREY GAMP and her friend Mrs. Harris, shocking old creatures that they were, with their fondness for cold salmon and cucumbers, not to mention their perfect passion for soft pillows in the small of their shameless backs, did little harm when compared to that far worse pair Mrs. Grundy and her appallingly indiscreet neighbor Dame Nature. They are public scandals, and one hesitates to mention them in refined circles.

Sairey Gamp and Mrs. Harris are on the verge of oblivion. Any number of people ponder uncomfortably at the sound of their names, and, repeating them softly, wonder if they are by any chance distant in-laws, the faint irritation connected with them being so oddly familiar. Another two generations and the old wretches will only be rediscovered by purest accident, when eccentric students delve in worm-eaten volumes. But, looking ahead into as far distant a future as any one conveniently can, Mrs Grundy and that frowsy old frump Nature are seen, on opposite sides of the fence, to be sure, but both chuckling over their unsavory jests and both crowned with an awful permanency. Dame Nature, having contrived us according to her limited talents, turns us over to be inspected by Mrs. Grundy, whose upturned eyes and hands held high in horror make us extremely uncomfortable. As we hurry by those shocked and trembling nostrils we get a first glimpse of the incorrigible tricks Nature is capable of. She has protected her every wish and her each mistake, and it is always we, not she, who pay the piper. Nature is lazy, conservative, and lacking in standards. Instead, however, of her being made to suffer for her shortcomings, she is shielded on every side, even Mrs. Grundy's antagonism giving the greatest assistance. Nature, having no reputable ideas on beauty, turns us out "lorked radishes" of the most ungainly mould. To save her face she implants modesty in our hearts, tirundy calls her clothes in an agony of sensibilities, with the result that we are covered up, Nature's bad job hidden under beautiful textures which we poor humans have to scurry around and make, while that chiffless old woman never once gets her well-deserved wigging.

To have the work of the world done it is necessary that Nature's speaking puppets should be in fairly good health. But is that neglectful creature going to make our health her business? Not at all. She has not enough instinctive neatness to rid us up and remove all unnecessary organs. She changes her plans radically when half through her work and lacks the bare morality to take a fresh start. Every one knows what troubles her makeshift methods have given us. The woman needs disciplining. She has absolutely none of the artist's feeling for finish, none of that exalted love of delicate detail which would put her in the same class with deft craftsmen. She pushes us out of her sight, tailless and gauche, indulging herself in a *chef-d'œuvre* at the rate of one in a thousand—an unevenness which has proved upsetting since the beginning of the world. As a cheap labor-saving device that ought to bring shame on her grey head, she makes ill health uncomfortable and unbecoming, so that we patiently add to our other duties the care of our complicated persons. Ignoring the fact that she gives next to no list of directions, we do our simple best, suffering keenly because she neglected to remove the working scaffold of stupidity, but from sheer inertia incorporated it with the finished beam. Realizing—and she has reached an age of great cunningness—that if we possessed a more cultivated taste than she—it is always quite possible we might refuse to keep our bodies, and, by destroying them, put her to the trouble of making more, she inserted large quantities of self-love. She saw to it that we were fond of our soft, idiotic bodies, and as there was nothing to warrant it—even she felt that in the majority of cases this would be so—that scandalous, conscienceless old woman made us fond of our bodies because they belonged to us and reasoned that to be a quite sufficient excuse for our squealing in alarm at the prick of a lackadaisical pin.

After the vast experience Nature has obviously had, it might be thought that she could see her way to making an improvement or two. We have been modest in our demands, as a matter of fact; we have taken humbly what she has given us, and, our record being the clver thing it is, we do not hesitate to say that we think she has profited very little by her many failures. Of course it is difficult to teach an old woman new stitches, but it does seem that an elimination here and there with a fresh combination to vary the monotony of ages is a thing she owes us, and a thing that any other woman of spirit would have accomplished long ago, especially with such opportunities open to her. The entire affair up to now has been conducted on unscientific, unprofessional, feminine lines. Dame Nature is the only woman of any prominence who has not gone in for higher education. She is not methodical; we doubt if she uses a formula; she is not completely sanitary, and, though it is a thing one regrets having to admit, there is no denying that some of her deductions savor of the Middle Ages. All this could be borne if it were not for her innate dishonesty. Deceit is ingrained in the woman. She tricks us; we know we are being bedwinked, yet we never have and we never will be able to save ourselves from the ignominious stumble into her trap

The "Merry Widow" outclassed

THIS ENORMOUS STRAW HAT WAS MADE AT ONE OF THE FACTORIES IN ENGLAND, AND IS THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD

She is so sure of herself, after all these years, that she no longer takes the trouble to cover her nets, but leaves them baldly about and giggles in an ill-bred manner when they trip us up.

Nothing is as unprincipled as the way she assures reproduction. She makes our greatest obligation appear the most cherished prize. Her methods are so feminine that we wring our hands in despair of the sex. She is the Tom Sawyer of all time, and the inevitableness with which we desire to whitewash that pesky fence is one of the marvels of the world. We know what she wants us to do, and we have no intention of doing it without a struggle. A turgid affair that should have been corrected in the very beginning, in these enlightened days (is it possible the word is ill chosen?) will not be condoned. People who have mechanically stepped into line and kept step to Nature's beating of time assume a trying smugness. Their smile implies that they are somehow our superiors. We—it is understood, is it not, that we stand for average agitated humanity in general?—would like to annihilate them. That being surrounded by much red tape, we can only follow their example, which guells them slightly when they see the mischief they have done. If one manages to withstand their beaming air of having achieved an unusual thing they—with Nature meanly prompting them—suggest slyly that it takes a soul of some magnitude to fall in love. These aspersions, cast upon a thing one is as sensitive about as one's soul, hurry us from pure anxiety to prove them in the wrong into an enthusiastic, pig-headed adoration of a fellow being, and that, after all, is what Nature wants. She sits back and snoozes comfortably when things are once well started. It is the sight of her indecorous indifference that arouses Mrs Grundy, who takes up the matter in its more advanced stages; and with that we have nothing to do. We have nothing much to do, anyway, with these matters which concern us so nearly, and our railing, though fully justified, is pathetically futile. The woman so has us in her hands. We do what she, from her old-fashioned point of view, suggests, and, going to sleep like babies when she thinks we need it, our one effort at freedom is to call her names. We, with minds that startle us daily and souls before which we stand awkward with admiration, wonderful we are encased with ladies managed entirely by that embarrassing old woman. We would refuse to recognize her existence if it were possible; as it is not, let it be a matter of honor with us to scowl at her approach and shy at her every demand.

Soda Cracker Logic

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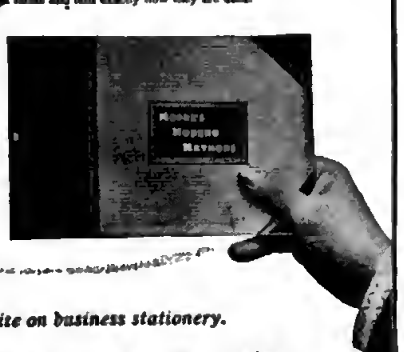

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Where the Blood Feud Flourishes

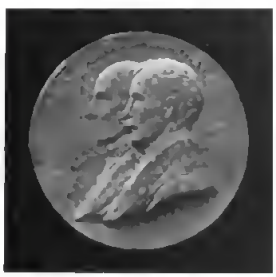
THE island of Corsica is truly the home of the vendetta, and until one hundred and fifty years ago there was an annual average of 1000 assassinations in a population which never exceeded 200,000. Since the island has been a French possession that government has tried manfully to stamp out this evil, but its success has been only partial. At the present time the assassinations average about seventy each year.

The person who kills or murders another in Corsica must either surrender himself to the law or become an outlaw and join the banditti. The bandit may never return to civilization, for even though the authorities may have ceased to search for that particular man the relatives of his victim are ever on the alert for revenge. This pursuit is endless, for unless the assassin is killed before he dies a natural death the vendetta is carried on by the following generations of both parties.

One of the most famous, or infamous, of the Corsican banditti was Antoine Bellacoscia, who died about a year ago at the age of seventy-five years. He had been outlawed for forty-five years, and together with his brother Jacques he had eluded every attempt of the French authorities to capture or kill them. It is reported that more than 3,000,000 francs were expended in useless pursuit of these men. On one occasion a large force of police surrounded the supposed mountain haunt of the brothers, but at that time Antoine was twenty miles away, disguised and working as a government laborer, while Jacques, from without the circle of gendarmerie, was an interested spectator of their movements. When Antoine was eighteen years old he had killed nine officers, but from that time on it became too troublesome to keep account of them.

An American Medal for the Wright Brothers

IN commemoration of their record-breaking flights in Europe and America in aeroplanes of their own construction, the Wright brothers are to be presented with a handsome medal by the Aero Club of America. Both Wilbur and Orville Wright are charter members of the club, and it was that organization which, in the fall of 1905, brought the brothers



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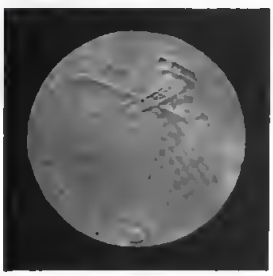

The reverse side

before the public eye by the publication of a complete account of their early experimental work in aeronautics near Dayton, Ohio.

The Wrights are expected to return to this country the middle of this month, and the presentation ceremony will take place in the East Room of the White House, President Taft officiating. The medal, which is of gold and valued at two thousand dollars, was designed by the famous medallist, Victor D. Brenner.

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How Women's Hats Preserve the Mississippi Levees

IT is difficult to see the connection between women's hats and the levees along the Mississippi River, nevertheless, absurd as this may appear in a bare statement of fact, it is the truth. During the past fall and winter feminine headdresses, in the form of the fashionable fur turbans, have indirectly been instrumental in preserving intact the great stretches of embankment which restrain the powerful Mississippi from sweeping over the surrounding country. The medium through which this interesting state of affairs has come about is the muskrat.

In practically every instance the original cause of a crevasse along the river front has been traced to a muskrat's hole, and though the State of Louisiana has tried in numerous ways to exterminate these pests, their numbers seemed to increase. Unwittingly the milliners of New Orleans came to the rescue when they purchased several hundred muskrat furs from trappers in the neighborhood, and this new trimming for the jaunty little turbans immediately sprang into popularity. Hunters quickly learned of this demand for "rats" and great numbers of pelts were poured upon the market, bringing an average price of twenty cents apiece. Without great difficulty an experienced trapper might secure several dozen skins daily, and this industry became decidedly more profitable than gunning for ducks and other game. It now appears very probable that Louisiana may rid herself entirely of the burrowing rodents which have endangered her cities and cost the State many thousands of dollars annually.

The Florida Guava

FLORIDA produces a great variety of the choicest fruits, but it never was famous for apples or peaches. However, there is the guava, concerning which little is known outside of that state, but which is an excellent substitute for either of the above-mentioned fruits, and actually seems to possess qualities of each.

The cultivated guava shrub or tree grows to a height of about twenty feet, and the size of the fruit varies between that of a small hen's egg and a large lemon. The skin is smooth, and the inside resembles the pulp of a tomato, except for the seeds, which are generally very hard. Several crops may be raised every year, the winter fruit being more tart than that which ripens in the summer months; but the between-seasons fruit is especially fine for jelly-making.

It is most unfortunate that the guava is a fruit of such a perishable nature that it appears an impossibility to ship it any great distance—the delicious red variety often crushing into a mush when carried for two or three miles in a farm wagon. For that reason it is very doubtful whether this tropical product, which should occupy a prominent place on the housewife's list, will ever gain the wide popularity that it justly deserves.

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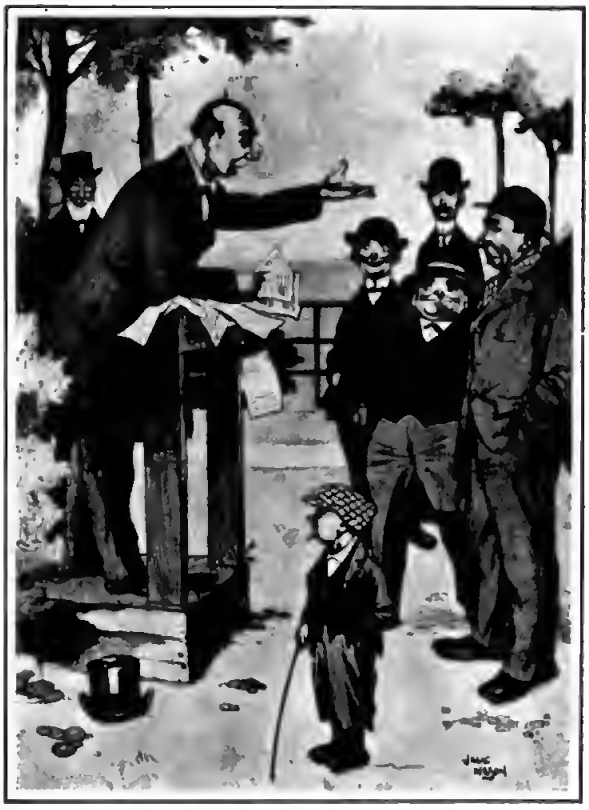

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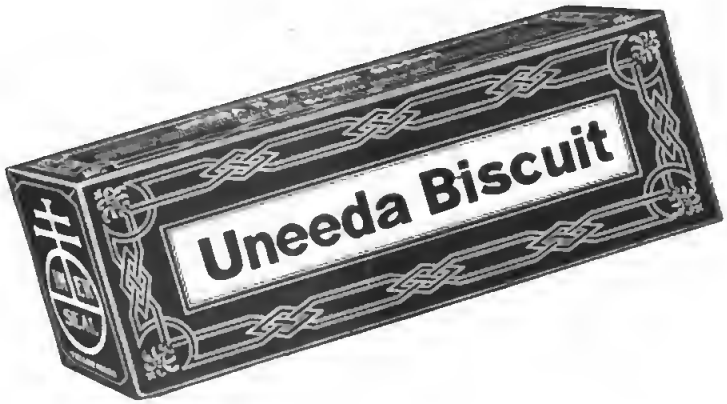

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LIII New York, May 15, 1909 No 2734

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THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

CIPRIANO CASTRO, THE EXILED PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA, EATING BREAKFAST IN HIS BUNK ON THE STEAMSHIP "VERSAILLES" WHILE ON HIS WAY BACK TO FRANCE AFTER HIS EXPULSION FROM MARTINIQUE

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LIII. No 2754

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

Looking Ahead

We now expect to see Woodrow Wilson elected Governor of the State of New Jersey in 1910 and nominated for President in 1912 upon a platform demanding tariff revision downward.

Good for Dolliver and Nelson

Courage, like lightning, clears the air. It is astonishing how, when a lot of men are standing around afraid to speak their minds in presence of a tyranny, if any one of them breaks loose and asserts his independence, the rest suddenly begin to see that perhaps, after all, it wasn't necessary to be such cowards. That is the service Senators Dolliver and Nelson have rendered to those of their Republican fellows who, though at heart desirous to grant the just popular demand for an honest revision of the tariff downward, have been obsessed with fear of Senator Aldrich and the organized selfishness he has so long skilfully and successfully represented. The spectacle of Dolliver controverting without a tremor some of Aldrich's contentions—things that Republicans have long left unchallenged simply because they assumed Aldrich knew all about it, and nobody else knew enough to count—fetching the Rhode Island Senator again and again to his feet, and every time meeting finally his explanations and denials, is little short of inspiring. Hardly less exhilarating was Dolliver's equally fearless hearding of the awful Lodge, with his overpowering air of being always about to give forth profound wisdom—which, however, has a way of always turning out to be unutterable. We wish, by the way, the revisionist Senators would prod the Massachusetts Senator some more. Though high up on the Committee on Finance, Senator Lodge doesn't know much about the tariff—or finance, either; hardly more than a friend of his who, after dodging those topics for seven and a half years, has betaken himself to foreign parts and left the results of his inaction as a legacy to President Taft.

The Democratic Slump

The other side of the picture is, however, almost as discouraging as the Republican revolt is heartening. We mean, of course, the behavior of those Democratic Senators who, far from jumping at the opportunity to join hands with men like Dolliver and Nelson and Cummins in making the fight for lower duties effective, have jumped instead into the scramble about the tariff trough. Taxed with their infidelity to their party's ancient creed, and to the language of its most recent platform, these gentlemen have resorted to the old device of whipping the devil round the stump—not, however, with enough success to escape the ridicule their kind of statesmanship so richly deserves.

There may be something in the contention of Senators Bacon and Simmons that two dollars a thousand is a proper revenue duty on lumber, and likely to bring in more money to the Government than one dollar a thousand. But their attempts to square their action in supporting any duty whatever with the Denver platform's unequivocal and unconditional demand for free lumber did not fail to evoke hilarity even in the Senate. Senator Burkett promptly pointed out that in certain States of the West, like Nebraska, that particular plank, in the hands of Bryan and other Democratic orators, caused the Republicans more trouble last autumn than anything else. Without it Bryan quite probably would not have carried Nebraska. The Peerless Leader has, no doubt, been finding, since the election, a crumb of comfort in the contemplation of his own wisdom in putting it into the platform. One can fancy, accordingly, the shock his sensitive nature must have felt at Senator Bacon's cool remark that the platform was put together hurriedly by a few men the night before the convention, and therefore hasn't really much binding force on anybody. Senator Simmons, who actually served on the platform committee, knew better. He knew where that platform really came from. But he did not trouble himself to enlighten his fellow Senator or add to the authority of a pronouncement he was himself trying to dodge. He got around it by the preposterous contention that the plank would mean what it said only if the Democrats were in power and lowering the duties all around. If that were the case, however, what would become of his argument that the two-dollar duty is a good, Democratic, for-revenue-only sort of duty and ought to stand? That, however, was not the real argument of his long speech. His speech was a plea for protection to the Southern lumbermen; and Tillman correctly characterized it as a good Republican speech—not a Democratic speech at all. In that respect it is surpassed only by the effort of Senator Fletcher, the new man from Florida, who begins his career as a Democratic Senator by asking for plenty of Republican protection for Florida timber and pine-apples.

A Strong Vocabulary in Demand

For once, we rather welcome the help of the Tillman vocabulary in characterizing such performances. "Hogs" and "trough" and "swill" and the like do not sound very well on the floor of the Senate. But neither do the things they apply to look well there. Without such language, it is hard to express one's self adequately. Tillman is not the only distinguished American who is using it. He is echoed in a quarter a long way from South Carolina. There is a saying in Massachusetts that there is nothing an Adams can't say disagreeably. It may have started in the time of old John Quincy Adams, who, in his diary, certainly said a lot of things which certain of his contemporaries, had they lived to read them, would have found very little to their liking. The present head of the house of Adams is not without his share of the family talent, and he has been some weeks in Washington, watching the scramble. One of his mildest intimations of its quality is his recalling the remarks of Garfield, that service on the Ways and Means Committee is morally depressing, and that he never knew a manufacturer to come before the committee with anything but a perfectly selfish plea for his own interests. But we do not mean to imply that Mr. Adams' address is nothing but objurgation. At bottom, it is an appeal to his countrymen, made not without shame and humiliation, against a system utterly at variance with the ideals of the founders of this Republic. Mr. Adams is not a bad man to make such an appeal; for he inherits, along with the family crotchets and whims, a splendid tradition of patriotism. Grandson of one President, great-grandson of another, son of a statesman hardly less than President, himself a historian and publicist, he may well take it upon himself to upbraid his countrymen for low departures from that austere earlier standard of national integrity which his ancestors helped to establish.

For a Bill of Particulars

Harper's Weekly notes the opinion of the *World* that Governor Hughes has been repudiated by the Republicans of New York and asks if he would listen to overtures from the Democrats. It would be like the fool Democrats to make overtures, whether he listened or not. We have better men than Hughes—the trouble is that we don't follow them.—*Jacksonville Times-Union.*

Who, among the fool Democrats, are they?

A Brutal Attack

We fear that we shall have to cancel our subscription for the *Sun* if it doesn't stop nagging Brother Roosevelt. It is all well enough for brethren to make neat little jokes at the expense of one another, but there are bounds whose overstepping serves only to bring reproach upon a noble profession and to discount the very spirit of uplift. Surely nobody has a keener appreciation of that solid fact than Dr. Mitchell, and yet the minute Brother Laffan's muchiding back is turned he takes pen in hand and with unbecoming glee adduces evidences of what he calls the "insincerity," "immorality," and goodness knows what all of the only Contributing Editor we have. Take, for example, the leading editorial now confronting us shamefully and outrageously entitled "The Yellowing Outlook." There is nothing in it; that is to say, nothing of any consequence; only two quotations—one from Brother Roosevelt's latest editorial recording a "firm conviction" that Japanese immigration ought not to be permitted, and the other from Former-President Roosevelt's thrilling message demanding that Congress forthwith enact a bill "specifically providing for the naturalization of Japanese who come here." True, a certain inconsistency is thereby made manifest, but what of it? Must an editor charged with grave responsibilities necessarily agree with a President who has a working time? We should hope not, for reasons of our own. And there is no possible excuse for holding Editor Roosevelt responsible for the sayings of President Roosevelt. One of the chief duties of a true journalist is to detect the errors in purpose and judgment of public men and sadly but firmly fetch them to the notice of a discriminating public. That Brother Roosevelt should have begun with himself is a fact greatly to his credit, emphasizing again and yet again his possession of that splendid moral courage to which our attention has been directed at rare intervals in the not distant past. Such an act merits acclaim, not derision. And it is wholly unworthy of a truly good man, such as we believe Dr. Mitchell to be, in Brother Laffan's absence, to say "*sic*, Dr. Marie," when the Contributing Editor writes "admiration and respect *is*." Admiration and respect are synonymous terms in a broad sense, and since it is only in a broad sense that an ex-President could or should be expected to write or even think, they *is*, naturally and properly and, we suppose we might add under the circumstances, righteously. Carping of this sort by a smart paper like The *Sun* is most unbecoming and irritates us excessively. Please, Dr. Mitchell, if you cannot be as good as some of us, be as much better as you can, and do destroy utterly the pen that traced that damnable allusion to "the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott's deteriorating print." We simply can't stand it and, what is more, we won't much longer.

A Query

How does it happen that, whenever a new Collector takes charge of the business of this port, he finds that corruption is rampant and that his stern duty is to eliminate innumerable abuses? Were not Secretary Loeb and Collector Fowler members of the same impeccable administration?

Mr. Jerome

Mr. Jerome at the dinner lately given to him by the Grand Jurors complained of the newspapers, because through them "we are ruled by demagogic opinions." Morse Henry Watterson gives him a column and a half of Fatherly Advice on that subject in the *Courier Journal*, the gist of which is not to mind the newspapers, because, though they are useful to give the news, nobody minds what they say. In practice Mr. Jerome has acted faithfully on that advice. Mr. Watterson tells him that in a municipal campaign in New York he can reach as many voters as the newspapers can. Very likely. It would be very interesting to watch Mr. Jerome run his kind of a Marathon for some office or other, with the *World* and the Hearst papers against him and the *Evening Post* insisting that he was not in condition. At the dinner given him on May 7th he seemed in excellent condition, and made a first-rate speech. He apologized for having hoped to accomplish the impossible and for having disappointed the over-sanguine and the over-eager. But there are very many voters in New York whom he has not disappointed, and there would be lots more after he had talked for a couple of weeks. The only opinion that is worth anything about Mr. Jerome's discharge of the duties of his present office is the opinion of competent lawyers who know when wrongdoing is criminal and indictable, and when it is not. With great unanimity the ablest lawyers endorse both his doings and his omissions. The charges formally brought against him were dismissed by Mr. Hand and Governor Hughes, both competent men. The charges informally and vociferously brought against him by the *World* and the Hearst papers cannot be dismissed, because they cannot be judged by competent examiners. They impose upon the inexpert, and doubtless will continue to do so, unless sometime Mr. Jerome overhauls them himself before the big court of public opinion.

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Kind Words

Apropos of our suggestion that Rochester seemed unduly sensitive respecting the State prison project, Brother Bertram of the *Evening Times* rises to remark that if we are "willing to associate with felons" we will be "welcome." For this gracious tender we return cordial thanks.

Who Were the Men Higher Up?

There has been a general snicker at the indictment of the Seven Wicked Weighers of the American Sugar Refining Company, and the grave assurance of the company's officers that the men had all been discharged from the company's service as soon as their malfeasances were discovered. They had to be discharged, of course, and of course it is right that they should be indicted; but as our neighbor, the *Wall Street Journal*, points out, the officers of the company that employed them "cannot, as men of ordinary common sense, suppose that the world will believe that a small band of subordinate employees, receiving salaries of not more than thirty dollars a week each at the outside, would, among themselves, organize a plot to put upward of two millions of the public's money into the pockets of the American Sugar Refining Company out of sheer altruism." No, that would be absurd. These indicted weighers and checkers were as much shined against as sinning. No other conjecture is tenable than that they were employed for many years, and paid, to cheat. We agree with the *Wall Street Journal*, above quoted, that public opinion will not (and should not) be satisfied with the punishment of a few weighers or rip-tome officers, and that "the responsibility of handing over the real criminals rests with those directors who sat upon the board of the American Sugar Refining Company through the past ten years." They are, the *Journal* says, President W. B. Thomas, Vice-President Arthur Donner, John E. Parsons, J. Mayer, C. H. Senff. They have a disagreeable job ahead of them, but we presume that, with the help of the prosecuting officer of the government, it will eventually be performed.

Republicans Ready to Reciprocate

Governor Hughes owes both his elections to Democratic voters who were unable to support the ticket and platform that Conners and Murphy manufactured.—*The World.*

Democrats who, from time to time during the last fifteen years, have voted the Republican ticket, State or national, have done a profound service to the country. It was reciprocated, last election, by Republicans who voted the Democratic State ticket in various States. It is becoming evident that if the Democrats could only be got together under a competent shepherd on the tariff question, it would be reciprocated still further and with emphasis by Western Republicans who are ready to revolt against the pretenses, exactions, and inequities of high protection.

Mississippi at Fault

Wouldn't you think this came from our neighbor the *Evening Post*?

In view of the execrable taste displayed by Mississippi when it had Jefferson Davis's portrait engraved upon the silver service designed for presentation to the battleship *Mississippi*, we can hardly blame Representative Hollingsworth, of Ohio, when he denounces the performance.

Mais non; it is from a Southern paper, and one of the best, by the way, in the South—the Charlotte (North Carolina) *Observer*. Since we have been lately accused of too much friendliness to the South, we feel all the freer to agree. The *Observer* points out that custom practically prescribes the State coat of arms as the proper ornamentation for such a gift. But no authority of custom is needed to supply reprobation for so plain an offence against good taste. No matter what one's opinions may be, it is bad taste to obtrude them upon others, who may not relish them; and a gift should be so chosen as to give pleasure to those who receive it, not to gratify the givers at the cost of embarrassment to the recipients. In plainest American, Mississippi has made a pretty bad break.

Mr. Straus Has Experience

Our fellow townsman, Oscar S. Straus, lately Secretary of Commerce, will have the advantage of a previous experience in the post of Minister to Turkey to which President Taft has appointed him. Twice before he has been our Minister to Constantinople, from 1887 to 1889, and from 1898 to 1901. If there are any old ropes left there he knows them, and will learn the new ones. Mission interests are the ones that worry our people most, and Mr. Straus understands them and is a good hand to safeguard them. Dr. Creegan, of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, is quoted as saying of him:

This is indeed a providential appointment at this time. Mr. Straus was an excellent representative when he was in Turkey before, and he is in close touch with the condition of affairs there. We have always found him most helpful to our work in the missions in that country, and hail his return to Turkey with unqualified joy.

Mr. Straus being a Jew, it is very interesting that his appointment should be so heartily welcomed by the friends of the Christian missionaries in Turkey. "Missionaries in that land of terror," says the *Evening Post*, "always speak of the halcyon days of Straus as the older army officers still talk of the golden days when Gen. Sickles was Secretary of the Interior and our Indians were receiving decent treatment." Doubtless it is the aptitudes that come of an Oriental derivation that qualify Mr. Straus to succeed in negotiations with Oriental rulers.

The New Crop of Atrocities

The stories of Armenian massacres which our newspapers have printed have been doubly distressful because there has seemed to be so little that we can do. Pity impels the horrified to help in some way, but Asia Minor is a long ways off, and the machinery that would naturally be put in motion to check the wholesale murders there has, for the time being, been out of gear. The fact that the Turkish government has changed hands since they began has complicated matters badly. There has been no one to prod. Sultan Abdul, who might at least have been stimulated by threats, lost his place and power, and the Parliamentary government has been too busy attending to him to reach out an arm to Adana. At last it seems to have done it. A military commission representing the government at Constantinople, left there on May 8th, expecting to reach Adana on May 13th. The head of it, Rewas Pasha, will have six thousand reliable troops with which to restore order. It is always hard to determine, in these murderous clashes between Armenians and Turks, where politics leave off and religion begins. The theory has been expounded that the wily Armenians contumaciously arrange to be massacred by Turks in order to provoke foreign interference in the interest of their emancipation from Turkish control. If that had been the plan it would seem to have been seriously overdone. The papers have had reports that twenty-five thousand people have been killed, which surely would be an enormous amount of bait to use in setting a trap for Turkey. The Young Turks have shown themselves to be vigorous executioners in Constantinople, and it may be that presently they will start a wholesale punishment of murderers in Adana; but that will not restore the dead, nor save the starving survivors. There seems to have been something closely approaching an extermination of male Armenians in the entire province of Adana, leaving (they tell us) about twenty-five thousand women and children homeless and without the means to live. Evidently the accounting for so vast a crime as this must be a very serious matter. That the murderers are Moslems and the dead are nominally Christians adds to the gravity of the complication. After all, race problems and feuds in Eastern Europe and Asia Minor are worse than ours. Adana makes Kentucky seem like a dove-cote.

Is He Cured?

We, the undersigned, believing in the innocence of Charles W. Morse of any intent to defraud the Bank of North America or to deceive the government officials, are willing to become responsible upon his bail bond for the sum of $5,000 each without indemnity.

The papers give thirty-five of the names signed to the petition above quoted, and they are all names of solvent and responsible persons. Wonderful is Money! It seems very wasteful to imprison him. But what it is really important to know about him is whether he is cured. If he was innocent in doing the things he did and did not, and does not know that they were wrong, there is no reason why he should not do the like again; but if he has seen new light and is cured, a long course of compulsory institutional treatment will only harm him. Punishment for the sake of retribution is little worth. Life is too short to spare time for much of it. Punishment that restrains, teaches, and cures is the only kind that is worth time and trouble.

Mexican Opinion as to Castro

Our neighbor the *Mexican Herald*, in a forcible discourse on the action of the United States in using its influence to prevent Castro from landing in the West Indies, finds that somewhat irregular proceeding to be "part of an active continental policy of which the aim is to assure the blessings of peace and good government to peoples of this continent who have suffered from chronic oppression and misrule." It proceeds to point out:

The interest which the United States is manifesting in the affairs of Central America is part of the same policy. The Central-American dictators will do well to ponder on the sad fate of Cipriano Castro, who, only a few months ago, was as absolute as they, who fondly imagined that he could defy the world, but now is a wanderer, unceremoniously packed hither and thither, regardless of his paroxysms of rage. . . . The United States now realizes that it has a mandate from civilization to check misrule, and to give its support to law and order and administrative morality, in the more backward states of this hemisphere.

We shall leave it to somebody else to say that our Mexican contemporary is mistaken, and to some other authority still to say that Uncle Sam ought not to meddle. Maybe he shouldn't, but it is much more satisfactory to read of Señor Castro viewing the Napoleon relics in Paris than it would have been to read of him raising hob in Caracas. The Mexican paper detects nothing hostile to Venezuelan independence in our government's dexterities, which it finds to have been actuated "primarily by genuine solicitude for the welfare of the Venezuelan people," though useful "subsidiarily, no doubt," in safeguarding the arrangements concluded with the Gomez government for the settlement of long-standing American claims.

Funny!

What a queer freak it was for the New York Legislature to pass a bill giving a pension of six dollars a month to Civil War veterans who enlisted from New York State, provided they lived in New York for a year preceding the enactment of the law! It has been pointed out that the powers the States neglect to use they are apt to lose to the Federal government. Perhaps that was why the New York Legislature concluded to try to exercise its pensioning power. But why attempt to cultivate at this late day a power that Congress has already exercised so long and to such great excess? The annual pension bill is $153,000,000. New York has 81,167 pensioners on the list. If they all come in for a State pension, as doubtless they would in the end, it would mean an expenditure of $6,000,000 a year. By its contribution to the national pension fund the State fulfils its duty to its Civil War veterans. An extra State pension for them has no basis in reason or in right. There is no sense in it whatever.

Seed-time and Harvest

In no other city of the world have children as little regard for law and order as in this city of New York. They stand as close as they dare to a motor, fling their hats under its wheels, dash in front of it, and dare death in a hundred ways.—*Letter to the Sun.*

And those that are not run over seem to grow up to be chauffeurs.

Revolutionary News from Paris

A number of responsible newspapers have printed this despatch:

Paris, *May 7th.*—Frenchmen, who regard King Edward as the best dressed man in Europe, have been interested in noticing, since his Majesty has been in Paris incognito, that he wears his trousers creased down the side, instead of down the front.

It is disturbing news, and improbable, yet not impossible. The King was incognito and possibly the side creases were meant for a disguise. If it is to be a new fashion there will be interesting results when it is applied to the "white ducks" of summer which sometimes get starched. But anything that can divert the British mind from war scares and *Dreadnoughts* will be welcome. Germany's mind needs diverting almost as much, and we hope the King may wear his new hags to Berlin.

A Good Beginning

This sign appears in a London shop window:

SOME GROSE EXE 6 A POT

It refers to home-grown honey and its price, and is said to mark the initial effort of our own Simplified Spelling Board, under the personal direction of Professor Brander Matthews, to inoculate the Britishers with the virus of the new orthography. God luk, oll

The French Academy

THERE is always a certain difficulty in making a just estimate of any foreign institution or of seeing the national characteristics of an alien people with exactitude. There appeared in the *River Bleue*, some half dozen years ago, a story of American life, entitled *Miss Flirt*, which was an amusing but very exasperating example of the possibility of seeing certain external characteristics with an approach to truth and yet drawing wholly false conclusions. Among other things that Miss Flirt did was to play on a grand piano in church and sing operatic music. It is undoubtedly true that we have choral and operatic music in many churches, sung often by young ladies of manners free enough to shock a French writer, and of slangy modes of speech, though hardly the slang with which the French writer in question credited his heroine, but the grand piano outraged probabilities.

It is something the same sort of exasperation that French scholars show in reading Mr. BRANDER MATTHEWS' recent article in *Munsey's*, on the French Academy. The article in question, written *à propos* of the fact that an unusually important series of elections was at hand, since six vacancies were shortly to be filled, is not of a nature to be taken very seriously, since it is quite evidently the most elementary statement of facts, suited to a very wide and preoccupied public, and its main charm consists in its dozen or so handsome portraits of handsome French authors. We cannot imagine that Mr. MATTHEWS thought he was giving very weighty or very important information about the French Academy when he quoted ARNOLD'S brief account of its inception and its ingathering under the omnipotent wings of RICHELIEU. This, as the French scholar rightly remarks, may be found more fully and correctly stated in the *Grand Larousse*, the second-rate encyclopedia consulted by grocers and yellow newspapers in France. But Mr. BRANDER MATTHEWS' audience will not consult the *Grand Larousse*, and doubtless the very banal and scanty information offered them will quite satisfy their mental yearnings. It might, perhaps, have interested them more to know that LA MESNARDIERE, a friend of RICHELIEU'S, declared that the great Cardinal had projected a yet greater institution, a grand European college of art, science, and literature, where the chief authors of Europe should be gathered together in one neutral home of dignity, security, and honor. He accomplished a high court of letters for his own nation, at any rate, and it is no slight achievement to have maintained a high tone in French letters through two and a half centuries.

Also, Mr. MATTHEWS, if he was bent on being thorough in his elementary instructions, should have mentioned, in making his list of the great who missed being members of the Academy, that writers are supposed to apply themselves for the honor of admission, and several in the list he gives—MOLIÈRE, DESCARTES, PASCAL, DIDEROT, BEAUMARCHAIS, STENDHAL, DAUDET, MAUPASSANT—did not apply. Further, some were asked and refused to consider candidacy; this is the case with ROUSSEAU (see his *Confessions*), of BERANGER (as his later biographers state), of MAUPASSANT (whom Mr. MATTHEWS calls too young for the honor). DESCARTES never lived in France after he began to write, and as to STENDHAL, although he was a thinker, he wrote like a schoolboy to the end of his days. The reason for MOLIÈRE'S exclusion is an adequate one: he was an actor, and this profession at that date was not considered respectable; but why did Mr. MATTHEWS say this was "probably" the reason? And again, why does Mr. MATTHEWS speak of the bust of MOLIÈRE, which holds the place of honor back of the President's chair, as being in "one of the halls"? Surely there is only one, and the famous inscription below the bust which every school child knows,

"Rien glory nothing lacks, but ours lacks him."

is under the "soaring dome" in the "sumptuous amphitheatre" which the professor of dramatic literature describes, later on, quite as if it were a different place. And is not the statement, "there does not happen to be at the present time any conspicuous man of letters who is excluded," a little too cutting? Among novelists one might make claims for ROD, ESTAUNIE or ROLLAND, LARSON, among writers; RENIER and ARCARO among poets, and BERNSTEIN, BATAILLE, MIRBEAU, glories of the French stage. The statement about the little aristocratic clique, and the "cabaline" in doubtless a concession of the Chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur to the feminine clientèle of *Munsey's Magazine*.

Perhaps the thought which is brought uppermost by Mr. BRANDER MATTHEWS' instructive article is the pre-eminent service of an Academy in suppressing just such banal and dilute work as this essay represents. No member of the French Academy would be guilty of it. For an Academy does demand dignity of its members. In the essay of ARNOLD, from which Mr. MATTHEWS quotes, the English author laments that his nation lacks the open and clear mind, the quick and flexible intelligence. This is a charge that cannot with equal justice be brought against Americans but the destructive forces in our life are the total lack of standards of dignity and taste, the prevailing impression that one thing is just as good as another and if it pays—a good deal better. Submission to authority, respect for scholarship, serious literary standards, are unknown among us. What we lack utterly is a "force of educated opinion, checking and rebuking those who fall below those standards or who set them at naught."

Educated opinion, of course, exists here, as everywhere, in a few scattered individuals. It is the glory of France to have given it a "centre and a rallying-point," and a force which it could not otherwise have. The special service which this very popular little piece about the French Academy in *Munsey's* might serve would be to turn readers back to that excellent and still pertinent essay of Mr. ARNOLD'S, which is quoted only in its tritest and most commonplace sentences, and to bring back to our inattentive, hurried, and horried minds its final warning: "Every one amongst us with any turn for literature will do well to remember to what shortcomings and excesses, which such an academy tends to correct, we are liable; and the more liable, of course, for not having it. He will do well constantly to try himself in respect to these, steadily to widen his culture, severely to check in himself the provincial spirit."

Correspondence

SOME PROBLEMS OF WASTE

CANTON, TEXAS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your issue of April 24th you do yourself proud and set the Brethren a good example by dissenting emphatically from the teaching of a recent article in the WEEKLY by F. W. HOWES. I beg leave to state briefly two reasons for rejecting his doctrine of the beneficence of waste. (1) When the rich man squanders his wealth in extravagant expenditure he destroys what might, by a wise parsimony, have been made to perpetuate itself as capital through generation after generation, giving employment to labor, and supplying the wants of multitudes. Does the world need this capital? Beyond a doubt. Has society a just claim upon the surplus wealth of the individual, no matter how honestly acquired, after the reasonable satisfaction of his own wants? Here again the answer must be yes. What, then, is the crime of him who squanders even his own in needless extravagance? He robs the poor, not only of his own generation, but of generations yet unborn. Does the fact that statute law is powerless to punish this crime mitigate its enormity? Not at all. Shall we let it go unpunished, then, or wink at its defence in a Journal of Civilization? No. There is a court in which it may, like other destructive humbugs and delusions, be indicted and condemned.

(2) The example set by the spendthrift is corrupting, demoralizing, and pernicious in the extreme. Waste begets waste, extravagance breeds its like, and crime is the prolific mother of crime, in this world of men in whom the ape is so strong that he seems at times to dominate the man. Millions of dollars are squandered by the poor in the mad competition that drives them to rival or outshine their richer neighbors.

The defence of waste by the press is aggravated in the present crisis by the fact that the elimination of waste has become a world problem with which the nations are now struggling in hopeless confusion—the waste of war, protection, adequate navies as a guaranty of peace, the propagandism of dogma by a jug-handle discussion that shirks the burden of proof, and sets aside all law in violating the law that the accused shall not be condemned without a hearing. As an illustration of what that method of discussion is capable of doing with men of dull, commonplace, untrained, and incoherent minds, when they attempt to carry it into practical affairs, I point to the amazing exhibition now going on at Washington, where the litigant upon whom law imposes the onus *probandi* monopolizes the discussion, and the party entitled to the benefit of the doubt gets no hearing at all.

While you are cleaning house I venture to call your attention to some other jobs needing attention. Sweep out and cast as rubbish to the void the cartoon in your issue of April 10th, "An Old Fable Revised." The tariff goose never laid a golden egg. I must borrow from Christina theology a name fit for the egg that goose lays, and call it hellandamnation.

One of the most discouraging exhibitions of human incompetency of recent times is the general abuse of Patten as a public enemy. In this unreasonable denunciation the secular press, as a rule, seems to have conspired with the entire body of the clergy to inflame the passions of the mob and provoke lawless violence. That Patten and his defender, Ogden Armour, could not venture on the street without armed guards to protect them from the fury of the mob seems to me a national shame. I hold a brief for Patten. Such men are public benefactors. I am not defending their motives. They buy and sell wheat to enrich themselves; but whether they wish it or not they serve the public. There is no excuse any longer for holding them responsible for the high price of wheat. The remark of Secretary Wilson, quoted in the WEEKLY of April 24th, is sufficient reason for his retirement. Ignorance is inexcusable when knowledge is at hand, and criminal when it incites the mob to deeds of violence. If to open to men who know nothing to say nothing. But how does the speculator in wheat benefit the consumers of bread? In pursuance of his undoubted right to buy all the wheat offered if he can, and withhold it from consumption, he (or rather the scarcity which gives him the opportunity) checks the enormous waste that marks the consumption of bread in ordinary times. The pressure of demand upon supply is lightened, and the price goes down in spite of the speculator. The economy forced upon the poor by the higher price is the true cause of their relief; but Patten helps by saving a portion from the general waste, and putting it on the market when it is needed. If he makes a profit for himself that is his right.

One more suggestion: the quarrel that keeps Uncle Sam from getting his shirt and exposes him naked to the derision of the world, is not a fight between Democratic and Republican washerwomen. The old rag labelled "Democratic Party" no longer cuts any figure, she is defunct. The wrangling at Washington that makes a host of Uncle Sam is an internecine war fare among the "tariff hogs," each rooting with all his might to get his fore feet in the trough and keep the rest out. To get his shirt and cover his intellectual and moral nakedness, Uncle Sam must abolish the tariff trough and inaugurate free trade, and nobody at Washington is talking free trade. That cartoon needs reconstruction. While the old woman sleeps in her new made grave she cannot fight Senator Aldrich, the absolute monarch, who will himself alone shape the tariff that will make the rich richer and the poor poorer for an indefinite time to come. If the fathers could see the exhibition of national incompetency now going on at Washington, they would turn over in their graves and groan. When they saddled upon us the incubus of protection they did not foresee that a system bearing so innocent a name would be the destruction of government by discussion. But everybody sees now that the organization of falsehood into laws and institutions could have no other outcome. Question that cannot be settled by the "square deal" of national discussion because the problems are insoluble by human wisdom, must be got out of the way by hook or by crook, because the country will not brook the interminable delay of discussion to which no end is in sight. Hence we tolerate the despotism of Aldrich as a choice of evils. Nevertheless, it remains true that the breakdown of government by discussion means either anarchy or despotism.

I am, sir,

A. F. HAMLETON.

What is "needless extravagance"? Who shall fix the point where expenditure begins to be needless? Don't let impatience with waste drive you to a dismal and pernicious militarianism.

Free trade is not under discussion in our politics at present. There is no reason why anybody at Washington should talk it.

Events will take care of Patten. Before determining whether he is a public benefactor or a public enemy it would be well to know precisely what he has done. We guess he is neither.—EDITOR.

LETTERS ON EAST-AFRICAN HUNTING

LONDON, ENGLAND, *April 14, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—As I sailed for England before my letters on Hunting in British East Africa appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY, I was unable to give them as careful proofreading as I should have done otherwise. May I, therefore, explain that in most cases the titles of the pictures as printed were not supplied by me, and they sometimes convey an erroneous idea.

For example, the black-maned lion pictured in the WEEKLY of April 3d as killed by me was wounded by me, but killed by others. In the case of the other lion with a similar caption I was assisted in the killing by others, as the text shows.

A picture of a wart-hog is labelled, "small but dangerous." The wart-hog is not dangerous, nor particularly small.

Another picture is entitled, "Masai guides in an attitude of diffidence." They are simply in an attitude customary when resting.

Elsewhere, in the text, there is reference to a rhinoceros killed at eight yards. This should have been eighty yards.

These corrections may seem relatively unimportant, but as a matter of fact they are important to me, since my inability to see all proofs allowed certain errors to creep in which have the effect of an exaggeration that I have particularly desired to avoid.

I am, sir,

JOHN JAY WHITE, JR.

"THE MARATHON CRAZE."

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Has not Mr. William Hemmingway allowed his enthusiasm to override his good judgment in the article you publish on May 1st, entitled "How Canada Started the Marathon Craze"? A careful examination of the records confirms my personal recollection that the first Marathon race in America was run in 1896, which was also the year of the revival of the classic run as a feature of the renewal of the Olympic games at Athens.

If ordinary long-distance walking and running were the beginning of the present Marathon craze, should we not ascribe it to the 'cross-country runs that Reg Johnson have competed in for generations? Or should not credit be given to our own Father Bill Curtis, who often led his Fresh Air Club on 'cross-country jaunts of thirty miles or more? As far back as 1882 we had long-distance races in America, and records made then are still standing. I pretty nearly ran my head off in three-hour races against Golden, Saunders, Gassman, and others 'way back in the 60's.

As a matter of fact, the present Marathon craze on this continent began when the American people read of the way little Johnny Hayes was treated when he won the Marathon event in the Olympic games at London last year. Hayes and Dorando Pietri were matched in another race in New York City, and the people, aroused by the previous contest between these runners, flocked to see them, and, presto! the boom had begun.

Perhaps I am wrong; if so, I would like to find it out; but I do not think that the word Marathon has any connection with the walks and runs they were taking in the early 80's. If you show me any report in which some of the walks and runs are termed Marathon Races, then I will apologize for all I have said and never do it again. Maybe my records are all wrong. As a matter of fact, nearly all the distance records were made thirty years ago. It is the same in England.

I am, sir,

JAMES E. SULLIVAN.

The White House Now

By Edward G. Lowry

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

THEY tell you a story in Quebec of a man who was coming, one winter morning, down the long flight of stone steps leading from the upper to the lower town. The steps were covered with ice. The man slipped, and started bumping down the long flight, on his back, feet foremost, with incredible velocity. Just as he began to gain speed he struck an old lady who was carefully poking her way downward. She fell plump upon the unfortunate man and held her seat through his dizzying flight until he stopped with a bump at the end of the long journey. He was bruised and his clothing was almost stripped from him. The woman retained her seat, holding on with frantic grasp and breathing heavily. "Madam," said the man with grave politeness, "you'll have to get off here. I don't go any farther."

That's the way we feel here in Washington in the first days of the Taft administration. It is difficult to realize that the noise and excitement is all over. Statesmen bringing olive branches to the White House and the brooding peace of the autumnal are spectacles to which Washington must become accustomed. Any one desiring to paint a great symbolic picture to be entitled "Peace" would do well to visit Court Square in Montgomery, Alabama, on an August day at noon. The scene there presented would be the very apotheosis of peace and tranquillity. Washington care grown accustomed to turmoil and din are beginning to wonder whether the White House is to become a rival silence centre.

A day's vagrant impressions of scenes about the White House under the present benign rule, contrasted with the days before the Associate Editor entered journalism, if minutely related would make a curious hodge-podge and be full of unexpected revelations. Much is lost because of the lack of a detached viewpoint. An incident or two will suffice to illustrate. The anteroom to the President's offices is always an entertaining place, especially during the morning hours when the "hand-shakers" call, in tow of their Senator or Representative. They come, of course, from all over the United States and demonstrate visibly, and afresh and continually, that, though God made man in his own image, "he hath sought out many inventions."

On a fair and spring-like morning there came boring into the press of the outer office the tall, willowy form of Vice-President Fairbanks. Capping his lengthy structure, instead of the conventional silk, was a light gray, soft hat, of the sort described by the haberdashers as "nobby," and of the jaunty style worn by the young men pictured in the spring clothing advertisements. Divers youthful promoters of publicity, whose appointed task it is to glean such information as they may from callers at the White House, were alert to perceive this incongruity of headgear and frock-coat, and with a boldness to which the ties of personal friendship entitled them cheerfully twitted the reserved Vice-President on the taste he had shown, inquiring where he had got that hat.

Mr. Fairbanks made due and proper retort in the same light spirit and passed on into the President's inner office. The curious thing is that no one noticed anything unusual in the incident until a solemn person commented to his neighbor: "The republic still endures. We remain a democracy, pure and undefiled, and plutocratic sway is indefinitely postponed. So long as the second highest officer in our government can be 'jobbed' in the White House about the sort of a hat he wears, by a bunch of kid reporters, the country is safe, and the dictum of the Declaration of Independence that all men in this country are free and equal has the force of the living law."

Pugilists, college presidents, professional wrestlers, Greek scholars, baseball teams, big game hunters, sociologists, press agents, authors, actors, Rough Riders, bad men, and gun-fighters from the West, wolf-catchers, photographers, guides, bear-hunters, artists, labor leaders—but what's the use making out the whole long diversified list. Representatives of all the "gainful occupations" as the census tables neatly phrase it, called upon President Roosevelt. It was a wonderful stream, and it furnished entertainment and gossip not only to Washington, but to the whole country. Washington correspondents counted the day lost that brought from the White House no "color story" of some new Roosevelt performance. It was gay and interesting while it lasted, and there was no intermission while Mr. Roosevelt was in Washington.

Peace has followed war. The days are sparkling and full of gold, and the White House grounds, though not so locally charted, may suffice for those who seek the Isles of the Blest. The purple grackle walks across the lawn. He is no mere hopper. He struts in a lordly way, and his attire is Tyrian purple. His vocal cord is a rusty hinge, and though overworked, the rust clings. With his mate, who shares his rule, but not his purple, the grackle is staking a claim in the Norway pine, and there within a month the young grackles will be clamorous. There is a robin on the lawn, a robin in motley. He is partly albino, and because of his oddity is shunned by his kind. The flicker is yarruping from the cottonwood. He is full of the spring and noisy as a whole congress of blackbirds, though his note is not mere noise, for he has on occasion some sense of tune.

The policy of the Taft administration is to let the purple grackle, the albino robin, and the yarruping flicker each work out its separate destiny in its own way. This is one of the points of divergence between the Roosevelt and the Taft policies. If Mr. Taft knows anything about robins or flickers or grackles or crows or field mice, his most friendly and intimate biographers have not found it out. His attitude toward the wild life in the White House grounds is precisely that of Peter Bell toward a "primrose by a river's brim."

One early spring day two years ago a chance wanderer through the White House grounds came unexpectedly upon Mr. Roosevelt. Standing under the

He was studying the blossoms of a peach

spreading branches of a Japanese magnolia, tatless, and without the usual Secret Service attendance, he was studying the blossoms of a big flowering peach, and seeking what communion with nature the big front yard of his residence afforded. Curious passers-by stared in at him through the iron pickets of the fence, but did not stop, for the Washington people accord but passing notice to the great who dwell among them. "I heard the call of the wild. This is the time when I can't stay in the house," was the President's greeting to the other man on the lawn who came upon him.

Mr. Roosevelt was always trying to interest Mr. Taft in the birds and beasts of the fields. One day Mr. Taft came into the White House offices and found Mr. Roosevelt talking with an ornithologist. Mr. Taft wanted to talk about his beloved Philippine tariff bill, but Mr. Roosevelt wouldn't have it. "Sit down, Will, and we will talk about something more interesting; we'll tell you something about birds."

"I don't believe you can interest me in natural history," replied Mr. Taft with a laugh, "and I don't want you to send me any more such books as you sent me the other day. I read it because you asked me to, and it took me nearly all night. What do I care about dog-wolves, and whether they help the wolves in procuring food for their young? I don't think I ever saw a wolf, and, certainly, I am not interested in their domestic affairs."

"You will have to wait until I have had my luncheon"

The game laws of the district have been extended

There has come into being in the past seven years a well-defined body of men known to the country at large as "friends of Roosevelt." They have no other quality of distinction. Many of them are in the government service; some of them are not. An eager curiosity exists in Washington, and the town is waiting with some impatience to see whether there will come into existence a special class of "friends of Taft." Even now alert intellects, unburdened with more important tasks, are seeking to create a "golf cabinet" for Mr. Taft. Washington believes in precedence, and the present effort, of course, is to match the Roosevelt "tennis cabinet," now dissolved into its component parts. It is a futile task to begin so early in the Taft administration.

Mr. Roosevelt had been President more than four years before he acquired his "tennis cabinet." Even then it was not his own invention, but that of a Washington correspondent who evolved the name to give point to an article about the President's playmates. Mr. Roosevelt seized upon the conception with avidity, and it was accepted by all of Washington. Every President attracts a little cluster of confidential friends and advisers who live and have their temporary importance in the shadow of his office. These changing groups were always known as "kitchen cabinets" until the last two or three years. Mr. Roosevelt had a "kitchen cabinet" until the more select "tennis cabinet" was evolved and its membership defined.

There are no White House "regulars" yet to take the place of "Jimmy" Garfield, Gifford Pinchot, Jonathon Bourne of "second elective term," and the others. Maybe there will be no successors to them. Amused persons with a passion for collecting statistics of the unimportant used to keep count of the number of times Mr. Garfield and Mr. Pinchot came daily to the White House. It used to be darkly whispered that Garfield slept on a cot under the cabinet table, whence he would spring gayly in the early morning, so as to be the first to greet the President as each new day began. This suspicion was proved to be baseless.

Gifford Pinchot must have seen Theodore Roosevelt shaved a thousand times. The shaving hour was the interval between the departure of the last of the forenoon callers and the time set for luncheon in the White House. Mr. Roosevelt was shaved by a special accountant in the little reception room between his private office and Mr. Loeb's office. He always reserved one or two of his cronies to give them special audience while he was under the barber's hands. This is another White House custom that has been abolished by Mr. Taft. His shaving is not a semi-public function, but is concluded before he makes his appearance for the day.

The first three days Mr. Taft spent in the White House were entirely consumed in shaking hands with inauguration visitors who had been unable to get away from Washington because of the storm. They overran the executive offices, coming in delegations of hundreds. Mr. Taft was finally forced to go to the East Room of the White House proper to receive his visitors. He shook hands with more than 12,000 people before the rush ended and the normal crush began. When, after four or five days, the Senators and Representatives began to get a chance to "talk business" with the new Executive they found that manners had changed in the White House.

Mr. Roosevelt had excellent terminal facilities. When he was working at top speed visitors used to pass through his office like dry leaves before a gale. They found their business transacted and themselves on the way out almost before they realized they were in Mr. Roosevelt's presence. One man coming out said, "I felt like I'd been caught in a strong draught." Mr. Taft gets through with his visitors, for the most part, quickly, but he lacks his predecessor's skill. Congressmen who came to President Roosevelt usually went away with a quick "Yes" or "No" to their petitions. Mr. Taft doesn't do business that way. Among the new President's first Congressional callers was a delegation to protest against the closing of two Southern navy-yards. They began their protest.

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"But, gentlemen," Mr. Taft interrupted, "that is Navy Department business. I have selected a Secretary of the Navy to take charge of all that sort of thing. You must go and see him."

This revolutionary proceeding was talked about for all of two days in the corridors and cloak-rooms of the Capitol. The members of Congress seemed to have forgotten that the heads of the executive departments were vested with control in their jurisdiction. The greater part of Mr. Taft's time since he has become President has been taken up by applicants and as pirants for posts in the diplomatic service. Few States have not provided at least one citizen who has not come to Washington to tell Mr. Taft confidentially, "If it hadn't been for me you never would have got the delegates from our State. You ask Hitchcock, and he'll tell you what I did for you," and then gently intimate that a mission or an embassy to some European country with a salubrious climate would be acceptable as a reward. If all the ambassadors, all the ministers, all the secretaries of embassies and legations, and all the consular officers resigned in a body to-day, there are enough applications on file at the White House to fill all their places and still leave a waiting list.

One of the early callers on President Taft among the Congressmen was a Representative from one of the Northwestern States. He saw the President and told his story. Mr. Taft heard him, but made no definite decision or reply. The Congressman came out pleased and happy. "Taft is a great man," he said. "He will listen to you—part of the time. That is a great attribute in a President." This was one of the men who didn't like Mr. Roosevelt's intuitive methods of disposing of business.

In these early days of the Taft administration that part of Washington which for one reason or another keeps close watch on the relations between the White House and the individual members of the two Houses of Congress, has summed itself by keeping tabs on the number of Senators who are finding their way to the executive offices again after an absence of seven years. Locally they are designated as "the pathfinders." In the beginning, at least, all of the Senators and all of the Representatives feel free to call upon the President when they have business to transact or favors to ask. This lacked much of being true in the closing months of the Roosevelt administration.

The number of Southern Senators and Representatives who have resumed relations with the White House has been particularly noticeable. Senator Bailey, of Texas, who has not visited the office or residence of the Chief Magistrate, either on business or socially for many years was among President Taft's first callers. "I have come to pay my tribute and respects to a most agreeable personality," he said to amazed persons in the outer office. Other Congressmen less well known, who represent districts in Southern States, have also visited the White House to establish cordial relations with the new Executive. The Southern members in Congress are firmly persuaded that in Mr. Taft their section of the country has a sympathetic friend. They did not take much stock in Mr. Roosevelt's frequent and warm protestations of friendship for the South. Nor did they believe to his sympathy for certain marked and inherent Southern feelings—call them "prejudices" if you will.

No feature of the Taft administration will prove more interesting to many observers than the progress and development of the President's relations with the Southern representatives in the two branches of Congress. Sentiment is a large factor in Southern social and political life, and in the relations between individuals. One of the secrets of Mr. Taft's success in his dealings with the Cubans, the Panamanians, and the Filipinos has been their discovery that he was *sympatico*. Granted this quality, half the battle was won. To a lesser extent, but just as surely, this quality is appreciated in the Southern States.

Mr. Taft doesn't eat any lunch. There is no need going into details to account for his abstinence. What a logician might call his "undistributed middle" has been sufficiently caricatured and photographed. Instead of joining his family at luncheon in the White House dining room, Mr. Taft marks the beginning of each afternoon by eating an apple. This practice violates another Roosevelt precedent, and has given currency to a new stock expression in Washington. In the Roosevelt days the White House luncheon was a feature of the daily life here at the capital. Mr. Roosevelt used to assemble curious companies of assorted types at his midday meal. Interesting visitors to these shores were certain to turn up sooner or later in Washington to lunch with the President. If a man wrote a book or a magazine article which interested the President, or inferred through the newspapers that he had seen a flock of passenger pigeons, or discovered a new sub-species of field mouse, or had done anything to bring himself into contemporary notice, the chances were five to one that he would receive a telegram in these terms: "Can you lunch with the President at the White House on next Thursday?" The man whose company was desired might be in Chicago or Denver or El Paso, but he always came.

Before Mr. Roosevelt left his office and went to luncheon he was shaved. People used to say: "I saw the President during the shaving hour," or, "The President has given me an appointment for the shaving hour." The new phrase is, "The President has asked me to come in to-day while he is eating his apple," or, "I am to see the President just before he eats his apple." One man who went in to see Mr. Taft the other day had not heard of the President's absent-treatment luncheon. The visitor came to the executive offices on one of the most crowded days since the inauguration. He waited from eleven o'clock in the morning until a quarter past one o'clock before he was admitted to Mr. Taft's office. He was tired. The President said: "I am very glad to see you. I am glad you have come in, but you will have to wait until I have had my luncheon." The poor man groaned aloud. "How long will that be?" he asked, resignedly. Mr. Taft did not reply. Instead he walked over to a corner of the room, poured a glass half full of spring water, and picked up a slice of lemon from a saucer. He drank the water slowly and munched the lemon. Then he came over to his desk and sat down. "Now I am through," he said, "what do you want to tell me?"

Mr. Taft's day begins at seven o'clock, when he rises. He breaks his fast at eight o'clock, and by nine he is in his office. Until ten o'clock he goes over with Secretary Carpenter his important mail and the appointments for the day. He signs some letters that have been written the day before. Promptly at ten o'clock President Taft begins to receive Senators and Representatives, and visitors who come by appointment. They crowd the Cabinet-room and the inadequate little reception-room adjoining it. They take up all of the President's time until 1.30 o'clock. When that hour arrives, whether there is a waiting list or not, Mr. Taft stops the flow and—eats his apple.

The afternoon is spent with Cabinet officers or others who have been sent for to discuss affairs of state. Broadly speaking Mr. Taft's day is divided into two parts. The forenoon is given over to those who want to see the President. The afternoon is reserved for those whom the President desires to see. If Mr. Taft is intending to take a ride he leaves his offices at five o'clock in the afternoon. Otherwise he remains continuously at his desk from nine o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock in the evening.

Mr. Roosevelt took horseback rides in the afternoon for the exercise it afforded him and to keep his weight down. Mr. Taft occasionally takes horseback rides in the afternoon for the exercise it affords him and to reduce his weight. There the resemblance ends. The difference between Mr. Roosevelt's rides and Mr. Taft's rides is the difference between the grand entry of the Rough Riders of all nations in a Buffalo Bill show and the stately ceremonial procession of a cabob in a howdah on the back of a two-hundred-year-old elephant. The identity of the dastardly scoundrel who floated the rumor that Mr. Taft's horse had been fitted with a reinforced concrete back has not been disclosed. The story is not true.

The spectacle may be called impressive

Mr. Roosevelt used to have his riding-horse sent out to Rock Creek Park. He would drive out to the end of the asphalt and begin his ride there. He jumped hurdles, forded creeks, and sought out unused bridle paths. Mr. Taft has his horse brought to the back door of the White House. There he mounts, rides out of the White House lot by a rear gate, and trots gently away along the river front or around the ellipse that lies between the White House grounds and the Washington monument. There is nothing spectacular about Mr. Taft on horseback, but the spectacle may well be called impressive.

Take it all and all, Washington is mighty happy in these opening days of the Taft administration. The game laws of the District have been extended to protect the dove of peace. There is now no "open season" during which the poor bird may be hurried,

Representatives of all the "gainful occupations"

He shook hands with more than 12,000 people

The political mood of the national capital is as serene and soothing as that of the man who sits down alone in the dusk of the day to breathe softly into a flute the strains of "The Maiden's Prayer." All is quiet along the Potomac.

New York's Empty Pews

WHY PEOPLE DO NOT GO TO CHURCH ANY MORE—SOME INTERESTING REASONS GIVEN

By Walter H. F. Grau

THE churches of New York City devote thousands of dollars annually to the cause of foreign missions, to the establishment of schools in distant China and India, and to the support there of American teachers who sacrifice all home ties in order to further the advance of the gospel among those peoples who have yet to know its influence. It is truly a noble work, and the men and women at the front deserve only the highest commendation for the task they have undertaken; yet how many of us who remain behind realize the actual state of affairs that confronts us at our very door? "But this is New York," you declare, "the metropolis of the United States and one of the most progressive communities in the world, whose citizens include every nationality and whose churches comprise all denominations." Granted that such assertions are moderately accurate, it is nevertheless a fact that New York presents one of the world's most fertile fields for missionary enterprise.

The problem that must be solved here is how to persuade the people to go to church. The places of assemblage are conveniently located; practically every one understands the significance of these edifices, and some one of the numerous methods of worship; their open doors extend a welcome each Sunday; yet only a small percentage of the city's population attend a service. This question of church attendance, and especially of church affiliation, is deeply concerning New York's pastors.

An important fact to be taken into account is that one of the evils indigenous to a great city is the individual's freedom from criticism, and from that wholesome restraint caused by regard for the good opinions of others. In the small town or village every one knows what every one else is doing, and if Smith misses church twice in succession the neighbors begin to talk. But when Smith takes up his residence in the city this is altogether different. Few know whether or not he makes a practice of omitting church from his Sunday schedule, and his mode of life is considered of no importance to any one save himself.

The Rev. Dr. John Lyon Vaughey, pastor of the Harlem Presbyterian Church of New York City, recently preached on the subject, "Why People Do Not Go to Church." He spoke of the splendid work being accomplished by the "Federation of Churches and Christian Organizations" in locating the churchless families in Greater New York and in referring them to the proper ministers, who could then follow up the detailed information thus acquired and greatly increase their congregations. Dr Vaughey illustrated his sermon by telling of the experiences of several of the canvassers while interviewing different families.

"Some people do not attend church," he remarked, "because they are not kindly received and warmly welcomed; because they are not made to feel that they are wanted in the church; because they do not find the cordial, friendly, home like atmosphere which they have a right to expect in the Christian church.

"One person was found in the canvass who said that she did not want to be spoken to when she came to church, and one of the reasons she did not attend was because people generally bothered her with their unwelcome greetings. She would be glad to come if the people would only let her alone.

"It is strange, according to the stories that are usually told, that this woman has not found a church where the people would let her alone. I fear that she has not been very persistent in her search. Generally the complaint against the church is the other way, and very often with good reason.

"I once heard a member of one of the great churches of this city state that for several Sundays a poorly dressed stranger had seated himself in the pew of some of his neighbors in the church, and that with their very evident exhibition of annoyance and displeasure they had finally succeeded in freezing him out; and now, she said, he had moved over into her pew and she supposed it would be necessary for her to go through the same process.

"Well, that poor man was more persistent than most of them would be if he ever entered that church again. Who could blame that man for never darkening the doors of a church which called itself a Christian church after such uncharitable, unkind, and unChristian treatment?"

Organized in 1895 and incorporated in 1901, the constitution of the Church Federation declares that its object "is to organize and assist the churches and Christian organizations in New York City for cooperative work on behalf of the spiritual, physical, educational, economic, and social interests of its family life; and to represent the Christian sentiment of the city in regard to moral issues." Its discoveries have been amazing, and the assistance which its tabulated data have furnished to pastors in conducting a systematic neighborhood visitation cannot be overestimated. One of the officers of the Federation has very aptly compared its duties in regard to the churches to that of a clearing house with its daily settlements of the banks' balances. Until the institution of a clearing-house was established the exchange of checks and drafts was a most confusing operation, and caused much friction between the various banking-houses before their accounts were finally adjusted. Previous to the establishment of a church clearing-house these religious units were in much the same quandary as the banks, though they did not suffer so acutely. The books of each bank had to balance within a certain length of time, but if a particular church knew of more churchless families than it could possibly visit it seldom imparted that knowledge to another pastorate in order that the latter might share in the missionary work; and so, very often, the information was put to no use.

A Protestant parish system similar, in many respects, to the parish system of the Roman Catholic Church was the aim of the founders of the Federation. The aim was that all Christian institutions in Greater New York should be drawn into closer sympathy with one another, and that a greater co-operative society be formed, with the expected result that the community at large would be benefited by a united endeavor to promote church-going.

The details for taking a canvass in the city are accurately mapped out in advance, and a single Federation district is covered at a time. Before beginning the work in any section a conference of the pastors interested in the association is held, in order that the plans may be freely discussed and the necessary subscriptions made to defray the incidental expenses of a first canvass. These meetings are valuable, incidentally, as a means of promoting friendships between the various clergymen, who otherwise, in many instances, would probably remain total strangers, though residing within a few blocks of one another.

The actual house-to-house canvass is conducted by a trained corps of workers employed by the Federation. They fill out printed forms which require the name, nationality, number of children, with their ages, any church preference, and, in tenement sections, the housing conditions. Two records are made in every instance, one of which remains permanently at the office of the Federation for tabulation and further reference, while the other is transmitted to the particular church which, according to the data given on the blank, appears to have the best right to the family in question. The canvass is not carried on at random throughout a district, but one by one each block is carefully inspected, and the records at the Federation offices are kept up to date as nearly as possible. The total number of families; those of Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Hebrew denominations; the number with and without a church home; and those claiming no denominational preference—are all accurately listed.

As an example, take the thirty-first Federation district of Manhattan, which is bounded by 110th and 134th streets and Park and Eighth avenues. The canvass in this district is now being taken, and fifty-seven blocks, with a population of 50,000 persons, have been covered. The result may be tabulated as follows:

	Families	With Church Home	Without Church Home
Protestant	4,046	2,765	1,281
Roman Catholic	2,387	2,099	288
Hebrews	6,138	1,197	4,941
All others	67	31	36
Total	12,638	6,092	6,546

A simple calculation will show that of the Hebrew families no less than 80.4 per cent. are churchless; 51.6 per cent. of the Protestants are without a fixed place of worship; 12 per cent. of the Roman Catholics claim no church home; and 53.7 per cent. of "all others" are members of no church. In the face of such figures, the appearance of the Federation of Churches with her legion of workers should be welcomed, for the task is a great one.

The first work of the Federation's "clearing-house" was in 1905, and during the next ten years thirty thousand households without a church home were visited and tabulated, while each was designated for the oversight of a particular pastor. When it is considered that in this period the Federation was in its infancy and had not reached the machine-like efficiency of to-day, its accomplishments are remarkable. After the initial canvass of a district, each church which assumes "a co-operative parish" is supplied by the association with a directory describing the population in that section. When the pastor makes his visits, he notes all changes of residence that have occurred since these data were compiled and returns such corrections to the Federation office for incorporation in the next directory. By this means a church can intelligently adapt its campaign to allow for all changes that are constantly occurring in the neighborhood.

Not only are hundreds of families reclaimed and firmly established in churches through the agency of the Federation, but many public improvements owe their origin to the same source. Locations especially suitable for public libraries, baths, parks, model tenements, and similar institutions have been pointed out, and the advice has been followed in many instances by the civic authorities with gratifying results. Nearly thirty of these institutions have now been established at an aggregate cost of more than three million dollars.

The effect of this wide-spread revival of religious zeal in the search for converts may not be evident to the casual observer, but the propaganda is destined to become a great power for good in New York City. Overlapping and rivalry in promoting the growth of congregations will no longer disturb the churches in any one section, for the preference in the matter of creeds of every new family in the neighborhood will be known, and only ministers of their own faith will seek them as recruits for their fold. The capacities of our churches will, it is confidently hoped, be taxed to overflowing and non-attendance at a religious edifice on the Sabbath should become the exception but this, of course, is looking rather far ahead.

"Church-going is, in a very great degree, a matter of habit. If the habit of going to church has been formed, we can easily overcome almost any hindrance that may arise; but if we are out of the habit of going, it is the easiest thing in the world to find some excuse, which satisfies our slumbering conscience for each Sunday as it arrives." This is the opinion of the Rev. Dr Vaughey, and few people can deny the truth of his statement of the situation. He admits, however, that there are a few valid excuses for non-church going, and he cites several of these.

"There are many," he says, "who are unable to go to church because of physical infirmities. It has been quite astonishing to learn how many of those who are reported as having no church connection are confined to their homes, or to some institution, on account of sickness, or age, or some other infirmity." Cases of this kind should always be reported to a clergyman in the vicinity, and the invalids may be admitted into full church fellowship and have the communion administered at home. In many of the charitable institutions for the infirm religious services are regularly held, and thus no real obstacles are presented in that direction to obstruct the spread of the gospel. At one "Old People's Home" there are several hundred inmates who listen to a minister every Sunday.

Frequently one meets people who boast that they are not church members, that they never attend a service, yet consider themselves fully as worthy of salvation as any one else, and feel not the slightest twinge of conscience. Dr. Vaughey tells of an instance:

"One man said to me the other evening that, although he never went to church, he thought he was just as good as any one who did; and he was willing to take his chances in this world and in the next with those who are professing Christians. Now I would not be willing to say that all the saints are within the church and all of the scoundrels are on the outside. Such a sweeping statement could hardly be substantiated. Sometimes there are, unfortunately, hypocrites in the church and sometimes, fortunately, there are real Christians outside of the church. But these people on the outside or the inside of the church, who are so self-satisfied as to see no room for improvement in their lives and no need for the helpful influence of the sanctuary are, I believe, simply deluded in their self-satisfaction and altogether deceived in their estimate of themselves. Such persons need to hear the exhortation of the Apostle Paul: 'Let no man think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but so to think, as to think soberly.'"

Dr. Vaughey quotes an interesting letter from an intelligent laboring man of New York City, wherein is set forth that common and typical plea of the need of rest and recreation on the Sabbath day instead of going to a church. Undoubtedly he voices the sentiment of many other people who consider Sunday a holiday that occurs periodically, fifty-two times a year. This writer disclaims a belief in any particular theology or creed, and discusses the matter purely from the outsider's standpoint. He begins by making the admission that, though previously having advanced as an excuse for non-attendance the number of hypocrites in the church, this is not a valid reason. But he has found the true one, namely, that when Sunday comes he is too tired to arise in time for the service. "Why," he says, "we often sleep—my brothers and I—until eleven o'clock."

After a late breakfast, if the weather is fine, he visits one of the parks in order to see the grass and trees and to breathe ole outainted by the odors of the city. He wants, he says, to forget the dull routine of the previous six days. "All the week I never set foot off the pavements. It is literally true. Down—rd Street, into the Subway, down Broadway and Liberty Street to work. Then back home by the same route. Six return trips a week. Always the same—work from morning until night. Dinner at seven. Bed at ten thirty. Up at seven. No straying off the hard stone walks on the way home to see a neighbor's new rear bank. Why, no. You couldn't pry a hole into the solid walls that line the way from my home to my work."

There is certainly force in the arguments of this city dweller, and it is difficult to refrain from sympathizing with his view of the situation. There are many business men in Greater New York who consider their case to be practically the same as the one just mentioned, though they make far different use of their Sunday freedom.

It is these various classes of people whom the Federation of Churches is striving to reach and influence. Can their arguments prevail?

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A Moralist Among French Dramatists

By George Henry Payne

IT is not for Paris that Eugène Brieux writes his plays, but for France; and therein he differs radically from his distinguished confrères. The problems of his own country agitate and worry him, and though the "young critics" think him middle-class for his ethical devotions and speak contemptuously of his renewal of the spirit of Dumas *fils*, he has aroused many of the thinking people of France to reformatory ideas and emphasized the fact that their drama and fiction are not a great credit to the French people. And it is because there is always in his plays this strong heat appeal that his dramas, clever, direct, and moving as they are, have not been seen in this country (at least in English) until Mr. Lawrence Irving made his recent interesting experiment of producing in New York Brieux' *The Incubus*.

But it is in his later play, *La Française*, that M. Brieux has undertaken a task that cannot help but interest the outsider, and that is a defense of the "morality" of the Frenchwoman and an attack on what has come to be regarded as the specialty of the French dramatist. The adulterous complication in the theatre is at present the property of all drama-producing nations (including the Chinese), but "French novel" and "French play" suggest at once to the popular mind a Gallic literary export as indigenous and distinctive as Camembert cheese.

To many it will hardly seem worth while to protest against an opinion held by people who know only in France a drama of adultery and a fiction of one idea amusingly described as realistic; but when so distinguished a dramatist as Brieux declares that the plays that are being turned out by some of his country's most distinguished writers are causing foreign nations to view France with contempt, the protest is deserving of consideration.

Thirty years ago a German critic of the French theatre hit the nail on the head when he said that the trouble was not so much with the morals of the French people as it was with the point of view of the writers, who, seeking ever the new, saw that the nation was interested in novel complications that might be described on the stage; "theatre-goers can be interested in the love of a young man for a married woman, while the love of a young man for a young girl is not thrilling."

Taking, then, the point of view of M. Brieux and other critics of the French stage, it is a curious anomaly that in the country where the drama is most successful artistically it is least representative. No country to-day compares well with France in the number of men of ability who are writing plays that are of decided literary merit, psychologically true, and dramatic. But as pictures of French life, as a representation of French morality, we are ably assured that these same interesting works are absolutely false.

Two years ago M. Brieux was sailing from Bergen after a tour through Norway, when the French consul at that place, learning that the distinguished dramatist was on board, rushed down to the dock and put out to the side of the vessel. And there, while the gongs sounded the departure of the ship, and the rain beat down on them both, the patriotic consul implored the equally patriotic dramatist to use his influence with the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, in order that something might be done to prevent foreigners from getting the impression that French literature concerned itself with only one theme and that all French people were as those shown in modern French books.

Truly a pathetic picture.

The poor man's name is not given in M. Brieux' account of the incident, but his humiliation at finding himself and his family regarded as characters out of a Paul de Kock novel or Feydeau farce ran readily be understood. To no better person could the appeal have been made. For more than twenty years M. Brieux had been dealing with just such matters of national welfare. And whether or not he has called the attention of the Minister of Foreign Affairs to the sad plea of the Bergen consul, he has done more for the cause in his own way by writing *La Française*, a play that, no matter what its influence may be, marks a turning-point in the French theatre.

To understand the position that Brieux is taking

Eugene Brieux in his study

Antoine, or rather what he brought to it, was a trenchant realism. We feel that his plays are real, and we feel that he is struggling, as matter how blindly, upward. Merely as a citation of his courage, there is his play, *Les Avariés*. It was, several years ago, the sensation of Paris, and for many nights M. Antoine came in front of the curtain before the play began, and announced that the curtain would be "held" for several moments so that those who preferred ignorance to knowledge would have an opportunity to leave the theatre.

La Française opens with M. and Mme. Gontier at their villa in Trouville awaiting the arrival of their nephew Charles, who was born in America and is about to make his first visit to France. The young man's father had returned to France many years before, leaving his son in charge of a friend, Bartlett, a ranch-owner in the West. Charles and his friend Bartlett arrive, both very American—from the French point of view. That to us these two characters are somewhat unreal is not a matter of great importance. To French people they are undoubtedly amusing and true, and when we consider that nations no longer go to war because they fail to see one another through the home spectacles, there is little cause for complaint in "portraiture" that is simply an artistic distortion. And we who never see anything but gross caricatures of Frenchmen on our stage have hardly the right to protest.

This ranch-owner speaks French most fluently, though he is obliged occasionally to ask the assistance of Charles. In the West, he says, he has read many French novels, and in the two weeks he spends in Paris he is amazed to find that the impression that he had of the French people from reading their novels is borne out. When, therefore, in the third act Mme. Gontier, with French politeness, begs him to remain the guest of her husband "for her sake," he mistakes the import of the solicitation and makes very crude love to the lady.

The American will rebel at the thought that a fellow countryman could be so stupid as Bartlett is in the scene that follows, but that is a minor matter, for we are bound to regard the "American ranch-owner" as representative of a class of foreigners as they appear to M. Brieux.

Mme. Gontier with much good nature endeavors to point out to Bartlett that he is acting rather foolishly. He apologizes for having made a "mistake"—of course he knew there must be "exceptions." Mme. Gontier demands an explanation of the word "exceptions," and then occurs the chief scene of his play:

Bartlett. "Exceptions! Why not? Whom am I to believe, whom am I to regard as authorities? For ten years I have been reading your French novels; pictures, as I understood them, of French morals. Not one was there in which a woman did not deceive her husband. I arrive at Trouville, and everything there is most easy-going and irresponsible. At Paris I go to the theatre, four nights running to four different theatres, and yet I am hardly able to believe that I am not seeing the same play. I am not entirely correct—the last one I saw was different from the others—the heroine did not have a lover—she had three. And the women that I have met in Paris—"

Mme. Gontier. "You must not judge Frenchwomen by our novels nor our plays, nor yet by the Parisian ladies who have been so hospitable to you. And it is necessary that you should learn that, in spite of all that you have read, in spite of all that you have seen, you know nothing of either the literature of the women of this country. . . . Think that despite vilification there are honest women in France. They are those you do not see, the great majority, who live wrapped up in their husbands and their children and their homes—in those homes where you foreigners never penetrate. They are the women that you do not see on the boulevards, nor meet in promenades at concerts, nor in those centres of debauchery where you, the foreigners, are the best clients."

Bartlett's reply to this is a mixture of French and English apologies. The curtain goes down with Bartlett alone in the middle of the stage uttering in his discomfiture a line that will appeal not only to Frenchmen but to all the pestered male visitors to Paris:

"*Si jamais je le retrouve, le jeune homme du Grand Hôtel!*"

There is in the play a secondary and supplementary interest, for if Brieux has made one of his objectionable characters an American, one of his most pleasing is of the same country. From the French point of view Charles is a typical American, and his outburst against the mercenary marriages in France wins him the plaudits of the best French people and the heart of a representative French girl of the intellectual class. The business interest in the play is one of the dramatic signs of the times, and is handled with Brieux' acknowledged adroitness and ability.

All the critics have praised the play for its tension and dramatic quality; not all have seen the necessity of it, and a few have declared that Brieux is bourgeois. But they all agree with M. Paul Sonday, of *L'Eclair*, that it is a drama that Frenchmen would like to have played frequently to those foreigners who have formed, or are about to form, an opinion of the home life of the French people.

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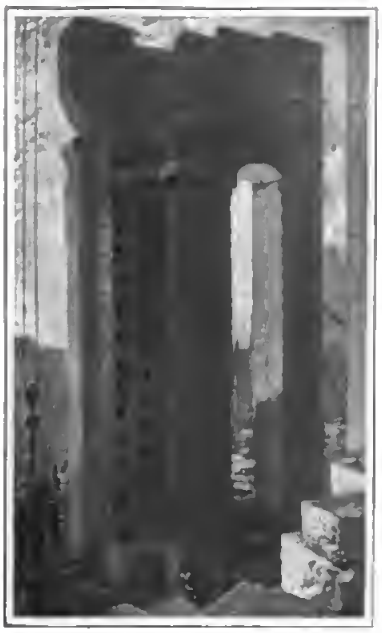
The Spirit of Cathedral Walls

By Philip Verrill Mighels

ILLUSTRATED BY G. H. SHONEY



There are giant piers, colossal arches

NEW YORK is building a poem out of stone. In granite and marble she is rearing up a temple, destined to stand unmatched in all this Western world. The epic of religious thought has been written, all the ages through, in stone. From the pagan ruins in tropic Honduras, past the pyramids of Egypt, and the Druid stones on Salisbury plain, to the shadow of the perfect Taj Mahel, the tale is fundamentally the same—a tale of men's effort to express to his God the cry of his worshipping being.

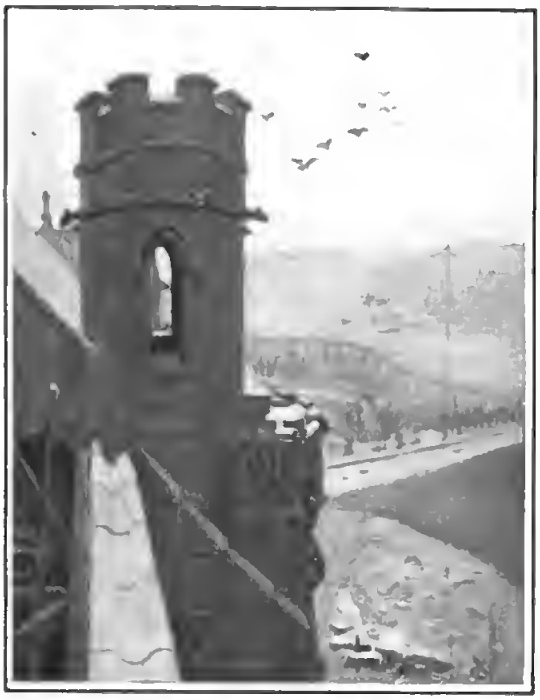
It seems in a way almost incongruous to speak of the birth of this colossal pile. It might appear to the patient observer of its growth much more like the slow articulation of the granite bones of some prodigious creature of the age of giant forms. Already some of its huge, gaunt members, that are uplifted scarcely more than to a third of the height to which the dome shall at last achieve, rise stupendously above the objects near at hand and convey a most impressive sense of size. Indeed, all there is at the present time is a family of giant things, one day to be united in structure to become the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in the city of New York. There are giant piers, colossal arches, tremendous foundations, and massed-up heaps of stone such as nature has employed in building mountains. Already the features are poetic—poetic in size, in a rough-hewn quality of strength, in their rugged relationship to natural cliffs, the temples that God has erected. They are rude, strong poems of the parenthood of toil; there is something elemental in their grandeur.

The scene all about is a large thing, done in masses. Thousands of tons of granite blocks are piled on all the site, and monster derricks rise on every hand. Aloft a ten-foot slab of stone swings so high in the air as to deny all sense of bulk. Out of a yawning excavation lift the piers that will some day shoulder up the dome—their granite slabs all interlocked like the rough-knuckled fingers of a Titan. Back of these piers, rudely floored, lofty and dim, is the half-roofed choir of the structure—such a medley of scaffoldings, carved niches for saints, gigantic bareness of the skeleton, arches, open windows, sunlight, shadow, and dust as one may rarely behold. Far in the rear of this, again, stand the greatest plinths of granite ever quarried in the Western continent, eight massive pillars, six feet through, and towering up in support with their bulk the vaulted arch above the chancel. And back of these are the "Chapels of the Tongues," small churches in themselves, where the stranger may come to worship in the tongue he learned to love at the one real altar of altars, old or new—his childhood stand beside his mother's knee.

The only portions of the cathedral approximating completion are some of these chapels at the rear. They have already been places of tongues, as indeed have all the portions of the temple.

From nearly every nation the cathedral workmen came, hundreds to add their much or little to the pile and pass on their way to other labors. Foreigners and Americans, the men engaged upon the work here not only babbled in a score of languages, but day after day have bawled forth directions or questions or replies through megaphones, made necessary by the voice losing size of the place.

The scene about the site today is heterogeneous in the extreme. Beauty, confusion and débris, majesty, rubbish and order, clatter and creaking and dove note—all these and more are present all the week. Except for a few men needed on the ground, the builders are nearly all far up on the ever-rising piers or roofs, to which all material is hoisted. An endless-chain contrivance, clanking incessantly, lifts loaded hods far up through a labyrinth of scaffolding, past niches, glassless windows, and arch succeeding arch. A dust of labor sifts all day from the roofs through all the hollow choir. Splinters, blobs of mortar, and pieces of brick are constantly falling from above. Birds and the sun alone enter all around, the sparrows to build their nests high up in the lofts, the light beams to lay their shifting gold upon the incompleted work in patches that deepen the shadows. With all the inevitable litter, noise, and signs of unfinish, the place is nevertheless astonishingly splendid. Its vastness, its loftiness, the wonderful promise of its arches, pillars and piers, its atmosphere of sanctity—some way all of it touches the awe-inspiring note of sublimity and quickens the pulses of the soul. Looking out from the chancel, one is impressed with the hugeness of the work. The stark piers seem almost the remnants of some rugged cliff that Nature herself once constructed. They have grown, as it were, in geologic periods, sometimes rising twenty feet or more in one such "age" of activity, only to halt and be weathered there for long, and then go onward as before. Old work and older, new work and newer, show stratifications very plainly. Massed about them everywhere are more of the slabs of hinish granite that will sometime, embedded in cement, continue the upraise of the pile.



Poetic in a rough-hewn quality of strength

A dust of labor sifts all day from the roofs

All of this rough-hewn stone will disappear when the walls are completed within and without and softer, carven stone is laid in veneer upon them bulk. These quarry-fresh slabs are the lowly burden-bearers of it all, and when settled in place will occupy the same relation to the fully finished cathedral that the workmen who pile them up will occupy to those who will come there to worship.

But few lay visitors are permitted to climb the narrow pathway to the top of the portions now nearing completion. The artist and I, exploring all the work, ascended by a winding stair, then out over bridges made of bending planks, and up by ladders to the arch above an arch that closes in the roof of the choir. We were face to face with gargoyles when at last we emerged from the shaft. They thrust their heads aggressively forth, all of them scowling from a granite tower that overlooked the beauty of the world. Like anchored evils, harmless at last, they must needs fulfil the functions of mere ornaments, since their terrors have long since departed.

Below was a park, and beyond it, like a pavement, brown and flat, the mosaic of the city roofs stretched endlessly off to the northward. High up there in the blazing sun the choir top swarmed

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with busy workmen. With lifts, with reinforcing steel, and with buckets of cement they were closing in the roof. Far out upon a platform built of planks were other laborers, and beyond them were men on the piers. Up among the arches and roof little caves these workers had chosen seats for lunching. Their coats and dinner pails, hung upon the nails, mutely attest the lowly humanism of all things built to be divine.

Where fifty or a hundred men—apprentices, villains, and terror-driven monks—once toiled like animals bound to the yoke, to drag, to push, to heave a block of stone up some long, disheartening elevation of their walls, to-day there is scarcely need for a man to lift more than a brick with his hand. Where once a thousand swarmed upon the jobs, like ants that know no thought but ceaseless zeal, to-day a hundred, plus the power of steam, perform more than double the labor. Where once each patient cutter of the stone wrought for weeks at a time to reduce to his needs the block that must fit in a column, to-day a machine, almost savage in its might, will plane off an inch at a cutting from a monolith ten feet or more in length.

The picture of the mighty works achieved in the ages of the past, how-ever replete with romance, with color, and with sentiment, is harsh with strained muscles of men. Toiling black slaves upon the pyramids, agleam with their sweat; toiling gaunt friars in cathedral shades, begrimed with the dust of the rock; toiling grim house carls of the feudal lord, who would expiate his many crimes by building a temple to God—all these and a million more, long laid in their graves, were far less kin to the workman of to-day than they were to the engines he employs. There were many who gave their heart's blood with their toil, particularly monks; there were many who worked for sordid gain; there were guilds of stone-cutters, masons, and scaffolders, with apprentices, journeymen, and masters. Their materials were brought laboriously to the temple sites, and laboriously were wedged to their places. It was all an exhaustive travail of body, mind, and spirit—but such travail has ever produced the world's great masterpieces. And this work of to-day, before it shall be finished, will have cost human lives and labors heroic and effort that strains the very soul. In spite of the aids that modern men has conjured from steel and the brain of inventive genius, such a task as this will tax his utmost powers before it is sanctified at last.

Always a pile so vast as this—cathedral, house of Mammon, or a Pharaoh's tomb—is first of all a theatre of life. Upon its stages and its scaffoldings stalk comedy and tragedy and hope and despair, with joy and pain and love and dreams, to round out the cycle of emotions inseparable from the beings who must toil to give it form. Some of these men are always singing at their work; some of them curse and call upon the name of God in savage moods of rage. Happiness and bitterness are laid side by side in the mortar that binds the stones together. The whole mystic story of life and its cares, its worries, its gladness, and its change, is builded into walls and piers to remain while the structure shall endure.

Last spring, when the first brief, timid days of promise came sifting through the wintry weather, there was one little drama enacted on the high cathedral wall that was most appropriately set. A thin-faced, somewhat sad-eyed Italian working man secured employment at laying bricks, after many long weeks of idleness, weeks of privation and want. But here at last was a labor that he loved, and his happiness was beyond measure.

He toiled away in a blithesomeness of spirit that his pinched face daily belied. He hummed at his work, despite the chilling wind that still served the demons of winter. He naked for nothing more joyous than this labor and exposure on the wall. It was too bright to last. His little boy at home fell desperately ill. He was in despair. He dared not remain away from the work so precious to them all, yet he hardly dared to leave his little boy. He was torn between his love and his need to toil. But the work he must do—there was no other way—no shield and no bulwark but the pay. More pale, more sunken about the eyes, he climbed the wall above the massive pile that man was erecting to God; and there, as a burst of sunlight streamed for one spring moment upon him, he took up his labor and the prayer that the structure itself inspired.

He was working on a place of prayer—a great unfinished shrine to which the kindly eyes of Heaven must be turned—and why should not his prayers be heard, though the altar was not yet in its place? He prayed to the Virgin for his child. He prayed with the bricks, that some way to him became as the beads in a rosary. With every brick that he took and placed he uttered a fervid petition in his heart.

"Mother of God, he is so little! Let him live!"

The brick went to its place in the mortar.

"Mother of Mercies, let me keep my little one!"

Another "bead" was fed with those that made a chain of prayers.

"Ah, Mother of Love, I love him so—and he's so little—sweet Mother of Love—so little, so easy to save!"

He labored prodigiously. He fell off the bricks in a fever of haste that seemed to know no abatement. He worked there unceasingly, performing incredible labors, all the time eager with another brief prayer for each of the "beads" he bedded home. It lasted a week. This effort of his heart, with hand never flagging for a moment. The wall became a wall of prayer—a rosary of labor. There were thousands of his heart appeals cemented in its bulk.

Meantime at home the child on its cot was hovering hairy on the brink of life and death. At the end of one bitter cold afternoon while the father, benumbed and wan of face, was feverishly fervently praying on the bricks, a young Italian translator brought the news—little Joe had turned for the better at last, and would certainly live through the siege.

He stood there trembling, a "bead" in his hand and another of his prayers upon his lips. Then he went down abruptly. A workman clutched him just in time to prevent him from falling from the platform.

"I knew he was workin' too hard," he said. "You'd think he was paid by the thousand."

The work has been prosecuted fitfully for fifteen years, in all the carrying seasons. During the storms and gales of the New York winters, however, the place is frequently abandoned. What a man-made Alps the huge affair becomes when the snows are flung upon it! Up to the very last storms of the year it was nearly all open to the heavens. When the frozen flakes from the clouds came down, the arches were crowned and the floors were blanketed with white. It sifted into niches cut to receive saints; it capped the pillars, invaded the chancel, drifted in ridges through the empty choir, and supplied all the mighty piers. At times it hurtled on the rushing wind as if a host of angel forms trooped wraith like through the gaping windows.

On many a night of solitude the elements have held their service here, and all the hollow shell has dully reverberated with the roaring and full-throated cheering of the tempest, as anthem on anthem of the snow-ridden gale surged torrentially through the roofless arches. In some of these phases of the season's change the gaunt old pile assumes wondrous aspects of beauty. There are times when a fog of the sea rolls in to enshroud those massive, cliff-like forms with a majesty unreal to be imagined. They seem, in such a vagueness of the air, to take on even greater proportions. Like incense, drifting eastward from censers that nature is swaying, these mists wrap the structure in a mystery and ruin that remove it from all the world about. The city that crowds so selfishly upon its congested squares, the scene of endless, unrelenting strife, with tenements of vice and want, with palaces of plenty and of joy—this great seething caldron or pit of life, with its savagery, carelessness, tragedy, and mirth—all this for a time is shut away from sight, as if the place of God withdrawn for a moment of peace and forgetfulness.

One moonlight night, for pure sensation of the thing, we climbed to the top, the artist and I. We ascended by a passageway of alternate silver and ink. Much of the climb was up a well of gloom, pierced rarely by a slot or opening, through which only faint suggestions of a half-lit world would come to mollify the dark. From places of quivering insecurity, above the yawning hollows of the choir, on frail gray planks and platforms projected from the walls, we gazed on a moonlit world that stretched away to the uttermost edge of planet-crowded space. The city that seemed marvellously far below and the universe that appeared amazingly near were joined in a wonderful relationship of God-made stars and man-made stars that blended in the void.

Behind us, below us, and about us was the velvety blackness of a chasm. Almost on a level with our faces, and strangely alive in the silvery glow, the gargoyles were guarding their keep. The streets of the town were ablaze with a million lamps. These constellations dotted out the crossing roads and long-stretched avenues, they gleamed from the windows of the human homes; they blinked where the light breeze starred a tree to shut them off and again reveal them. Sounds of the traffic, the grinding of life, the restlessness and turmoil of the city, floated upward to the

(Continued on page 29.)

These constellations dotted out the crossing roads

Eight massive pillars, towering up to the vaulted arch

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The enormous gathering that witnessed the recent beatification of the historic Joan of Arc before the High Altar in St. Peter's, Rome

Tampico, Mexico, boasts a street railway with cars imported from New Orleans and drawn by horses hitched in tandem

Rapid transit in Egypt—the omnibus which furnishes a common means of locomotion for natives and tourists in Cairo

Where the epicure may select his fish while it is still alive—the trout tank at the Hotel Carleton in London

An English Joan of Arc. Miss Elsie Howie, accoutred in a complete suit of armor, riding in a London Suffragette procession

Mrs. Thomas Hastings tooling the Colony Club Coach, of New York City, up Lafayette Boulevard on the way to Inwood

This unique monument in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, marks the grave of Henry Chadwick, the father of baseball. The corner-stones represent bases

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MRS. CLARK WILLIAMS, OF NEW YORK

FROM A PORTRAIT BY S MULLER URY

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The Courteous Avenger

A TRUE TALE OF JAPAN OF TO-DAY

By William Inglis

Over all ruled Takiguchi Tokutaro

MATSUHA YASUBE was running betto for Captain Schinzinger. The captain represented a foreign firm that sold high explosives to the Imperial government; therefore he was great. He lived in a fine house in the European quarter of Tokio amid an army of servants, as every great man must. There was a squad of these boys, aged from fifteen to fifty, who swept the honorable and pebbly driveway with big brooms made of twigs, and could not do any other kind of work. Then there was the middle-aged boy who came to the front door whenever a caller pushed the electric button, swung the door open majestically, and stood in silence, a very dignified statue swathed in silk and cotton, holding forth a silver tray for the visitor's honorable card. There were also the boys who attended the furnaces, boys who did the honorable housework, boys who waited on the honorable table of the captain, besides those who cooked the meals, the runners of errands, and various other minor boys whose slight labors no Westerner may guess. Each of these attended strictly to his own duty, and could not be driven by Fate herself to do the work of any other. That is the unwritten law.

Over all ruled Takiguchi Tokutaro, whom we should call a major-domo, but whose native style and title is Number One Boy. Of middle age, his clean-shaven face a bronze mask of dignity, with a curl of the lip that recalled the swaggering old daimios who cut down any that dared stand too near when they travelled along the Tokaido, Takiguchi was a fine figure of a man. He was tall and of powerful build, too; and, although his habitual movement was slow and majestic, as became a person of his high position, he was still as agile as a youth and one to be dreaded in quarrel. It was his physical prowess as much as his lofty office that gave him a habit of truculence toward his inferiors, a habit which they all resented in secret yet dared not resist openly by so much as the angry flutter of an eyelid. No foreigner dreamed of these savage eddies beneath the placid surface of the domestic stream, and many a friend congratulated the captain upon the excellence of his smooth household machinery.

Matsuda Yasube was the only one of the domestic staff who failed to bow low and rub his knees with his palms and draw a long, hissing, deferential inhalation whenever Takiguchi honored him by giving an order. Matsuda was young and flippant, and came of a family that had been honorable for centuries. The ancient feudal idea that personal service is far nobler than any other employment still prevails in Japan. Matsuda was proud as any young Highland laird, and the lofty airs of Takiguchi irritated him beyond endurance. Besides, his own position as running betto made him an important personage, too. He often indulged in a light glance of disrespect at Takiguchi. A betto is a groom. The running betto perches in state beside the coachman on the box of his master's carriage. Horses and carriages are still so infrequent in Japan that even in Tokio the services of the running betto are necessary to warn people on foot to get out of the way. With arms folded across his deep chest, the running betto emits from his squeezed throat as often as necessary, perhaps oftener, a long-drawn note of warning, a curious vibrant menace, full of affectation of importance.

"Ee-ee-ee-ee!" he cries, and wayfarers scramble aside to let the carriage pass. Or if the roadway be in the least crowded the betto, still shrilling his cry, leaps down from the box, runs ahead, and thrusts and hauls the people out of the way. It is no wonder Matsuda grew prouder day by day. Witness the conduct of our own policemen and guards and platform men whose duty it is to hurl the defenceless citizens as far as they can throw him.

One evening Matsuda squatted in the kitchen, holding his bare wrists over the edge of the *hibachi* so that his whole body would thereby be warmed. He drew from his girdle a Japanese pipe—a long, thin reed with a tiny silver bowl at the end of it. Into this bowl he pushed a pinch of Japanese tobacco that looked like old brown corn-silk, lit it, and, after three or four puffs, knocked the glowing red dottel out on his palm. He refilled the pipe, lit the fresh tobacco from the dottel, and puffed away in comfort. As a matter of fact, the fine, clinging tobacco ash was next to his palm, and the red coal of tobacco lay harmless upon it. But all this was not clear to Katrian, a maid newly come from Berlin. Her big blue eyes stood out opened wide in amazement.

"Ach, wunderschön!" she cried.

Matsuda grunted in disdain of admiration from a mere foreigner; above all, a mere woman. Yet he did not fail to repeat his trick several times.

Katrina, still wondering, found Takiguchi in the dining-room superintending the arrangement of the table for dinner and deferentially listening to Captain Schinzinger's directions about the wines.

"Tell me, Number One Boy," she said, "why is Matsuda Yasube able to hold a coal of red-hot tobacco in his bare hand and feel no pain?"

"Because he is coarse, brutal person," replied Takiguchi, bowing politely, but with just enough respect for a foreign female. At that moment Matsuda came swaggering through the dining-room. He fixed himself at insolent ease in front of Takiguchi, his hands resting on his hips, and made a very small and mocking bow.

"Honorable Number One," he inquired in Japanese, "are you paying the high compliment of talking about me?"

"Out of my way, beast!" Takiguchi growled contemptuously, adding to the insult by uttering it in English. The two stood eye to eye for the space of perhaps two seconds; then young Matsuda, knowing very little English and unaware of the exact meaning of Number One Boy's words, slowly swaggered from the room.

Late that night when off duty the running betto observed casually to his friend the betto: "Tell me a new word, O Norama San, you who know all the thoughts and words of the outlandish English. What is the meaning of the word 'beast'?"

"'Beast,' young honored friend?" Norama replied, meditatively. "'Beast'? Oh yes. It means an animal, low, brutal, besotted thing."

"It has a curious sound like the hissing of a goose," Matsuda indifferently commented. "I heard it to-day for the first time. It is a new word to me."

But when he stretched himself on the mat that night sleep was far from him. The air of unconcern which had hidden his personal interest in the new word now gave way to an access of rage as he kept repeating it to himself over and over again. "Beast!" "Beast!" "Beast!" he whispered, and the wound hissed like a serpent in his ears. So the outrageous upstart Takiguchi, whose family dated back barely to the Gen-roku period, a mere two hundred years, had dared to apply a loathsome English epithet to him, a Matsuda, member of a most ancient family of the Satsuma clan, a people who were great long before the time of the first Shogun! The affront was unbearable. Matsuda ground his teeth. His hands clenched so that the finger tips dug deep into the palms. All night he tossed and lay sleepless. The death of the upstart Takiguchi must be accomplished, of course. Nothing less than his life could arenge the insult. Yet the killing must be well contrived. It must be done in the presence of the master, so as to wipe out the insult which had been given in the presence of the master.

"Honorable captain, I have been compelled to kill one who offered me insult"

Nevertheless, it was a serene and smiling Matsuda who went about his duties next day. He was a trifle pale, and his eyes were feverishly bright; but there was no trace upon his smooth countenance of revenge, anger, or any other passion. For what says the ancient proverb? "He is indeed a pomegranate who, when he opens his mouth, shows his heart." So Matsuda smiled more blandly than usual as he went about the house, and on the box of the carriage his weird, crooning "Ee-ee-ee-ee!" of warning sounded as loud and clear as ever. Thinking it over afterward, members of the family remembered that for many days the running betto kept out of the way of the Number One Boy except when the master was present. On such occasions he was often seen edging toward Takiguchi, though he never remained near him very long. The conditions were not quite right. The precise details that should accompany a pretty and perfect taking of Japanese revenge are beyond the conception of the outlander. I shall not try to guess at their devious complications.

On the fifteenth evening after the insult Captain Schinzinger was going to dine out. The carriage was ordered for half past six o'clock, and punctually at the minute it swept up the pebbly drive and halted before the great door. Matsuda leaped nimbly down from his perch on the box and took his proper place at the horses' heads. He was watchful, trim, and serene, without a trace of emotion. As usual, on such occasions, a dozen or so of the household boys arranged themselves in a semicircle around the portal to make proper low bows to the master and wish him good luck on his departure. Number One Boy, with all the dignity of a daimio conducting an honored guest, led the master to the carriage. Captain Schinzinger stepped into the victoria and sat down. Takiguchi bent forward to tuck the lap robe around his master's honorable ankles.

The running betto let go the bridles, and in two bounds was beside Takiguchi. His eyes were ablaze,

(Continued on page 31.)

"Ach, wunderschön!" she cried

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Guns and Tents in Africa

HOW THE TRAVELLER'S CARAVAN IS MADE TO ORDER

By Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D.D.

The head of the safari, David Rehman

The toto, the tail of the safari

Little John Connop, my tent-boy, holding a reedbuck's head

Porter winding his blanket into a turban before starting

SAFARI is the name used all over East Africa for what in the West we call "outfit"—the men you take along to enable you to prosecute your journey, or procure you sport. The pleasure and success of an East-African trip depend more on a well-chosen and well-managed *safari* than on anything else—more, even, than on the perseverance and skill of the sportsman or traveller.

If a hunting trip of three or four months is all that the visitor to East Africa feels inclined to undertake, the sort of life I try to describe in this article cannot be fully enjoyed. It takes time to see this strange and beautiful country, and it takes time, and even considerable trouble, to come into any real touch with its tribes.

But a most enjoyable trip can be had, and very good shooting, as well, in three or four months, and the best arrangement to make is to put yourself in the hands of either Messrs. Newland, Tarleton, & Company, or the Borna Outfitting Company, both of Nairobi. Write some months, if possible, before, saying how much time you can afford, what you want to shoot, when you want to go, and how much you are prepared to spend. On arriving at Nairobi you will find things ready for you, and in a few days you can take the field.

If you only intend taking short trips of a few days' duration along the railroad line, you will not need a *safari* of more than twenty men all told. If you want good shooting and wish to try for elephant, lion, etc., you must go farther afield. Each sportsman will then need thirty porters, one head man, two askari (native soldiers), one cook, one tent boy, and one or two gun-bearers.

These your agents will provide. Your expenses will run from $350 to $500 a month. This will not include your own food, which should be brought boxed from the Army and Navy Stores in London. It will not, of course, include your battery or ammunition, nor yet the cost of a professional hunter—if you engage one. It will not include your railroad fares or passage out or home.

Your license will cost you $250. Customs dues on entering the country are ten per cent. on what you bring in. If you elect to ride a mule or pony, this cost will be extra. But the shorter your stay is to be, the more advisable is it for you to do yourself well and not to go in for too hard walking. On the march, I strongly advise your riding.

If two friends are together, $300 a month ought to cover everything.

In olden days of *safari* travelling, when ivory or game was sought, the process of collecting a *safari* on the East coast was simplicity itself. Zanzibar was usually the starting-point, and the Zanzibari authorities were the intermediaries between the white man or Arab and the unfortunate natives. These were compelled to go on any journey, with any adventurer their masters gave them orders to accompany. Some little part of wages due to them they might or might not receive. They were mere slaves, and had no choice in the matter. They were landed on the mainland, men, women, and children, at so much the head, and started with their loads into the dangerous unknown. If they fell down by the way they were kobokoed till they rose again. If they could not rise, they were left where they lay. If they deserted, they were shot by their masters or, if they escaped from them, were murdered by unfriendly tribes, who naturally strove in every way they could to prevent the inroads of caravans, whose object was generally to steal their ivory or capture themselves.

East Africa till very lately was in an awful plight. The curse of age long slavery and perpetual wars and cattle-raiding among the tribes turned what should have been a prosperous country into the darkest and most hopeless of lands, where every man distrusted and feared his fellow. There was no rule, no central authority. The strong consumed the weak. It was a region where rapine, cruelty, and bloodshed perpetually reigned. The distance from one inhabited oasis to another was often great. Vast tracts had been depopulated by native wars, pestilences, or the slave trade. *Safari*, therefore, whether they were made up—as were Somalis or Swahili exhibitions—for purposes of trade, or for discovery or sport, had to be large; a march through much of the country meant a little war, and every porter carried a gun in addition to his pack.

So it came to pass often that, willingly or unwillingly, almost every *safari's* progress tended but to increase the native distrust and discontent and to add to the misery of the country it passed through.

The food question was ever the burning question—men carrying trading goods into the interior couldn't carry a sufficient supply of food as well. The limit of human endurance is reached at sixty pounds the man. It takes a stout porter to carry that, day after day, in the sun. Now that same porter eats in one month forty-five pounds of his load, so it is at once evident he cannot carry food and other things as well.

It is needless to say that with the abolition of slavery, and far more still with the introduction of protectorate rule by England, rule that does most really attempt at least to protect the native, all this has ceased. You are obliged to do a good deal for your *safari*—often much more than local opinion deems necessary.

The porter's wages are fixed. You cannot pay less, and for this country they are high. The quality and quantity of food you must give him are fixed. He must have a blanket, tent, and water-bottle from you, even if he is engaged for but a few weeks. He is supposed to be examined and passed as fit to work—by the medical officer. He "signs on" for so long a time with you, and at the end of that time, if he demands them, you must pay him his wages. You are supposed not to punish him, but hand him over, in case he misbehaves, to the civil authorities. But as you are likely to be often more than a hundred miles from any court, a reasonable enforcement of discipline, when necessary, is expected from you, and not resented by him.

So much about present *safari* life. Every would-be traveller soon learns. He knows his own amount of baggage. He knows it to the pound, and to his cost, if he pays his steamer bills at Mombasa before coming up country, and a further interview with the railroad authorities on the question of baggage is likely to impress him still more. He reads in books or hears from friends that he will need so many men, and that he had better engage them at Nairobi rather than at Mombasa, and so save the 10 fare per man. That is about all he knows. He chooses his agent at Nairobi and seeks advice says how long he intends to be out and what he wants to go and get; whether he will ride or walk; live simply and content himself with a Swahili cook at thirty R's a month, or luxuriate in a Gounee and pay him sixty R's; whether he is determined to go far afield and stay away from the railroad for several months at a time, or make shorter trips, moving his *safari* by rail from place to place.

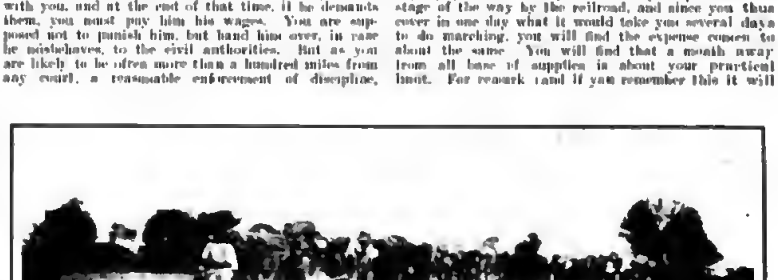
These matters settled, his agents undertake to do the rest, and promise in so many days to have everything ready for a start. Tell your agent at Nairobi (you cannot have a better than Newland, Tarleton, & Company) that above all other things they must give you a really honest and reliable "head man." They can do this—there are several such on their books. They procured David Rehman for me, and a better head man—capable, experienced, kind, and thoughtful with his porters—there is not in the country. Your head man will make you or mar you. The problem of *posho* is quite beyond even the most painstaking investigator at first. You will have to do as you are told, and get the hang of it soon as you can. At the beginning of *safari* life you will have to be guided by your head man. Show him your baggage. Tell him roughly what you wish to do and where to go. He, on his part, will tell you where he has been with other *bwanas* (masters) and what luck they have had, how long they were out, what number of porters were necessary, and if the *safari* was able to employ donkeys to save porterage—a very important point.

After one or two quiet talks with your man, you will have some idea of the size of your expedition, but not yet, I am sorry to say, even a glimmering notion of the size of your bill. It seems so hopeful at first to find out that you can hire a quite first class porter for three dollars a month, and feed him on two. I remember well how golden were the dreams I indulged in when I took out my first *safari*. Literally golden, for here at last was a delightful form of sport that cost less than ordinary hotel living. The disillusionment, when it came, was complete. No, you cannot "do" Africa cheaply, and of all countries under the sun, this is the very worst, I should fancy, in which to try to practise economy.

You will need to carry your tent (a green waterproof, eight by eight, made by Edgington, 2 Duke Street, London Bridge), three porters; bedding, one porter; tent table and chair, one porter; canteen pots and pans, one porter; private tin boxes, clothing, books, one to three porters; ammunition, one to two porters; own food (depends on time out), one to ten porters; gun-cases, one porter; if pony is taken, one syce, one porter, tent boy, one porter; cook, one porter.

It is a safe rule to allow twenty porters for your personal belongings, not, of course, including men's food or anything else.

You can count on your men costing you from fifteen R's to eighteen R's a month each 113 rupees—(5 or $5), the difference depending on the price you must pay for their *posho*. If you wish to travel more rapidly you will take your *safari*, perhaps, the first stage of the way by the railroad, and since you thus cover in one day what it would take you several days to do marching, you will find the expense comes to about the same. You will find that a month away from all base of supplies is about your practical limit. For remark (and if you remember this it will



Wanyamwazi column comes marching into camp

save you many tedious efforts after calculation) each man carries sixty pounds of *posho*, and each eats forty-five pounds each month. A porter is, therefore, able to carry fifteen pounds only for you in addition to his food. A *safari* of one hundred porters—not including remember, gun-boys, head man, tent-boys, cook or syce—can carry for a month 1,500 pounds over and above their food, and no more. Of course this is all very confusing at first. You can only trust your head man and keep perpetually noticing things. Gradually it will dawn on you that to be a successful head man implies a most unusual combination of qualities. In addition to these I have already named, he must be absolutely fair-minded as between man and man. He must be strictly just in giving out *posho*. The little cup of meal must not be heaped or shaken for one and just dipped into the

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sack for another. That the *safari* will not endure life apportions each man's daily burden. The loads should be weighed before starting from Nairobi. After that there can be no daily weighing. At a glance, therefore, he must know what each must have. He can have no favorites, and no enemies. His eye it is that notes the sick man—the really sick—and detects the lazy and incompetent man. He it is who must decide who shall be relieved of his burden on the march, and among what other reluctant fellows that burden must be shared till number one can take it again. The multitudinous employments of the camp, as well as of the march, he can alone apportion. So many men are chosen during the first few days' marching to pitch the beats the moment the *safari* comes in. So many at once for the wood—sometimes these men must go more than a mile for it. So many fetch water. One has to trench each tent. There are from ten to twenty other tents to be pitched. The

Ten minutes' halt and a pinch of snuff after two and a half hours' steady marching

men whose duty it is to do this are all told off, and let me say here that no one can, I believe, pitch a tent so fast or so well as these people can. I have camped with smart equipments in my early days, but neither in England nor in America could any of them compare with *safari* folk. Smartness at the job is of vital importance. For instance, only yesterday we had to reach a certain water spring, and as we did so, over us drew one of those dark, gray-lipped clouds that here mean torrent. Many of the men were sick and suffering from the severe cold and rain; for for a month African mountains had not been sunny, and in the evening and at night you needed a suit of fur-lined underclothes, some one said. To get these men dry footed was all-important, for we would be out of *posho*, if we delayed, and there was no game just there. It was a race against time and storm. The pipers piped up manfully, the *safari* came in after a long march at its best pace, and I counted fourteen tents and one three big ones, pitched perfectly and trenched completely so that they could stand any weather, in eight minutes from the time the first bundle was thrown down by the first porter marching on the ground.

The head man practically decides, till you get to know the men yourself, who needs punishment when (It is to be hoped very rarely) punishment has to be meted out. Disobedience to definite orders, and theft, must be punished at once. But if the influences of the *safari* are good there are scarcely such things as either disobedience or theft. In six months one man received eight kobobo for disobedience, and there was no thieving whatever.

Your next ally in the managing of the *safari*, and your hourly instructor in the way in which you should go, is your tent-boy. If you have friends in the country, write beforehand to them and beg them to choose for you the man you want. He can be found. There are many excellent tent-boys, wonderful to say. A good one will valet you as well as you have ever been valeted in your life. Indeed, I have yet to discover what a good tent-boy will not do. But I wrote hastily. My boy John, the best tent-boy man ever had, will not do one thing—he will not, under any inducement whatever, make one of a party to beat a swamp or bit of brush for a lion.

Porters are to the *safari* what the Macedonian phalanx was to Alexander's armies. There can be no *safari* without them. Successful sportsmen there have been who depended for transport almost entirely on donkeys or ox wagons, but as between the donkey and the porter, many a solid advantage rests with the latter. You can never tell where you want to go in East Africa. Plan your trip never so carefully, a hundred things may arise which will deflect, if they don't alter, your route. You set out for six weeks' journey. You do not return for four or five months. Freedom of movement is, I am sure, an essential in this land where the unexpected is forever happening. Now, donkeys pin you down in two ways: they cannot make more than ten or at most twelve miles a day, even where the trails are good; and when there are none, or when there is much swamp, cannot be got along at all. Donkeys are excellent to keep your line of supplies full. It is often necessary to have a number of them regularly travelling with *posho* between the railroad and some selected spot near the country to be explored or hunted. In this way you can keep the field for as long as you please, for it is easy to send ten or twenty porters from your hunting camp to this supply base, while, if you had to send the men fifty or a hundred miles for *posho*, ten or twenty could not carry any sufficient quantity, and would consume a large part of their loads on the way, and to send more than a small number of men is to cripple your travelling-machine and to force you to remain camped till they return. Never so denude yourself of men that you cannot march. This is a rule every *safari* leader should remember.

The *safari* cook is an important personage. He literally makes you or mars you, and a good, cleanly and honest cook is not found every day. Still, the East African has a natural gift for cooking. Quite uninstructed, he cooks his own rice when he is not in too great a hurry; it's none but the man of the East can cook it, and since you eat rice twice a day, that is something to begin on.

My cook Peter was a friend of three years ago. I had suffered at his hands and in consequence he had, on at least one occasion, suffered at mine, or rather at the hands of my official representative, the *askari*. Peter knew he deserved it, and so bore no grudge. Indeed, had I demanded him of his just dues, I should have fallen greatly in his estimation. When he heard, therefore, that I had returned to the country, he at once sought me out and begged for his old job. His weak point, I well remembered, had been his bread, and good, well-baked, well-raised, yeast bread (not baking-flour abominations) is one of the few things absolutely necessary to health. I made immediate inquiries as to whether Peter had been to a baking school. He assured me he had, and that by now his productions were unrivalled. His appearance certainly belied his optimism, and I pointed this out to him. But he was proficient in excuses, said he had lost my chits and had been out of a job for a long time. I sent him off under John's charge to bake a loaf while his guardian looked on to make sure that he had no unfair assistance, and as the result proved fairly satisfactory, I re-engaged him.

I began with the head man, the director and guide of my little company. I have come now to its tail—the *toto*—its apprentice boy, not entered on your list of men. You have no knowledge of his existence till some day, from somewhere, he looks up before you, just a *toto*. It may be you see him first—though this is unlikely—wedged in among the legs of a dozen or fifteen men, in one of the already dreadfully crowded third-class compartments of the train that is carrying all your party to some wayside station. It may be he has so far escaped you entirely, as he surely has the ticket-collector, and your first sight of him is as, lagged out, he totters along, carrying a much too heavy load for his little boy's body, far behind the rearmost *askari*, on some long, hot marching day. Thus it was I first came to know him.

"Is he a little fellow following his father?" I asked. "Oh no, he is just a *toto*." To my ignorance, on that my first *safari*, this meant nothing at all. I was soon to learn. The boy on that occasion was on the point of collapse, and fortunately I had determined to walk myself at the rear of the column, as the way was long, water distant, and the lava rock we were traversing terribly hard for all our feet. The boy was not more than fourteen years old at most, and had been ill or underfed, for he lacked the robustness of *totos* generally. I halted the men and asked who claimed him, and how he came to be carrying, as he was, a man's load, not less. Five or six big porters came up. Still I was mystified, and only after some time did I learn that I was supposed to have no responsibility for him at all. He was not on the "strength" of the *safari*. He was just a *toto*, hired by the aforesaid five or six to do their little jobs around camp, carry water, cook food, and carry at least a part of their *posho*. Had he a father? No. A mother? Doubtful. Generally these little black mites are orphans. Many such there are, also! They hang round government stations, claiming no one, recognized by none. In some sore strait some helpless woman laid him at a stranger's hut door, to live or die as it might be. Many of the *totos* show too plainly traces of that early disaster. Rickety, consumptive, half-starved atoms of humanity, who yet face with an Africa's quite wonderful cheeriness the chances of *safari* life, because it offers them plentiful food and some sort of a home. Others there are of them, of course, who are in a far better condition, whose mothers have died, and who come along with their fathers. The worst used *toto* I ever knew was such a one. I found him one dreadfully hot day when we were marching, without water, for eight hours, struggling along two miles behind his useless father, who, since he was an *askari*, carried not one ounce himself but his short Schneider carbine. That half-starved child was struggling under four men's *posho* for eight days—i. e., forty eight pounds of meal—besides a large *safaria* and his father's sleeping mat—quite sixty pounds to all. I was very ignorant, as I say, of African matters then, but that day taught me a lesson, and ever after I made a point of turning up unexpectedly at the tail of the column and staying there sometimes for hours, when long marches have to be made. No *totos* should be admitted to any *safari* till they have passed the bwana's inspection, and the men who engage them should be obliged

Kikuyu porter—see the way all Kikuyus carry load

to come forward and show themselves. Nor should these men be paid their wages (this is very important) when the *safari* is paid off, till you are sure the *toto* has received his modest and well earned dole.

In this poor child's case I was able to see rough justice done. We had fully two hundred miles steady marching ahead of us, and for every mile of it his father carried that load, while he marched free. I got him to hospital on my return, and after long sickness he at last recovered from that awful day's march.

In the Library

By Blakeney Gray

What joy to sit at eve among
The treasures of a library!
To hear the songs undying sung
By singers with the silver tongue
Who've climbed unto the highest rung
Of Immortality.

To see the heroes of Romance
March forth in glorious array;
The cavaliers of ancient France,
With vizor down, and poised lance,
As here and there their chargers prance
All eager for the fray.

To hear old Boswell's prattle fine
Of Johnson and his cronies gural;
To watch Columbus and his line
Of caravels speed o'er the brine;
To rest with Omar 'neath the vine,
And chum with men of State.

To chat with noble Washington,
With Cæsar and with Cicero;
To study birds with Audubon,
To walk with Scott and Marmion,
To stroll with Lamb, and Emerson,
And Carlyle, and Thoreau!

If you on happiness would look,
On happiness that's true and blue,
Just glance within this little nook
By all the mobbling crowd forsook
Where I am sitting with my book—
And One to read it to!

"Pasture on the Hillside"
BY C. P. GRUPPE

"Jack-in-the-
BY WILLIAM J

"Studio Tea"
BY ELIZABETH HOWELL INGRAM

"September Afternoon
BY EDWARD

SOME STRIKING PICTURES AT

AQUARELLES THAT HAVE ATTRACTED ATTENTION AT THE FORTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

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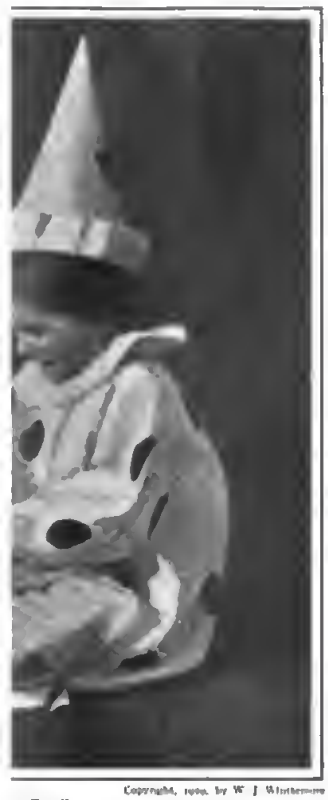

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...e-Box"
WHITTEMORE

"November Morning"
BY W. MERRITT POST

...n"

"The Four of Us"
BY HILDA BRAIM

THE WATER-COLOR SHOW

...AN WATER-COLOR SOCIETY, NOW BEING HELD AT THE GALLERIES OF THE FINE ARTS SOCIETY, NEW YORK

PETER A JULEY

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WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE

ARBOREAL

AMONG the recent items of interest from the State of Florida is the announcement that they have cultivated down there a tree called the soap tree, from which an excellent quality of soap is made. The lather that comes from it is said to be very soft and agreeable—that is, that is what the adults say. What a small boy who had been lathered by a switch taken from its branches would testify as to this point we are not informed, nor are we told whether it sprouts cakes of soap, or whether the wood is sawed up into bars of the same useful commodity. At any rate, it bids fair to rank as one of the most profitable trees grown on American soil, and we have read with much sympathy the lines of an unknown American poet who wrote concerning it,

The Soap Tree is a beauteous thing,
Instead of sprouting buds,
How sweet when in the early spring
It blossoms forth in suds!

BY THE WAY

Professor Pickering, of Harvard, wants $10,000,000 to talk to Mars. If the distinguished astronomer will respect our desire for anonymity we shall be glad to send him an unsigned check for that amount by special delivery. This is one of the occasions when we do not wish our bank account to know what our right hand has done.

There is a great deal of motor-car literature being published all the time, but what our auto people seem to need most is a book telling them what they aren't do. The way cars are being smashed in joy-riding these days leaves the owner in such a position that, as the editor of *Punch* might say, in a particularly merry mood, he has nothing but scrap-iron to chauffeur his expenditure.

If the tax on stockings goes through, the prayer of the poet who wrote "Blessings on thee, Barefoot Boy" will have been answered. We, nevertheless, beg to record our opinion that while blessings are very sweet, they are a poor substitute for socks in winter.

A correspondent of a well-known newspaper objects to the printing of menus in French. Of course, every man is entitled to his own taste, but we hope his objections will not prevail. If we really knew what we were eating, we should not enjoy our table d'hôte half as much as we do. Take noodle soup, for instance. The English equivalent of noodle is an idiot, and it goes without saying that while we should like to see all idiots in the soup, very few of us would care to eat it.

Just by way of suggestion, why not have a White House in every State in the Union? Then the President could be at home all over the country, which is the way he ought to be. The realization of this plan would serve to overcome such natural asperities as now exist between the late Oyster Bay and Beverly, Massachusetts.

The chief trouble with the sheath gown is that it prevents women from putting their best foot forward—that is, perceptibly. For a promenade it is entirely out of place, although it must be admitted that it is perfectly adapted for what, in the plain days of the Republic, we used to call a "hop."

That staunch American, the Rev. Dr. Aked, does not believe this Republic is going to last. Now let us hear what that ardent Briton, Mr. Richard Croker, thinks of the durable qualities of the British Empire.

Speaking of nature-fakirs, as we believe somebody was a little while ago, did you ever notice what a perfect bear the average social lion becomes after he has been persistently fed for a winter or two on those daintier whick our proud civilization serves us at five-o'clock teas and other functions in his honor, consisting more often than not of iced tea, angel-cake, and Welsh rabbits?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

George Henry.—You say your best girl is coming to town on the 11.11 next Wednesday morning, but that you are so busy you cannot get away in time to be at the station when her train comes in. Why not have a taxi-meet-her?

Being of a Year.—If he looks like his father, whose name is Archie, but takes after his rich uncle Jim in the fact that he has no hair, why not kill two birds with one stone and name the dear little fellow Archibald?

Annette.—You ask how to keep a cat in a flat. The surest method that we know of is to take it first to a taxidermist, then put it under a glass case.

Carpet-layer.—We cannot say whether the tariff reformers are going to put a tax on tacks or not, but we are constrained to agree with you that such an act would be double taxation, and therefore unconstitutional.

Horace.—You are unquestionably right in saying that the phrase "All roads lead to Rome" is foolish and misleading. As you say, the Long Island Railroad does not, and while we have no map of the Baltimore & Ohio at hand, if our memory serves us that road does not, either. Doubtless there are others that do not, if we only had time to find them.

Miranda.—If the green spot on your blue foulard will not come out, dye the rest of the dress the same color as the spot, and it will not be noticed. Your second question as to what to do with a husband whose brains are filled with foolish nonsense, we hardly know how to answer. Have you tried a vacuum cleaner?

Henderson.—The old method of catching birds by putting salt on their tails has long since been abandoned as unsportsman like. The surest and best method adopted by the best game-bird hunters of to-day is to go straight to a restaurant and order them directly from the bill of fare. This method saves the expense of a bird-dog.

CALF. "SAY, MA, HOW IS IT YOU CHEW YOUR CUD SO MUCH AND NEVER SPIT?"

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A STARTLING CONDITION

MR. MAN wuals to look out for himself, or he will soon be marooned on the sands of life. Woman is seeking nowadays not only emancipation, but segregation, and in some quarters she is getting it. One whole end of the tunnel trains under the Hudson is devoted to her exclusive use, and she is reaching out for more. We shall not concern ourselves with the rights of this, but with the results of it if it keeps on much longer. How will we masculine persons like it when this segregation has reached such a point that one whole side of the theatres is reserved every night for the fair sex? And what will we do when we go to church some fine summer morning and find ourselves relegated to the front pews, while the ladies in a solid phalanx guard the doors at the rear? And what will the Old Guard Ball look like, or any other ball, for that matter, with a special ball room set apart for the girls, and another for the majors, captains, lieutenants, and commissary sergeants? We can imagine nothing more painful as a spectacle than two or three hundred men clad in full regalia dancing the two-step together, or trying out the Boston dip—and what one among us would give a punched Canadian quarter to sit out on the stairs with another man? Really the thing will be very serious if we don't watch out and keep the ladies from segregating. We do not relish the idea of the Avenue on Sunday mornings, with the men walking up one side and the ladies promenading down the other. It is not pleasing to our souls to think of that day that bids fair to dawn when the only tie that binds a man and his wife together is the milliner's bill, and everything is so segregated that we shall have to flock all by ourselves; go off on our wedding tour alone, while the bride takes another somewhere else, and do all our courting by mail. Mail, did we say? How can we do that when Phyllis turns her back on the mail and will have none of it? Awake, O Maud! You must be up and doing before things come to the sorry pass when by international agreement the Western Hemisphere is devoted to the sole uses of feminine-kind while we are sent into exile to roam alone through the trackless wastes of the Eastern! Let us effect some kind of a compromise—just what is not clear, but possibly if we let the ladies have their own way in all other things they will yield on this point and consent to give us another trial.

REVENGE

CHUMPLEIGH had just been fined ten dollars for exceeding the speed limit.

"Now, your Honor," he said, "I desire to make charges against this policeman who brought me here."

"What charge?" demanded the Judge.

"Same as mine, your Honor," said Chumpleigh. "If I was going forty miles an hour in my car he must have gone forty-one on his motor-cycle, or he never would have caught me."

IN A.D. 1950

"JOHN, ARE YOU NEARLY THROUGH IN HERE?"

"YES, SIR."

"WELL, WHEN YOU GET THROUGH, GO OUT AND SPREAD THE LIFE NET UNDER ROOM NO. 5698892. MR. JONES HAS FALLEN FROM THE TOP STORY."

SOME QUESTIONS FOR THE MARTIANS

WHEN Professor Pickering gets that flashphone of his working, thereby putting us in communication with Mars, we should be ready with our questions. It would be absurd to establish the communication at an expense of ten millions of dollars and then not have anything to say. Hence it is that we take the liberty of presenting a few inquiries which should be put before the 'phone gets out of order:

1. Is it hot enough for you?
2. What do you think of William Jennings Bryan?
3. Have your scientists yet been able to discover exactly where Moses was when the light went out?
4. Have you any authoritative knowledge as to the age of Anno?
5. Who struck Billie Patterson; how much did he strike him for; who was Billie Patterson, anyhow, and where did he get it?

WHAT A DIFFERENCE A FEW HOURS MAKE!

6. Have you seen the man higher up lurking around any of your low paths?
7. What are your impressions of America?
8. Should women smoke, and if so, what?
9. From where you are does the earth look like a pinhole in a rubber blanket, or a microbe floating around through space?
10. Have you planted your early spring beets yet?
11. What will you give us for Emma Goldman, Carrie Nation, and Abdul the Damned, I. o. b. or f. O. D.?
12. How are the shad running this year?
13. Are your canals locked or on the level?
14. From where you are sitting can you see an English joke with the naked eye?
15. Whom do you consider the greatest living American?
16. Do you hold that if the opener of a jack-pot is obliged always to put his discard under the chips in the pool, whether he is going in split or not, this discard cannot be touched even if it is necessary to gather up the dead wood to complete the deal for the draw?

LITTLE CONVERSATIONS

"I SEE my finish!" said Castro, as he reached the south pole, and was refused permission to land.

"I WISH I could say as much!" sighed the Panama Canal, combing its locks and wishing they were on the level.

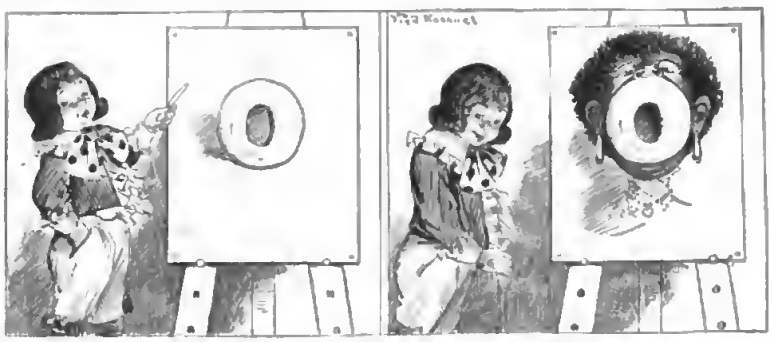
THE SEASON OF YOUTH

I FEAR there's little hope for me—
  On age I'll never sup.
It makes no difference where I be,
When Spring-time first I chance to see
And birds about me trill their glee,
  I simply can't grow up!

My soul's so full of verve and snap,
  My heart's so filled with joy,
Despite in years I'm quite a chap
In noisy rout I toss my cap
And, spread out flat on Nature's lap,
  I holler like a boy!

O three times blessed time of Spring,
  Your praises have been sung
Since birds first flew upon the wing,
Since mortal man learned how to sing,
Because the blessings that you bring
  Keep us forever young!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



WONDERFUL WILLIAM, THE CHALK-TALK ARTIST

"I HAVE DRAWN THE PICTURE OF A DOUGHNUT; THEN WITH A LITTLE ADDITIONAL WORK—" YOU SEE THE EMINENT COLORED SOPRANO IN THE ACT OF SINGING 'DO'"

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ON THE LINKS

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

The Watcher in the Pass

By Frank Fleischman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM HURD LAWRENCE

A MAN rode slowly along a narrow trail that skirted the flank of Eagle Peak, leading a pack horse. A rifle, slung across his back, bumped with monotonous reiteration as his animal stumbled from time to time over some outcropping stone.

Behind him the trail along which he had come dipped and rose, visible in places as a narrow ledge along the mountain wall, but for the most part nothing but a succession of round, black hoof-prints in the snow. He had assumed steadily, so that, looking back, he could see the desert valley from which he had been climbing, and the low foot-hills in a vast panorama beneath him.

His path grew narrower; it seemed to cling to the

A man rode slowly along a narrow trail

mountainside over the dizzy precipice beneath; several times his frightened horse, picking its way among the showers of loose stones that it continually dislodged, bruised his leg against the wall of rock. Few men had passed this way before—none, perhaps, save some Cheyenne hunter or Mormon prospector. It was a short but difficult trail between the desert and the fertile valley that lay beyond the mountain chain. The proper passage ran at a lower level upon the opposite side of Eagle Peak, and was more easily to be traversed.

At last the worst part of the traveller's journey was accomplished. A sudden twist of the trail brought him upon an open camping space, shut in between two walls of rock, where the difficult mountain path linked itself to the regular road upon the apex of the ascent. It was a narrow pass in which the drifted snows rose to the horses' hocks; it was the key to the pass, from which a gentle descent could be made, on the one side to the desert, upon the other to the pasture lands beyond the range. A single man could have held it against an army.

The traveller dismounted, knee-haltered his horses, and tarried them loose to seek such food as they could find in sheltered places among the rocks. Then, cautiously concealing himself beneath the sky-line, he surveyed the descent toward the desert. His investigation brought a smile of triumph to his lips. He could not have chosen a more propitious place nor laid his plans more skilfully.

"Two hours ahead of them," he muttered; and instinctively the index finger of his right hand crooked, as though pressing a trigger.

He took his rifle from his back, fitted a cartridge into the chamber, and began to estimate the distance to the bend round which the prairie-wagons and horses of the migrating settlers would shortly appear. Seven hundred yards! He did not dare to fire, for in the rarefied atmosphere of the mountains a shot would become audible at an indefinable distance and would alarm them. He sank behind a rock, his rifle ready to his hand, and waited. As he lay there his thoughts ran gloomily backward upon the events that had made of him an outlaw and a potential murderer.

What was his crime? he asked himself, in a frenzy of passionate wrath. Why had he been driven in scorn from the settlers' camp after his formerly kindly reception? What was his offence in the eyes of these wanderers, he whose father owned broad acres in Utah?

He was a Mormon!

Born and bred among the God-fearing, thrifty community that had built up a civilization in the West, he had never known in what fear and contempt he and his people were held. Such of the Gentiles as had found their way to Salt Lake City had been received tolerantly, as people rather to be pitied for error than hated. That the new revelation had not been received among the older tribes of the East he knew; he did not know that his people were a tiny, insignificant portion of a vast outside Gentile world which looked on them as being almost beyond the pale of human sympathy.

It was while he was prospecting in the range that he had heard of the body of settlers moving westward from Illinois to take up lands in Montana and the Northwest. He had ridden down to visit them, and, incidentally, to warn them against the Cheyennes, already restless under the increasing encroachments of the whites. He had heard that bands of them savages were roaming the plains, that they had resolved, after a grand council, to wipe out all white men who should venture to cross into their domains.

He was well received by the immigrants, then camped in the semi-arid district east of the range, waiting for the snows to melt before passing into the fertile lands beyond. There was one attraction that had brought him to the camp again and again—Emma, the pretty daughter of Eli Sowell, the leader of the camp. And she had reciprocated his love. She had all but confessed it.

Then one day old Eli had called him aside to talk with him.

"I seen you an' her seem hinder inclined to hitch up," he said. "We're plain folks here an' plain-spoken. I'm a Baptist an' Emma ucherally takes after her father in that respect. What are you?"

And, as the young man hesitated, Eli went on with ponderous inflexibility:

"We're God-fearin' folks an' set upon Godly ways. Emma's goin' to marry a Baptist. I won't say as how she mightn't take a Methodist at a pinch, seein' as how they're next to the truth; but if you're one of them Reformed Dutchmen or anything else—"

"I'm one of the Saints—what you call Mormons," said the young man.

He remembered afterward the incredulity, the horror, the mocking invectives, when they realized. He had broken through to where the girl stood, had seized her hand—and, as she turned away, they had seized him and dragged him from the encampment, telling him that if he set foot within its confines again it would be at the peril of his life. Then they had set him free.

And he had seen the girl laugh disdainfully, all her love—if she had loved him—turned to contempt and scorn. In Illinois the memory of the Mormons had left bitterness behind it.

The memory of it burned on his cheek even now. The hatred rose up, strong and single in his heart. But now another emotion had come to contend with it—wild elation. For his opportunity had come!

He had waited for it through many nights and days, while he lurked in the mountains, planning and plotting, plotting ceaselessly his revenge. He had the stark and simple emotions of the frontiersman. They had given him an insult worse than death, and only death could wipe it away.

Death—but not of one. It must be a holocaust. And at last his plan had come to him, full-fledged, and on the instant. Soon, when the snows began to melt, the immigrants would set forth upon their journey over the mountains. At one point only would the snow-drifts lie thick and sodden between the strong containing walls of rock—in Eagle Pass. To this spot they would come, then; they would turn the bend and debouch into this small open space, huddled pell-mell together, wagons and oxen, and the horses, all floundering in the drifts. Then—then—

Far in the distance something caught the man's eye. It seemed like a white and rounded boulder—a boulder that moved. Through the thin air the faintest sound floated upward—that of a creaking axle. And the white boulder—he knew! The blood tingled in every vein. It was the round white canvas top of a prairie-schooner. In half an hour the immigrants would appear around the bend.

He shifted his body and spread out the cartridges in a little heap in front of him. He counted them: there were sixty, and to each one of them lay hidden an individual death. He gloated over the thought.

His plans had been well matured, but they contained one flaw. It was not vengeance alone that he desired. He had brought with him, for a definite purpose, the second horse. With its aid he would carry the girl away, far from pursuit, over the plains, to his own colony. There he would repay her scorn with devotion until he had won her, not only body, but soul as well.

But he would require all his wits to save her from the hoofs of the terrified horses, from the crush of the trampling cattle—to snatch her bodily and unharmed from the press of the rout and bear her away. That part he left to fate; in that he dimly and instinctively recognized the workings of that larger quantity of the equation which must be solved when man pits himself against men in that private vengeance which he assumes. Instinctively he glanced toward the horses. They had strayed from the shelter of the rocks and would be visible to the oncoming settlers. Suspicion would be aroused; he must conceal them from sight. With this purpose, the man arose hurriedly and hastened toward the top of the pass to secure and bring back the animals. They were pushing their way quickly from rock to rock, greedily munching at such sparse herbage as they were able to find. With some difficulty the man secured them.

For one moment he stood still, struck with a vague and hardly discerned admiration of the beauty of the scene that lay before him. Far under him stretched the fertile valley, bathed in the slanting rays of the setting sun. Then, slowly, the expression upon his face changed to horror. His eyes widened and his limbs stiffened; he stared at what lay below.

At the foot of the pass, drawn up in military formation, was a large body of mounted Cheyennes, wearing their feathers and war paint. In the clear air each man was distinctly visible. They had foregathered there in the evident intention of falling upon the settlers as they emerged into the valley at twilight. They sat like wooden horsemen upon steeds of wood, the only movement visible among them being that of their leader, who rode slowly from man to man.

The blood that had so lately flushed his veins in the triumph of his hatred suddenly seemed to congeal. He was too skilled in Indian warfare not to know what that would mean. He cared little enough what fate befell those settlers who had driven him from their camp. But Emma—

And then he knew that even his hate must disappear in the face of that danger. The race instinct rose in him; he understood that he must take upon himself the duty of saving those who had forsworn him. He ran back wildly, firing his rifle in the air in warning.

The settlers were emerging into the pass. Horsemen rode forward. He saw them halt hurriedly and dismount and stumble forward in the snow. Then the air became suddenly alive with hissing lead, and the silence was broken by the crackle of musketry, reverberating among the cliffs.

They had recognized him—perhaps they had been forewarned of him. They were firing at him—at him, who had held them at his mercy and thrown him opportunity aside to save them. He laughed loudly and bitterly. Why, five minutes ago the maturing of his long-thought-out vengeance had been at hand; and now—now—

He felt a blow as from a club upon his chest and tumbled forward. The rifle went spinning out of his hand over the snow, and a red stain crept from the place where he lay and spread, slowly widening, like an opened fan. He tried to rise; then with a helpless gesture of resignation lay motionless, conscious of a new sense of peace and well-being such as he had not known since he left Utah.

Men came running toward him, their heavy footsteps crunching through the thin film that had formed

He sank behind a rock and waited

over the soft snow. They cursed him, jeering at him as he lay prostrate among them.

They had known how he lurked in the mountains, they had set watch on him ever since he had been found camping along the pass. Trust a Mormon? They would as soon have trusted a rattlesnake. He'd better pray to die quickly before they strung him up to a tree.

The dying man, unable to speak, pointed feebly to the west. He pointed so persistently that at last, moved by curiosity, some of their number went to the top of the pass. They called to their companions in low voices, and the whole body of the settlers ran up and then went hastily back to form the wagons into a protective bulwark. Two of them, however, lingered on the way and bent over the body of the dead man and looked up into each other's face with curious eyes.

"I wonder whether he knew," they said, wonderingly.

Library Work Among the Children of Minnesota

By J. W. Olsen

Formerly State Superintendent of Public Instruction

THE area of Minnesota is so extensive, its local distances are so magnified by its ten thousand and one lakes that, especially numerous in the northern and less thickly settled parts of the State, make beautiful the scenery and isolate the neighbors; its population is so richly diversified by race, forest, mine, and prairie—that the amalgamating of it, through time and culture, into one glorious blend is a game, the zest of which only increases as the promise draws nearer fulfilment. It may be supposed that the educational problem presented through this conflict of man with nature in its most purposeful attitude is one that has been by no means easy to solve. Yet gradually, as the proud amazon was tamed to a gentler beauty, she yielded first to the erection of the primitive log schoolhouse and meeting-house within her boundaries, then to the building of the more imposing and tasteful school and church; and now, for more than twenty years, she has seen undisturbed—has even enjoyed, apparently—the gradual invasion of the the library with its harmful or armful or load of books.

The phase of library settlement with which the department of public instruction is, of course, most closely identified is the public school library. In 1887 our Legislature set aside an appropriation of $10,000 to aid districts that would manifest their interest in book culture by raising a few dollars for the purchase of a school library. For some years little advantage was taken of this privilege, but eventually the spirit of emulation, visibly at work among the counties, made progress rapid. Then, to further encourage effort in this direction, the department of public instruction made the annual purchase of library books one of the conditions for receiving *special* State aid that is granted to districts fulfilling certain requirements. Since that time the appropriation, increased to $25,000, has been unequal to the demands made upon it. The State meets the district half way in its endeavor, aiding to the extent of $20 on its first order for each schoolhouse and $10 annually on subsequent orders, provided the district itself raise and appropriate for the purpose an equal amount. The benefits accruing from these small rural and civic school libraries have been so palpable that it seems safe to say already library acquisition is making its appeal to the thrifty mind not simply as so much material *goods* for the present, but as an inestimably valuable mental and moral good for all time. The remotest and most unsettled counties of the State have been penetrated by an interest in the movement, and are responding to an unexpected and gratifying degree. For last year there was a total expenditure of over $50,000 by public schools for books appearing on the approved list of the Public School Library Board, including State aid of about $24,000. This outlay represented the purchase of over 86,610 volumes by more than 2,901 districts. The reports of our county superintendents for the year showed that out of the 7,768 school districts in the State 5,847 have libraries, with a total of 956,571 volumes valued at $617,868

It may readily be imagined that the raising of twenty, or even ten, dollars for book-buying in some isolated district in the northern part of the State, where the battle with hardship is still going on, entails much courage and persistence and tact and self-sacrifice on the part of those who undertake it. Country school officers' meetings that have been held during the past two years, through legislative enactment, have contributed very materially to broaden the spirit and open the pockets of our district fathers; but it is mainly to the skillful generalship and unflagging enthusiasm of the teachers that we owe thanks for the results attained. The superintendent of one of the newest of our counties reports that eight school libraries were installed in her county last year "through the efforts of the teachers"

One of the most popular and effective methods of conducting a library-fund campaign is the "basket-party" plan. For a function of this nature the maidens of the district vie with one another in preparing baskets for two, enticing in appearance and irresistible in content, for the subjugation of the stronger sex through its most vulnerable organ. These, one by one, are auctioned off at the party, and the successful bidders are twice blessed in that they have the joy of sharing their delectable purchase with the lady to whose knowledge of culinary art and human nature was due their original pleasure. The stimulus of personal admiration and of local rivalries sometimes provokes the keenest competition. I remember particularly one instance in an Irish district where two swains, united in their worship of the pretty teacher, but forever divided by the consciousness of their own superiority as suitors, bid up to five dollars before the basket was yielded to the richer rival.

J. W. Olsen, formerly Superintendent of Public Instruction in Minnesota

The work of the public-school library among us has been strongly reinforced by that of the State Library Commission, which, in addition to sending out its secretary wherever and whenever a new library is to be organized or local sentiment is to be created or stimulated in favor of establishment, has under its control a system of free travelling libraries. These in wisely assorted groups of fifty volumes for small towns and villages, and twenty-five for rural communities, are sent to districts, upon requisition and proper guarantee, for a period of six months; and their influence in most satisfactorily evidenced by the increasing demand for more of the non-fiction literature. When the Commission (created by act of Legislature in 1899) began its work in January, 1900, there were in Minnesota only 30 public libraries organized under the State law and supported by taxation, 5 free libraries supported by associations, and 13 subscription libraries. The number of public libraries is now 72, that of the free libraries 24, and that of the subscription libraries 11, making a total of 107 circulating libraries in the State. The Carnegie Fund for library encouragement has been drawn upon in 41 instances, and 35 library buildings have been completed with this assistance, the one in Duluth costing originally $75,000.

Besides these means of public education, eighty-five per cent of our districts are furnishing text-books on the free plan; and fifteen years of experience here sufficed to convince us that this method is decidedly better than that of private purchase, one conspicuous advantage lying in the more adequate equipment of collateral and supplementary reading. Especially in rural communities this system leads direct to the upbuilding of a school library. "Eating creates appetite," and when the nucleus has been formed addition to it seems logical.

Minnesota has an Pupils' Reading Circle. It has a State Teachers' Reading Circle governed by a board of six directors. The work of this body is carried on under the direction of the various county superintendents. Two works are studied by the members in the course of the year—one of a professional nature, the other of literary, historical, or cultural value.

Now, with all this provision that we pride ourselves on making for the young and inquiring mind, just what is the actual gain to those we are seeking to serve? Does the pabulum we offer really feed, or is the immature brain that requires such wholesome nourishing food starving into chronic anæmia in the midst of meringues and macaroons and lady-fingers? In search of an answer to a question of such moment, I have looked over lists of books ordered of the State library contractor from the catalogue prepared by the Public School Library Commission, and have found them to be, on the whole, commendable selections from the classics, modern fiction, popular science series, and very readable geographical and historical works, with a number of the favorites of our own young days judiciously interspersed. Even the most backward (from a geographical point of view) of our rural districts show this nice sense of discrimination. The choice is, of course, made necessary in part by the condition that the State will aid in library purchase only when books are ordered from the authorized list and contractor; but it must also be ascribed in part to the reputation of the books themselves, as also to the taste and book and child knowledge of the person ordering—in most cases the teacher. The same chastened restraint characterizes the contents of the travelling libraries of the State Library Commission, and, I believe, of most of our smaller city libraries.

When, with some slight foreboding, we pursue our quest into the libraries of the larger cities, the report is, perhaps inevitably, less encouraging in some respects. It has been suggested by one of our best, most human, most scholarly writers that the proper way to train a child to *read* is to turn him loose in

These well-stocked shelves make possible the enjoyment of many happy hours

The reading hour in Public School District No. 5, Dakota County, Minnesota

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a library; but it was not the large public library he had in mind, but the private collection of some book-loving individual or family, every volume of which has been acquired with pride—perhaps at the cost of more than money—and fingered with tenderness. The best results at the public library are achieved when the child comes to it from school at the instigation of his preceptor with a suggestive list from which he makes his (free?) choice. That the direction of the teacher will in such case be supplemented by the wise and kindly assistance of the librarian goes without saying. But, left to themselves, children whose parents, through lack of opportunity or lack of interest, have known nothing of the joy of reading naturally gravitate toward the easy to read, the illustrated, the quotation marked. The small girls desire, above all else, "lots of conversation." Their brothers are in somewhat better case, for they are by turns with Stanley in *Darkest Africa* and with Roosevelt on the plains; with *The Last of the Mohicans*, and with the first of the balloonists. One of our juvenile librarians tells me that in a final effort to lure from the trashy amaby-pamby element (but, despite acts of exclusion, will creep into the best of public libraries she is making a "transitional" shelf of the choicest and most fascinating of fiction from *Ivanhoe* to *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, and hopes in this way to gradually raise the standard.

Certainly the perversion of taste is not to be

The juvenile reading-room of the Public Library in Minneapolis

charged upon the public library; it is the fault of the public itself, which is either too indifferent to notice or too ignorant to care. The librarian, on the other hand, is more and more accepting the responsibility shirked by the home and becoming more and more the custodian not only of our children's books, but of our children's minds. The St. Paul public library, besides having throughout the city twelve stations of book repositories has in circulation from its juvenile department 4,500 books among the outlying schools of the city, with the primary objects in view of saving the child a long journey, and of at once sparing the parent the expense of car fare and introducing into his family books interesting and helpful to both himself and his children. Minneapolis, with eight branches and ten stations, circulates over 4,000 books among the most remote of the public schools from the children's department. Both of these city libraries are doing everything possible to make their children's rooms a delight to the eye, a rest for the body, and a stimulus for the mind. Pictures adorn the walls, the shelves are within easy reach, and the tables are supplied with children's magazines. For the youngest children there are dissected maps, picture books, and stereoscopic pictures.

With all these forces, animated by one strong intelligent spirit of well-doing, working toward one common end, may not we Minnesotans justly feel, despite natural discouragements, that we are making some permanent provision for the material welfare, the moral dignity, the mental integrity, sanity, and growth of our children's children?

Why Marriage is Less Popular in New York

By Richard Maxwell Winans

THERE were something like forty-six thousand less marriages in New York State during 1908 than there should have been under normal conditions of increase.

This estimate comprises the figures of actual decrease, one year compared with another, and also takes into account the average natural increase due to growth of population; which last was a minus quantity for 1908.

One of the reasons advanced as a cause for this unprecedented decrease is the untoward effect of the Cobb marriage-license law, which was passed in 1907 and went into effect January 1, 1908.

Connecting on this remarkable decrease in marriages during the last year, Bishop Colton, of Buffalo, expressed the opinion that the greatest explanation of the apparent decrease of marriages is the obnoxious Cobb marriage-license law. The time must eventually come, he says, when this law must be annulled, as it is odious, subversive of the liberty of the people, discourteous to the honest and high-minded clergymen of all denominations, and a restriction of the inclination of young people to marry under it, as they are naturally reluctant to publish their private affairs to the world. The consequence, he believes, is that people will try to circumvent the law in many and various ways, such as going into other States and into Canada, where no such laws exist, and doing in a clandestine manner what they would never have done prior to the enactment of this marriage-license law.

The New York State Department of Health, with some returns still missing, reports that during 1908, the first year in which the marriage-license law was operative, there was a net decrease of 20,106 marriages in the State. But New York City alone shows by its records that there were 5,373 less marriages there than shown by the State census.

The statistician of the New York City Department of Health explains the difference in figures between the State statistics, which place the decrease in marriages for the four counties comprising Greater New York at 8,225, and those of his department, at 13,598, by saying that the data of the State are based upon the number of marriage licenses issued, and that of the local board by the actual number of marriage certificates returned; the latter being the true number of marriages actually consummated. Many licenses are issued that, for one reason or another, are never made use of.

If it may be assumed—and it seems reasonable—that the same proportion of difference may be applied to the State outside the Greater City that is found there, then, with a total estimated population of over eight millions, about equally divided between the Greater City and the State, there would be another material increase of the figures of decrease, amounting to another five thousand or more. This would place the probable decrease in marriages for 1908 under 1907 at about thirty-one thousand.

But the number of marriages less in 1908 than in 1907 does not tell the whole story of the real decrease. The normal rate of increase shown in previous years must also be taken into account.

The natural rate of increase in marriages one succeeding year over the last, as a result of a growing population, has been between ten and fifteen per cent. The increase in marriages during 1906 over 1905 amounted to a little over twelve per cent. If the same rate had held for 1908 over 1907, there would have been fully twelve thousand more marriages in 1908.

Add this number of should-have-been marriages for 1908 to the number of marriages less than in 1907, and the actual decrease will appear to be something like forty thousand less than would have been, had the average rate of increase been maintained.

Greater New York City and other parts of the State bordering on or easily accessible to the State of New Jersey have no doubt been somewhat affected since the operation of the New York marriage-license law by the fact that New Jersey has been a no-license State, except for non-residents.

A New York official who is in a position to know says he has reason to believe that the evasion of the license law by non-residents of New Jersey has been comparatively easy. There are a certain class of New Yorkers, and others, who dislike the formality of answering a line of more or less delicate questions of a personal nature covering certain phases of their past life, when applying for a marriage license, and especially so since the New York law requires that the bride-to-be shall also be then and there present and sign the marriage license application as well.

Therefore, to avoid the inconvenience of getting a New York marriage license and, incidentally, the necessity of answering a page of embarrassing questions, the wedding is arranged to take place in New Jersey. To get around the non-resident clause of that State the prospective bridegroom becomes a "resident" of New Jersey, temporarily and on the whiles you wait plan. This, the official assured the writer, has been easy to accomplish. The man simply rented a room in a private house in one of the border towns, or, what has been the more popular plan, registered at some hotel, paying for a room a day in advance. After lounging about the place for an hour or so, just long enough to acquire the atmosphere of Jersey citizenship, he was ready to appear with his bride before the kind of a marrying man who, under certain "contributing" conditions, would accept any answer that satisfied the formality of the law with regard to his residence.

When asked if a resident of New Jersey he would answer in the affirmative, giving his hotel or lodging-house address, which, even if outside investigation followed, would be found correct. There are instances reported, however, where the street and number of current lots have been given by those too stingy to bear the expense of a bona fide occupancy of residence.

"But that was yesterday." To-morrow it will be different.

New Jersey refuses longer to be a second Scotland to New York; the promised land to eloping would-be's. Following the precedent of New York, as well as to meet a new condition, New Jersey will enact a very stringent marriage license law that will serve to bar eloping couples from other States.

The operation of the marriage-license law in the city of New York has had other disadvantages than the matter of embarrassing questions. The facilities of the marriage license bureau have been so limited that often it could not promptly meet the demand for licenses, and applicants have had to stand in line for the greater part of a day to reach the clerk, and sometimes have had to go home at closing time without the coveted paper.

Aside from the annoyance and distress of standing in line surrounded by all classes and conditions of people, solicitors have proved an intolerable nuisance by persistently harassing the prospective bride and groom to secure an order for almost everything in the housekeeping catalogue. It is reported in this connection that even a dealer in baby-carriages had a representative on the ground to solicit conditional orders for his stock.

No self-respecting bride-to-be can be expected to meekly submit to being dragged through such an experience; her sensitive spirit rebels against such treatment. Love lingers long and is very patient, but the ordeal of the solicitors has proved a very severe test to the limit of endurance.

No doubt the financial depression had a tendency to increase the conservatism of brides-to-be who had as much interest in the would-be's bank account as in himself, or who gave practical consideration to his prospective chances for steady employment.

The statistics from interior counties in New York, not directly affected by elopements from adjoining States, indicates that this cause may have been a prominent one, for the decrease in some of these counties amounted to as much as forty per cent.

Eloping couples from other States no doubt swelled the total of marriages of New York before the marriage-license law went into effect. This seems evident from the fact that in some of the border counties the decrease for 1908 amounted to as much as sixty per cent. Notable among these are the counties on the Pennsylvania line, such as Allegheny, Broome, Cattaraugus, Chemung, Orange, Steuben, and Tioga.

Because of the fact that the license law was a check on elopers the actual decrease in marriages in the State in these counties is only relative. The reduction in Manhattan, however, is not due to this, since it adjoins the non-license State of New Jersey. The decrease in the Borough of Manhattan for 1908 as compared with 1907 amounted to thirty per cent., which may be considered an actual decrease, and not one affected by outside conditions.

Health Commissioner Darlington estimates that Greater New York had a population of 4,422,685 on January 1, 1909, which is an increase of 137,250 during 1908; and there were 4,145 more births, and 8,133 fewer deaths in 1908 than in 1907. The records for the State also favor increase.

All—and it is a notable fact—in the face of these most remarkable figures of increase, there were nearly thirty thousand less people married in New York City during 1908 than in 1907, and nearly eighty thousand less in the State.

However, when it is remembered that marriages in the State fell off over seven per cent. in 1907, as compared with 1906, the actual decrease in 1908, considered in relation to the general average of increase for past years, will be found really much greater than shown by the bare statistics of the annual State marriage census. It is not altogether a question of the decrease in marriages for last year as compared with 1907. The extent of the decrease is not wholly appreciated until it is understood what the real normal increase would have been, taking the percentage of increase in former years as a basis of calculation.

The increase in marriages in Greater New York for 1907 over 1906 was only five per cent. Had the twelve-per-cent. increase of 1906 over 1905 been maintained during 1907, there would have been an increase of 5,802 marriages in that year, instead of the 2,742 as credited, or a total of 54,157 instead of 48,355 marriages. Then if the same rate of increase had been sustained in 1908 there would have been about 6,500 more marriages, instead of nearly 14,000 *less*, or a total of 60,650 marriages, instead of the 37,409 credited; so that, on this basis, there were really something like 23,150 less marriages in New York City during 1908 than there would have been under normal conditions of increase.

Applying the same ratio of decrease to the State, it would be found that there were about 40,300 less marriages in New York than a normal increase would have given to the State.

If the same percentage of decrease as shown above in New York were found in the same proportion over all the United States the tremendous falling off in marriages would be truly appalling. Estimating the population of the United States in round numbers at ninety million, and applying the basis of decrease in New York State to the whole country, there would be shown a total of 520,000 less marriages in 1908 than there would have been had the rate of increase been maintained throughout the country in the same ratio used in the calculations for the State of New York.

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THE TIN-TYPE MAN

DRAWN BY H. S. WATSON

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A New Northern Monument on a Southern Battle-field

A MONUMENT, erected by the Battle-field Commission of Pennsylvania to the Third Division of the Ninth Army Corps of the army of the Potomac, will be unveiled at Fort Mahone, Petersburg, Virginia, in the presence of President and Mrs. Taft on Wednesday, May 19th. The city of Petersburg, which is participating in the ceremony, will afterward entertain Mr. and Mrs. Taft at an *al fresco* luncheon at Centre Hill Mansion, a place of historic relations, where covers will be laid for one thousand. In the evening a reception will be held.

The Ninth Army Corps took a leading part in the assault upon Petersburg. Major-General William Mahone, who gave his name to the fort, was conspicuous among the defenders, commanding a division of the Confederate Army, and earning the title, "The Hero of the Crater," for the courage which he displayed.

Copyright, 1909, by H. C. Mann

The Pennsylvania monument on the site of Fort Mahone, Virginia, to be unveiled in the presence of President and Mrs. Taft next Wednesday

The Gentler View

TONGUES, CAMERAS, AND OTHER THINGS

By Florida Pier

A TONGUE is, after all, an amusing instrument, though it be a tongue lacking in training and a tongue of astonishingly undisciplined habits. Some people should be regarded solely as tongues, as detached and clattering things to be courted for their delightful irrelevancy and engaging skipping pace. A free tongue must be taken in small doses, but by all means taken. The only things necessary for complete enjoyment are an instinct for self-preservation, an appreciation of unfinished sentences, a delighted wonder at the tortuous paths a tongue will take, and that unreasonable fascination sometimes found in the heartiness of vacuitous speech. These recommendations naturally introduce the thing recommended. "Well, all I have to say is just fancy." A statement one recognizes at once as untrue. "Fancy a country existing after all these years when one hadn't seen it or completely believed in it, so to speak. You know I can't help thinking they must have had to hurry to get it ready in time, so that it was really there when I finally decided to look. Sort of all Spain saying, 'Oh, well, if people will keep on believing in the existence of our country, we must keep the fairy tale up a bit longer.' Not that I really mean that, but still—and then Gibraltar—why, I'd seen it so many times in the back of the magazines advertising something or other that I felt personally upset when it looked the way it did. There is an elimination in the advertisement that the original altogether lacks. I didn't at all feel the tremor I've experienced on looking at the wood cut with the sign across it. There were babies and nursemaids toddling at the base, and a boy selling evening papers. But then a great many people don't share my feeling for grandeur. Instinctively, it seems to me, we have very good taste, for so often the originals disappoint us. Don't you think so? Then, too, the guns that go off at sundown and sunrise—why, they make an awful noise! If England had decided to put holes in Africa she couldn't go about it with more vim. I can't think why she disturbs every one each time the sun gets up and sits down. That's no way to make one believe in imperialism. It's an over-emphasis that I should find most disagreeable if I lived there. One thing that interested me so was the number of boys who were called Romeo, boots, and hall boys, and—oh, no end of people! Could they all be descendants of Juliet? I have no idea. Perhaps they aren't. Still, I'm not very much up in my classics, and those old families are so difficult to keep straight. They have one habit that I think capital—not the old families, but these foreigners: they encourage every thing in such a helpful way—horses mules, bullocks—it really helps them tremendously. I wonder if we couldn't try it on the Broadway ram; one can't help feeling that they'd like it. It is quite simple, just a concerted cry, sort of bumps every five minutes. If it is done regularly it seems to take the place of all the more modern — er — motor powers. It ought to be cheap, too, I should think. The passengers do it themselves, you understand, with, of course, a little help from the conductor. He could lead, perhaps. It's just an idea. It would have to be elaborated, of course. Still, you know, there was one thing that really kept me awake nights. Yes, actually. I woke up two or three times and thought about it. It was the trees. The tropical trees, you understand. They had never popped into my head before, but quite suddenly it occurred to me that they work all the year around. Yes. It's an awful thought, isn't it? They never lose their leaves. Think of never getting a rest from the beginning to the very end when lightning or axes or something finally strikes one. Our American trees in comparison have a very cosy time, don't they? losing their tiresome little leaves quite often, it must seem to these poor tropical dears—that is, if they know anything about it. I never felt the same comfort in being out-of-doors after I thought of that. And, oh, my dear, I don't want to be vulgar—in fact, it's just because I know I can't be that I dare to say what I'm going to say; only I do want you to understand, sort of warned. Well, where was I? Oh yes, those Spaniards. Well, it's the way in which they—you understand, I'm sure—spat. I'm really afraid this is going to sound queer, but there does seem to be a language of—er—expectoration. I noticed it so strongly in the guides we had; whenever they lacked for a word—well, there they were. Of course I didn't say it to any one, but I couldn't help thinking that they had a mode of expression that we haven't. If Romeo, our first guide, was pleased with himself, if he had said something clever and wished to show that it was a simple matter for him, he did what I said, you know. If he was disgusted with me and the world, but wanted us to know that he could just stand our stupidity, he did the same thing; and every time he did it I felt that he had got the best of us in an argument, that his was somehow the last word. They must begin awfully young, to do it so well; but then we noticed that they did begin young—in fact, they couldn't have begun younger. And, oh, I've been meaning to tell you this from the beginning. I don't know how I ever forgot it. You see, I was very tired on the ship and slept just as late as they would let me, which brought my bath hour during the morning concert; and would you believe it, the first morning they played *American*. Yes, I really mean it. I could hardly look the soap in the face, and the morning after that they played *The Maiden's Prayer*. I thought it time then to change my bath hour. I knew it was silly to let it bother me. Still, it did feel queer. *Americus!* Think of it! almost as if the bandmaster knew. He couldn't have, naturally, though those Italians—I want all my girls to marry Americans, that's one thing I'm sure of. Aren't foreigners awful, of course utterly different civilization from ours? Yes, they pack their coal in scrap-baskets with olive branches laid across the top. Some Biblical meaning, I suppose. There are so many things I feel hazy about. I must read up when I get home, though reading often gives you a wrong impression. One author I remember called Spain arid. It may be, but it looks like very luxuriant aridity to me. I tell you life often seems—" What it seems to the possessor of this cavorting tongue we will never know. Such a tongue is necessarily left in the middle of a sentence. If one foolishly waited for periods, old age would find one still decrepitly listening.

Great rest and solace are to be found in not having a camera. The lack frees one from all responsibility toward scenes of beauty and puts one on tremendously intimate terms with picturesque spots. As a rule, the relations are so strained between the traveller and the thing he has travelled to see, but by merely leaving one's camera at home a sweet sympathy springs up. As soon as the thing of beauty understands the delicacy of your intentions toward it a visible relaxing of its lovely lines takes place, and, quite at its ease, it manages to convey to you how seldom people permit it to lounge, how continued is the necessity for looking its best, and how really tactless it is of people to intimate that the impression they receive of its glory will not be lasting but must be helped out by photographs. Its gratitude is touching, and the understanding between it and its cameraless admirer could hardly be more perfect. If anything could assure your remembering its every detail, it would be just the knowledge of how it fell about the matter. You sit and smile at its airy outlines, and out of pure bravado, to feel for a moment like a life resident of the particular bench you are on, you close your eyes. A second after you open them to apologize whole-heartedly for having crassly slept the night through when its marvels were in the same city and might be dimly seen. It grants you pardon, its white walls shimmer slightly in recognition of your compliment, and you sigh happily at the chance that made you forget your camera.

"Forty Shilling Day"

WILLIAM GLANVILL was a member of the Inner Temple at London, and departed this life some two hundred years ago on the second day of February, and was buried in the little churchyard of Wotton, in Surrey. Here a simple tombstone marks his last resting-place, and probably his name would no longer be remembered were it not for a special clause in his will. This stipulated that a sufficient part of his savings should be invested so as to produce a revenue of thirty pounds annually, from which income forty shillings were to be presented every year to such of five boys who should stand at his grave bareheaded, on February 2d, and recite the Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments, and the Apostle's Creed. The reading of the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and writing from dictation two verses from the same chapter, completed the requirements, though these last two exercises might be conducted indoors.

This competition has become a local custom at Wotton, and each eligible boy in the parish hopes to be successful on "forty shilling day," though the age limit is fixed at from twelve to sixteen years, and no one can win a prize more than once. Often the weather has been very cold on the second day of February, and frequently the chattering of a competitor's teeth has ruined what otherwise might have been a winning recitation.

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In no other form of food is purity so absolutely essential as in milk products. Richness is also necessary, as without richness milk is of little value as a food. Purity and richness are the endowment of Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk. As a food for infants or for general household purposes it has no equal. .°.

THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT is "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA." 25 cents a bottle. .°.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOT DRUGS

Food Did It.

After using laxative and cathartic medicines from childhood, a case of chronic and apparently incurable constipation yielded to the scientific food, Grape-Nuts, in a few days.

"From early childhood I suffered with such terrible constipation that I had to use laxatives continuously, going from one drug to another, and suffering more or less all the time.

"A prominent physician whom I consulted told me the muscles of the digestive organs were partially paralyzed, and could not perform their work without help of some kind; so I have tried at different times about every laxative and cathartic known, but found no help that was at all permanent. I had finally become discouraged, and had given my case up as hopeless, when I began to use the predigested food, Grape-Nuts.

"Although I had not expected this food to help my trouble, to my great surprise Grape-Nuts digested immediately from the first, and in a few days I was convinced that this was just what my system needed.

"The bowels performed their functions regularly, and I am now completely and permanently cured of this awful trouble.

"Truly the power of scientific food must be unlimited." "There's a Reason."

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THE BEST "APENTA" NATURAL APERIENT WATER

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Finance

Bearing on Investments of the "Commodity Clause Decision"

By Franklin Escher

DIRECTLY affecting the intrinsic value of over a billion dollars' worth of corporation securities, the Supreme Court's decision on the commodity clause of the Hepburn Rate Act will go down in financial history as an event of primary importance. Through the long months during which the Court's decision was momentarily expected, Wall Street, and indeed the investing public in general, was on the tenterhooks. Settlement of the vexed question is an event of incalculable benefit to the business of the country at large. On the announcement that the commodity clause had been declared constitutional by the Supreme Court, Reading stock broke down to 143. On the further announcement of what the Supreme Court took the commodity clause to mean, Reading stock shot up eight points within a couple of hours. That fluctuation in the stock may be said to have represented public sentiment as the all-important question with the faithfulness of a barometer registering the passing of a storm.

The history of the famous fight over the commodity clause dates back to early in 1906, when the investigation of the Pennsylvania Railroad brought to light unpleasant disclosures as to the conduct of the coal-mining business and the disadvantages under which the independent companies were being forced to operate. For some time past the conviction had been deepening in the public mind that it was unfair that the coal roads, through their double function of producer and carrier, should be in a position to so completely shut out their independent competitors. When, therefore, Senator Elkins in May, 1906, incorporated into the Hepburn Rate Act the now famous commodity clause but little opposition was encountered, and there was rushed through the Senate and the House a bill prohibiting the railways from transporting through the channels of interstate trade after May 1, 1908, "any article or commodity, other than timber and the manufactured products thereof, manufactured, mined, or produced by it or under its authority, or which it may own, in whole or in part, or in which it may have any interest, direct or indirect, except such articles or commodities as may be necessary and intended for its use in the conduct of its business as a common carrier."

This revolutionary piece of legislation having been passed, and the evil day in which it should go into effect having been put off for two years, people began to lose interest in the matter. As the agitation over the treatment of the independent coal operators died down, interest in the possible effects of the legislation which had been whipped through died down also. "May 1, 1908, is a good while off," the saying was, all through the booming markets in the end of 1906; "before then the coal roads will find some way to fix it up with the Government."

But May, 1908, came without finding the matter by any means "fixed up." Far from that, the six leading coal roads brought suit in the United States Circuit Court for eastern Pennsylvania, contesting the constitutionality of the "commodity clause" part of the Hepburn Act, which prohibited them from doing the business they had carried on unmolested for over fifty years. By an arrangement between counsel for the roads and the Department of Justice it was agreed that the operation of the law should be suspended pending the determining of its constitutionality.

Attorney-General Bonaparte argued the Government's case personally. The Government lost. On September 8, 1908, Judge Gray handed down the decision that the law was unconstitutional in that it deprived the corporations of their liberty and property in a way prohibited by the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution. It was held that the commodity clause would work a practical confiscation of the property of the railroads; that it was invalid, being "in its nature and effect a discrimination prohibition."

From the Circuit Court the Government carried its case against the railroads to the Supreme Court. Argument was completed about three months ago, and the country began to prepare itself for the verdict. Public sentiment at first appeared to be in favor of a decision in favor of the railroads. Then came a change, with Wall Street particularly gloomy, and satisfied that the railroads would lose their case. With the rapid rise in Reading stock, however, sentiment began to change again, and, while the exact nature of the decision which came on May 3d may have surprised many, its generally favorable character was fully expected.

A good deal of highly complicated editorial matter has been put out since the decision came, but there is little that is really difficult or involved in the ruling of the Court. In the first place, the Circuit Court, which declared the commodity clause unconstitutional, is flatly reversed. Then, having declared the measure constitutional, Justice White goes on to explain that the Supreme Court holds the commodity clause to mean something entirely different from what the last Administration took it to mean.

For the reasons before referred to, the last Administration had the commodity clause put into the Hepburn Rate Act, and after the two years of grace had elapsed commenced proceedings against the leading coal roads. Losing in the lower court, the Government carried the case to the Supreme Court. That body now hands down a decision which, in effect, says to the Government: "There is nothing unconstitutional about the law—the trouble is that it doesn't mean what you think it means; it doesn't give you any authority, for instance, to go on with your suits against these railroads."

This is an entirely new construction put on the matter—one which even the railroads' lawyers themselves did not attempt to bring forward when they argued and won their case before the Circuit Court last September. The fight then was made on the constitutionality of the measure—nobody seemed to consider that the bill might be constitutional and yet entirely inadequate to fill the purposes for which it was framed.

Yet that is exactly the substance of the decision. No railroad shall be allowed to transport through the channels of interstate trade, says the commodity clause, "any article which it may own, in whole or in part, or in which it may have any interest, direct or indirect." It would be surprising, indeed, if that was not drawn with the idea of preventing a railroad from hauling coal produced by a mining company all of whose stock the railroad owns. And yet that it does not prevent it is the decision of the Supreme Court. Railroads such as Erie or Lehigh Valley may own all or any part of the stock of coal-mining companies and yet, without violating the "commodity clause" part of the Hepburn Act, transport the coal.

In other words, the Supreme Court's decision as to what the commodity clause really does cover puts it in the light of a pretty poor piece of legislation—another specimen of the well-meant but ill-advised anti-corporation legislation of the past few years. Stating his reasons for the decision, Justice White is reported to have said: "It has been decided in this court that ownership of stock in a corporation does not make the owner of the stock the legal owner of the property of the corporation. It does not give him a legal standing as respects interest in the property of the corporation in which he holds the stock. It is said that ownership of stock in the corporation was in the mind of Congress, and that therefore we should read the Act according to the subject to which the mind of Congress was directed, disregarding its legal significance and disregarding those things which were excluded from it; and that we should interpret it according to our supposed assumption with respect to that which was in the mind of Congress. That argument is not tenable, because if the mind of the lawmaker was concentrated on the adoption of the statute under that provision, then the obvious and plain duty was to discuss it not by a vague and *general expression* which excludes the stock ownership in its legal terms, because the judicial mind cannot contemplate that which was excluded, and by construing it to mean that which in its legal sense has been settled by this court."

Little there is in the way of compliment for the commodity clause of the Hepburn Rate Act or for the people who drew it up.

To the investor this question as to whether the coal roads owning the stocks of coal-mining companies would have either to sell the stock or stop carrying the coal was what was all important. With the exception of Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western and Delaware and Hudson, all the big coal roads control their mines through stock ownership and so are declared by this decision of the Supreme Court to be unaffected by the commodity clause as it now stands. The second of the two roads mentioned, it is understood, sells practically all the coal it mines before it transports it over its lines; in the case of the other company all that will be necessary will be to form a subsidiary company to do the mining of the coal. Far from being a bear argument on Lackawanna securities, the probability of the change has been the basis of a hundred-point rise in the stock.

As influencing security values in general, what is perhaps the most important effect in that the threatened disturbing of a very large amount of investment capital is averted. Whatever may have come to light regarding unfair treatment of independents, it is a fact that the coal industry has been established along its present lines for the past fifty years, and that the accomplishment of the purpose of the framers of the commodity clause would have caused a tremendous disturbance and a further impairment of confidence. Had the law been held to cover what it was meant by its makers to cover, its scope would have been extended beyond the coal properties. The question would have been raised, no doubt, as in the right of the United States Steel Corporation to carry the ore from its own fields over its own railroad lines. The possibilities of mischievous Government interference with the rights of the corporations would have been almost unlimited.

By its mild and moderate interpretation of the commodity clause the Supreme Court has done a great deal to reassure capital, and so to facilitate the return of good times. It is not only that things are to be left as they are, but that the conviction has been strengthened and deepened in the public mind that between the rights of invested capital and radical or ill-advised legislation there stands to-day, as it has always stood, the Supreme Court. To the extent that the measure claimed for the Government the right to regulate interstate commerce, it has been fully sustained. To the extent that it sought, in order to eradicate a moderate evil, to subvert and destroy a great commercial system of half a century's standing, it has been relegated to the scrap-heap of other recent futile legislation.

As to the purpose at which the commodity clause aimed, that may safely be said to have been accomplished. When the Supreme Court declared the measure constitutional, notice was given in the plainest kind of way that even though the commodity clause as passed in 1906 was a bungle, such legislation is distinctly within the province of Congress, and Congress can, if it sees fit, go on and make a law which *will* hold water. It is understood that for some time past the independent coal companies here had no cause to complain. In view of the power of Congress, reaffirmed in this last decision of the Supreme Court, it would be surprising if the independents were given any cause for complaint for a good while to come.

The decidedly favorable turn taken by the national finances is one of the strong features of the situation. Only two months ago it seemed inevitable that ex-Secretary Cortelyou's estimate of a deficit of $114,000,000 for the fiscal year would be largely exceeded, competent estimates being made that the country would be lucky if the deficit did not run over $130,000,000.

Since the beginning of the present Administration there has been only a slight increase in the deficit, the total on April 30th standing at $92,403,526. Imports have made an unexpectedly favorable showing for March and April, customs receipts for the nine months having at last caught up with the corresponding period for last year. These are figures which take the force out of many of the arguments put forward by the tariff stand-patters.

That we should still be shipping gold out of the country and to a city in Europe (Paris) where time money is worth only a little over one per cent. is one of the plainest illustrations of the need of currency reform that could be asked for. There is no question of our owing the money on the other side—our bankers' balances in all the European centres are extremely large. Why, then, are we losing this gold which we shall want so badly later in the year? Simply because it is being crowded out by the constantly increasing bank-note circulation. And yet bank-note circulation is to be further increased by further issues of Panama bonds. If these bonds have to be issued, surely some way should be found to sell them to some one else than the banks, even if the interest rate on the bonds has to be raised to do it. Indeed, from every standpoint it is desirable that there should be a wider distribution of the national debt than at present.

In view of the present discussion over the income tax, it is interesting to note that the tax on incomes in England has just been raised from a shilling per pound (five per cent.) to a shilling and twopence per pound. On incomes of over twenty-five thousand dollars the tax is put at a shilling and eightpence. An allowance in the inheritance tax is also made. And yet the Englishman manages to get along.

The recent article on the wheat corner was written just after Mr. Patten's alleged retirement, and published in the firm belief that the bull leader had by no means dropped the reins. That belief appears to have been fully justified, present reports being that the soaring wheat market is entirely due to a renewal of Patten activities.

C. N. E.—Are bank clearings really a reliable guide to industrial conditions? They have always seemed to me pretty general to be good for much. Isn't the iron market a better index?

If by "general" you mean that bank clearings reflect too many varying local conditions to show much as a whole, your point seems to be well taken. Ordinarily the iron market is an excellent barometer, but, just at present, special conditions have somewhat impaired its efficiency in that respect. The best available index at the present time seems to be a comparison of railway earnings with the corresponding months of two years and three years ago.

R. W. A.—Is there any likelihood of the dividend being passed on Steel Common as a result of the price-cutting in the steel trade?

The passing of the dividend on Steel Common seems unlikely. Were present conditions in the steel trade to continue for any great length of time, there might be some question of the wisdom of paying even two per cent., but a big surplus has been piled up against just such times as these, and present conditions are not likely to last.

C. C. R.—What rate of interest is Colorado and Southern earning on its common stock? Do you consider this stock a good investment to hold for about two years? Is there any other low-priced railroad stock which you consider a better investment than the above?

For the first six months of the current fiscal year, which began in July (the company does the larger part of its business during the cotton and corn seasons), Colorado and Southern earned nearly four per cent. on the common. Under Hill management the property is bound to increase in value and seems an attractive investment—quite as attractive as any of the other stocks of its class. Chesapeake and Ohio selling about the same price is another low-priced railroad stock of merit, and among the non-dividend payers Missouri Kansas and Texas has an enviable strategic position.

G. C.—Would you advise the purchase for investment of Southern Railway preferred or Rock Island preferred? What are their dividend chances?

Purchase of either of these stocks at present is in the nature of a speculation on dividend resumption. The return of good times will probably mean the putting of both issues back on a dividend basis.

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ERIE RAILROAD

The acceptance by the Board of Directors of the Erie Railroad Company of the provisions of the Public Service Commission's order relative to the $30,000,000 bond issue places the company in a position where it can continue the necessary improvements to the property and better serve its patrons. The management is relieved from burdens which have been heavy and more or less oppressive because of the questions of the future.

Now that these have been settled, the company can go ahead and complete the work under way and plan for further extensions and improvements, as the earnings are sufficiently large to justify the prediction made some time ago that under normal conditions the Erie was a profitable property.

Despite the financial conditions of the past eighteen months, the company has maintained the property to a greater degree of efficiency than most railroads. The track has been greatly improved, and there is no better, smoother, or stronger loading out of New York. The motive power has been placed in such a condition as to provide a surplus of good locomotives. The car equipment has been kept up, and the company is prepared to do $60,000,000 gross business a year with its present facilities.

The earnings for March were a distinct surprise and wholly gratifying. They show a gross increase in operating revenue of $619,885.16, and at the same time a decrease in operating expense of $75,644.14. The net increase in operating income is $695,529.30 for the month, and $3,517,983.08 for the nine months of the fiscal year. These earnings indicate that the expenses are well in hand without clogging or congesting the traffic. In other words, business is being moved with unusual promptness at a minimum cost.

When the increase in the general business of the country comes, the Erie will be in better position than ever to handle its full share, and the additional traffic cost will be greatly lessened by the free and frequent use of the low-grade lines and stretches of double track, work upon which has been under way for several years. The Erie & Jersey, the new famous low-grade through the Shawangunk Mountains east of Port Jervis, allows train loads of seventy cars, while the best an engine can do on the old grade is twenty-five cars. It is expected that the Erie & Jersey revision will be carried through to connection at Suffern before long, giving an extremely low-grade freight line to the New York Division.

The work in western New York, between Cuba and Hunts, is proceeding rapidly to completion, and here again a great saving will be made in train loading. Grade revisions of smaller extent have been made at several points along the line, and, when all are connected and in use, the cost will greatly lessen and the capacity be wonderfully increased.

The Jersey suburban improvements are costing many millions of dollars, and, when trains next fall begin using the four track cut through the Bergen Hill, the company will have an entrance to its Jersey City Terminal that will practically be unchangable. Despite the Bergen tunnel congestion at the present time, Erie suburban trains show a punctuality hardly equalled by any commuter-carrying road in this vicinity. From 90 to 98 per cent on time has been the monthly average. On through passenger service, the trains have maintained an average of 98 per cent. This figure is nearly the maximum, there being but one line with a better record, but it has fewer trains and only two-thirds the mileage.

At Jersey City a subway is under construction leading from the train-shed to the station of the Hudson tunnels, where trains will be taken for the terminal at Church and Cortlandt Streets or for 33th Street and Sixth Ave. It may not be long before the service will be extended to Forty-second Street. Some day it is expected that all the Erie suburban lines will be electrified, and then its trains will connect with under-the-water tubes and haul passengers in New York without change.

In addition to the regular Wells-Fargo Express specials, the Erie has installed another fast express to Chicago and return to take care of the C. M. & St. P. business, recently secured by the Wells-Fargo Co. The Erie has also gained a very enviable reputation by reason of the promptness of its fast freight service to the West, its daily trains making the run in fifty-six hours and going in on time. The record has been and is the best between Chicago and New York.

There is no question of the earning power of the Erie, and though it has had its troubles there seems to be every reason to believe that from now on it can expand and grow and improve as conditions warrant.

THE SPIRIT OF CATHEDRAL WALLS

(Continued from page 12.)

heights, to haunt all the silence of the place. Off to the left the arches and piers loomed up prodigiously, their bulk now made of patch on patch where moonlit stone and shadowed depth lay one against another. Networks of scaffolding, silvered in the light, were vaguely laced down all the walls. We stayed there an hour and then went below to a theatre of unrelished beauties.

In the chancel and the silent choir the moonlight that crept through windows and rifts lent magnified proportions to the building, and moulded out the polished bulk of the great pillars standing in their circle. Here flitting bats dipped in and out, like restless spirits of the dark, uneasy in this churchly place, yet linked forever to its shadows. A watchman passed, his lantern-light a small red altar fire, sufficient for the guidance of his wandering feet, if not indeed also for his soul. Without, in some of the niches, where a number of the mammoth saints already stand in place, the moonlight touched with sublimity the figures gazing down upon the world.

But a faint idea of what this cathedral will one day be is conveyed by the cold array of figures. Its spire will cleave upward to a height of four hundred and twenty-five feet. Its total length will exceed five hundred feet. Its width will expand three hundred, north and south. The choir alone will seat three thousand persons. The dome, somewhat on the model of that of St. Peter's at Rome, will lift two hundred and fifty feet above the floor of the Trascept. The cost will be millions upon millions of dollars.

The work is certain to require no less than forty or fifty years. Meantime the seasons come and go, and hordes of working men earn their bread by the labor the cathedral affords.

It is all, I repeat, a theatre where man and the elements play. And if the winds that altitudes wail and moan through the empty spaces express a little of the tragedy of life—the struggle, the suffering, and woe—then no less also do the mellowed rays of many a glorious sunset hour tinge all the chancel with a lambent glow of hope to bring infinite promise to the soul.

Wherever a nation has vanished from the earth the temples and gods have crumbled no less certainly—dust returning back to dust. Time the inexorable levels them all. Those of the hour will lie side by side with the others, in their clay. Only the spirit that reared them remains forever uncorrupted.

The New American Minister to Greece

Mr. George H. Moses, whom President Taft has appointed Minister to Greece and Montenegro, is a native of Maine, though the greater part of his life has been spent in New Hampshire, to which State his appointment is credited. He is forty years old, the son of a preacher, and was educated at the famous old academy at Exeter and at Dartmouth College, in both of which institutions he ranked with the leaders in Greek.

George H. Moses, Minister to Greece

On leaving college he became secretary to the Governor of New Hampshire, and at the same time began newspaper work. For fifteen years past he has been managing editor of the Concord *Evening Monitor*.

Financial

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Chicago's New Club of the Arts

THE APPROPRIATE LOCATION OF THE "CLIFF-DWELLERS"

THE Cliff Dwellers' Club of Chicago, which formally opened its doors and greeted members and guests with an elaborate housewarming and fire-lighting ceremony, is a prominent addition to the club life of our country. Situated in the second largest city on the continent and in the heart of the Middle West, it is intended to become a half way house for all artists and literary men who make their home between the boundaries of the two oceans. For this reason the non-resident members' fees shall be merely nominal, in order that large groups of men from the Middle States may be associated with the club.

About one and a half years ago Mr. Hamlin Garland, the author, made the initial move toward organizing a club in Chicago, by sending out a circular letter to a number of persons living in that city, and who would probably be interested in the project. The membership, as proposed in the letter, was to be proportioned among men of different vocations according to a certain ratio, and their number was to be recruited from artists, writers, laymen, and as on The "Century" and "Players" clubs of New York City were the models after which the "Cliff-Dwellers" was to be patterned, for it was to be a coming together of the esthetic forces of the Middle West.

The response to this letter or prospectus was immediate and enthusiastic, and a committee of forty was formed to draw up the plans of organization. In January, 1908, this formal organization occurred upon the adoption of the report given by the committee, but one of the most important items was still lacking—the clubrooms. The decision was unanimous that these quarters must be centrally located in the down town section of Chicago, in what is known as "the loop," and preferably on Michigan Avenue. The question was how to secure an artistic home, sufficiently roomy, and situated within the desirable district, and yet to escape the enormous rentals which are the necessary evil in that locality. The solution of this problem was suggested by the name of the club, "The Cliff-Dwellers," and it was decided to build their house on the roof of some prominent structure within "the loop."

The eight-story Orchestra Hall, on Michigan Avenue, supplied the "Cliff-Dwellers" with their present resting-place. This structure, in the Colonial style of architecture, was erected for the Thomas Orchestra, shortly before the death of its celebrated leader, and the roof of this building was rented by the club for a period of ten years. On this was constructed a great one-story room nearly eighty feet in length, and called "the Khiva," which is the Hopi Indian word for house. These Western Indians are the true descendants of the early Cliff Dwellers, and, therefore, the selection of the name "Khiva," was peculiarly significant. An outside hanging stairway leads from the eighth floor to the club rooms, and the windows of the "Khiva" afford a splendid view over Grant Park and out upon the Lake. "The Ledge," a promenade some eight feet broad, between the "Khiva" proper and the balustrade at the edge of the roof, is to be converted into a dining-room for pleasant days in summer, and to be decorated with vines and bay trees. Such are the unique quarters in which the "Cliff-Dwellers," a club for the promotion of good-fellowship and free from any didactic purpose, is housed.

Luncheon in the "Khiva" of the "Cliff-Dwellers"

A view of Lake Michigan from "The Ledge"

Its membership consists of about two hundred men representing various professions and grouped as following: Laymen, 60; architects, 30; musicians, 33; painters and men in arts and crafts, 25; professional men, 19; writers, 17; and sculptors, 4. The president of the club is Hamlin Garland (writer); vice-president, Howard Shaw (architect); treasurer, Charles L. Hutchinson, (layman), secretary, Ralph Clarkson (painter); director and chairman of art committee, Lorado Taft (sculptor); and four directors, Clarence Dickinson (musician), Frank B. Logan (layman), Donald Robertson (actor), and Frederick C. Bartlett (painter).

One of the spectacular features in the programme of the housewarming within the spacious "Khiva" was a procession of the "Primitives and Traditional Types," in which club members wore costumes representing French and Spanish priests, Spanish conquerors, Puritans, Knickerbockers, Quakers, Cavaliers, and other characteristic early American types. When each of these groups had been welcomed with appropriate lines in verse, the entire body passed in review before the south hearth, casting into it their torches as a token of contribution to the central flame of hospitality.

In the "modern" part of the programme the north hearth, filled with driftwood presented by the Tavern Club of Boston and the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, was lighted by Mr. Otis Skinner, of "The Players," and poems of greeting from various clubs were read by their delegates. Letters of congratulation from President Roosevelt and others were announced by Mr. Garland. After a banquet the delightful ceremonies were concluded with the main addresses of the evening by Robert Herrick, representing literature, Charles L. Hutchinson, representing the lay membership, and Lorado Taft, speaking for painting and sculpture.

The "Cliff-Dwellers" do not intend to rest content upon their laurels gained by the unique ceremonies attending their housewarming, but there are to be a series of evening performances in the near future given entirely by the club talent. In these entertainments the songs will be written by those members who are musicians, while the authors will supply the lines. Mr. Garland is now engaged in preparing the text for an Indian opera, which shall portray the life of the early cliff-dwelling tribes, and which is to be produced in the "Khiva" this spring.

Looking north in the spacious and attractive lounging-room

Officers of the club discussing plans for the future

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Botanical Research in Sweden

Curious and bewildering are the results to-day — results after twenty years' research in scientific laboratories which turn out by the hundred new varieties of vegetation. In Sweden the Svalof laboratory has prepared and introduced to general use over five hundred novel varieties of oats, wheat, barley, and peas. Here Mr. Burbank is responsible for the creation of at least 2,500 specimens of trees, fruits, flowers, vegetables, and fodder plants. Of special interest also is his proposition for the reconstruction of forests by means of walnut and chestnut trees, and for the development of arid regions by means of the thornless cactus, which supplies both cattle feed and fruits for man.

Investigation in Sweden hitherto has been confined to cereals, and at the Svalof laboratory important results have been accomplished. The investigators there have succeeded in producing cereals of big yield and proof against the hardest winters. Since 1904 interest has extended to other plants, and instead of the perfection of kinds distinguished already by endurance, it is hoped to produce sorts that respond to local conditions. Thus it is proposed to substitute for common and local plants of inferior quality others of easier and quicker propagation; and various botanical gardens have been supplied for purposes of comparison with seed of ray-grass, orchard-grass, white trefoil, lotus, etc. At the same time the potato has become an object of research and classification made of over two thousand different varieties.

A Famous Cartoonist Enters His Ninetieth Year

Sir John Tenniel, who entered upon his ninetieth year on February 28th last, is one of the famous artists who contributed so largely to the prestige of *Punch*. He is especially remembered for his cartoon, "Dropping the Pilot," which appeared in that publication on the occasion of Bismarck's dismissal from office by the present Kaiser, and became known

Sir John Tenniel

throughout the world. Sir John Tenniel retired from the staff of *Punch* in 1901, but, in spite of his advanced age, is still hale and strong.

Japan's Interest in Horse-racing

It is the intention of the Japanese government to improve the breed of horses in those islands by giving financial encouragement to the racing clubs, and for this purpose an annual appropriation of about one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars is to be made by the Diet. Horse-racing is to be strictly regulated in order to obviate, as far as possible, the gambling which is generally attendant upon this sport, and only thirteen clubs are to receive a share of the appropriation. The following are the new regulations to control the racing:

(1) No one shall be permitted to hold horse-races except racing clubs formed in conformity with Article 34 of the Civil Code.

(2) Horse-races shall be held twice a year regularly by each club, and the number of days when racing will take place on each occasion shall not exceed four.

(3) No horses useless for horse-breeding purposes shall be allowed to run in the races.

(4) Each horse-racing association shall adopt its own regulations for races and submit them to the director of the stud bureau.

(5) The director of the stud bureau, when he deems it necessary for the improvement of horse-breeding, may partially subordinate the clubs for the expenses of the races.

(6) All matters relating to the maintenance of order and public morals shall be in the hands of the local authorities.

(7) If a horse-race is found to be run in the circumstances referred to below, the authorities may order it to be stopped or may take proper steps for the punishment of the race club responsible: (a) When the racing club is found to violate this regulation or is guilty of any other irregularity; (b) when danger is found to be present in matters relating to the races; (c) when it is deemed necessary to take action for the maintenance of order and public morals at the race-course.

THE COURTEOUS AVENGER

(Continued from page 15)

and his cheeks were flushed dull red. With his left hand he plucked the Number One Boy into an upright position, while in his upraised right hand there flashed a keen, glittering knife with a blade almost as broad as a cleaver.

"Too late! Beast!" he hissed as he drove the blade to the hilt into the muscular neck of Takiguchi at the point where the jugular vein descends into the body. As his victim fell, already dead, as it seemed, Matsuda started off on a run, for none of his fellow servants tried to hold him. He ran all the way to the nearest police station, half a mile away. Upon entering, he made a profound bow to the captain, sitting in consternation at the desk, and laid the red knife before him.

"Honorable captain," he said, with a winning smile and carefully guarding glance and voice so that they should not betray unseemly exultation—"Honorable captain, I have been compelled to kill one who offered me insult. I give my weapon to you. I give myself to be your prisoner."

The captain bowed politely and directed the lieutenant to make careful notes of the name, age, and history of the prisoner, the place of the killing, and all other necessary details. Then a policeman, bowing very politely, requested the honorable prisoner to come to his honorable cell. There Matsuda Yasuke stretched himself on the mat and slept without a care. He awoke at daylight, and, after a fine hot bath, squatted down to an excellent breakfast of boiled rice, pickled turnip, and tea. He permitted himself the luxury of an exultant smile whenever he felt quite sure no one could see him. But in the midst of one of these self-congratulations a most unpleasant thought jarred upon his satisfaction. He asked to be taken to the police captain at once.

"Honorable commander," he said when he had bowed before the desk, "a distressing thought is disturbing me. I have left something undone at the house of my honorable master. If it remains undone, I shall be in disgrace forever. Will you deign to send me to the house for a little time?"

"A matter of honor? You shall go, by all means," the captain graciously replied.

Therefore it was that at nine o'clock in the morning Captain Shinzinger, upon arising from breakfast, was informed by the acting Number One Boy that Matsuda Yasuke craved the honor of an interview with him. The captain went to the porch and found the running hetto standing beside a policeman in uniform, who seated and saluted.

"Honorable master," said Matsuda, after bowing half-way to the floor three times, "I was very selfish last evening. I was so ill-bred, so rude, that I nothing my private revenge business disturbing the good ordering of your honorable house. For this I seek most humbly gracious pardoning from you."

Matsuda's bowed face was a picture of distress until he heard the kindly tone of Captain Schinzinger's voice reassuring him.

"You have my pardon, Matsuda," he said.

Whereupon Matsuda Yasuke bowed deeper than before and cried, "Thank you, sir," and, "Good by, master! Sayonara!" and marched away to the police station. There he spent many happy days, indifferent to whether gallows or prison cell awaited him, for he had wiped the stain from his honor and shown true courtesy to the master. So he squatted on the mat and warmed his wrists at the *hibachi*, and spent most of his waking time in smoking pinches of silky brown tobacco in his little silver pipe and knocking the glowing dottels out on his bare left palm.

Raising strawberries on the "Kaiserin Augusta Victoria" for the patrons of the Ritz-Carlton Restaurant

This greenhouse on shipboard has a great variety of flowers

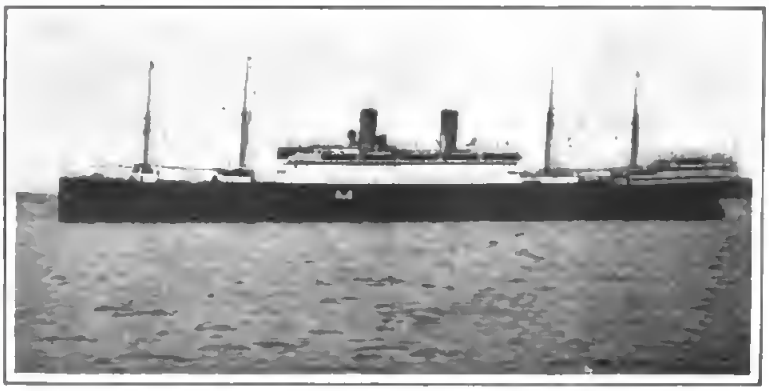
The head of the "circular staircase"—an innovation in ship construction used by the Hamburg-American Line

The first-class smoking-room on the new Hamburg-American liner "Cleveland"

The dining saloon on the "Cleveland," with its convenient arrangement of small tables

A supply-room on a Hamburg-American liner, showing the fresh and canned vegetables

A stateroom of the first class, with its brass bedsteads in place of upper and lower berths



The new Hamburg-American steamship "Cleveland," which recently made her maiden transatlantic voyage between Hamburg and New York

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The Death of Panama's Liberator

DR. MANUEL AMADOR, the first President of the Republic of Panama and the man to whom that country owes its independence, died on May 2d, in the city of Panama, at the age of seventy-four years. He was not a Panaman by birth, but was born in Cartagena, Columbia, and lived for several years at Santiago de Veraguas, where he engaged in business. It was in the sixties that Dr. Amador went to Panama, and he soon became the most prominent physician on the isthmus.

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The late Dr. Manuel Amador

Elected by the Conservatives, in 1869, to the Presidency of the State of Panama, a sudden revolution put the Liberals in power and his inauguration never occurred.

The revolution which secured for Panama her independence from Columbia on November 4, 1903, was successfully engineered by Amador, and the following February he was unanimously elected President by the first constitutional convention. He served for four years and was succeeded by the present incumbent of the office, Domingo Obaldia.

Whisker Martyrdom

Germicides and germiphobes the world over will read with quick sympathy of the merciless persecution to which certain worthy students of the University of Fort Worth, Texas, are being subjected. They took prompt steps to evolve certain germ-vehicles that were introduced into the university, and because their zeal outran their gentleness they are being cruelly punished.

A new professor, decorated on either side with long, broad, thick whiskers (*which, spinal-curious Understoodii*), appeared in one of the class-rooms and began to lecture. Two hundred young men of the class were willing to endure the lecture, but not the whiskers. "For," said they, "those whiskers are, for all we know, full of the germs of malaria, pneumonia, typhus, typhoid, and yellow fevers, and, if they persist, we shall in all probability become a plague-stricken community."

Thereupon, even as Oishi Kuranosuké and the devoted Forty-seven ronin bowed themselves right humbly before the wicked Kira Kotsuké no Suké and courteously begged him to commit harakiri with the sword of their lord, so did these two hundred young gentlemen bow themselves right humbly before the new professor and beg him to remove his whiskers with his own honorable razor. But he hardened his heart and replied to them: "No."

What could the poor lads do? The football season was over, so they couldn't coax him out on the field and break them off in the natural way. Gasoline and the match would be effective but cruel. There was nothing for it but strategy.

Late that night, as the professor was walking home between his whiskers from a meeting, the sky being overcast and a fight breeze from S.S.W. ½ W. soughing through the spinnakers, twenty youths fell upon him even as the ronin fell upon the wicked Kira Kotsuké no Suké. Gently, but firmly, the lads bore the professor to earth. Carefully they felt for and found the dangerous whiskers. For the space of five minutes no sound was heard but the hard breathing of the germophobes, the sniffing of the absent, and the groans of the victim.

The youths, regardless of their own peril, then carried off the whiskers and burned them in a prophylactic fire with proper incantations. And for this act they are being expelled from the university as fast as found. *O tempora! O mores!*

First aid to the host.
Fine at meal time
—all times.

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The veritable fulfillment of beer character, quality and healthfulness.

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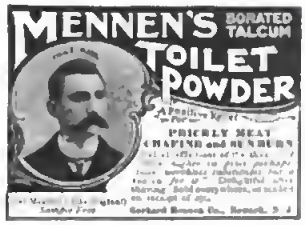

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Mr. David R. Forgan, President of the National City Bank of Chicago says:

"THE TESTS OF ADVERTISING ***are very striking and true.***"

These tests represent as far as we know the first attempt that has ever been made to standardize the preparation of matter to appear in an advertisement or any piece of printed matter, or any other message which is to be sent to an ***institutional group of people*** as distinguished from ***an individual, personal communication.***

They are detailed on pages 315 to 331 in the 1909 edition of the Mahin Advertising Data Book. ***This $2.00 book will be sent on ten days' Free Trial*** to any reader of this publication.

Use this book free for ten days and then return it, or if you want to keep it send in $2.00 and receive as "additional good measure" a handsome bound book of Mr. Mahin's lectures and that bright little monthly—the Mahin Messenger—for 12 months. Anybody interested in advertising should accept this offer. A postal will do.

Mahin Advertising Company

R. 943, No. 125 Monroe St., Chicago

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BOBBY: "Make a noise like a frog, Uncle."
UNCLE: "Why?"
BOBBY: "'Cause when I ask daddy for anything he says, 'Wait till your Uncle croaks.'"

—From "The Tatler"

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

New ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack," the 5th of 1909. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., New York City.

The best place for rest or recreation or recuperation at this season is

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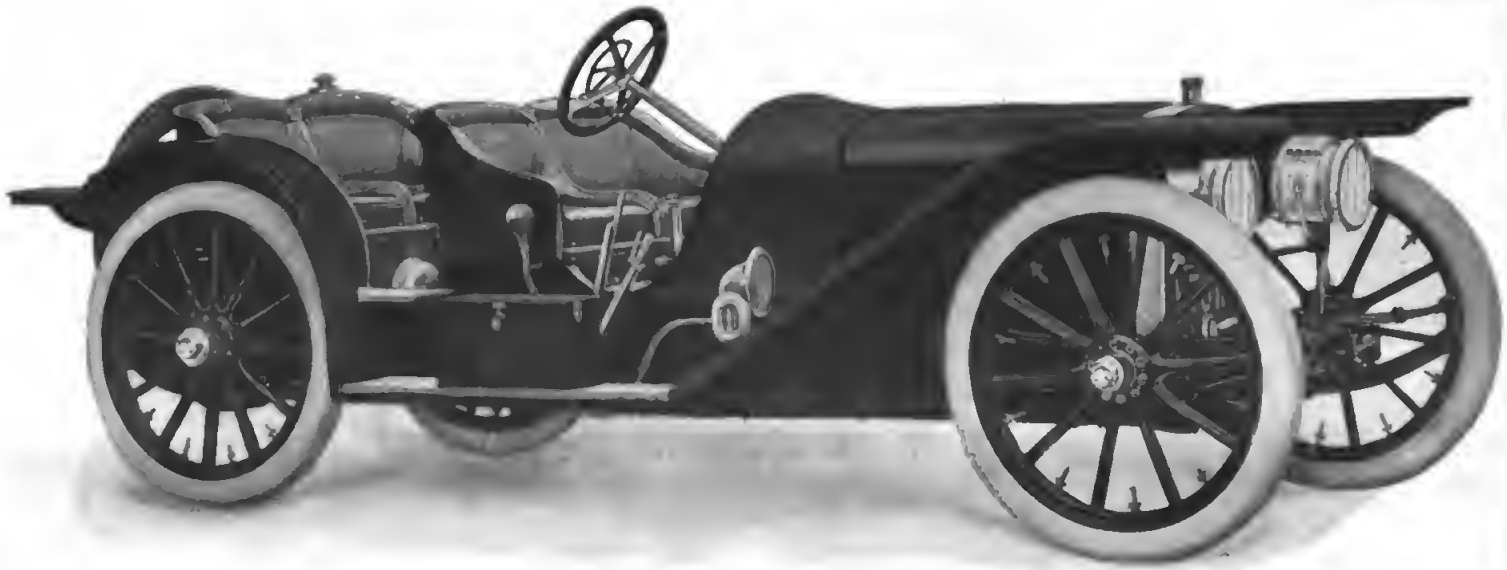

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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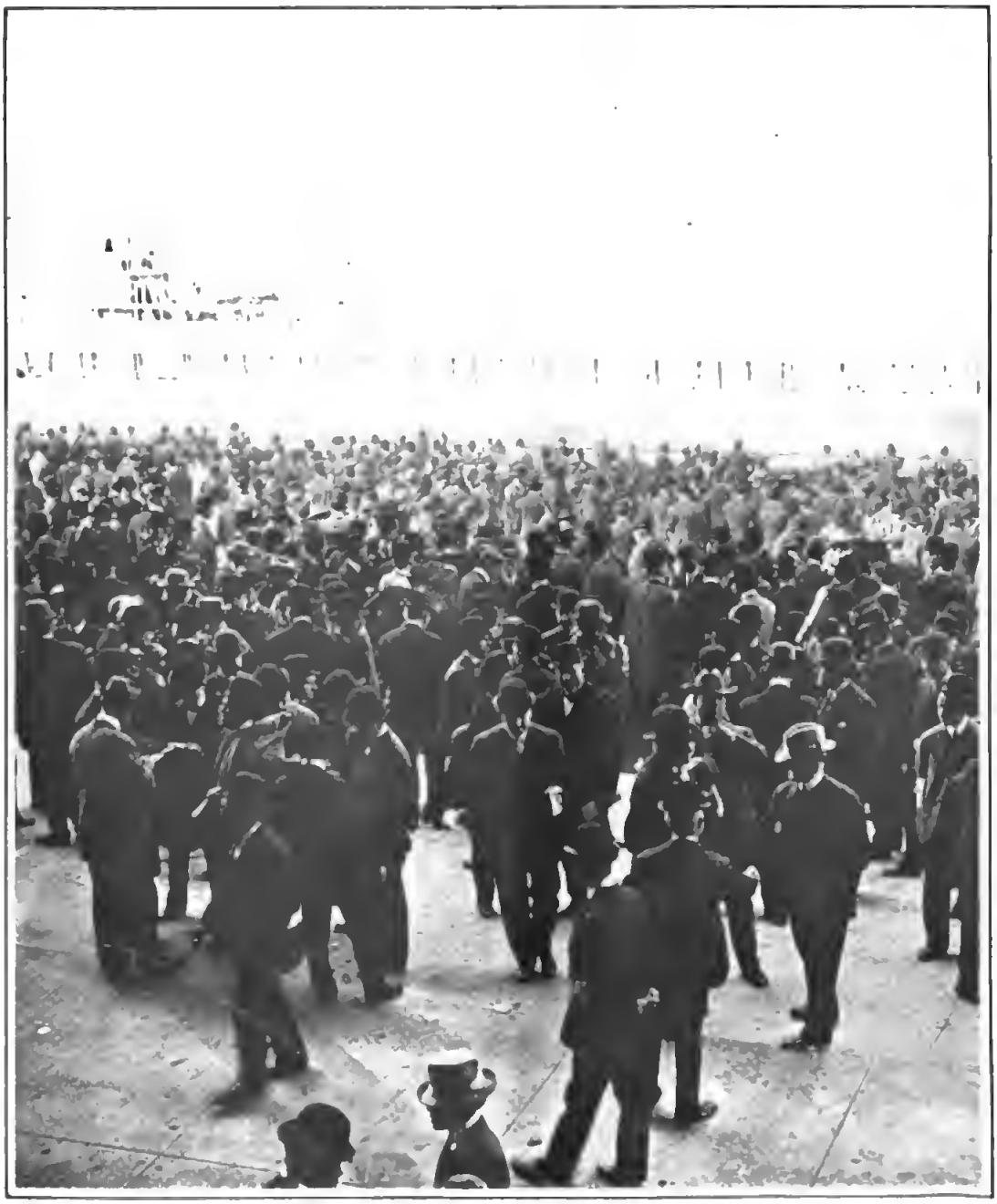

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Vol. LIII No. 2735

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

Senator Aldrich as Belshazzar

Ur to this writing, the best showing made by the combined Democrats and "insurgents" is in one of the votes on the lead schedule, and they fell eight short of the Finance Committee's strength. Senator ALDRICH scored a victory. But we do not believe he felt a bit elated at the proportions of it; and signs of the positively tremendous effect of the Republican revolt grow plentiful. It has aroused the country. That is plain. There has been no such wide-spread interest in the tariff since 1892. We believe it has also thoroughly frightened all but the stupidest and the most bigoted of ALDRICH's following in the Senate. The Rhode Island Senator has himself shown plainly, we think, by an increasing irritability, that he feels the force of the powerful and fearless attacks upon his measure. For the welfare of his party and the salvation of protection itself, it were well if he should, before it is too late, pause and consider what he is doing and the danger of it. He is a devoted Republican, a frantic protectionist. Yet there is more danger both in the Republican party and to the system of protection in his obstinacy than in all the insurrections yet recorded on his side of the Chamber. That contention of the progressives is likely to have more weight with the stand-pat majority than any other—damaging as some of the disclosures about the effects of the proposed schedules have certainly been. We do not believe the Republican party has yet lost the plain or horse sense which has enabled it to win so many victories it has not deserved, and the lack of which has sent the Democratic party to so many needless defeats. It does not require any extraordinary perspicacity to see that the country is fast making up its mind to put a stop to the piling up of duties, particularly on the necessaries of life, until they soar far beyond the wildest dreams of the early protectionists, and far beyond the demands of the principle of protection itself. If the Republican leaders do not perceive this drift of public opinion, and do not bend to it in time, it can only be because they are intoxicated with the madness that visits those whom the gods would destroy. When such stalwart Republican newspapers as the New York *Tribune* and the Philadelphia *Press* can see the handwriting on the wall, it must be hard for even Senator ALDRICH not to see it. We believe the people are fast coming to the determination that, if we are to stick to protection, it shall protect and not prohibit. Senator BEVERIDGE made a rather good paraphrase of PINCKNEY when he exclaimed, "Millions for protection, but not one cent for extortion." If protection will not be content to protect, it will have to go; and the Republican majorities in Congress will for the time being go with it.

What Senator Root Might Do

We think there are two Republicans in a position to save their party from such a blunder. We can only give our word for it, but we really had it in mind to address a paragraph to one of them. ELIHU ROOT, before we saw in the papers what a panic he had started among the stand-patters by merely remarking, as the Senate was about to adjourn, that he thought the Finance Committee ought to answer certain objections offered to the glass schedule. The sense of the importance of Mr. ROOT's support or opposition which ALDRICH and others then instantly displayed ought not to surprise any one with the least political sense of his own. The junior Senator from New York is the great unknown quantity in the Chamber. He enters it with a prestige such as no one else has brought thither in many years; such as might attach to an ex-President, were an ex-President to become a Senator. He has, we believe, said very little heretofore about the tariff. Quite probably he has never given it any great amount of study. But he is the best mind in Congress, if not in our entire public life. His association with the President has been close. Had he, before the test vote on the lead differential, spoken out clearly—as he always does, when he speaks at all—on the entire situation, declared that the time had come to call a halt if the party were not to endanger its hold on the government, and aligned himself with the progressives, we believe ALDRICH would have been defeated. We are not without hope that, if the committee does not soon make substantial concessions, Mr. ROOT may yet make such a declaration. That course would doubtless win for him at once the leadership of the progressives. In the long run it would not improbably land him in the leadership of his entire party in the Senate—and that is where he belongs. By taking such a course he would, at the outset of his career as a Senator, render his country a service comparable even to those which he has already rendered in the Cabinet.

What President Taft May Have To Do

The other Republican we have in mind is, of course, the President. Complaints have already been heard among the "progressives" because he has not come openly to their help and put himself at their head. We have, we must confess, in some measure shared their impatience, and wished that he might see his way to speak out at once. But we have also called to mind our recent dissatisfaction with a White House in constant eruption, and apparently disposed to spread itself over the entire capital; and we have accordingly reflected that one cannot eat one's cake and have it. We are not altogether certain that the President is not already doing in a quiet way about as much as he could in a louder way to bring the Congressional leaders of his party to their senses. At any rate, we propose to trust him to speak—if speaking shall prove necessary—before it is too late. We will not begin thus early to doubt either his sincerity or his courage—or his sense. He has given too many evidences of possessing all three to permit us to believe that he will stand idly by to the end and see his administration shamed by the defeat—by the worse than defeat, the brazen, outrageous perversion—of its first great proposal. We must add, however, that we do not believe it will be wise to wait until the bill gets into conference. The time to force concessions is now, while it is in the Senate, and while public opinion is beating upon it. And whatever concessions the committee makes must be scrutinized as carefully as its original proposals.

Tokens of Hope

What the American business community wants is a fresh infusion of the old doctrine of the sinfulness of sin.—*The Providence Journal.*

It is getting it, neighbor; it is getting it. It has been brought home to the Sugar Trust with both feet. Sanguine people even look forward to the time when it will no longer be reputable to lie about the tariff. We can never be even passably clean while the whole business apparatus of the country is riveted to that body of lies and death. But some of the rivets are fetching loose. Old Republican Senators have stood up in the Senate and told Mr. ALDRICH to his face that they cannot tell the necessary high-protection stories any longer. The sinfulness of sin, the iniquity of lies, have come home to them. They won't work any longer, come what may, to feed an insatiable greed by taxation of the working-people. They won't even sit silent: they speak out!

Why, neighbor, that is wonderful.

Don't Offer Popularity to Mr. Root

Mr. ROOT must be ambitious politically, else he would not be a United States Senator at $7,500 a year when he could make $200,000 a year from the practice of law.—*The World.*

It does not follow. Perhaps he is ambitious ethically. That would account just as well for his indifference about comparative annual earnings as though his ambition was purely political. The *World* goes on to say of Mr. ROOT:

He knows that his party is pledged to a downward revision of the DINGLEY tariff, and that his friend and former colleague, President TAFT, ardently desires that this pledge shall be kept. He knows that none of the veteran Eastern Senators is a sincere revisionist and that the work of honestly redeeming the Republican party's promises has been left to a little band of Senators from the Middle West. He knows that a Republican Senator of his great ability and legal prestige, and representing the State of New York, could lead an irresistible movement in behalf of downward revision to reduce the cost of living.

Were Mr. ROOT to do this he would make both the administration and the Republican party his debtors. Among the masses of the American people he would gain a popularity that could be achieved in no shorter and surer way.

That is good advice and has the merit of according with our own. But is it not a mistake, neighbor, to offer popularity to Mr. ROOT as a reward for following a certain course? That's not the way to move him. Offer him a higher motive. Tell him it is his duty. He does not seem to care for money, else he would not be Senator. We doubt if he cares much for popularity, either, except in so far as it increases his influence and his power to get things done that should be done. He has seen at close range an immense popularity and has undoubtedly observed some intoxicating effects of it on the individual who was its object. Our notion is that Mr. ROOT is in the public service primarily for the sake of the public service, and because, for him, at his time of life, it is the most attractive work that offers, and the kind that best satisfies the demands of the spirit within him. If that is so it will not much matter to him what are the immediate results of his work to himself. Last week his efforts were directed to induce the Senators to talk less in the air and more to the point, and to get on with the work that the country is anxious to have proceed. In that effort he brought down on himself a good deal of sarcastic vituperation from LA FOLLETTE and MONEY. That is all in the day's work. Mr. ROOT has abundant sense of humor, and we trust that his philosophy is proof against scarification. But don't offer him popularity as a reward. Is it not a vital difference between him and such men as LA FOLLETTE and MONEY that they are after popularity and he is after practical results? On the tariff they were talking to the galleries and to their constituents, and he was talking to the point and trying to get the Senate's business done. It is very important that we should have in the public service men of great experience, knowledge, and capacity, with the minimum of political ambition and the maximum of indifference to popularity, whose motive to serve us is to discharge the debt that every citizen owes the country. That is the sort of man that Mr. ROOT looks like as we observe him.

Neither Disinterested Nor Expert

It seems that Senator LA FOLLETTE refused to vote on the lead schedule of the tariff bill on the ground that he was interested in mines that produce lead and zinc. Remarkable! And very decent of him, too! It is almost a new idea for a member of Congress to look upon his relations to the tariff as judicial, and to feel constrained to keep hands off in cases where he is interested. In one way or another, pecuniarily or politically, to make money for himself or his constituents, or to save his place and his salary, almost every member of Congress is interested in one or another tariff schedule, and almost all them work and vote most actively on the schedules that concern them. That is why Congress is so unfit a body to revise the tariff at all. That work ought to be done by a disinterested and expert tribunal, and Congress makes hardly a pretence to be either.

Last Chance to Swear in Wisconsin

The Wisconsin Legislature is busy with a bill making it a misdemeanor to swear in public. Of course it is seemlier to go out behind the barn when one's feelings get the start of one's discretion, and yet it does seem as though leisure must hang somewhat heavy on the hands of the legislators of the Badger State, and as though they were trying to pin their constituents to a superhuman standard of deportment. Anyhow, we suppose the bill won't begin to operate as a law until the tariff debate is over, and that is something.

Judicial Appointments in North Carolina

President TAFT, in developing his Southern policy, is finding plenty of difficulties, as he no doubt expected, particularly in the matter of appointments. North Carolina, the State in which the Republicans made such enormous gains last autumn, has presented one of the cases that is most troublesome. Not long before President ROOSE-

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VEST went out of office, the Federal judge of the Eastern District of that State died; and practically every Republican of prominence in the district who happened to be a lawyer promptly asked for the place. So did some others who lived in the Western District—the mountain district—where the Republicans have always heretofore had their chief strength. To one of these, Judge S. H. ADAMS, of Greensboro, chairman of the State Committee, the State machine gave its support. There were some unpleasant charges against Judge ADAMS, but President ROOSEVELT, in refusing to appoint him, based his decision on the ground of non-residence in the district. So the machine presented Mr. H. F. SEAWELL, a rather young lawyer, who does live in the district, and President ROOSEVELT sent his name to the Senate. But the Senate, probably not without some prompting from other North-Carolinians who had hopes, held up the nomination until TAFT should come into office. It quickly developed that President TAFT had no great desire to gratify the machine; and the fact that Mr. SEAWELL was not long ago a Populist, and got into the Republican party through that fusion of Populists and Republicans in the nineties which caused such a lot of misgovernment in the State, did not help him. President TAFT did not accept his predecessor's choice. After much deliberation he has appointed a Democrat "of liberal political views," HENRY GROVES CONNOR, for ten years associate justice of the Supreme Court of his State, and endorsed by both of its Senators.

Typical Americans

The picture of WILBUR WRIGHT, as given in the French postal-card which we find reproduced in *Collier's Weekly*, shows a remarkable likeness to JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER. The French regard WRIGHT in looks and deportment as the typical American—the man who does things. Maybe JOHN D. is the typical American too. It may be a new idea to some readers, but isn't there a good deal in it?

The generous enthusiasm, first of the French and then of the Italians, over WRIGHT has been very pleasant to read about. We had wondered that there was so little jealousy of his success in a competition in which the French especially had tried so hard. That is explained in a measure by the extreme solicitude in France that the aeroplanes should fly, and so win another point for skill in the great competition against numbers and material force. In numbers and in physical force France realizes that Germany has her beaten, but she is civilized and she is skilful. The WRIGHTS taught her how to fly, but she made the engines that made WILBUR WRIGHT's exploits possible. Her hope is in the development of human wit as against numbers and weight of metal.

The WRIGHTS have taught the world a very significant trick. And that other typical American, Mr. ROCKEFELLER—what of the trick he taught it? We suspect the future historian will estimate that, too, to have been highly significant, and much deeper and farther-reaching in its effects on civilization than is appreciated by contemporaries who think of it as a chain of processes for the preposterous enrichment of a few individuals. Mr. ROCKEFELLER as a man of genius is still to be written up.

Kentucky's Bad Case

> Prohibition in Kentucky means ruin; it means destruction; in Louisville, it means the end of all our hopes as a city, and also our aspirations as free men and free women.—MARSE GRANT.

If the case is so bad as that, Colonel, perhaps Kentucky had better just go bust, and have a receiver, and take a fresh start.

We think very small potatoes of prohibition; don't like it; don't believe in it. But if the prosperity of a State is absolutely dependent on the rum business, that State is in a bad case. Perhaps if Kentucky, through whatever tribulations, can learn to lean less on whiskey, tobacco, and race-horses, it will be a gainer in the end through consequent progress in the amenities of civilization. While its people are great people, and its human material is unsurpassed, its politics are a disgrace and its society exceptionally charged with disorder and defiance of law.

Isn't the State over-stimulated, Colonel? If prohibition rages and threatens to overwhelm it, is it not the blind struggle of disease to find a remedy?

If prohibition is to ruin Kentucky, let her bust! For generations she has traded to her pecuniary profit on the vices—or, say, the indulgences—of mankind. Perhaps it is partly a consequence of that trade that she is so ungovernable. Let her raise more hemp awhile, and less whiskey!

New York Policemen

Brother OSBORN of the New Haven *Journal-Courier* happened to be in this city on his annual visit when the police were parading before the Mayor, and went home bewildered. "For a greater part of the year," he writes, "the newspapers and publicists are kept busy, or keep themselves busy, discussing the failure of the police department to do what a police department is organized to do. Everybody hammers the Superintendent, whenever he chances to be, gives the world the impression that graft has the department by the throat, and that a blue uniform is a certificate of personal irresponsibility. Then comes the annual parade and review by the Mayor. The streets are lined with citizens who cheer the handsomely attired cops and admire their soldierly bearing. Medals are pinned on the breasts of policemen who have performed worthy deeds. The newspapers, forgetting their animosities, congratulate the marchers, and, with the publicists, extend the gladdest of glad hands. Which is the right attitude? Both, we should say. Criticism is helpful if not overdone, and evidence of appreciation is fitting, if justified. To one accustomed to gaze upon the pot-bellied patrolman of New Haven, the sight of those thousands of alert, spick-and-span young men parading up Broadway must have been impressive. The simple fact is that New York now has the best-looking police force in the world, and probably the most efficient, if we leave London out of account. One seeking to make his eyes blink has only to step into a Hudson Tunnel car and come out of the earth in ancient Hoboken. A more ludicrous contrast is unimaginable.

Be That As It May

The Pennsylvania Railway Company carried three billions four hundred millions of passengers one mile in 1908 without killing any. Perhaps the foreigners who are accustomed to yawp about our reckless railroading would like to stack up against that record. If so, very well.

Aeroplanes, Etc.

The aeroplane still holds the centre of the stage. Last week we paid suitable tribute to the WRIGHT boys, and sent them along to Ohio to get busy again. The *Sun* says that all of the European governments are worried over the prediction that within a few years air-ships will dominate navies and armies. Quite likely. There is no reason why they shouldn't, and every reason to hope that they will. Already it is pretty evident that German or French aeroplanes could sail over the Channel and drop enough high explosive into London to raise hob. Does it mean the end of war? everybody is asking. Not yet, we suspect, while great armaments are being built, but maybe soon. And what is this we hear of a man in Germany who set off a huge stick of dynamite some twenty miles away by wireless? That story, if true, bears significance. Meanwhile Brother STEAD insists that the air-ship will destroy the customs service of European governments. It may, too, over there, but, alas! we fear that something bigger and stronger will be required to break our solid wall of painful protection. Nevertheless, in view of the fact that nobody anticipates that a ship can be built to fly over the ocean for some years, we have our compensations. It is annoying to have to work and economize, but there is some comfort, after all, in having a comparatively safe place to live in.

The End of Sanderson

SANDERSON, the Pennsylvania State-Capitol contractor who charged his State $6,434,748 for work that cost him $1,574,388, died of heart-disease in comparative comfort at Sherry's, in New York, on May 13th. He was found guilty of fraud last year, and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary, but appealed and was able to avoid going there. Three others who were convicted when he was, and appealed, have been able to get clear of penal embarrassments. Since he is dead, it is conceivable that moral exposure disagreed with him. Justice is not always defeated when the findings of its apparatus are beaten. Retribution has other and surer methods of getting home than by process of law.

We Refuse to Pity

> We are sure that the Rev. Dr CHARLES H. PARK himself has not an enemy in the world unclassifiable enough to refuse him pity in his present estate.—*The Sun.*

He writes daily contributions for Mr. BRISBANE's page of the *Evening Journal*. Whether he is a proper object of pity is a large subject, suitable for consideration by debating societies. There are some advantages about his estate. The pay for his contributions is probably liberal; his picture is in the paper every day; he writes some good pieces which are legibly printed and doubtless edify many readers. There may be drawbacks to the employment; we may not always like the company he keeps; but for our part, not being his enemy, we are not going to pity him.

Vale Dink, Salve Hans!

We took occasion a few weeks ago to call attention to the prodigy of felicitous and appropriate nomenclature instituted in the case of the new baritone whose engagement for the Metropolitan Opera House was recently reported. This gentleman was named in the newspaper accounts as M. DINH GILLY, of the Paris Opéra. It now appears that the cable despatches were incorrect, and that M. GILLY's given name is not DINH, but DINH. The difference is, of course, a vital one. What a lamentable triumph of truth over fiction, of nature over art, it signifies! The unconscious creative genius exercised by the cable makes the fact seem very bald and dull indeed—the dullid and mincing "DINH" for the crisp, potent, unforgettable "DINH"! And how on earth is one to pronounce it? But observe the beneficent operations of destiny. On the same day that witnessed this regrettable disillusionment, there emerged in print an announcement which caused almost a compensating satisfaction. It was to the effect that, upon a certain day, a certain European virtuoso hitherto unknown in these parts would play the piano in our midst; and the name of the virtuoso was HANS HANKE. DINH is dead—a myth, a beautiful lie. But HANS lives—to flourish, we trust, uncorrected, unmodified, unassailable.

A Day with the Police

> Policeman and wife drunk in a saloon *fur* from post with three-months-old baby.—*Daily Newspaper, May 5th.*

> Believes Chinaman's story—Magistrate holds policeman accused of violence in a chop-suey house.—*Daily Newspaper, May 5th.*

> Dark for the accused cop—New evidence against DILLON, who killed a boy.—*Daily Newspaper, May 5th.*

> Policeman shoots a boy, this time in a cellar while hunting burglars.—*Daily Newspaper, May 5th.*

> BINGHAM pleads for power—He'd like the right to put out any bad policeman.—*Daily Newspaper, May 6th.*

Why has he not that power, and if he does not possess it now, what good reason is there for withholding it from him?

Marriage in Mexico

Mr. WILLIAM V. MACK writes to us from Boston to say:

> HARPER'S, quoting from FLANDRAU'S book, makes it appear that in Mexico the clergy's "terms for marrying folks are ten pesos" and that as a consequence a very large proportion are living without being married. Assuming that the clergy have a fixed price for performing marriages, would they be so lacking in business sense as to charge a price so large as to deprive them of almost all income? A clergy greedy for money would take all it could get. Mr. FLANDRAU accuses the clergy of lack of that for which he condemns them; he accuses them of sinning against God's commands and of causing others to live sinfully. His statement, quoted from his book, does not warrant the conclusion he would have us draw. He is not in accord with F. R. GUERNSEY, formerly Mexican correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, who repeatedly expressed great admiration for the Catholic clergy of Mexico.

Mr. FLANDRAU does not write in a tone of special hostility to the Mexican clergy. He does say that ten pesos is the price of being married by a priest, and that very many of the Mexicans can't or won't pay it. We do not recall that he discusses the reasons for putting the price so high. Nothing that he says about the clergy in Mexico makes it seem incredible that they may be so lacking in business sense as to put so high a tariff on their services as to deprive themselves of revenue that they might get if the tariff was lower. We see that done here by our government; why should it not be done by the Church in Mexico? Judging from Mr. FLANDRAU's book, the Mexican clergy are not very enterprising. Neither they nor the people they minister to should be judged by American standards.

Restraint

We cannot trust ourselves to reply to the infamous British accusation that Contributing Editor ROOSEVELT shot a giraffe *by mistake*. Pending the reception of the strictly true version of the unfortunate episode hot from the African typewriter, our wrath can be assuaged only by a few well-chosen words from Grandbrother LYMAN ABBOTT.

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As Others See Us

One most striking national characteristic in the eyes of foreigners is always our hasty after and absorption in the almighty dollar, though one might suppose that the youth of our civilization was a sufficient explanation of it. It is an economic fact that a degree of physical ease and leisure must precede a development of mind and spirit. A starving body occasionally offers dreams and visions, but that is exceptional and abnormal and, in the main, it is after a generation or two of security and comfort that spirit and intellect work most freely. We can most easily dispense with that which we have had, and those can best afford to sacrifice money and comfort to ideals who have the strength gained from some generations of ease.

A recent French magazine has an interesting attack on the American daily paper. If a Yankee (a word that French and English people apply indiscriminately to all dwellers in the United States) journalist, the writer says, could read clear in the soul of a French journalist, he would be stunned at the fullness of ideality, some part of which lasts even to the bitter end of a journalistic career. "What," the Yankee would say, "you are satisfied with the joy of offering ideas to the masses, with imparting your sensations, communicating your knowledge? Is that an end in itself, the mere satisfaction of contributing to the education of the nation, the honor of exalting and defending good principles and attacking evil ones? You are actually vain of an article because it is well thought out, well written, and built of the materials of the highest human morality!"

And the Frenchman is supposed to reply that journalism is one of the arts, like sculpture, like painting, like music, and the better, the more carefully it is wrought the better satisfied he is. "But in America," he says, "you become a journalist just as you would open a grocery store or rent a stall in the market to sell cheeses." First of all, it has to be made a lucrative business. Doubtless we must plead guilty to being, the large majority, at any rate, in the business to earn a living, and if we had leisure from that, we should not be likely to be encouraged to stay in journalism for the ideal's sake. The mentality of a people is made up of the individual mentalities of the majority, and when we say that our journalism is be popular has to stand at a very low level, we are not saying that our low level is lower than that of foreign nations, but that our very lowest level reads and keeps up with the current news. For some occult reason, too, we have less time in the Western Hemisphere than in the Eastern. It would be impossible to explain the mystic change, but any one landing on the other side of the water recognizes it—there is no hurry, no hustle, no rushing on to the next thing news says. There is leisure to think, and therefore a great deal more is thought. Our journalism is not an aid to thought, nor is it intended to be; it is made with the intention of catching the eye, arresting attention, stimulating the interest for an instant, quite secure that the single instant will be all that is accorded. It is pathetic to hear Le Bevoir, the ever-recurrent insistence, with which an American editor, knowing his public, pleads for brevity. No matter what the subject, his first idea is that the public, being in a hurry, wants the writer to hurry, too. "Say what you've got to say, but say it short," is the maxim. The result is often not unlike that of the schoolgirl's composition, when she was told to trace the whole course of Christianity from St. Paul to Emerson in her hour-paged essay. Wisely she set a postscript at the bottom, "Some few things had to be left out." Likewise, when a reviewer is set to sum up the value of six volumes of mystical philosophy thoroughly, but not overstepping the limit of one hundred and fifty words, it is unavoidable that more deliberate foreigners should occasionally accuse us of superficiality.

The French journalist complains that while in France writing is a branch of the fine arts, and a writer undergoes a certain amount of training, "in America they write as they talk," and he might justifiably have added, they talk very badly. He adds a fair impeachment of the unutterable and degrading vulgarity of the comic supplements, enough to blunt any very noble or even very artistic susceptibilities in any one, and the disorder with which foreign despatches, state news, divorce suits, and police reports are jumbled together. It is, he says, the most rudimentary press in the world, because it is addressed to the most rudimentary intelligence.

There is not a word in the article which is not borne out by the facts, not a word which is not founded upon careful and thoughtful observation, but also, not a single reason is suggested for the undeniable condition. An advanced democracy implies the lowering of all standards in life and in morals to reach the widest level of apprehension. The class entered to in America are simply oppressed or neglected in European countries, at best, they are left to work their way up to the level upon which the finer things of life may appeal to them.

It is another and a more philosophical question to ask whether the masses are more helped by exhorting from the top of stairs or by going down to the bottom and taking their hands, hauling them up one step or perchance two. The old method of philosophers, saints, and reformers was to climb painfully to the top, to sanctify themselves for their sakes, and then to teach. The modern method is to grub at the bottom with the least and the lowest, in the hope of making perhaps a single step up, all in a bunch. It is on this principle of democracy that our press is kept, not without effort and struggle, let it be said, at the level of the lowest intelligence. It is on this principle that our publishing-houses turn out yearly masses of machine-made novels and perfectly empty, ill-written, but gleamingly colored books for children. It is on this principle that whenever a book which has a moderate success—and by success one refers to sales—is published, a hundred cheap imitations follow on all sides. The writer in our land studies his public and produces as nearly as he knows how what that public wants. His vocation is not an educative one. The hope of raising the level of the press must lie in the general and gradual raising of the level of intelligence and taste, and this task lies with the schools and colleges.

Emile Deschanel sums up his indictment by saying, that while the cheaper papers in France are more and more influenced by the American press, the better part of our journals are somewhat ameliorated, on certain sides, by a rapprochement to the European press. It can, however, only improve as the intellectual demand of the public it serves improves.

Personal

Miss Kitty Cheatham, inimitable interpreter of childhood, gave one of her recitals the other day at Yale, upon the invitation of the university—an invitation which assuredly did honor to Miss Cheatham, but one whereby the university also honored itself. To the casual or the superficial observer, the notion of Yale's faculty and undergraduates attending upon a dispection of the ways of childhood might well seem not a little odd. But these should recall the line of Swinburne concerning those clear-eyed men whose speech

". . . makes dumb the wise."

Miss Cheatham, as she has so often and so eloquently made evident, has a far graver conception of the world of the child, and of her delicate relationship to it as an interpreter, than might be imagined by those who are not in the habit of discriminating between the childish and the child-like. She knows and she makes unmistakable the fact that to the secret and ineffable intuitions of the child are often revealed at a glance what the weary and way-worn wanderer learns, if he learns at all, only through successive and more or less painful shocks of enlightenment. It is the chief and most excellent possession of Miss Cheatham's singular art that it often revives for us, her more sophisticated listeners, the memory and the significance of those long-vanished "clouds of glory" which we, too, once briefly wore about us as a shining garment: a memory which, in the phrase of William Blake, "opens the eternal worlds." There can be no lovelier fortune, for any artist whose function is interpretative than that which has happily fallen to Miss Cheatham's lot; as there can be no privilege more rare and high than that vouchsafed to whomsoever is neither too wise nor too heedless to sit with humility at her feet.

There is mourning henceforth for Hamond Lamont, lately editor of *The Nation*, a good man, a cheerful spirit, an excellent writer, teacher, and editor of English, who died most untimely on May 6th. Lamont was trained and practised in two professions—journalism and teaching—and what he learned in each one was a valuable part of his equipment in the other. He was an admirable example of one type of educated man that the newspapers are getting nowadays from the colleges, and the colleges from the newspapers, and will get, both of them, we hope, more and more as the years increase. The newspapers have always got such men from the colleges in some measure. Dana, Ripley, and Godkin were such men; but the interchange is commoner than it used to be. Dunbar, who oscillated between a Boston newspaper office and a Harvard professorship, was such a man, and there have been, and are, scores of others, men whose real calling was to teach and who went from the class-room to the newspaper office, or the other way, or used both opportunities by turn. Graduating from Harvard in 1886, Mr. Lamont went on a newspaper in Albany, and later was attracted to the service of the *Post-Intelligencer* in Seattle. There President Elliot happened upon him in 1892, and was impressed with his ability, and offered him an instructorship in the English department at Harvard. Later, he became associate professor and then professor of rhetoric at Brown University. After teaching for eight years, he came back again to journalism, becoming managing editor of the *Evening Post* in 1900, and editor of *The Nation* two years ago. While on the Post he still took a lively interest in educational matters, was a visitor of the courses in rhetoric at Harvard, and only lately published a text-book on English composition. Only a few days before his death he was considering a call to head the English department at a well-known Eastern college. Wherever of his callings he worked at, his work was always very much the more valuable because of the robust wholesomeness of his spirit. That and his friendliness, his integrity, his energy, and the breadth of his equipment made him a man to lean upon, an admirable co-worker, a delightful companion.

Correspondence

HOW TO DROWN OUT FIRES

Waco, Texas, May, 1909

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I wish to make a suggestion for the consideration of the people, as well as the councils, of the cities and towns, that I believe can be reduced to a practical use in fires that would be a preventium from the spread of fires in cities and towns if put into use.

The thing to be done is simple and easily accomplished; it would involve quite an outlay of money for pipes and men to do the work; it would more than pay for itself for the good it would do. The standpipe automatic fire-fighter with the revolving top nozzle, like those used in the hose, to be connected with the main by a one-and-a-half-inch pipe to be placed on the sidewalk like the gas and water pipes that lead into the house, say two to each block and so on until the whole city or town was equipped with them. The stand-pipe to be from thirty to seventy-five feet high or higher, with its rotary nozzle top to be worked automatically from the sidewalk by a crank. The nozzle could be raised up so as to give a straight stream or thrown in any angle desired, so that when the fire takes place a handle connected with the rod would turn on the water and direct the stream that could be thrown into a window on the opposite side of the street and an adjacent building, and thereby preventing building from taking fire by sparks, and with its sufficient pressure a stream could be thrown from one to two hundred feet. The same could be manned with one person while the firemen are working with the hose and engine at fire. By this means buildings could be deluged with water without the assistance of hose or engine. Thus an artificial rain could be produced all over the city. Such fires as Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, and Fort Worth suggest to me method to be sought that will lessen the spread of fire.

I am, sir,

William J. Lawe
President of Paul Quinn College

APPRECIATED

Lynchburg, Va., *May 5, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Good for Harper's for its impartial editorials in May 1st issue summing up the tariff situation.

I am one of the minor spokes in the great American wheel—being only a railway mail clerk, but if it is any consolation to Harper's to know that these editorials are appreciated by some of the working men, I am glad to add to that consolation.

I am, sir,

E. S. Palmer.

PRONUNCIATION

Boston Mass.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I note that in your columns you frequently have mistakes in grammar rectified. This letter relates to pronunciation, and grammar. Two words, namely address and patrons, are almost invariably mispronounced, the former seldom if ever correctly pronounced. As you know, both the verb and the noun are pronounced ad-dress, not ad'dress, and there is no dictionary in the English language that gives any other pronunciation than that. The word patron is almost invariably called par'-o-nis, not only by the laity, but by ninety per cent. of educated physicians, whereas it is correctly pronounced pa'-trons. I think by calling the attention of the public to this you will be doing a national good.

I am, sir,

A Subscriber.

THE FOUR-MILE RACE QUESTION

The Crescent Athletic Club of Brooklyn

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I too think I know a thing or two about rowing and other contests of endurance and skill, and if I may be permitted to act as judge of this contest on paper between Mr. Samuel Crowther, Jr., and Mr. William Inglis, Mr. Crowther wins by a mile. The points scored by Mr. Inglis on the picture proposition really have no bearing on the final result. Mr. Inglis, as he says, has doubtless rowed and seen lots of rowing, but his inferences and deductions therefrom are far from agreeing with those that my observations have led me to, and Mr. Crowther is perfectly correct in stating that if an oarsman did in a four-mile race what Mr. Inglis describes him as doing, he would be all in at a quarter.

I am, sir,

Herbert Henshaw.

MR. CRAWFORD AND GENERAL MARION

Port Gibson, Miss., *April 25, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—In an editorial on "Marion Crawford" in your issue of 17th inst., you refer to him as a descendant of General Francis Marion. This is incorrect, for Francis Marion died childless. Crawford was descended from a sister of General Marion.

I am, sir,

W. H. Martin.
(Also a descendant).

We are interested to learn precisely what the relationship was. The Weekly said that General Marion was Mr. Crawford's ancestor. Whether a great-great-uncle is an ancestor we leave to the learned to determine. We think "yes." If not, how else can the relationship be expressed without wasteful use of words?—Editor.

Most Deadly Animal Alive

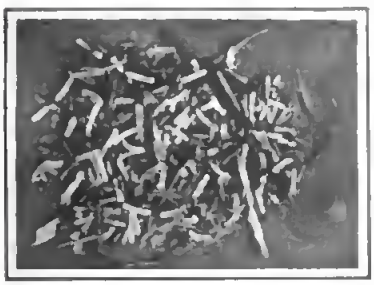
HOW GUARDIANS OF THE PUBLIC HEALTH ARE WAGING WAR UPON A PEST WHOSE EXTERMINATION SCIENCE HAS AGREED UPON AS OF PRIME IMPORTANCE TO HUMANITY

By Frank Fleischman

THAT the most dangerous animal on earth is the common and despised house-fly is the conclusion, not of sensation-mongers, but of cool-headed and cautious scientific investigators.

It is by a jury of experts drawn from most of the principal cities of the United States and Canada that this decision has been reached. The case was that of *The People* vs. Mmes. *Domestica*—otherwise the common house-fly; and by this verdict the defendant has forfeited all right to life and liberty.

"Hitherto the fly has been regarded complacently as a harmless nuisance and considered to be an annoying creature with great persistence and evasive 'familiarity,'" said Dr. Daniel D. Jackson in a speech read before the joint convention of the American Civic Association and the National Municipal League last fall at Pittsburg. "Regarded in the light of recent knowledge, the fly is more dangerous than the tiger or the cobra. Worse than that, he is, at least in our climate, much more to be feared than the mosquito, and may easily be classed, the world over, as the most dangerous animal on earth."



Fly larvae (natural size) in stable sweepings

The fly has been found guilty, in fact, of being the chief agent in the transmission of numerous bacteria, including those of tuberculosis, but principally the bacilli of typhoid and intestinal diseases. That flies are carriers of disease has been recognized by sanitarians for a decade and more, but it is only during the last two years that the extensive investigations have been undertaken which have exposed the constant danger to health which these pests convey—and which have also, fortunately, demonstrated the ease with which flies may be eliminated from properly kept households.

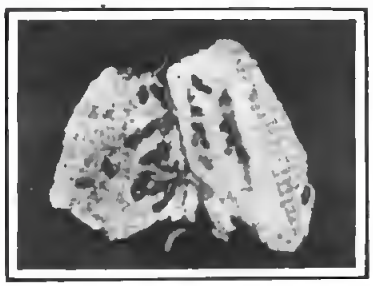
Although Cetti had shown, in 1888, that flies formed a medium for the transmission of typhoid bacilli, it was in 1895 that Dr. George M. Kober, Health Officer of the District of Columbia, first suggested that many cases of typhoid fever might be due to their transmission of infectious matter to the food-supply. In 1897 Dr. Wallace Clarke, Health Officer of Utica, New York, traced an abnormally high proportion of contagious diseases in the Eighth Ward to the presence of an unsanitary garbage-dump, upon the removal of which the death rate was reduced to normal. The mortality from typhoid during the Spanish war made investigations along these lines more general. It was shown that every regiment constituting the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Seventh Army Corps developed typhoid fever, and that more than ninety per cent. of the volunteer regiments developed it within eight weeks after going into camp. More than four-fifths of the total number of deaths were caused by typhoid fever, and infected flies were directly responsible for the spread of the disease.

That the autumn increase in the number of typhoid fever cases, which occurs in most cities, and the enormous summer death-rate of children, are both due to the common fly was made clear by a committee appointed by the Merchants' Association of New York in 1907 to prevent the increasing pollution of the inland waters of the State. It was proved conclusively that, wherever the water-supply is not itself contaminated, the house fly is the chief source of typhoid fever and other intestinal diseases, which are caused in this case by the transmission of the germs of exposed fecal matter to the food used for human consumption. By the use of staining fluids the flies were shown to be in constant transit between fecal matter in outhouses and the food in near-by restaurants and homes. Microscopic examinations showed that these flies conveyed quantities of bacillus-laden material upon their mouths and legs and deposited them wherever they walked.

So much interest was aroused by the publication of the committee's report that it was resolved that immediate measures should be taken to awaken public sentiment by securing the testimony of the health officers and principal sanitarians of this country and Canada. The replies received in response to a circular letter sent out by the Merchants' Association, while ascribing a varying degree of importance to the rôle played by flies, were practically unanimous in admitting their agency in the dissemination of intestinal diseases.

With the approach of the hot weather, the mortality among children from "summer complaint," as the annual epidemic of intestinal disease is frequently termed, will leap up from week to week. With the culmination of the fly season in August, typhoid will begin its annual ravages throughout the country. And, while impure water may in some cases be the cause of these ailments, in the great majority of cases the real agent will be the common house-fly, making its deadly round from outhouse and stable to the milk-pitcher and dinner table.

Seven different varieties of flies are found in our homes, ninety-eight per cent. of which are represented by the common house-fly. Flies lay their eggs only in fermenting or decaying substances—by preference in horse manure. Hence every stable is a centre of infection unless periodically disinfected. The fly-maggot is also hatched out in latrines and ash-pit refuse, such as bedding, straw, rags, paper, scraps of meat, fruit, etc., on which substances the larvæ subsist after they hatch, which occurs in about twelve days after the egg has been laid. It is estimated that a single fly, laying 120 eggs at a time, will produce a progeny amounting to sextillions by the end of the season.



Waste-paper affords a hatchery for flies' eggs

The numbers of bacteria upon a single fly have been proved to range all the way from 550 to 6,000,000. The average for 414 flies which were examined at the Agricultural Experiment Station at Storrs, Connecticut, last year was 1,250,000 bacteria apiece. This represents about the number of bacteria that enter the human system when one swallows a glass of liquid into which some fly has perhaps fallen, to be removed by a skilfully waiter without the liquid being thrown away.

By screening and quickly disposing of all refuse, and disinfecting such as cannot be removed rapidly with crude oil or cresyl, Paris green or chloride of lime, flies can be prevented from breeding and thus eliminated from any locality. In further effort, windows and doors should be screened, food covered up, and pyrethrum powder burned wherever flies congregate.

"Even if the typhoid or house-fly were a creature difficult to destroy, the general failure on the part of communities to make any efforts whatever to reduce its number could properly be termed criminal neglect," writes Dr. L. O. Howard, Chief of the Bureau of Entomology at Washington. "But since it is comparatively an easy matter to do away with the plague of flies, this neglect becomes an evidence of ignorance or of a carelessness in regard to disease-producing filth which to the informed mind constitutes a serious blot on civilized methods of life."

FACTS ABOUT THE FLY WHICH EVERY ONE SHOULD KNOW

The common house-fly is a carrier of disease. Typhoid fever, diarrhœa, dysentery, and tuberculosis are carried by flies.

Flies feed on food and also on filth. They go from the one to the other. In this way they carry disease germs to the table. One fly may convey six million bacteria.

Flies breed in manure heaps, outhouses, refuse, ash-pits, and all decomposing animal or vegetable matter, and unclean places. Do not allow decaying material of any sort to accumulate on or near your premises. If such exist, cover with lime or kerosene oil, and remove as early as possible.

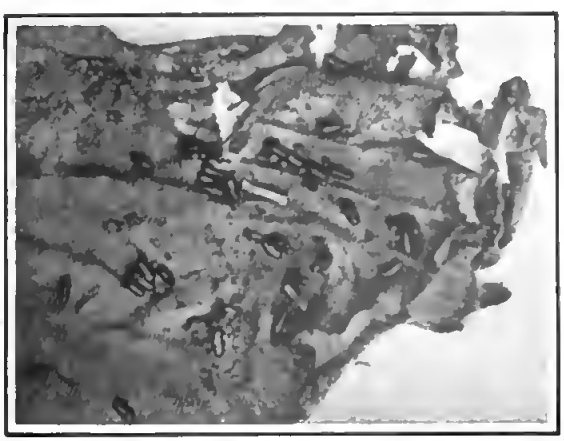
See that your sewerage system is in good order.

Screen all food; cover food after a meal; burn all scraps and refuse.

Screen all windows and doors.

Burn pyrethrum powder in the house if flies should gain entrance.

If there is no filth there will be no flies.



Old rags offer a breeding-ground for the house-fly

Fly larvæ and pupæ found in old flock bedding

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Falling a Mile through Space

By Edward Wesley Potter

To fall but a distance of more than half a mile in a collapsing balloon and to survive was the experience of Mr A Holland Forbes, when, in the company of Mr. Augustus Post, secretary of the Aero Club of America, he made an ascent in the international balloon race held at Berlin.

Marvellous luck saved the aeronauts' lives. They were very lucky, in the first place, in possessing the calm courage which enabled them to think and do instantly the very things that long experience in the sport had taught them should be done in a desperate effort to preserve their lives. Also

The "Conqueror" about to start in the race for the Amateur World's Championship. Mr. Forbes stands in the centre of the cars his mid, Mr. Augustus Post, is standing beside him at the left

they were lucky that their balloon alighted on the roof of a house, which crumpled at the impact and so broke the force of the fall. Their greatest fortune lay in their long experience in ballooning, which fitted them to meet the emergency, and especially in the various high plunges Mr Forbes had taken in America, one of which, near South Williamstown, Massachusetts, was from a recorded distance of more than a mile.

To the layman nothing could appear more hideous than the suggestion that a man can perceive keenly and accurately, reason wisely, and carry out a plan with perfect composure while tumbling from a point one mile above the earth. Yet all this has been done, and the best proof of it is the salvation of Messrs. Forbes and Post from death, which would have been inevitable had they faltered for one moment. To obtain from Mr. Forbes at first hand the history of the awful dive was no easy feat, for he is a doer of deeds rather than a talker about them. Indeed, he would utter nothing at first but enthusiastic commendations of ballooning as a sport and confident predictions that the science of flight and aerial travel is on the eve of tremendous discoveries. Persistent cross-examination was needed to draw from him the story of the fall, and the reader is asked to remember that it was yielded piecemeal and not in the narrative form in which it is here related.

Mr. Forbes is the slender and strenuous vice president of the Aero Club of America, a New York publisher who lives in Massachusetts. He had achieved fame as a daring yachtsman in fifty one-footers before he abandoned skimming the sea for flight in the air He took his balloon, the "Conqueror," the only American entry, to Berlin last October and started it in the international race for the Bennett Cup and the championship of the world. Eighty thousand spectators had gathered in the suburb of Schmargendorf when the contest was begun at three o'clock in the afternoon The sun was shining brightly, but a gusty wind made it difficult to get off handily. At a favorable moment the command to cast off was given, and the "Conqueror" shot up into the blue amid the crashing of the bands and the cheering of the crowd

"After some difficulty," said Mr Forbes, "we got off the ground and found everything right We mounted very rapidly and almost perpendicularly to a height of nearly three thousand feet. All about us was a profound stillness. I was looking at the instrument to observe the exact height when I heard overhead a peculiar swishing noise

"'That sounds dangerous,' I said to Mr Post. A moment later we saw that the balloon was rapidly deflating It had parted at the top."

It was at this moment, let me interject, that the thousands of spectators barely a mile distant saw the balloon swing violently from side to side, then dart downward with incredible rapidity, while for a moment a flash of daylight was seen through a ragged gap in the great envelope.

"We have since calculated," said Mr. Forbes, "that the balloon fell at the rate of two thousand feet a minute Neither of us had ever dropped so fast before. Mr. Post immediately began throwing overboard the bags of sand that lay in the bottom of the car, while I drew my jack-knife and instantly slashed away four groups, each consisting of eight sand-bags, which were fastened at the corners of the basket.

"Both of us sprang up and held on to the ring above the car, hoping thus to avoid at least part of the crash when we should come to earth. Far below we could see spiked iron fences, a stone paved court, and the tiled roofs of houses that seemed to be shooting up toward us. It wasn't a time for much conversation Mr. Post held out his hand and said, 'Good by, Forbesey,' and I shook hands with him and replied, 'Good by, Gus.' We were both pretty busy, and I couldn't give you now any further analysis of our emotions at that time than to say that we could see and feel the earth rushing up toward us at incredible speed and with overwhelming power. I don't think we felt that we were falling nearly so much as we felt the earth darting up at us.

"I have frequently been asked why the 'Conqueror' exploded. I can only say that I don't know. Nor does any one else It is as much a mystery as the explosion of the *Maine*. I do know, however, that after I had the 'Conqueror' built last spring, she was tested twelve by experts and pronounced capable of standing ten times the pressure that was put upon her.

"I did add nine and a half feet to the appendix so that I should be able to handle it from the basket, and for the further purpose of reducing the escape of gas at night. That naturally created a greater pressure at the top of the balloon, but it was entirely insufficient to cause the break Sensational newspaper reports to the effect that the appendix was closed in the Berlin ascension, or that I had the appendix attached to a blower with a two and a half inch opening whereby any escape of gas was prevented are fakes pure and simple.

"I have also been asked why we didn't throw overboard our instruments, provisions, water, and other impedimenta. The first and all sufficient reason was that we didn't have time It was God's mercy that we did not. Had we cast those things to the winds and thereby gained another hundred feet, it would have been our undoing That additional gain would have carried us beyond the roof of the apartment-house where we actually struck and stuck, to be hurled heavily on the Gothaische pavement of a stony court, or to be pierced by the sharp spikes of an iron fence. Our escape was both an accident and a miracle, although we did our best to help along our chances, often as we knew them to be

"As the deflating envelope gradually fobbed in and upward against itself from below, it formed a sort of parachute which greatly checked the speed of our flight, although we were still descending rapidly. This slowing process gave us great confidence, however, that we would come out of the experience alive. We passed over the roof of a house, almost touching it, but we clung to the appendix ring until the empty basket below us struck the mansard roof of a house in the block adjoining The car crashed through the tiles, and the man who occupied the room, as soon as he got over his scare, helped us to pick our way out of the wreckage and showed us the way down to the street.

"Beyond a little touch of cramps in the muscles from holding on so tight, and a few bumps, neither Mr Post nor I was hurt We had not a scratch to show for our high plunge. Indeed, long before the police rushed up to take the wrecked balloon off the roof Mr. Post had fished out his camera and had begun to busy himself taking photographs of the tangled mass."

Here Mr. Forbes paused and looked thoughtfully into space for a moment Then with much animation he resumed his conversation, saying: "Notwithstanding these somewhat active experiences, I look upon ballooning as a safe sport and one in which any gentleman may well engage. I have been told on good authority that up to the year of 1878, when ballooning was nearly one hundred years old, only twelve deaths occurred from unavoidable causes. That record represents thousands upon thousands of ascensions and shows the sport to be quite as safe as yachting, automobiling, or any other Having taken flights in all sorts of weather and under all sorts of conditions, I insist upon it that ballooning is not an extra hazardous recreation."

Mr Forbes declared that the experiences he had undergone in two long plunges in America were helpful to him in the accident at Berlin. The first one, he admitted, was rather trying because he had never faced such an emergency before.

"It was," he said, 'on a keen, bright morning last Spring that I felt I simply had to go out for a flight. Against the remonstrances of my friends—I learned afterward that some of them prayed for me—I left North Adams in a good stiff gale. Before getting off, however, I was obliged to sign a legal document releasing the gas company that filled my balloon from any responsibility in case of injury or death. There were several feet of snow on the ground, and for twenty-five minutes the wind was so lively that the balloon would not stand upright It tugged away in most unruly fashion, with sixteen men clinging to the basket. They were dragged over the icy ground time and again. At last a favorable moment came, and I gave the signal to let go.

"In two minutes the town was out of sight. In fifty minutes I was about a mile above the railroad station at Northampton, having travelled in that interval forty miles as the crow flies. I was out only for a short flight, anyhow, and when I got ready to land near Wilbraham, I discovered, as I dropped close to the ground, that a pile of sharp stones, partially concealed by the snow was coming up to meet me. So I threw out my last bag of sand and went up again until my aneroid indicated three thousand feet.

"Then I dropped once more There was nothing else to do. I did not dare to parachute the bag, because, if I had done so, the raging wind was likely to get behind it and rush me along the ground at railroad speed, thereby greatly damaging the balloon as well as myself. Perhaps I ought to explain that the 'parachuting' of a balloon means to cast off the lines holding the bottom of the bag to the car so as to allow the lower section of the sphere to telescope into the upper, thus getting the flexible bag into the shape of an umbrella, the same being caveloped and strengthened against the vertical rush of air by the strong network wherein it is confined.

"Bearing this in mind, you will see that it was better policy for me to let out the gas from the valve at the top, instead of converting the car into an ice-boat with the parachuted bag for a sail. So I 'valved' and came down in the open but I had selected about a mile ahead. Of course I came down like a blue streak, but not swift enough to take my breath away. Just before striking the ground I pulled the rip-cord and opened the top of the balloon. The gas instantly escaped, and, after all, my landing turned out much better than I expected.

"That shows the fallacy of the popular idea that it is a difficult feat to make a landing in a heavy blow. A real aeronaut should be brought up to 'eat wind,' as the saying goes. I would just as lief land in a sixty-knot hurricane as in a ten mile breeze. Most of my ascensions have been made by preference in heavy blows. In fact, there is no pleasure whatever in going up and fiddling and fussing around in calm, sluggish air currents.

"The fifty four hundred foot drop, however, was quite different from the preceding wind-jamming affair. On that occasion I had two passengers with me. One of them had been up several times before, the other was making his pioneer trip. After a most enjoyable flight, we decided to come down because our sand was giving out. Accordingly I picked out a likely spot near South Williamstown and used the last bag in making a landing. There was very little wind, and I decided not to rip the bag open.

A. Holland Forbes, who fell a mile through space

The "Conqueror," bearing Messrs. Forbes and Post, just after the beginning of its ascension in the International World's Championship Race at Berlin in which the balloon had its fall

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The "Conqueror" at a height of almost half a mile above the chimney-pots of Berlin shortly before it began its fall to earth

The wreck of the "Conqueror" on the apartment-house roof where the car struck in its descent. Messrs. Forbes and Post at the extreme left

"As the balloon lightly touched the ground, my uninitiated passenger looked up and suddenly became seized with the fear that the huge round ball above him was about to flop down on his head. Without more ado he slipped over the side of the basket. Jumping Jupiter! Never would a seasoned aeronaut imagine that a guest would leave his car before the word was given. But my unthinking friend did it, just the same, and did it when my back was turned.

"You can easily guess what happened. The balloon, suddenly relieved of 160 pounds of ballast, instantly sprang into the air. Thereupon my other companion, who, unfortunately, happened to be leaning over the side of the basket, was spilled out on the ground in a jiffy, and 175 pounds more of live ballast went by the board. Necessarily the big bag started upward as if shot from a gun, and in the space of a flash of lightning I was doubled up on the bottom of the car with a shock that knocked my teeth together. The whole business was disturbing, and I almost lost my temper.

"However, I wasn't disabled, and as soon as I got on my feet I looked over the side of the car to see if my companions were safe. Discovering that they were in good condition, I grasped the valve rope, pulled the valve at the top of the balloon, and finally got it under control at 5,400 feet, according to my aneroid.

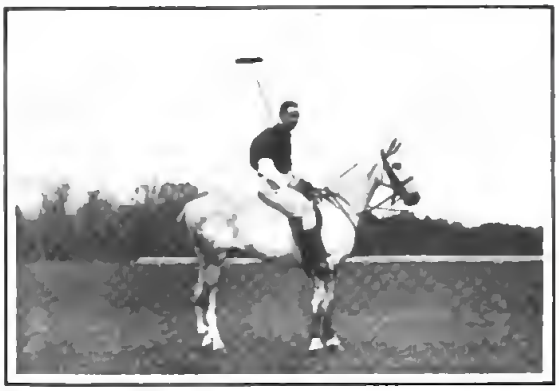
"That stopped the ascent, but without sand or ballast of any kind, I had absolutely no control when the bag began to drop. Every hundred feet I could see that I was falling faster and faster. 'I guess there will be some broken bones to mend, this trip,' I said to myself. In the green mass below me plants were swiftly growing into shrubs, and the shrubs just as quickly grew into small trees. As the trees grew larger and larger, I saw that I had a river directly underneath me, and beyond that a stretch of woodland.

"Both were disagreeable ports of call when dropping at the rate of ten or twelve hundred feet a minute. The upmushing air was fanning my cheeks smartly, though it did not blow my cap off. I was doing some pretty tall thinking about this time, and some still more careful watching. Coming still nearer the earth, I noticed that in this woodland was an open space several hundred feet square covered with small huckleberry bushes.

"Here was a chance at last. As the bag was passing over this open spot and heading for the tall timber beyond, I opened the valve to the limit. This brought it down with greatly accelerated speed and almost vertically into the huckleberry patch. About fifty feet before we struck, I ripped the bag wide open and then pulled myself into the ring to avoid the jar when the car banged against the ground.

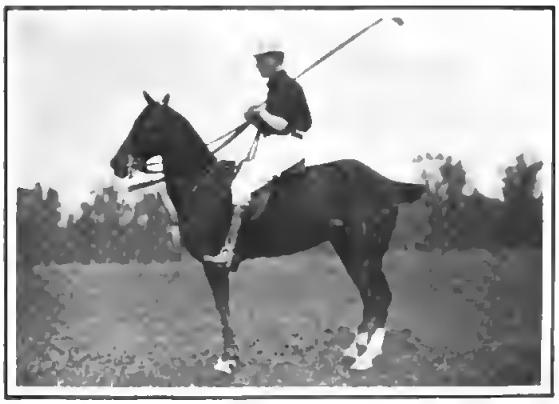
"The landing was all right in the matter of avoiding a dump in the river or a bad thumping among the trees. But the wind was pretty lively, and although I dropped where I anticipated, the wind got behind the limp and flopping bag, with the result that the car landed on its side and then overturned. In the course of the mix-up I was shot out of the basket in such a hurry that I rolled over four times before I got on my feet. I wasn't hurt."

H. P. Whitney, captain



Lawrence Waterbury

Devereux Milburn



J. M. Waterbury, Jr.

THE AMERICAN POLO TEAM WHICH WILL PLAY IN ENGLAND FOR THE INTERNATIONAL CUP

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PAINTINGS
THAT WON DISTINCTION
IN THE
INTERNATIONAL
EXHIBITION
AT THE
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE
IN PITTSBURG

"The Gate," by Arnesby Brown, of Cornwall, England
THIS PAINTING RECEIVED HONORABLE MENTION

"Girl Crocheting," by Edmund C. Tarbell, of Boston
AWARDED A FIRST CLASS GOLD MEDAL AND $1,500

"The Village Industry," by Stanhope A. Forbes, of Penzance, England
THIS PAINTING RECEIVED HONORABLE MENTION

"November Hills," by Bruce Crane, of New York City
WINNER OF A THIRD CLASS BRONZE MEDAL AND AN AWARD OF $300

"In Rittenhouse Square," by Elizabeth Sparhawk-Jones, of Philadelphia
AWARDED HONORABLE MENTION

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Campaigning for Trade

By Elliott Flower

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. STROTHMANN

There were salesmen in that territory

It was my good fortune to be attached as a war correspondent—perhaps peace correspondent would be a better term—to a flying squadron that Chicago sent out on a trade campaign.

Campaigning for trade, of course, is no new business or art or science or whatever you may call it. Business men are always engaged in it, usually along the same general lines, but with such minor variations as the wit of the individual campaigner may suggest. Advertising is the basis of all, but there are many ways of advertising, and there is much besides advertising. A veteran newspaper correspondent once impressed upon me, in explaining why he hustled for a telegraph office before going after the story he was sent to get, that "the best story that ever happened isn't worth anything unless you can get it to your paper." It is a good deal the same way in business: the best article on the market represents nothing but bankruptcy unless the buying public knows about it.

So, granting, of course, that you have the right article at the right price, advertising is the basis of trade. The retailer campaigns by advertising in his immediate locality. It may be newspaper advertising, or "demonstrations," or "freak" advertising, or mail advertising, or circular advertising, or all or several of these forms combined. The mail-order merchant campaigns by advertising throughout all or a large part of the country. He may use the newspapers and periodicals almost exclusively, or he may use them only incidentally and rely principally upon his catalogues. The wholesaler campaigns by advertising in whatever he may consider his territory, be it large or small, and he supplements this by sending out travelling salesmen. Occasionally a group, having allied interests, will unite in a single campaign of exploitation, which is really the basis of the plan that sent out Chicago's flying squadron, not to represent individual industries or concerns, but to speak for the whole city.

It is not the first raid a Chicago flying squadron has made, nor is Chicago the only city that has adopted this method of campaigning, but Chicago has unquestionably come nearer to reducing this united exploitation of all her interests to a science than any other city. Various cities have sent out occasional flying squadrons to capture trade, but they have not done this as often as Chicago has done it nor as thoroughly; nor have they enlisted as big men in the ranks of their squadrons. Can you imagine thirty New York business men—big men, not clerks or salesmen or minor officials—chartering a special train and devoting two weeks to visiting the merchants of the principal towns and cities of half a dozen States? Hardly. New York might send out some trade scouts to make such a trip, but few of the captains would be of the party. Two weeks in a Pullman stateroom, with dinners and speeches and automobile rides every day, is strenuous enough to call for a good bit of fortitude and sacrifice.

Chicago has sent out six such parties in the last few years, and the last was, naturally, the largest and most successful of the six. This trip was down the Mississippi Valley to New Orleans, but it was far from a trip straight down the Valley, for the party went as far east as Memphis, Tennessee, and Birmingham, Alabama, and as far west as Hot Springs, Arkansas, and Fort Smith, Arkansas, visiting, in all, seventeen towns and cities in the fourteen days it was out. Let New York and St. Louis sit up and take notice; for the party invaded territory upon which each thinks it has a mortgage, and the invasion was very diplomatically managed.

To begin with, it was not the kind of a raid the Valley expected. Many of the Valley merchants admitted, later, that they were inclined to be rather dubious when first advised of the proposed visit. They would give the party hospitable welcome, of course, but they expected it to be Chicago, Chicago-go-go, Chicago all the time, and that was not altogether pleasing. They were quite as much interested in a market for their products as in a market for their purchases—in knowing where they could sell to advantage—and Chicago's reputation for business aggressiveness seemed to preclude the idea of anything being considered except what Chicago had to sell.

At one place this idea had such complete possession of the minds of the local merchants that they planned and executed a clever but unnecessary coup. "Chicago," they said, "is coming down here to tell us what she has to sell and why we should buy from her. Well, we'll just show her what we have to sell." And they did. The members of the party were hustled into automobiles as soon as their special train pulled into the depot, and they were hustled from one point of industrial interest to another, being entertained on the way with accounts of local industries and resources. There were strenuous times at many other places, but nowhere else did the local men so completely inundate everything, including the conversation. The Chicago men were gasping when they were finally put aboard their train just as it was ready to leave, and an experience meeting held later showed that not one word of Chicago or their mission had any member of the party been able to work in. They were dazed.

Yet the town had been to really unnecessary trouble in the matter, for nowhere did the Chicagoans overlook local interests. That was what surprised the Valley people elsewhere. Prepared to be assailed with reasons why they should buy from Chicago, they were first asked: "What can we do for you? Chicago is a big city and exerts a wide influence. How can this influence be made to serve you? The Chicago Association of Commerce wants to hear from you. It is prepared to give you any information or assistance that lies within its power." Thus was such a wholly different tone from the one expected that it was rather bewildering. And it was further amplified in some such way as this: "All else being equal, you would rather do business with friends than with strangers. So would we. That's why we have come down here to get acquainted with you. We want to know what we can buy from you as well as what we can sell to you." Then before the local men could quite recover from the shock a professor of the University of Chicago was introduced, and the subject of education received some attention—its importance to the community generally; the wonderful progress made along educational lines; the excellent school systems of the South, etc.

Now, all this was not exactly in keeping with Chicago's reputation as a devotee of business exclusively, and a rather selfish devotee at that. Is it any wonder that the people of the valley were bewildered?

The subject of deep waterways followed, not forgetting the very important part that Chicago has played in the Lakes to the Gulf project. That being a matter in which the Valley is most vitally interested, it was not a difficult matter to establish a partnership: Chicago and the Valley must work together for the consummation of what Chicago had begun. Yet there was no unseemly blowing of horns even here. It was frankly admitted that Chicago's first idea was a solution of her drainage problem, the waterway being a secondary consideration; but the fact remained that she had gone far beyond her drainage needs, and had made a deep waterway of her drainage canal. It only remained for the Valley to unite with her and secure the completion of a waterway that would unite the Lakes and the Gulf.

The Chicago men were gasping when put aboard

Then came the question of transportation facilities. Did the Valley get all that it was entitled to in this respect? If not, the party had with it a railroad man, and again they would unite and proceed to put the problem up to him. If they found it easier, because of any railroad discrimination, to reach some other point, Chicago wanted to know it. If the service was unsatisfactory in any other detail, Chicago wanted to know it, and she would then do all she could to remedy matters. She was certainly as deeply interested as the Valley in the question of freight service. Very little, except in a most general way, about what Chicago had to sell, and a great deal about the problems of the Valley and Chicago's desire to be of assistance in settling them.

Oh, it was diplomatically and thoroughly done, even to taking along a banker to discuss any financial questions that might arise; and, incidentally, Chicago said never a word about her principal claim to the good-will of the people of this section. She let them do that, and they did it.

"We don't forget," is the way it was told in one place, "that Chicago let us have money when we needed money. It was during the panic of 1907. We couldn't get it from New York or from any other financial centre. They offered us paper substitutes of all kinds, but they wouldn't let go of any real cash. Then we appealed to Chicago, and we got the money—real money. We haven't forgotten it."

That is a very nice thing to hear when you are out after trade, and the banker of the party let his smile ent another notch as it became more and more evident that the banks had scored a big point for Chicago in that emergency.

Then followed a general invitation to trade with Chicago, or, if already doing business with Chicago, to

(Continued on page 31.)

Two weeks with dinners and speeches

There are many ways of advertising

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Teaching the Prince of Wales to be a "Mixer"

By an Englishman

A fatherly lesson at the Goodwood races

A SHORT time ago, when King Edward's health seemed not quite so good as it usually is, the English press hinted at a coming rearrangement and redistribution of the royal functions. The Prince of Wales, it was said, was being brought more to the fore, was taking over various duties that his father wished to be relieved of, was being initiated into the secrets of government, was in training, in short, to act as the sovereign's deputy. I have very good reason for not believing a word of all this. Kings and queens are almost invariably monopolists. The one thing you can nearly always rely on their not doing is to surrender the smallest fraction of their prerogatives. They may gird at times at the eternal round of irksome and boring duties imposed upon them, but so long as they have a breath in their bodies they will continue to discharge them; and the very last thing they think of relinquishing to or sharing with their successor is the conduct of affairs of state. Queen Victoria kept her son out of as much knowledge of public business as possible; and her son treats his son in the same royal fashion. The Prince of Wales has no part whatever in shaping the policies of the kingdom over which he will one day rule. He has never even accompanied King Edward on his remarkably productive pilgrimages of peace; and the idea that he was ever consulted about any one of them, was ever asked, for instance, whether he approved the entente with France or thought the time had come for a rapprochement with Germany, is almost laughable. Even in matters of domestic policy the Prince of Wales is permitted no more information than he is able to gather on his own account, while he has no more power to influence their direction than his private secretary. Like the Vice-President in the United States he is *ant Cæsar aut nullus*. As heir apparent the constitution, the workings of the British system, and the grasping and retentive disposition of the reigning sovereign, combine to reduce him to the mere shadow of a figurehead. He has, of course, a rôle to play in social, philanthropic, municipal, and imperial spheres. He is sent on tours through the colonies, tours that involve a longer absence from home than would be either possible or becoming in the acting head of the state. The minor business of extending the royal patronage to hospitals and other charitable undertakings devolves upon his shoulders; and when a municipality is opening a new town hall, or a university, or initiating some great local enterprise, the Prince is commissioned to perform the necessary ceremonies. But all this lies very far outside the world of statesmanship. There have been, of course, in British history instances of Princes of Wales who insisted on being admitted into the *arcana imperii*, who formed political parties, intervened belligerently in the debates in the House of Lords, and made themselves a centre of opposition and disturbance. But the present Prince of Wales, like his father, has shown not the least inclination to follow in their footsteps; and, indeed, the democratic developments of the past century in England have made a political prince an incredibility, if not an impossibility. I think, therefore, one is fairly safe in dismissing altogether the rumor that the Prince of Wales is going to take a more prominent part in public affairs than hitherto, and in assuming that when he reaches the throne it will be as a novice, wholly unbroken to the craft of kingship. That is the usual English custom, and King Edward and his son are the last men in the world to break through it.

People in England are almost forgetting that but a few years ago they used to speak of the heir apparent as "our sailor Prince." Yet at one time it looked as though he had definitely adopted the navy as his profession. He had the good fortune to be born a younger son. The heir apparent and the heir presumptive are so hedged round by the prospect of their future duties that serious application along one special line of study is impossible. They are taught to know a little of everything; they flit from the army to the navy, from the schools to the 'varsities, gathering sars of corn from all harvests. In time they are enveloped in state functions, the demands of society, the still more insistent demands of charitable and philanthropic institutions. Their life splits itself up into definite prescribed categories, from which escape is not even to be thought of. But younger sons, who at most will be but brothers of the reigning sovereigns, may to some extent follow their own inclinations. A wider latitude is allowed them. If the army or navy has a real attraction for them, they may throw themselves into it like any ordinary man and make it the pivot of their whole life. And perhaps if by some sudden chance they succeed to the throne, it will not be found that they make any the worse rulers for having spent their youth and early manhood in the steady pursuit of one profession. Bracing, continuous work of body and mind in the exercise of a calling to which one is passionately attached, is probably as good an apprenticeship to the trade of kings as any that could be designed. Such, at any rate, in the opinion of the present Prince of Wales, who has been known more than once to congratulate himself on having been born a younger son, and so free to follow his natural tastes. King Edward VII. has always regretted that in his boyhood he was never enrolled as a naval cadet. He was determined, if his sons showed any liking for the sea, to place them on board the *Britannia*, the famous training-ship of generations of British seamen, Like William IV., "the sailor king," he held that "there is no place in the world for making an English gentleman like the quarter-deck of an English man-of-war." He believed in a "cockpit education," and his sons, Prince George especially, were only too anxious to fall in with their father's ideas.

The two princes were placed on board the *Britannia* together. Albert Victor was fourteen years old, and George a few days over twelve. Their path was not strewn with roses. In the eyes of their companions a cadet, prince or no prince, was primarily a cadet and liable to be treated as such. No indulgences were allowed them except a separate cabin. They rose at the same hour, messed at the same table and off the same rations, had as few or as many holidays, as their companions. Prince George took to the life readily and easily. The two years he spent on board ship confirmed him liking for a sailor's life. On the *Bacchante*, which the two princes joined in 1879, it was just the same. They were treated exactly like their gun-room messmates, taking their turn in all weathers by day or night at watchkeeping, and going aloft at sail drill or boat duty. Their letters and journals were afterward republished as a book. There is nothing in the volume that calls for comment. Any two boys of average intelligence and observation might have written it.

Wiser than most royal beginners, wiser than his uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, who at forty-six found himself all too soon on the shelf, the young Prince determined to take only such promotion as he might honestly earn. His naval career lasted till January, 1892, when the death of the Duke of Clarence forced him to relinquish the command of the second-class cruiser *Dryad* and to return to England. They were fifteen years of steady work, with each step fairly won. Nothing that came within the scope of his duties was shirked. A Turkish Pasha who boarded the vessel off Salonica to pay his respects to the heir to the British throne found him covered with smuts and dust, superintending a coaling party—than which there is no more dustardly work by land or sea. He braved all the usual examinations and survived them, taking on one occasion four firsts out of a possible five. In 1889 he commissioned a torpedo-boat for the annual manœuvres which were held off the Irish coast, and greatly distinguished himself by bringing off a sister vessel which had damaged her screw and was being driven onto a lee shore by a stiff wind. There was no question of the skill and judgment with which he handled his boat. In 1890 he was given charge of the gunboat *Thrush*, and after thirteen months was promoted to be commander. He had barely commissioned the *Melampus* when his brother's death cut short his naval career. Since then he has only once seen service—in 1898, when for three months he commanded the *Crescent*. Just before he set out on his colonial tour in 1901 he was raised to the rank of rear-admiral, but though his interest in all naval matters is still as keen as ever, his life as a working sailor is now necessarily over. But he never speaks with such confidence and point as when he is appealing for funds on behalf of the innumerable charities connected with the service; and whenever a naval question comes up it finds him primed with the latest information, with decided views, and with no hesitation in expressing them. And I dare say, amid the external fuss and ceremony of his present life, he often sighs for the old free life on board ship. During his colonial tour in 1901 his companions remarked the intensity of his pleasure at being at sea again. He took part in all the games that Jack Tar has improvised, and when the *Ophir* crossed the line he submitted with the heartiest good will to be ducked with the rest. Englishmen rarely escape a note of exaggeration in talking of princes, but there is something like a consensus of opinion among the navy officers who served with and under this particular Prince that he was not only a really capable sailor, but a good fellow.

For the past seventeen years, however, the first ten of them as heir presumptive, the last seven as heir apparent, the Prince has been a lawnsman. From perpetually talking of him, with an enthusiastic touch of romance, as "our sailor Prince," the public imagination had conjured up a sort of royal Lord Charles Beresford, a breezy, picturesque, slap-dash figure. But when on the death of the Duke of Clarence the Prince came out of the obscurity of his cabin and moved into full public view, it soon became evident that here, at any rate, was no naval Harry Hotspur. Humdrum respectability seemed rather to be the note of the newly created Duke of York. There were some who

On the way to a tennis match at Wimbledon

The Prince and Princess of Wales driving to the Guildhall, London

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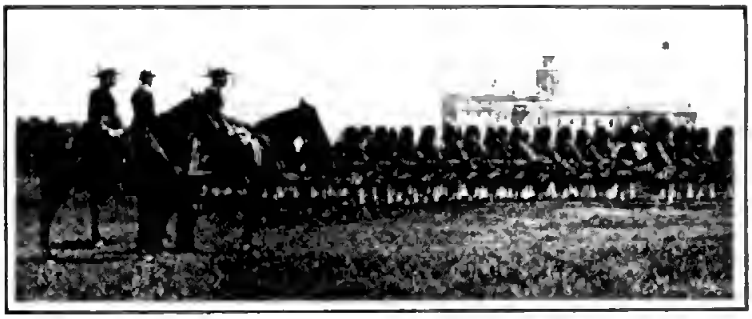
remembered his father's early years and thanked Heaven for the son's respectability; there were others, perhaps the majority, who wished he were not quite so humdrum. His marriage in 1893 to Princess May was acquiesced in by the country as something which circumstances had made inevitable. It was an event that chilled rather than roused enthusiasm. Their children are already a familiar sight to the London crowds, and the eldest boy is already enrolled as a naval cadet. The Norfolk estate, however, is where the Prince finds his greatest pleasure. He is a keen sportsman and, like most sailors ashore, has a turn for farming which he diligently cultivates. Already he is getting known as a breeder. Shooting and fishing are his chief recreations and in both he is well above the average. He has shot turkey-buzzards in Buenos Ayres, wild duck and teal in Japan, quail and kangaroo in Australia, pheasant and snipe in China, elk, sambur deer, and buffalo in Ceylon, tigers in India, and once so far forgot himself in the Middle Kingdom as to let fly at a fox. He keeps a better seat than most sailors, but not good enough to warrant him in following the hounds. Horse-racing appears never to have interested him. He is a fair hand at billiards, plays golf, and in his younger days was a promising boxer. Cricket, racing, and football, however—the three great sports of the country—he has never gone in for. His more intimate hobbies are stamp-collecting, mechanical toys, and posters. It is not an inspiring list, but it reflects the man accurately enough.

Intellectually he is a typical Guelph; he has not inherited his father's quick moving mind. His speeches are rather terrible performances to read or listen to. He has never quite found his platform legs. To do him justice, he has no desire to find them; he would far rather be on a quarter-deck. But he cannot escape the penalties of his position. Hardly a week goes by without his being obliged to deliver a public speech on some subject of which he probably knows nothing, of which, at any rate, he cannot possibly know more than the alphabet. A clever man would get used to such ordeals, would even learn how to emerge from them triumphantly. But fifteen years at sea are not a good preparation for this kind of work, and the Prince gets no further than a few amiable commonplaces, awkwardly expressed. Very possibly the English public would prefer not to have it otherwise. A brilliant prince would strike a great many Englishmen as improper. And, after all, the possession of a comfortable, unexciting intellect saves the Prince of Wales from a great many dangers, among others from the danger of being misunderstood. His face, it is generally agreed, is the image of his mind. Stupid would be an exaggerated as well as an unkindly adjective to apply to it, but in the heavy eyes, and then wonderful power of warding off expression, one detects the insignia of sound British stolidity. There is no scandal—it would be difficult to imagine any scandal—attaching to his private life, and the gossip that he inclined to intemperance is—let me say it with all possible emphasis—the idlest of calumnies. In none of his actions does he give any opening for criticism; in none, too, does he inspire any great enthusiasm. An uninteresting man? One hears that comment passed, and on the whole it is not, perhaps, without some share of truth. If he has not inherited his father's swiftness of appreciation, neither has he inherited his tact; and perhaps the most interesting thing about him is his recklessness of speech in private, the way he blurts out any thing that may be in his head. Moreover, he has some rather strong political views, views which incline toward a decidedly stiff-necked Toryism; and in addition he is fond of getting up cases in connection with the leading questions of the day. The combination of these qualities leads at times to some amusing developments, and the spectacle of the Prince of Wales trying to convert a leading free-trade publicist to tariff reform, and beguiling Cabinet Ministers on their hobbies, is by no means uncommon. In another age one can easily conceive the Prince enacting the part of George III. He holds forth, at any rate, on the misdeeds of "those damned Radicals" in quite the old autocratic style. But a prince and a king are two very different personages; and as the supreme head of affairs he would, one imagines, be everything that is decorous, solemn, and a trifle dull. At the same time he would be free from embarrassing ties, he has no "set," and strongly disapproves of his father's "set," and in time, no doubt, he will make a most manageable ruler.



The Prince of Wales enjoying one of his milder diversions—reviewing troops

The Wheat "Corner"

By John F. Harris

THERE has been no wheat corner, and there is no apparent intention to develop one. The best evidence of this is the fact that the lower grades of wheat—those not deliverable upon Board of Trade contracts—have been and continue in great demand, and have been and are selling at prices higher than wheat for delivery in May—the month said to be cornered.

If May wheat were cornered and its present price were due not to legitimate demand, but simply because of large speculative purchases of May, the off grades, as they are not deliverable upon contracts—and are, therefore, about as useful to the "short" seller of wheat as an equal amount of pig-iron—would be selling at a tremendous discount. The reverse is the case. In other words, the actual wheat—that is, the wheat in commercial circulation, namely, Cash No. 2 (the contract grade) and other good milling wheat (but below contract grade)—has been selling for some time above the May price. This is true because so many people have shouted "corner" and "artificial prices" as long that some with less courage have concluded that the May, July, and September prices were entirely artificial, and therefore have sold them.

Events and time will demonstrate whether this selling of "futures" at large discount as compared with cash prices is wise or foolish.

The inquiry in very general as to what has caused this extraordinary rise in the price of wheat. It is well known that values do not always steadily advance with consistency, even though such an advance is entirely warranted. They frequently remain stationary for quite long periods. Then there is overnight, so to speak, a realizing sense of enhancement, and a sharp, sustained advance follows.

It is likely, in order that wheat shall again sell considerably below a dollar, that two consecutive large world-wide wheat crops must be grown. There has been a greater enhancement of land values and the cost of growing wheat in the last thirty years than in the grain itself. During that period land in Minnesota, the Dakotas, Nebraska, and Kansas has advanced from $6 and $15 per acre to $60 and $120. In order that the theorists shall be satisfied and wheat sell again at sixty-five to eighty-five cents per bushel in Chicago, it is apparently necessary that land values be reduced about seventy-five per cent. As the land in the world available or suitable for wheat culture is fixed, and as people continue to multiply, this condition is not likely to transpire.

Three years ago wheat land in the northwest provinces of Saskatchewan, Alberta, and Assiniboine could be bought at $7 to $10 per acre. It is now being unjustly sold at $12 to $20. This may be due to Mr. Patten's machinations upon the Chicago Board of Trade. If legislators had proper regard for the welfare of the people it would not be permitted.

The price of wheat is not made upon the Chicago Board of Trade or upon any other exchange. Wherever a crust of bread is eaten, wherever a rod of land is sown to wheat, there are factors that enter into the making of the price. Those features make themselves felt—they find expression upon the exchange.

True it is that speculative purchases or sales may temporarily deflect the price from its true level. If, however, the speculator is wrong he is destroyed by the reaction. If he is right he serves a great public service. Mr. Patten was right in his purchases of wheat and what he did, which, though for purposes of private gain, nevertheless were in the nature of a public benefaction.

If no one has been in a position or willing to have done what Mr. Patten and his friends did, the government itself might well have done it, if it were actuated by an intelligent regard for the welfare of all its people.

The first check to the export movement of wheat last year was because of the advance in price due to Mr. Patten's purchases of May. It is clear now that the export movement should have been checked, and that all the remaining wheat was needed here for consumption. If this were not true we could now obtain a much higher price from foreign buyers than we could when the movement was stopped by what are designated as Mr. Patten's iniquitous purchases. So the sowers and growers of wheat (and they are not an inconsiderable number) last year received a higher price than they otherwise would. Those who eat bread (and that, of course, means all the citizens of the Republic) are now able to buy it at a less price than if the export movement had continued unchecked. Such a contingency would have forced an important movement now. But that was prevented by the fact that the wheat Mr. Patten bought has been sold here, or is now available for home consumption at much less than the import cost. If he had not bought a bushel of wheat it would have sold lower than it did last fall and higher than it has this spring. His purchases and sales simply tended to make prices more stable. Every one here has been benefited, not excepting himself and associates. Without him, or some one acting similarly, the European importer of wheat might have bought some millions of bushels ten to twenty cents cheaper than he did last fall. Foreign vessel-owners would have had more wheat to carry and some to carry back to our shores.

European stocks of wheat are very low—by some deemed to be critically low. Europe, according to those whose estimates heretofore have been fairly accurate, will, until its harvest, require about nine million bushels per week. The Argentine has for shipment between now and its harvest—next December and January—not more than thirty million bushels. Europe, however, will not starve. There will likely be great economies and substitutions. But wheat is scarce the world over as compared with demand, and that is the reason it is selling at a high price.

The Secretary of Agriculture has seen fit to attack Mr. Patten, displaying his general ignorance of the situation. It would be well for him if he could point to some service he had rendered the wheat-growers and wheat-eaters of this country (and that is all the people) equal to what has been done by the one whom he so unseemingly abuses. The Secretary and his department are not infallible. They have been known to be grossly in error in estimates and reports. In a large way and in a small way, farmers have received packages of radish seeds from the department.

The Chicago Board of Trade, to be sure, has good and bad members, and is not yet a perfect institution. But if legislation seriously interferes with the free purchase and sale of grain, either "spot" or "cash" or for "future" account, the chief sufferers will be not the members of the board, but the growers and consumers of wheat.

It is highly desirable, almost essential, that there be some common place where buyers and sellers may meet and freely trade under proper rules. To-day, because of the fact that the exporter may sell "futures," which is practically taking out a policy of insurance against a decline, he may and does buy millions of bushels of corn or wheat on a margin of profit of one half cent per bushel between the price he pays in Kansas and the price he receives at Liverpool or elsewhere upon arrival, or in transit if sold before arrival. When the actual grain is sold the "future" sold at the time of purchase of grain is bought in, and, as Chicago markets and foreign ones move with some degree of regard one for the other, the exporter has practically perfect protection.

If such a safeguard could not be thrown about the movement of the enormous quantities of grain, the margin upon which it could be exported would be very greatly increased at a cost or expense, almost equally divided, between the farmer and the foreign consumer.

The general condemnation of the Board of Trade and individual operators is almost without exception by those who understand least its and their operations.

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A REHEARSAL

ELSIE ST. LEON, THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD AUSTRALIAN EQUESTRIENNE IN THE CIRCUS AT LUNA PARK, CONEY ISLAND

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Where the Lion is King

SOME HUNTING EXPERIENCES WITH THE WILD ANIMALS OF THE EAST-AFRICAN VELDT

By Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D.D.

FIVE O'CLOCK tea, the most pleasant of all the incidents in a pleasant day, was just over, when in rushed a "boy" to say that two great lions (*simba kouboua*) were feeding on a hongoni not half a mile away. He was a thoughtful fellow, too, for he had left his comrade (they always go out from camp two and two) up a tree, marking them.

We had come down from the high veldt into a grassy and bushy country most unsuitable for riding. My companion had that morning come on two fine lions, and had very wisely refused to let his syce or his hunter attempt a ride. And when I swung on to my faithful mule I had no intention on earth of riding those lions. Nor, I think, had he. We simply mounted as the men brought them round, because we could see better from their backs.

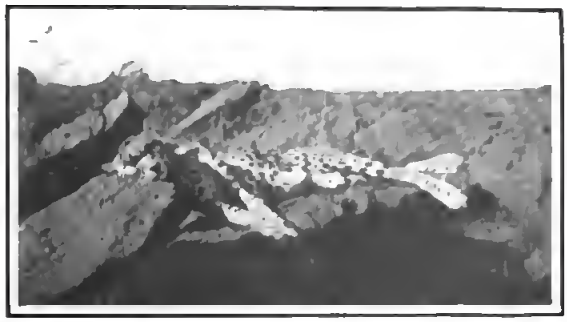
We cantered forward an chance. Right to the rear of the kill, some six hundred yards back or more, there was a narrow clear grass ridge. As we looked, there surely—yes, there were two very fine males, racing side by side across it almost directly athwart our front.

That sight was, I fear, too much for us. Anyway, with a yell my companion plunged forward and, once going, there was no holding back. How, amid that labyrinth of bushes and grass, he held them I don't know. It was, indeed, a fine bit of riding. I was very near the white pony my companion's syce was riding, when, in an instant, the second lion turned between two bushes and was literally swallowed up in the waving grass. The leading beast held gallantly on past the covert, and my friend, riding a few score yards furiously, turned him to bay under a fine tree. There he stood, a noble sight indeed, advancing first toward one man then toward the other. Right behind him, not twenty yards away, was the cover that had swallowed up his companion; but he seemed to want to fight, and never even looked behind him for the support he surely deserved. They might both be on us any moment. And it was a very nasty place indeed, the grass waving as high as our ponies' backs. So I shot him just as quickly as I could. We waited where we were for a quarter of an hour, not knowing in the least where the second lion might be crouching and, frankly, not too anxious to go into the thick cover where the dead lion lay. After a while we went in and measured and skinned him. He was a splendid beast indeed, with a rich dark mane covering his shoulders.

I thought I had had the very best of lion-hunting when, on the lower path of this same plateau three months ago, I got in five consecutive days three lions. I never expect to experience any sensation quite equal to that of the moment when, after more than five months' fruitless search, I at last saw the great black maned fellow step grandly out of his harem and stand alone in the morning sunlight within one hundred and seventy yards of my rifle's muzzle. It was a grand day's hunting, too, I had when, from morning till late afternoon, I followed up in long grass two lions I had wounded in a band of ten and at last got one of them. On both these occasions I was alone (saving my gun bearers).

But, to my mind, riding lion is the sport above all others. It is unquestionably a dangerous sport. So dangerous that, unless the country is open and the galloping good, it should not be attempted. Even then, if a man persists in it, it is only a question of time till his luck turns and he comes to grief. If he allows himself to be carried away by excitement and ride blindly, as he must at top speed amid high grass and bush, then let him at least know what he is doing and what he is inducing or allowing others with him to do. He is simply courting death.

Comparatively few lions have yet been really ridden in this country, and already several men have been mauled, and two at least have died. I am not guilty of exaggeration in saying so much. Under reasonable conditions let a fair rider and shot do it by all means. Under other conditions than these let him determinedly set his face against it. The unwounded lion is seldom dangerous to any one on foot. At times unwounded lions will attack, as will lions that have lain down after a hearty meal and resent being disturbed. All lions everywhere are dangerous. The unwounded lioness sometimes is dangerous, especially if her cubs are young. But the lion (or lioness), once ridden, is a quite different beast. He does not cease to lay till he is thoroughly tired and quite convinced that his retreat is cut off. Once he is bayed, the last thing he thinks of is getting away. He wants to get his enemy down. He comes from nothing but man, and it is as though, resenting the indignity man has placed on him, he rushes in to kill. There is no turning, no swerving about him then, unless he has received a death shot. He it remembered, too, that though, broadside on, he offers an ideal mark, head on, charging, he is a most unsatisfactory target. The bones of the forehead which protect the very small brain are massive and slope sharply back. A well-aimed bullet glances from them easily. The frontal mark of a full-grown lion's brain is not four inches across by three up and down. The great incisor teeth, too, are apt to catch the bullet; and I have known one of these shattered to the base by a soft nose ball, and so to take the full shock of the shot. That lion staggered, but did not pause in his charge, and was fortunately killed at a distance of only a few feet. It must, too, be remembered that the man or men on horseback, when a lion has been ridden, can do little to help the man on foot who has dismounted to kill. Horses are restless, and riders have themselves to look after. If there are two or, as it happened twice with me, three lions all crouching close together, some visible, some not, any one in the party, mounted or on foot, may have to look out for himself at an instant's notice and stop an enraged brute's headlong charge at a few yards' distance or go down under it. When everything goes as it has been planned there is no difficulty, but the one thing, and the only thing, that is certain about lion-shooting is that no man can say beforehand what unexpected turn matters may take. I have seen many natives, gun bearers and hunters, who have been mauled and yet who still cheerfully followed the lioness up to him. But, so far as I have been able to learn, few white men take a mauling so stoically. Once downed by a lion, the white hunter has generally had enough of him. One indisputably brave man who holds, I believe, the record for lions killed in East Africa (an extraordinary record it is, and was, of course, made some years ago,—fifty-two) openly states that he cannot and will not face another. He was mauled at last, curiously enough, by a very young lion.



The result of my last and hardest ride, a cheetah

Nandi N'derobo—Nzoia plateau

As to the best weapon for me, men, of course, will differ. Each man will most likely advocate the gun he can shoot best with, and there is, I think, no better rule. But, generally speaking, heavy rifles are not the thing; they are awkward to handle and burden some to carry, and, once lions are on foot, one absolutely necessary rule for every man to follow is to take his own gun and never give it up to any one for an instant till he knows his lion is stone dead.

Some men have theories that the muscles on a lion's chest and shoulders are so unusually tough that ordinary good soft-nose ammunition driven from modern rifles fails to penetrate properly. That this is a mistake I can confidently assert. I have always taken care to search closely the traces of bullets fired by myself and by others in the dead game. Now the rifle I used to kill hundreds of animals in Africa is a .350 Rigby Mauser, a gun with many solid advantages and, of course, some disadvantages. The advantages are an unusually heavy bullet and a good charge of powder. For a repeating-rifle the bullet is a good deal longer than those fired from repeating rifles generally, much longer than the bullets of the new Winchester pattern. It has not the velocity claimed for several of these new rifles that are thrust on the market by their makers almost monthly. These, I dare say, do shoot up to the velocity claimed for them, but be it remembered velocity can only be won by two methods—shortening the bullet or increasing the charge of powder. To increase the charge means to increase the weight of the gun. To shorten the bullet means inevitably to lessen its penetration, and so its killing powers.

I had one more rather remarkable ride before leaving this beautiful country. It was after a cheetah. Now, as every one knows, there are few animals that can put up the pace that this hunting leopard can. You see them oftener than you do leopards, which, indeed, though they are quite numerous, are seldom seen. The cheetah seems to know their own powers, and do not mind showing their yellow-black spotted beauty even in the daytime. They run their prey down, and, trotting across the open veldt, you sometimes come on them. Unless well mounted, you may save yourself and your pony the trouble of a race. And unless the ground is very open, no matter how fast your mount is, their pursuit is hopeless, for I think they can run away from anything.

We sighted a mother and two half-grown cubs. There was a long stretch of good galloping ground, and gallop we did for all we were worth. The cubs soon took to the grass, and our men, following, secured one of them, getting a good scratching as they did so. The full-grown mother gave us a tremendous run, fully three miles, and then stopped. I noticed a strange thing about the stopping. She was bounding along, though much distressed, evidently, and in the

Elephant herd. Photo kindly given the author by W. A. Bowring, Esq.

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very middle, as it were, of her stride stopped as though her paws were glued to the earth. Stopped with quite extraordinary quickness and then never moved. Cheetahs are not dangerous, and I rode her as close as I could. She lay broadside on, couching, till shot.

The lion, when possible, conceals his kill carefully. If thick bushes are near he often succeeds in hiding it long enough from even the vulture's eye to permit of his satisfying his appetite a second time.

The leopard has sometimes an extraordinary way of concealing his. He boldly carries the kill up a thick tree. I have seen a whole impala buck, weighing certainly not less than 120 pounds, taken up to a tree fork fifteen or twenty feet above the ground, and securely hidden among the branches. As a feat of strength this is scarcely believable.

The roar of a lion is, as every one knows, a much debated point. Some will have it that the historic sound is one but very seldom heard. When the Jewish poet of long ago wrote, "The lions roaring after their prey do seek their meat from God," he used a term, it seems to me, that suited well what he meant to describe. In many places at once, and often all night long, you can hear it in East Africa. Then again, in a land full of lion, you will not hear it at all. I saw twenty-seven lions on five days once on the Nzoia. During those days, and for several before and after them, no lion called within earshot of camp. I found, too, two newly used lion lairs quite close to that camp.

I am inclined to think that lion usually hunt at a long distance from the place where the family lie up for the day. When the hands are divided up into twos and threes, this may not be so. But wherever I came on large bands of lion I never found kills near by. When two or more lionesses and a hairy-grown lumpy accompany one large male, they make a family dwelling-place that there is no mistaking. I have examined several of these, but never found in or near any of them so much as a scrap of

Good elephant

bone or meat. When the lion family jogs homeward it does so very silently. There is no loud grunting indulged in usually, I think; a very soft low purring grunt now and then betrays their conclave; that is all.

When shot into and angered, they will grunt as they move off, and snarl as they crouch, or wait about in the grass, undecided whether to move on as you advance toward them, or no. I incline to believe that these large parties are not as dangerous to follow, when one or two of them are wounded, as a single lion, or a lion and lioness, one of them wounded, would be. One of the gang moves on none of the gang likes being left behind, so, instead of attacking, they keep on the move, the wounded bringing up the rear.

A lion wounded to death will, as I once heard him roar terribly when roused from his lair and about to charge. But an unwounded lion coming on thrusts the head forward and the ears back, shows his teeth, and makes no sound but a low snarl.

The roaring lion, I think, is the lion calling to his mate, or signalling in some way his presence, either to frighten the game not yet caught, or to call a friend to, or warn an enemy from, game that has been caught.

The distances which that sonorous sound can travel are great. Ordinarily hearing it, you fancy the beast some hundreds of yards away, whereas he is probably miles. When a lion calls really near, say within three hundred yards of your tent, you are never likely to forget it. You will agree with your men, who by that time are likely to be looking you up, when they say, "He makes the ropes shake."

A yellow light lingers long in a lion's eye after death; much longer than I have seen light live in any other dead animal's eye.

Once I saw a great porcupine come out of his secret hiding-place almost at my feet. Mr. F. J. Jackson, perhaps the best naturalist in the country, tells me he has never succeeded in seeing one, and that I had rare luck. I had chosen a low rocky ridge, about two miles from camp, as my goal. The sun was setting gloriously over Lake Naivasha, and he neath me hundreds of Grant's antelope, "Tommy," and zebra were feeding quietly.

I heard a gentle curl of rattling noise in some rocks not ten yards below where I sat, and out at a big crack in them a black nose peeped. He never looked above him—animals seldom do—and, when he had satisfied himself that the coast was clear, out he came. The way that porcupine unfolded his immense sheaf of quills was a wonder. First he shot them out a little, as though he was treating himself to a yawn, and then wider and wider the white and black quills were spread and flattened on the ground. It looked as though he had been forced to fold himself up like an umbrella in his narrow rocky retreat, and that now he could not stretch himself sufficiently. After some minutes he gathered his prickly belongings round him and soberly wabbled off. I watched him for a long time till he turned the corner of a rock a quarter of a mile away.

A little earlier in the evening is the time to find ostrich nests. Ostriches are now strictly preserved, they are much too valuable to be treated any longer as wild game. Every settler, almost, wants to rear the young and gather the feather harvest. Three years ago stalking an ostrich meant patient work, and, killing one, good shooting. Since then this unusually canny bird has quite altered his habits. Then you could not get near him; now you cannot get away from him. A few days ago an old cock, protecting his fine brood of half-grown youngsters, chased my pet mule ignominiously off the Fort Hall road, a few miles out of Nairobi.

During the nesting-time permits are given to gather the eggs. Now an ostrich's nest is not an easy thing to find, by any means. Not the cock bird is so good a father, so regular in his hour of homecoming, that his very virtues betray his home. During the dangerous hours of the night he sits on the eggs. At nine in the morning the hen relieves him. And at four in the afternoon, punctually, he comes back and changes places with her.

These two hours, nine and four, are kept with extraordinary exactness. Men who make a business of collecting the eggs, if they are in a country where a view can be had over an extensive country, find that they can do better, by going to such vantage-points at nine and four with their field-glasses, than they can by roving over the country, even when assisted by sharp-eyed natives. They have assured me they can almost set their watches by the appearance of the birds. It used to be supposed that the broken eggs found lying round a nest were broken carelessly by the birds, or by the attack of some marauding hyena or jackall. Evidence is accumulating that the hen arranges certain of her left-over eggs, when the nest is built, at such a distance from the edge of the nest that both she and her faithful lord can feed on them. Ostriches, instead of being, as the fables had it, the most careless of parents, are extraordinarily brave and intelligent.

The honey-bird is one of the most interesting creatures of the country. When my men told me that this strange little fellow was an actually reliable guide to the bee-tree, and that the natives

Giraffe running, photographed by M. Barker—kindly given to W. S. R.

depended on its guidance to find them honey, I didn't believe it.

Since then I have made a point of following up this little feathered challenger whenever I could do so.

About the size of a small brown thrush, creamy white on the neck and upper breast, with a sharp, chattering cry, it will light on a bough by the trail-side and flutter from branch to branch.

If a native wants honey, he whistles to it at once. The Ndorobo and Elgono sing a song to it: "You are a pretty little bird with a white throat, but don't tell me any lies, and lead me straight to the honey-tree."

I think I must have followed the bird certainly more than a dozen times, and it never once failed to "lead me straight to the honey-tree." You must be a little patient, for it will flutter mischievously before you, flying from one tree to another, as though it could not quite trust you to give it a fair share of the sweet spoil. Then it makes up its little mind that it cannot have what it wants without your aid, and flies straight to the tree it has marked. I had followed a bird for many hundred yards. It would wait for me, and, while it was waiting, never cease to utter its sharp, clarion cry. Once I was up, it would go on again. The whole proceeding always seemed to me very wonderful.

Mr. Jackson tells me the bird sometimes leads his followers to a leopard or a cervel cat's lair, seemingly wishing to have his enemies killed as well as his treasure uncovered for him.

A Merry War for Marriages

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THERE are many indications, backed up by statistics, that point to the fact that the marriage rite in New York and in a considerable proportion of New Jersey is rapidly becoming a civil instead of a religious ceremony. The tendency of couples to seek a magistrate or justice of the peace, in place of a clergyman, to unite them in marriage, is steadily growing more marked and, as a result, figures show that the number of marriages being performed by ministers is being cut in half.

There are several reasons for the demonstrated drift of couples toward the civil ceremony, and one of these reasons—a dominant one among many bridegrooms who are not overburdened with funds—is the established fact that a magistrate or justice will frequently, if not almost invariably, perform the ceremony for a comparatively trivial fee. The feeling, whether with or without foundation, that a minister expects a more considerable reward for his services has been one of the basic influences that have worked for the change.

When it is appreciated that, at from five to ten dollars a ceremony, the sum total of marriage fees in New York amounts to about one million dollars a year, it may be judged how great a revenue has been and is being diverted from the ministers into the hands of the others who are now murmuring the "God bless you, my children."

Another reason for the drift toward the civil performance of the ceremony is to be found in the following resolution recently presented to the Methodist ministers in session at the New York East Conference:

"Whereas, In securing marriage licenses under the present law of the State of New York, the prospective bride is required to appear personally at the office of the city, town, or village clerk, often pleasing her, as has been discovered, in an embarrassing position,

"Resolved, That the conference petition the Governor and the Legislature of New York to so revise the marriage license law as to make her presence unnecessary to secure a license."

The Rev. W. M. Curr, of the Prospect Place Church, of the Bronx, in explaining the idea of the resolution, says that although the present law is a good one in many respects, it is vicious in others. "It is humiliating," he says, "for a woman to be compelled to appear in person and answer the questions put to her in the presence of a lot of idlers and loungers-on, and then, perhaps, to be buttonholed by either a self-constituted or a hired runner who veritably insists upon escorting the couple in a magistrate who will wed them at a cut rate.

"This state of affairs," concludes the clergyman, "destroys the sanctity of the marriage and statistics show that the practice has cut in two the number of marriages performed by ministers."

During the month of February 120 out of 150 couples, for one reason or another which was incompatible with the principles of the institution, were refused marriage at New York's erstwhile Gretna Green, the Little Church Around the Corner. Almost every one of these couples turned to the civil ceremony. In proportion the same thing has occurred with other couples whom clergymen have refused to marry. And, in numerous other instances, where a couple have appreciated in advance that divorce, religious differences, etc., would not permit a minister to wed them, they have sought out a magistrate and have thus augmented the number of civil marriages.

The competition that has thus sprung up between the clergy and the civil officials for marriages and the revenue accruing therefrom has assumed an amusing aspect in some parts of New Jersey. For instance, in Belleville, a small town in that State, Justice of the Peace John C. La Fauchette, long known as the "marrying justice," has taken to advertising for weddings, and stipulating the inducements he holds out. Among the latter are a present to the bride, an air of solemnity at the ceremony, delivering the prospective bride and bridegroom into his parlor to the strains of a wedding march played by his daughter and granddaughter, and a large floral bell under which the ceremony is performed.

In Toms River, New Jersey, a card of a justice of the peace is inscribed with the line, "Marriages performed very cheap and with dignity."

Summing up the situation, it appears that the evolution of the wedding from a showy to a so-called "quiet" ceremony, the tendency toward economy in its performance, and the frequent marriages of divorced and other persons who would encounter obstacles to a church ceremony, have brought about the great tide of civilly tied knots and have instigated the motive for the civil-marriage war between the clergy and the magistrates.

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THE GATE OF AN OLD GARDEN

(Lake Como)

BY EMERY POTTLE

Tuot in the twilight!—Now God turns to wine
  Within the sapphire chalice of the lake
  The tranquil waters, that for love's sweet sake
Young lips once more may touch the crimson sign.
In the long kiss of sun and frail star-shine,
  When silence doth its first communion make
  In hearts that for this passionate pain must break,
Thou standest suppliant for the gift divine.
So long thou'st piteous besought the night
  That thy mute loneliness might have surcease;
Thine ivied portal gleads the old delight—
  There in the dark watch of the cypress trees
On the enchanted refuge to their flight—
  Of opening to mad lovers perilous peace.

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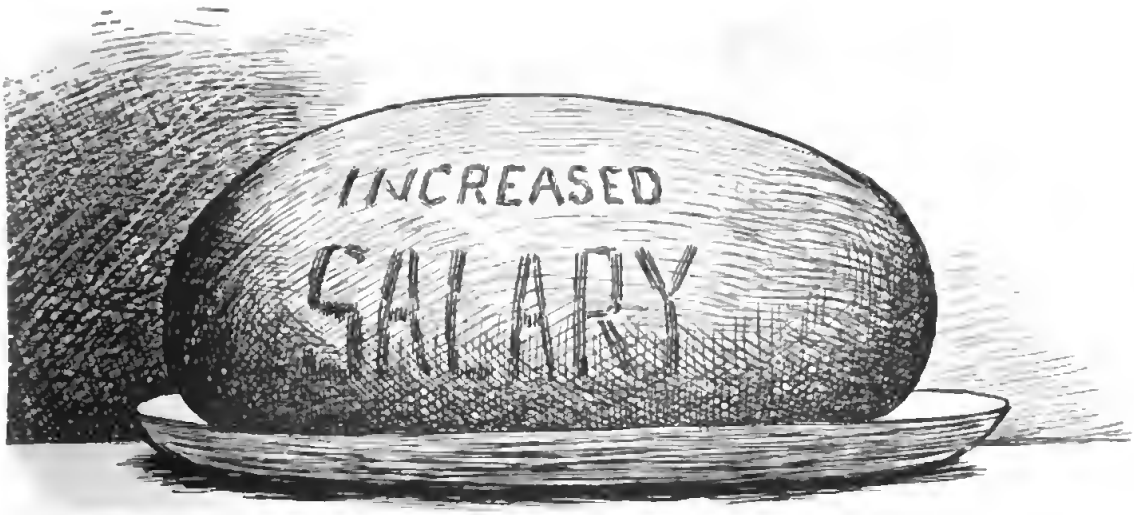
"I WONDER WHO'S CUTTING THE BIGGEST FIGUR

DRAWN BY E



E JUST NOW, THEODORE OR YOUR UNCLE BILL!"

W. KEMBLE

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"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER"

HOW THE PROFESSOR WAS THWARTED

THERE is a certain venerable college professor in New York who is esteemed for his great learning by all who know him, and loved by all for his benevolent and kindly character. Despite his learning and kindliness, however, the professor has his little pet failing, which takes the form of making interminably long after-dinner speeches. Once he gets well into his subject, he unconsciously falls into class-room habits, and his remarks assume the aspect of a complete lecture.

At the annual alumni dinner of the professor's college he has been for many years the senior guest and speaker. The dinner has usually been very formal, solemn, and depressing, so the younger element resolved to try to liven up the occasion. Until recently, however, the venerable professor has always unwittingly succeeded in thwarting their aims, for he had to be called upon for a "few words," whereupon he would arise, smiling and serene, and speak for never less than one hour.

This year the dinner committee resolved to take heroic measures to save the occasion, but could think of no plan to head off the worthy professor without running the risk of offending or slighting him. One of the graduates, however, a youth who had been in the professor's class throughout the current year, got wind of the committee's difficulty and, without divulging the nature of his plan, announced that he would single-handed vanquish the professor.

The night of the dinner came, and the president (the toast-master being abolished, as per schedule) called upon the professor, according to custom, to "say a few words." The venerable gentleman arose and commenced to give his reminiscences of the college, beginning 1855. He rambled along slowly from 1856 to 1857, and was just concluding an anecdote concerning some event in 1859, when the youth with the magic charm drew something from his pocket unobserved and held it under the table. Instantly there was the prolonged ring of an electric bell, such as are placed in the class rooms to announce the end of a lecture. The professor came to an abrupt stop. He absent-mindedly made a movement as though to gather up his books, and hastily concluding with "Gentlemen, we will continue the lecture to-morrow," sat down amid deafening applause. Under the cover those near him quickly engaged him in close conversation, and the incident seemingly passed from his mind; it is possible that he does not yet realize just what happened. Anyway, the dinner was saved.

A MEDLEY OF SPRING—"WAKE UP, MR. WORLD!"

A GENTLE ASPERSION

Among the prisoners brought before a Chicago police magistrate one Monday morning was one, a beggar, whose face was by no means an unfamiliar one to the judge.

"I am informed that you have again been found begging in the public streets," said his Honor, sternly, "and yet you carried in your pocket over ten dollars in currency."

"Yes, your Honor," proudly returned the mendicant, "I may not be as industrious as some, but, sir, I am no spendthrift."

A BALLADE OF A PICTURE-PUZZLIST

When a new puzzle I begin,
How eagerly I take my seat;
And fit the first ten pieces in
With deftness that is hard to beat.
But, ah! 'tis not an easy feat,
As I discover to my cost;
And I exclaim, in angry heat,
"I'm sure some pieces must be lost!"

Perhaps it's labelled, "At the Inn,"
And yokels sit around and eat;
I cannot find the burgher's chin,
Nor head-dress of the barmaid sweet;
There's only half a dish of meat,
And of this curtain, gold embossed,
The top is missing! I repeat,
"I'm sure some pieces must be lost!"

But doggedly I work to win:
The figures now my glad eyes greet!
What I had thought a violin
Turns out to be a sheaf of wheat!
Yet by my fingers indiscreet
The ten remaining bits are tossed,
I cry out—though the end comes fleet—
"I'm sure some pieces must be lost!"

ENVOY

Fortune! your favor I entreat,
My puzzling fate your lines have crossed;
I sigh, when *Life* seems incomplete,
"I'm sure some pieces must be lost!"

CARLYLE WELLS.

A FATALIST

A COLORED divine in the South recently told Booker Washington of what, in his opinion, was the most extraordinary wedding ceremony he had ever witnessed or, indeed, of which he had ever heard.

"Have you no witnesses?" asked the officiating minister of a couple of negroes who had presented themselves for the performance of the marriage ceremony.

Both replied that they had not, expressing surprise that this formality was at all necessary.

"Where kin we git some witnesses?" asked the bride of the prospective groom, who, as well as herself, was a stranger in those parts.

"I'll go an' look around an' see," said the man.

"All right, Jim," said the woman. "You go an' I'll wait heah till yo' gits back."

Jim then set out as desired, and, after a long while, returned with two young colored women, one of whom was considerably younger than the bride-to-be.

The parties were then properly disposed and the clergyman was about to proceed with the ceremony, when suddenly the groom exclaimed:

"Jest a minute, minister!"

"What is it now?" asked the minister.

"I was jest gwin' to say dat, ef it's jest de same to you, I'd rather have *dat* one," continued the man, with a gesture toward the young witness.

"That's a remarkable decision to make at this stage of the proceedings," returned the minister, amazed. "Isn't it a little late to talk of such a thing now?"

"But so, minister?" queried the man, with a note of disappointment in his voice. Then, after a moment's pause, he added, resignedly:

"Oh, well, I s'pose yo' might as well go on wid de ceremony!"

FOR SALE

IN an Ohio town there is still maintained a stage-coach system of transportation, the steeds whereof are of that sad appearance presented by the horses attached to the Fifth Avenue line in New York not so many years ago.

One day a Cincinnati man, visiting the town in question, boarded a stage, having no other currency than a five-dollar bill. This he proffered to the driver. The latter took it, looked it over for a moment or so, and then asked:

"Which horse do you want, Bill?"

NERVE

A YOUNG married couple of Baltimore were exchanging some rather caustic remarks touching their respective expenditures, when the wife exclaimed:

"Well, Tom, of all the nerve! The idea of you objecting to my bills! Why, as you know, luther pays them all!"

"That's just it!" retorted Tom. "How can I have the audacity to ask him to meet any of mine when you're touching him up all the time?"

OPPORTUNITY

STRAINED relations between two of the pupils of a school in Philadelphia recently approached an open rupture.

"Look here!" exclaimed one of the lads. "Yesterday you said you could lick me with one hand tied behind your back. Now, I'm going to make you prove it! Come on!"

"Maybe I did say that," hedged the other lad. "But I ain't got one hand tied behind me just now!"

"SHUSH! I THINK IT'S A WHALE!"
"HOW DO YOU KNOW?"
"BY THE WAY HE'S BLUBBERIN'."

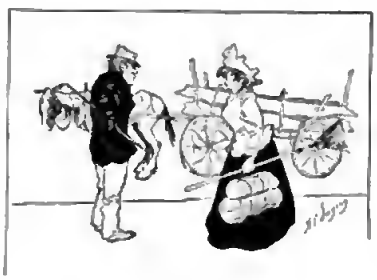
ADVICE TO PARENTS

THERE ARE SOME CASES IN WHICH CORPORAL PUNISHMENT IS INADVISABLE

THE UP-TO-DATE FARMER

He was a farmer up to date. He knew the why and how.
He had pink ribbons on his gate, and straw hats for his cow.
He also had a Morris Chair hitched up behind his plough.
He had a phonograph to call the wandering kine at e'en,
And all the grass upon his lawns was freshly painted green—
A greener place than his I don't believe was ever seen.
Upon the scarecrow in the field he placed a beaver hat,
And on its feet were brand-new boots, each covered with a spat;
And where the scarecrow's stomach was baked prosperous and fat.
The farm-hands all were scarlet coats, and worked with polished hoes,
And in the lapel of each coat was placed a Beauty Rose,
And little parasols he had to shade each worker's nose.
The wheels of all his whistling wains were filled with gramophones
That sounded pretty waltzes 'stead of noisy creaks and groans—
He said he thought such music would move even stumps and stones.
At eve when sunset's glow made all the sky-line seem a prism,
He called the farm-hands with a horn, and kept them free from schism
With little talks on "Simple Life," "Sunshine," and "Pragmatism."
His horses he provided all with bedsteads made of brass,
And every pillow 'neath their heads was filled with fresh-cut grass,
And those that couldn't sleep were lulled to dreams with laughing gas.
Each pig was scrubbed with Zoxylene, and whitewashed white as snow,
And in each pen hung copies of rare paintings by Rousseau,
With here and there a Whistler, or a lithographed Corot.
His sheep were never sheared at all, marcelled was every hair,
And every ram upon the place had quite a polished air—
By proper treatment e'en a goat can grow quite debonair.
The bulls were up on etiquette, and ill by day or night
You met them strolling in the fields were ever most polite—
I don't believe Lord Chesterfield was a more charming sight.
And so with everything he had. This farmer up to date
Had things as fine as fine could be from barn-yard to the gate—
His hay scales e'en were covered with a wash of nickel-plate.
And though he seldom raised a bean, a tater, or a pea,
He waxed as fat and prosperous as any one could be
Who tried to live the farmer's life as did his wife and ha;
For thousands came from far and wide, on foot, by tram, awheel,
To see this wondrous farm of his, if it was really real—
And these he charged ten dollars for a thirty-five-cent meal
Until his coffers waxed as fat as those of Mr. Gneiph—
He simply rolled in silver, gold, and other kinds of pelf—
If as you don't believe it figure out the thing yourself.
And then besides he got a lot of Uncle Sammy's greens
Its writing lengthy articles on Beets and Lima Beans,
The which were bought up avidly and used by magazines.

J. K. H.



IN MAY

MRS. O'HARA. "IF I GIVE YER TIGER JOB, WILL YER MOVE ME KITCHEN WIN CARL?"
MOVER. "WID CARE! LOOK AT THE SHAME BIG! DON'T I HAFTER?"

HARD LUCK

A CHEMIST had made a mistake in his weights and poisoned a customer. When the fatal tidings were brought to him he exclaimed:

"Wretch that I am—and my best customer, too!"

PARTICULAR

CALLER. "Why is your servant going about the house with her hat on?"

MISTRESS. "She only came this morning, and hasn't yet made up her mind whether she will stay or not."

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD THEME

"Of course women should vote," said Oliver Herford. "Women deserve the suffrage as much as men—more, because their minds are purer and cleaner."

"Cleaner?" cried the sweet young thing Mr. Herford had taken in to dinner. "Of course they are, ever and ever so much cleaner! But how do you know that?"

"Because they change them so much oftener," said he, solemnly.

The Engineer Who Was Afraid

By George Ethelbert Walsh

(ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD V. BROWN

WHEN I quit firing for the Big Q 'cause of an accident that made the "sup" think it was healthier for me to sojourn a spell in Colorado so as not to be bothered by fool coroner's questions, I took such a fancy to the climate that on the recommendation, advice, and persuasion of aforesaid "sup" of the Big Q, I forwarn the East for good, and settled down to enjoy the calm peacefulness of railroading up and down the slopes of the Rockies, with the understanding that promotion would come in the regular course of events without fear or prejudice. But as luck, or, as Billy Arliss would say, "dumpity dum luck," would have it, they didn't have any expresses to spare, and so they annexed me to a chain of little rattletraps hauled by a '71 two-tonner that did local business along the way when the fira wasn't drawn under the boiler to save it from busting.

Jim Baily was engineer of this antique souvenir, and my working mate; consequently, knowing aforehand from divers experience that a man may be in love with his dinky little engine so that it isn't always wise to cast reflections upon her appearance, I forbora expressing myself frankly, and remarked instead that I liked the climate and thought we'd have a pleasant morning for a quiet run up country. Then the fat sides of Baily's paunch quivered beneath the greasy jumper like jelly in a pudding bag, and the little ferret eyes trickled merriment.

"Oh, you ain't hurting my feelings none," he said, with a flirt of his greasy waste. "She ain't up to date, I know, but she rattles along fast enough for me."

"I saw a seventy-niner do the trick once in a mile a minute," I lied, in apology. "But she couldn't stand such prosperity, and she heeled over and burst at the end of the trip."

His under jaw audibly went down and sagged on the fat neck, and I was speculating whether it could go much farther without tearing itself loose from its permanent anchorage when he found his voice.

"She bust up, you say! And what became of the crew?"

"Oh," I replied, carelessly, "they picked up a few pieces of 'em and shipped 'em West in a soap-box."

Baily showed the whites of his eyes for one second. Then I thought I'd hurt his feelings, for he was as glum as an oyster out of water, and you couldn't get his attention off that blamed little toy engine he was nursing. Just as I expected, when we started up all the loose pins and rods rattled at every revolution of the drivers, and steam leaked from a dozen worn bearings; but Jim Baily soothed and cajoled the thing along as if he knew that rheumatism made joints stiff and stuffing boxes leaky in their old age. Jim was a nurse, all right, and a pretty capable one at that. It don't take more'n a year at firing to find out what sort of a team mate you're up against. Jim was a good engineer, and knew his business, and that surprised me some.

I didn't even recognize his voice. But I caught the words, all right

When we jerked along between stations at a ten-mile clip, I sort of wondered at the sensation, and instinctively knew I'd get fat like Jim some day if we didn't have some excitement up accident to shake up the monotony.

"Can't we make better time than this?" I jerked out.

"Yes, but it's fast enough. We're on time—a little bit ahead."

Now if there is anything exasperating to the soul of a railroad man it is slow time, and that is why I couldn't understand Jim. The slower our little engine puffed along the better he seemed to like it. Between two of the stations on the line the schedule called for a speed of thirty miles per hour. We never approached this stretch without a queer change coming over Jim. You could see it in the tightening of the muscles, in the nervous twitching of the face, and in the shifting of the ferret eyes. After twice experiencing this sensation, I chuckled to myself, and said I was on to the mystery of the game.

Jim Bailey was afraid, he'd lost his nerve!

And that explained why he was running this slow local instead of one of the big transcontinental expresses. He couldn't run at thirty miles an hour on a clean track without showing the whites of his eyes, and when I began to suspect this I began to despise Jim.

At Wayerose Junction, where we housed our precious conglomeration of scrap metal, the round-house was located on a samly patch of meadows half a mile back of the city. Jim bunked alone in a little shanty decorated in front with a sickly vine and a few scraggly rose bushes. When we wasn't railroading he was diligently cultivating a potato-patch in the rear of the aforesaid cottage. Next to his antediluvian engine that potato-patch held chief place in his affections. Once he offered to treat me to his home grown "b'iled" potatoes, the first digging of his new crop. But I wasn't raised on potatoes, and didn't relish 'em just then, big or little, and I said as much at the time.

I was nursing a grouch, and didn't want any olive branch of peace shoved at me on a steaming platter of potatoes, and I expressed myself without prevarication or circumlocution; but when I told Jack Carter—Jack fired for the freight local and bunked with me at Widow Holden's cheap boarding-house—he remarked, with evident intent to discourage me:

"I'd go and take that back. Jim will be hurt some if you don't."

I retorted in an outburst of confidence that I'd discovered Jim's weakness, which to me was a disgrace to the whole railroad profession.

"Jim's scared; he's lost his nerve, and ain't fit to drive a little boy's play 'choo-choo.' And I'll lose my nerve, too, if I travel with him much longer. I'm beginning to see black spots now every time we jog along faster'n a duck can waddle. I'm making a stiff bunt for another firing job."

Jack had been in the service of the Great Transcontinental so long that, if it hadn't been for his shortcomings in the way of carelessness and neglect of duty, he'd had an engine of his own long since, and he was no one to open up to about Jim's weakness. He sort of flared up at once and threw wide the throttle.

"You don't want to be so infernal independent, youngster. You ain't the whole crew out here, and if you measure yourself up alongside of Jim you'll be weighed in the balance and found wanting. Jim's been one of the best engineers that ever took a transcontinental across the Rockies. He's a sort of supernumerated hero with the boys. Now don't forget that!"

I wasn't sure of myself and said nothing, giving Jack the opportunity to blow off his surplus steam.

"Yes, Jim used to be the crack engineer of the G. T.," he continues, "and not afraid of anything—not the devil himself! But he had his accident in a head-on collision, and when they brought him home on a stretcher that little wife of his nearly died at first. Jim was laid off a month, and then he went back to his engine; but he promised that he'd be more careful. You see, he was pretty much in love with the wife, and she thought Jim fashioned in the image of some of the gods. She took to worrying and worrying—she was the worrying kind—and just faded away to a shadow. Of course, we all noticed it, and Jim noticed it, but what can an engineer do? He's got to take his train out, and he's got to face risks and dangers. Jim was cool and steady after that, and didn't go out of his way to find some dare-devil stunt to perform; but he got up against it again like most of 'em in the service.

"When they brought him home the second time, done up like a crazy patch-work quilt, you'd hardly know him, and we thought he was through with railroading for sure, but Jim was tough and he pulled through. An engineer's wife ain't always made of the same stuff, and Jim's wife just stayed at home and worried and worried till—"

"Well?" I asked, a bit huskily, when Jack held the period open a bit too long.

"Why, she just worried herself to death—died of something the doctors couldn't novise gira a name to—just plain worry, I guess, and fright. Then Jim lost heart, and his nerve. Yes, he lost his nerve, and gave up the transcontinental, and asked for this local and got it. That's all."

Firing for Jim Baily after that wasn't such a waste of good energy as I'd begun to think, and when Jim got tired or had visions I'd ask to take the throttle and pilot the little scrap of metal along on schedule time. But an old railroad man can't always keep

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down to time tables, specially when they're so slow that you fall asleep waiting for the wheels to go around, and I'd been so used to clipping off the miles on the Big Q that I experienced a nervous apprehension that I'd bust or die if I didn't do something to get the blood a-tingling through the veins again. So one day when Jim was shovelling for dear life, heaping on the coals until you could see the steam mounting higher and higher in the gauge, I got a dare-devil notion that I'd like to give the dinkity old engine a chance to show its speed.

I opened up gradual-like, hoping not to attract Jim's attention. The old rattlebox did better'n I expected; she made forty miles easily, then forty-five, then fifty, fifty-five, and sixty. We were going some then, rattling and clanking in a way that must have been alarming to the natives along the way. It made the blood loosen up a little in the veins, and I got to imagining I was back on one of the Big Q's moguls, forgetting all about Jim and his lost nerve.

I was called back from my dreams by a fat, pudgy hand placed on mine, and there was so much muscle put into that grasp that steam was shut off before I could wink. At first I turned around angrily and wanted to say things. But I desisted.

You don't know what a wild beast really looks like until you've seen his eyes when he's ready to spring, and then you don't ever want to see him looking at you like that again. That's what Jim made me think of. There was a combination in his eyes that was a mix-up of anger, fear, and hatred. I didn't even recognize his voice, it was so disrespectful and pitched in such a high key. But I caught the words, all right—and their meaning—

"If you ever do that again, I'll brain you!"

And Jim held the old shovel aloft to show just what he meant.

I had more respect for him after that. If he'd lost his nerve, he hadn't lost something else that makes up for a lot of loose surface courage. Jim didn't harbor any ill feelings, and we both soon forgot the incident. But I didn't try any more tricks with his little old engine.

I suppose I'd got my own ragine in time, and left Jim without ever finding anything more about his curious temperament, if it hadn't been for what Jack Carter called a mix up of circumstances. The mix up in this instance was sprung on us rather unexpected, and Jim got caught into it as well as I.

We'd hauled our little toy train into Waycross Junction a few minutes ahead of time, and had it shunted on to the siding to let the transcontinental pass, when Dick Shailer comes running up like he'd got a spasm of nervous prostrashun. We let him come alongside and free his mind of its message afore we spoke or let on that we'd seen him.

"Jim! Hey, Jim!" he hollows, flapping his yellow message in his hand. "Say, Jim, the president's train is in behind the express, and he wants a good engineer to take his party over the Runt's Horn, and there ain't a blamed soul here that can do it except you. The president has a party of big guys from the East seeing the country. His train's in two sections, and they're both waiting on the siding. You see, the engineer of the first section was taken sick on the road, and there's going to be a hell of a time if I don't scare up a substitute. I mentioned you, and he says he remembers when you took him over Pilot Knob ten years ago."

"I suppose," Jim began, and the words came hard—"I suppose I can take my own fireman."

Say, Dickie Shailer, when he took that in, just had to laugh to relieve the tension of his nerves, for he'd expected something else, and I wanted to join in and echo his merriment; but Jim was as grave and serious as a coroner at an inquest.

"Oh, sure, take him, and"—pausing with a twinkle in his eyes—"I wish you could take your own engine, too."

"No," retorts Jim, with a sigh, "she couldn't haul such a load up the Runt's Horn."

"No, she couldn't, for a fact," said Shailer, and he carried us straight a face as Jim.

We uncoupled our little choo-choo" and stalled it for the night, Jim working so deliberately that I thought Shailer would beat with fuming and impatience. But you couldn't hurry Jim. When we set out for the siding, where we found the president's train laid up in two sections, Jim had a wobbly walk that made his paunch look a hundred times bigger than usual. We climbed into the high cab and made a round of inspection. I was jubilant and enthusiastic, for I knew a good locomotive when I saw it.

"She's a prize-winner, Jim," I says eloquent-like. "If we can't make her hum it ain't the fault of the makers."

Jim said nothing, but went on quietly with his inspection, testing the air-brakes, opening and closing the throttle, poking at the grease cups, and squinting at the oil-compression system. Then he sighed and closed his eyes, but if he was saying a little prayer he didn't let on what it was all about.

When we finally got the signal to start, Jim opened up the throttle slowly, giving just enough impulse to the big drivers to turn them without hurting the rails, and when we gathered headway he was so blame cautious that my hand itched to get a chance to take his place. The second section of the train followed close behind us.

There wasn't anything eventful or wildly exciting in that ascent of the Runt's Horn, for you can't get up much enthusiasm even in a ten-wheel mountain mogul when she's fighting against a sixty-per-cent. grade. When we finally reached the top and found time to get the cinders out of our eyes, the president's party tumbled out of their Pullmans to stretch their legs a bit and admire the scenery from the Summit Pass, which ain't beat for looks this side of the Rockies. Jim and I got our tin pails and lunched on the flat of a big boulder where we could squint at the scenery with one eye and watch the engine with the other. Jim had been very quiet and thoughtful, and he looked a little tired around the eyes.

"It ain't going to be so easy going down-grade," Jim remarks after a long thoughtful pause. "That Whip's Tail branch is the crookedest and worst unlimited stretch in the country."

It was a new region to me, and I was a little curious to know what sort of a track could elicit from Jim such encomium. We started all right, swinging around a mighty big bluff of rocks until we had a glimpse of half the world, and then by a series of easy grades and loops we took in pretty near the other half of creation, but after that we said good-by to the Horn and dipped suddenly into a narrow cut-out through the mountain and took the plunge. Jim was right; it was the crookedest, roughest, steepest, worst-bellasted track you'd find in a million miles, and we dropped down it at an uneasy pace in spite of the drawbacks of squeaking brakes and sanded rails. We rolled and pitched and barked until it seemed as if we must snap off the end trailer somewhere along the route.

And that was not the worst of it—not the half of it! Somewhere in the distance a fire was burning, and the smoky haze drifted up and settled in the narrow tunnels and cut offs of the track so we were half-blinded. We couldn't see fifty feet ahead at the worst points, and we just had to pick our way along by blind luck and guess, throwing on the brakes hard now and then to get around the curves without scratching the sides of the rocks with them beautiful Pullmans.

Jim was glued to his post, with one hand on the throttle lever, and the other on the little brass wheel of the air-brakes, and you couldn't tell, for the life of you, looking at him, whether he was nervous and anxious or just plain indifferent and cool headed. But I was apprehensive, knowing Jim as I did, and wondered if he'd give out and ask to take his turn at firing. Now I wasn't anxious to make the exchange—not for one minute. I knew my limitations, and here was one of 'em.

I heaved a sigh of relief when he'd got over what I supposed was the worst of the track, and was running smoothly down a sharp but straight grade, when things began to happen so confoundedly quick that you didn't have time to think of your sins. We hit a big curve and slewed around a projecting point of rock, when a smudge of dense smoke swept up and completely shut out the track ahead. It drifted into the cab and smothered us so that we blinked with smarting eyes and had to cough to get the blame thing out of the mouth. Then we inhaled hot fumes—yes, hot smoke and cinders that made us wheeze and writhe with pain!

He glanced around once and says, quiet and gentle-like, "Stay on!"

When we got this hot blast of air and smoke, Jim suddenly sat up and took notice. His little beady eyes opened wide and took a swift turn around the landscape. Then he was electrified into action. His fat, pudgy hand tightened on the air-brake and swung the indicator around to the emergency point. We jolted, shook, and trembled as the brakes bit into the wheels, and above the grinding and grating of steel against steel I heard Jim's voice croak sherply,

"The bridge 's afire!"

I being a greenhorn on that branch, and not being able to see a foot ahead, didn't comprehend the circumstance which had so suddenly brought me to my knees until Jim's words let in a ray of enlightenment. Then I took in the whole situation at a glance and began to see visions. I'd seen 'em before on the Big Q, but not quite so bad as these. I felt a mighty impulse to jump, for right before us a cauldron of flames suddenly leaped out of the blanket of smoke and gave us a pretty fair view of the hell ahead.

There was the long sunky wooden trestle of the bridge stretching across a hundred foot deep chasm, and all around it and under it and on it, flames were licking up the half-burnt timbers. And we were sliding down toward the bridge at a rate which I calculated would carry us right into the blazing hell before the air-brakes could check our momentum. Yep! It was a sight calculated to make an old railrounder quake in his knees, and I know mine wobbled and made standing a difficult process.

We cut through the curtain of smoke, and the pilots hit the first rails on the bridge, the wheels loudly protesting as the brakes bit into the steel, and the heavy Pullman coaches jerked and jolted under the cruel strain imposed upon them; but that down-grade had the best of the bargain, and we were in for a smash up and conflagration that would make new railroad history.

I slung to the side of the cab, hoping that some miracle might yet come to deliver us from that infernal cauldron of fire, but all the time speculating upon the chances of taking a leap into space without breaking every bone in my body. I was so flabbergasted that I'd clean forgot about Jim.

Then I remembered to look up and see how he'd taken it. Whether it was the halo of smoke that settled around his head, or a reflection from the burning bridge that made me seem twisted in my vision, I mublin't nowise say; but Jim seemed like another man to me, and he wasn't pale and nervous and shirking his duty. He was just looking straight ahead, and his face was as calm and peaceful as a baby's; he didn't so much as twitch an eye-winker or shift his gaze when a hot blast of air and cinders nearly blinded me. No, Jim, the old railroader, was there—cool, collected, and masterful. He glanced around once, and, seeing me standing temptingly near the footboard, he says, quiet and gentle-like,

"Stay on!"

Then he did something that startled me. With a twist of his hand he loosened up those squeaking brakes, and gave the big locomotive the steam, opening wide the throttle. You could 'a' heard the shiver and the jolt a mile away that passed from one end of the train to the other, and I wondered what them rich guys in the Pullmans thought of such bucking. I guess they'd never been treated to such queer railroading in their lives, and if bucked skins didn't raise their ire the bumps on their backs and heads must have settled the matter for them sure.

I steadied myself the best I could as we shot forward and slid out on the bridge straight toward the fire zone. The old trestle, never any too strong, was so weakened now by the fire that it trembled and shook under the weight of the heavy train, and every moment I expected to see it collapse and drop us below. I closed my eyes when we hit the fire zone, for you couldn't look at it and ever expect to see again. The hot flames licked the wheels of the engine and then shot straight up into the cab. A red cinder landed on Jim's head, but he brushed it calmly away and went on, unheeding the incident.

It was a fiery hell we plunged into. The big mountain climber did her duty nobly, and shot through the flame and smoke like a comet chasing a star. When I gathered in a hot blast of air that scorched the lungs, and had burnt both hands to blisters on the side of the cab, I began to wish I'd acted on impulse and jumped. But through the haze of fire and smoke I caught glimpses of Jim—calm, cool, and exasperatingly indifferent. At first he sort of angered me, he was so cool and collected; and then he inspired me to hope for the best, and I waited in breathless suspense for the end.

Well, after we'd shook the old bridge until it began to sag on one end, and had jumped like a girl skipping rope over the warped and twisted rails, scattering a mass of blazing timbers into the river below, the stinging heat and blinding smoke began to ease up a mite; and when I heard Jim applying the air-brakes again and felt the lurch and pull of the train, I opened my eyes to see if we were in the river or on

(Continued on page 28.)

"Educating all the People all the Time"

READING IN THE MOST POLYGLOT STATE IN THE UNION

By C. P. Cary

Superintendent of Public Instruction in Wisconsin

"IN the work of popular education," said Melvil Dewey, "it is, after all, not the few great libraries, but the thousand small, that may do most for the people." In addition to the free libraries in the cities three factors promote the reading of the citizens of Wisconsin—the school libraries which all communities are required to possess, the travelling libraries which are sent out to hundreds of our settlements, rural free delivery which brings the weekly and daily papers.

By authority of a State law which has been in operation for nearly twenty years a per-capita tax of ten cents for each child of school age is annually levied for rural library purposes. More than one million books have thus been accumulated in the country and village school libraries of the State. Counting the books in the high school libraries, and those in the cities of the first, second, and third classes, doubtless not less than two million books not

Charles P. Cary

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN WISCONSIN

ordinarily counted as text-books are embraced in the public school libraries of the State. This number is receiving annual additions averaging not less than a hundred thousand. In Wisconsin no school is without school libraries. All purchases from funds derived from the levy of the ten cents per capita tax must be expended in the purchase of books from the official list biennially distributed from the office of the State Superintendent of Schools. The law now requires that the county superintendent shall select the books and attend to the distribution in the several rural schools in such county, the selection, however, being required from the official list compiled in the office of the State Superintendent of Schools. This has resulted in a vastly more intelligent distribution of the library fund. Where the population is sparse, however, the ten cents per capita makes a very small fund for expenditure each year. In many of these schools the library consists of not more than a dozen or twenty books. The increasing tendency to consolidation of districts, by providing transportation facilities to pupils whose homes are at a considerable distance, will serve in the end to neutralize this disadvantage.

With the growth of many of the high-school and rural-school libraries has come a very marked demand for aid in organizing such libraries along modern methods. This demand is being met in cooperation with the staff of the Wisconsin Free Library Commission. Many of the high-school libraries are being admirably catalogued by trained library workers, and in a number of instances special rooms have been set aside, and trained librarians have been placed in charge of the collections of books to aid and advise teachers in the reference work that naturally centres there. A manual of instruction has been issued by the State superintendent, with the co-operation of the Library Commission, aiming to give to those schools whose resources will not permit the employment of trained workers data for cataloguing and classifying their libraries as well as it is possible to do without expert assistance. The field workers of the Library Commission have begun the visitation of such libraries to give personal advice and help in schools so situated. High schools that are located in places where no public libraries exist are being materially helped in debate and thesis work by means of material gathered by the Library Commission of the State and correlated through its travelling-library department.

At present most of the country schools have a card catalogue of the books in the school library, and the teacher in assigning a lesson asks her pupils to report on certain topics which are discussed in books to be found in the school library. The card catalogue answers for the pupils the questions as to books and pages where the information is to be found. It will be seen that this wider reading on the subject matter of the lesson develops the habit of investigation and independent thinking before arriving at conclusions—a habit valuable both to the individual and to society.

Of equal importance with the library books intended to supplement the condensed statements of the text-books are the books intended for general reading, such as books of travel and adventure, fairy stories, stories of animal life, and works of fiction. This general reading is, as a rule, done at home, the pupils being allowed to draw books from the school library and retain them two weeks. Pupils are asked to make reports on some of the books read. As these reports must of necessity be condensed and are criticised by the teacher, the pupil comes to look for the substance of what he reads. Thus the habit of reading with discrimination is formed.

The township library list contains some books suitable for the teacher to read to the pupils who are not advanced enough in reading to read even the simplest library books. By reading to such children interesting stories there is aroused in them a desire to advance in their reading classes, so that they may be able to read the books which have so aroused their interest. This desire has lightened the mechanics of reading; but better than this, it gives to children in the most impressionable years the right attitude toward reading.

Through the school libraries the habit of reading is formed; through the travelling libraries and the city libraries this habit formed in school is continued in later life.

Travelling libraries have furnished the means for the establishment of farmers' clubs, local literary and debating societies. Books on good roads, forestry, American and English literature, United States history, circulate extensively in Wisconsin. According to the Library Commission, the sort of reading matter desired in different communities varies widely. In the southern and older part of the State the books must be of a solid nature and up to date as to publication. In the northern part of the State com-

Henry E. Legler

SECRETARY OF THE WISCONSIN FREE LIBRARY COMMISSION

munities distant from rural free-delivery routes fail to read the book reviews, hence are better satisfied with the older publications. With the establishment of "parcels post," readers along rural free delivery lines will be able to secure more literature than at present, and the reading of valuable literature will supersede in a large measure the reading of cheap and trashy books.

As Wisconsin is the most polyglot State in the Union, the demand among the foreign element for simple books of history, travel, and government is very great. Books in simple form that have to do with the workings of the government, the life of the ruling President, and other matters of current interest are extremely popular. There are many foreigners, however, who come to America too late in life to learn English at all. These would be deprived of reading-matter were it not for the custom of our Library Commission to send out such books in their own tongue. These travelling libraries are collections of from twenty-five to one hundred volumes sent out from some central repository and exchanged at frequent intervals.

Last year, of all the States in the Union which reported on travelling libraries, Wisconsin stood first with a circulation of 122,093. This State was the third to adopt this method for bringing wholesome books to the people in the country. At the present

This post-office is one of the distributing stations for travelling libraries

Corner in a country store, showing a travelling library on its shelf

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Books for the pupils in a one-room rural school

time the Wisconsin Free Library Commission has charge of 563 of these little libraries, the books reaching more than 22,000 people in the isolated districts of the State. The travelling library may be made a valuable adjunct to rural schools. In one country district, where a library is located in a house adjoining the school, the children were gathered under the trees at noontime by one of the older pupils, who read many books aloud to them.

With the establishment of "parcels post" will come the inauguration of "from public library to house delivery" of books, enabling farmers to secure individual volumes on the topics of the day. Through this method of establishment an inquirer need not wait more than twenty-four hours for the receipt of the latest works on the world's advancement.

One of the most significant movements of the present day in Wisconsin is that which has for its object the education of the adult population. The day is happily past when the last day of school for any individual is his educational day of judgment. We now have the university of the people in which every citizen should take a post-graduate course, no matter at what stage in his educational career he left the public school. This university of the people consists of the newspaper, the magazine, the periodical for the various trades and professions, the free public library, the correspondence schools, and other agencies of enlightenment. The newspaper we have in every home. The magazine reaches every community. Every occupation has publications especially devoted to its interests. The free public library is now within reach of the great majority of the people of this country. Correspondence schools to-day enroll countless thousands. All these agencies, whose great function it is to educate the adult population, depend for their success upon the desire of the people to read and upon their ability to read with discrimination. It is this desire and this ability which the school library, rightly used, will call into existence.

With these conclusions in mind, the successful growth and development of school libraries in Wisconsin which have marked the last twenty-one years cannot but be viewed with gratification by every friend of enlightenment and progress. Wisconsin is rapidly preparing to educate all the people all the time.

The travelling library in a Wisconsin farmhouse

The Finest Armory for Militia in the World

A MAGNIFICENT new armory, the finest for militia in the world and splendidly equipped in every respect, was dedicated in the city of Buffalo, New York, on May 1st. It raises the standard of excellence in the construction of National Guard headquarters, and sets an example and ideal to be strove for by every regiment of militia in the country. It is a fitting monument of the zeal and untiring efforts of Brevet Major-General Samuel M. Welch, commander of the Sixty-fifth Regiment, N. G. N. Y., who has at last gained his long-cherished desire to erect a large and completely equipped armory for his regiment and for the citizens of Buffalo. For nearly fourteen years he has been urging this project and, when he had found a suitable location for the building, his enthusiasm overcame all obstacles which ordinarily might have prevented the accomplishment of his plan, and the handsome new structure is the result.

The site of the armory occupies the highest ground within the city limits of Buffalo, and is bounded by Michigan, Best, and North streets, having a frontage of 578 feet and a depth of 780 feet. A better estimate of this size may be gained by calling it approximately, ten and one-half acres. This great area was invaluable for the erection of a building which might be arranged for the performance of the maximum amount of work in the shortest time possible. It makes for the efficiency of the soldier.

With its walls of white Medina sandstone, the architectural effect is that of the Norman style of the eleventh century, modernized, and gives it a particularly massive, and yet artistic, appearance. The exterior measurements of the building are, length 500 feet, and width 361 feet, occupying just three and four-tenths acres. In the aggregate of the several floors, the surface space is seven and three-quarters acres. The drill hall, 240 by 336 feet, is flanked on each side by six company locker-rooms which open directly upon the drill floor. Their exceptional size, 31 by 42 feet, allows the entire company to be assembled in formation within its room. The office and the store-room for the quartermaster-sergeant are also on this floor, while above are the company parlors, officers' quarters, and the first sergeant's office. In pavilions outside the main building are the engine-rooms, the mess hall, and the kitchens. By this unique arrangement, hallways have been eliminated.

On the ground floor of the administration section of the armory are a women's reception-room, a squad drill-room, office, and store-room of the quartermaster's department, armorer's office, gymnasium, billiard-room, and library. The hospital corps, the offices and quarters of the field and staff officers, and a lecture-room, with a seating capacity of 450, occupy the third floor. The basement of this part of the building will probably be most appreciated by the men of the regiment. Six splendid bowling alleys have been installed there, and a swimming-pool, 28 by 60 feet, with adequate shower-baths completes the equipment. The depth of the tank is graduated, ranging from four and one-half feet at one end to seven feet nine inches at the other.

Beneath the drill hall is a rifle range 100 yards long, having three targets and three separate pistol ranges, twenty-five, fifty, and seventy-five yards in length, respectively. Parallel hallways run on each side of this range, connecting with the company store-rooms, and they are of suitable dimensions to admit of the passage of an army wagon and team. By this means all equipage and baggage may be packed or unloaded entirely under cover of the building and as directly as possible.

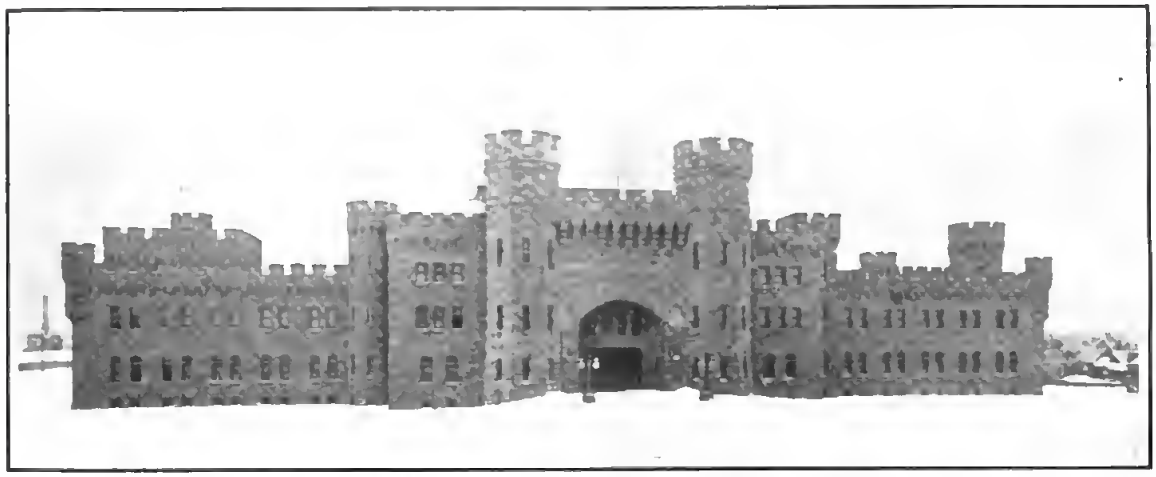
The new armory possesses its own lighting plant, complete in every particular, and the illumination is provided for by 7,500 sixteen-candle-power incandescent lamps and eleven arc lights. A battery of four high-pressure boilers, three engines, and three dynamos furnish all the power necessary. The vacuum system of heating employed throughout the building is most economical, using the exhaust steam and thereby saving much coal. Adequate fire protection is afforded by an equipment of 40 stand-pipes, each carrying 100 feet of hose, and connected with a fire-pump in the engine-room, having a capacity of 500 gallons per minute.

The dedicatory exercises of the armory took place in the presence of Major-General Charles F. Roe, commanding Division, N. G. N. Y., and his staff, Brigadier-Generals Lloyd and Eddy, N. G. N. Y., and General Otter, chief of staff of the Canadian militia forces. At the conclusion of the ceremonies the building was open for the inspection of the guests, and there are nothing but compliments for these new quarters of the Sixty-fifth.

The history of this old Buffalo regiment dates as far back as 1848, when its organization occurred, and until the outbreak of the Civil War it was composed of eight companies of infantry, one troop of cavalry, and one battery of field artillery. On June 10, 1863, the Sixty-fifth entered the service of the United States, and was immediately marched to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, to aid in checking the victorious Confederate forces under General Lee. It served in the Gettysburg campaign until July 15th, taking part in its terrible three days' battle, but was then ordered to New York City to assist in suppressing the Draft riots. When this had been accomplished it returned to Buffalo, and was mustered out on July 30, 1863.

In October of the following year practically the whole of this regiment was again mustered into the United States Army under the name of the 187th Regiment, New York Volunteers, and with a strength of about 700 men. Before the end of the month it joined the forces of General Grant, who was then engaged in laying siege to Petersburg, Virginia. When the war ended the regiment was mustered out on the 1st of July, 1865.

The Governor of New York State assembled the Sixty-fifth regiment on April 20, 1898, to learn whether it would serve in the Spanish-American War, and 90.10 per cent. of its membership volunteered. They were accepted two days later, and reorganized as a twelve-company regiment, with one additional company attached during the term in the field. Its service lasted from May 17th until November 19, 1898, when it was mustered out.



The armory, which is located in Buffalo and was recently dedicated, is the largest National Guard structure in this country

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Drawn by W. L. Jacobs

THEIR FIRST SPIN

Slaveholding Americans

A REPLY TO CRITICS OF "THE PLANTER"

Mr. Herman Whitaker, who has lived upon rubber plantations in tropical Mexico, has published a novel, *The Planter*, which presents a most startling picture of the condition of the laborers and the industry. In their way his descriptions are as impressive as anything in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or *Ramona*. Mr. Whitaker's accuracy has been impeached by certain critics, and in reply he has written the following statement:

"It has been truly said that we learn more history from our novels than our text-books. One might almost add that our fiction exercises a wider influence, is more powerful to mould public opinion, than the pronouncements of our parliaments. In view of this influence it behooves a writer to go slowly over new ground, and to make certain that while depicting life his book reflects the truth. Never ought he to be more careful than when exaggeration or distortions may react harshly upon living persons or enterprises still existent. Once sure of his facts, however, it is equally incumbent upon him to hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may.

"As to the view of the Mexican rubber industry given in *The Planter*, it may fairly be claimed that the failure or suspension of over two hundred companies in the last three years justifies the verdict delivered by Ewing, that the 'rubber culture is individual business and does not lend itself to company management.' Such a disastrous record, involving loss to many thousands, might be accepted with a certain amount of philosophy had it rid us of its cause—the rascally promoter. Unfortunately, his failure in one field merely directs his steps to another. The rise of new companies proves that he is still with us, and will be until public opinion forces a law to end his baneful activities.

"Turning from his fraud and chicanery to darker acts, it is no exaggeration to say that the 'contract labor system' on plantations owned by Americans is the worst form of slavery that this world has ever seen. Contrary to the opinion of the critic, who thought that its cruelties had been accentuated to procure an artistic effect, a very real indignation had to be continually repressed during the writing of *The Planter* in order that it might not read like a calendar of crime. The facts are unpalatable, they transcend belief. The statement that every violent crime has been, is being, and will be again perpetrated in the *galeras* of American plantations comes well within the truth.

"Worse even than the lot of the miserable *raguachie* has been that of the Yaqui—the Yaqui who, after centuries of struggle and for no other crime than patriotism, has been sold into perpetual slavery to the planters of Chiapas and Yucatan, sold to a servitude of so vile a reputation that fifteen men and women jumped overboard in transit to Campeachy from Vera Cruz last year, choosing death before the torrid rigors. In the last four years five thousand Yaquis—farmers, laborers, miners—have been expatriated under conditions that were rendered unnecessarily cruel by the spite of brutal Mexican soldiers. Rounded up in scores, while their men were off at the mines, women have been taken away on the trains. In the general round-ups wives were separated from husbands, sisters from brothers, children from mothers—infant babes were torn from the breast and left behind on the ground, while their mothers were driven away. The deportation was carried out with absolute brutality, and in accordance with a policy that aimed at the scattering of tribes and families. Taken all in all, the tragedy of the Yaquis is perhaps without a parallel in American history.

"In conclusion: Other critics have questioned whether it aroused an indignant American opinion could affect abuses that obtain across our southern frontier. It could—in two ways. First, by the intervention of stockholders in American companies, who have been hitherto in ignorance of labor conditions upon their plantations. Second, by reaction upon Mexican public opinion. Nations which are rising to a higher plane are invariably exceedingly sensitive to foreign opinion, and this is especially true of Mexico, whose government and people keep always an imitative eye upon their northern neighbor. In that country at this late date abuses, such as the 'contract labor' and Yaqui slave systems, could only exist in a hole and corner. When the Mexican government realizes that they stand forth in the open light of day, it will speedily make an end by enforcing in the tropics the law and order that obtains all over the 'Plateau'.

H. W."

Mr. Whitaker, who wrote from personal observation, has received many letters endorsing his descriptions, and among others the affidavit which is reproduced below:

ALHAMA, BAPTIST COLUMBIA.
March 30th, 1909.

This is to certify that I, William F. Gibson, late labor contractor to the tabella Plantation Company, Rio Colorado, State of Oaxaca, Mexico, have read the novel, *The Planter*, written by Herman Whitaker, and having so read, hereby declare that the abuses of the contract labor system as therein set forth are not exaggerated. On the contrary, the system as it really exists is much worse than depicted in the book. In regard to the rubber situation, I also declare that the said Herman Whitaker, in the said book has neither under nor over estimated its fraudulent aspects and future prospects. WILLIAM F. GIBSON.

Given before me on the 3d day of April, 1909.

[Seal] A. W. NEILL, Notary Public.

The Disappearance of the Maine Salmon

A decade ago the Penobscot River in Maine was noted for its wonderful salmon-fishing, thousands of these magnificent fish being taken with a fly each year within the very city limits of Bangor, but now such an occurrence is unheard of, and the sportsmen seek other waters. The market supply of salmon is caught in great weirs which are built along the river between Searsport and Bangor, and it is this wholesale method of capture that has been the main factor in the process of exterminating Maine's great food fish. If the yearly catch continues to decrease the loss will be keenly felt, because the Penobscot salmon is especially desirable on account of the delicate flavor and close grain of its flesh.

There are several other causes, in addition to that of the weirs, which have combined to destroy the Maine salmon. The pulp mills which line the river banks above Bangor drain their acids and waste into the Penobscot and poison its waters. It has been said that the eel, which is an exceptionally hardy fish, cannot live within two miles of such a mill. The illegal method of dynamiting a stream when the fish have congregated at the spawning-beds has also been most destructive.

The good intentions of those fishermen who caused Cushaw Lake to be stocked with black bass, the peer of American game fishes, have been extremely detrimental to the welfare of the salmon. These voracious fish were not content to remain in their lake and devour the perch and pickerel, but they found their way through brooks and streams to the head waters of the Penobscot, and these have played havoc with the millions of salmon fry which the State and the United States fisheries have planted annually. With these many enemies to guard against, it appears as though the Penobscot salmon were doomed.

The Proposed French Revenue Tax

After a discussion of two years and a half, the French Assembly, by a large majority, passed the revenue tax bill which has been so hotly advocated and contested throughout the country. The new tax is to take the place of the various direct state taxes hitherto collected. The Department and the Commune taxes are not affected by this measure.

The new law directs assessment by four classes, according to the source of revenue. And, furthermore, the rate of taxation varies, according to the amount of revenue.

The sources of revenue are arranged in four classes: (1) From wages; salaries; fees of doctors, lawyers, and other liberal professions; pay of teachers; office holders; etc. (2) From manufacture; trade; commerce; etc. (3) From investments; stocks; bonds; mortgages; etc. (4) From agriculture.

Every citizen is obliged to file a declaration of the total amount of his revenue and the source from which this revenue is received, as well as of the amount of his expenses, and to make a list of all his stocks, bonds, mortgages, real and personal property, the amount of his cash in the bank, giving a full and complete declaration, any error in which will subject him to enormous fines.

Where a person has an income of $500, of which $125 is the amount of his wages, $125 is the result of an interest in a store, $125 is from investment, and $125 is from agriculture, he would pay the total amount of $1.13 as a wage-earner, $3.75 as a merchant, $14.07 as a capitalist, and $1.13 as a farmer, making a total of $20.08. Assuming, however, that the income is from one source only, the taxation would be as follows:

On a yearly revenue of $125 wage-earners would pay $1.13; merchants, $3.75; capitalists, $14.07; farmers, $1.13.

On a revenue of $250 wage earners would pay $2.25; merchants, $8.12; capitalists, $29.75; farmers, $26.37.

On a revenue of $500 wage-earners would pay $5.50; merchants, $18.75; capitalists, $59.50; farmers, $50.12.

On a revenue of $1,000 wage-earners would pay $11; merchants, $47; capitalists, $140; farmers, $134.55.

On a revenue of $2,000 wage-earners would pay $34.60; merchants, $132.40; capitalists, $288; farmers, $434.50.

On a revenue of $5,000 wage earners would pay $262.50; merchants, $425; capitalists, $605; farmers, $974.

On a revenue of $10,000 wage-earners would pay $708; merchants, $1,000; capitalists, $1,540; farmers, $2,189.

On a revenue of $20,000 wage-earners would pay $1,600; merchants, $2,150; capitalists, $3,240; farmers, $4,740.

The large farmer seems to be aimed at particularly, although he is somewhat favored, as his taxable income from agriculture is four fifths of his real income. That is, if he earns $1,250 by farming, he will be taxed as having an income of $1,000 from agriculture.

What would our American farmers think of such taxes?

A Market for Rat-skins

Europe has discovered a scheme for helping to check the prolific rat. Various industries have created a demand in London alone for rat skins that amounts to very nearly two hundred thousand dollars a year, and there is every indication that the consumption of this material will increase. Book binding, photograph frames, purses, and thumbs for ladies' gloves are among the uses to which the skins are put.

After the passing of the rat Act in Denmark last year, the great body of unemployed laborers took immediate advantage of the bill, and the individual rat catcher's earnings averaged between seventy-five and ninety cents per day. It is estimated that the damage by rats in England amounts annually to many million dollars, so that any inducement to promote their capture should be encouraged as far as possible.

REDUCE THE CARBS

of beverages. One decidedly practical way is to use Bosteel's Pure 25% Sweet Evaporated Cream in all cooking where milk or cream is required. Results will be more satisfactory than with most "fresh" milk. The convenience and economy will please you. Dilute Pasteurized Milk with water to any desired richness. ★

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A Pennsylvania Mastodon

The largest mastodon tusk ever discovered was recently found imbedded in the bank of the Allegheny River, near the city of Pittsburg. The tusk is in a remarkable state of preservation, measures nine feet four inches from root to tip, and is gracefully curved. At the thickest part its circumference is twenty-three inches, while the total weight of the great fossil ivory is two hundred and ninety-seven pounds.

Never before have the remains of the mastodon been found so far south, and therefore an entirely new field is opened for scientific research. The Carnegie Museum has instituted an exploration of the Allegheny district in the hope of recovering the entire skeleton of the mastodon.

This gives an idea of the great size of the tusk

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Finance

EUROPE'S INFLUENCE ON OUR SECURITY MARKETS

By Franklin Escher

THE past few years has seen a great increase in the volume of security dealings between ourselves and the Old World. With the doubling of our foreign trade in the last decade, the financial relationship between American and European banking houses has been becoming continually closer, and as a consequence international trading in securities has been greatly facilitated. "How's the London market?" is about the first question the broker is apt to ask when he comes down to his office in the morning. And with good reason, for there are times when "London"—through the London market is concentrated most of Europe's business in American securities—is absolutely the dominant influence in shaping the course of our markets.

To get to the real root of the reason why "London" is the influence it is, it is necessary to go back of the day to week or week to week speculation in "Americans" by the foreigners, to the time when American enterprise was dependent upon European capital. Back in the thirties and forties, when our railways began to come into existence, it was foreign money with which they were built. After the discovery of gold in '47 we were in a little better position to further enterprise with our own money, but so great was the development of the country that our own financial resources were pitifully inadequate, and foreign capital kept pouring into the United States. Fresh inducements to the foreign investor, while the West and Northwest were being opened up, accelerated the flow until the amount of Europe's capital invested in American enterprise amounted to probably over two billion dollars.

With all the changes and consolidations and reorganizations which have taken place, the bulk of this foreign capital has remained steadily in American securities, and constitutes what may be called Europe's "fixed" investment. Now the mere existence of this huge foreign investment means continuous international trading in our securities. There are, in the first place, the maturities to be considered—the fact that of this great mass of bonds large amounts are falling due all the time—which in itself necessitates a reinvestment business which has amounted in certain years to hundreds of millions of dollars. After that, there are all the refundings and replacing operations and the retirement of old bonds by new issues, transactions which necessarily result in continuous dealings of great magnitude.

So that on the foundation of the fixed foreign investment in American stocks and bonds there is raised the superstructure of what might be called the floating investment—much as though an individual owned and held a large block of some kind of security, and then traded continuously in lesser amounts of the same thing. This is the idea which, if kept well in mind, will go a long way toward making clear the extent and nature of the financial relationship between the markets of the Old World and our own.

As a conduct influence, the fixed foreign investment in "Americans" is of far less importance than the floating investment, mainly because it takes a violent disturbance or change in economic conditions here to dislodge any considerable quantity of our bonds permanently held on the other side. During a reaction such as occurred in 1907, it is true, foreign-held bonds, which have lain untouched for a score of years perhaps, are sold in this market. During such a period as early 1908, again, when the best corporation bonds in the world were selling to net five per cent., the foreign fixed investment is likely to be largely added to. But these times when the inducements are strong enough to make the managers of the big foreign estates in which so many American bonds are held sell or buy in quantity are rare. Episodes and phases over which our financial press works itself up to a high pitch of excitement go entirely unnoticed on the other side of the water, and the main body of the holdings of "Americans" remains unchanged.

But with the floating investment the case is entirely different. Out of the closeness of our financial relationship with foreign banking houses there has originated a perfectly enormous volume of speculative and semi-investment dealing in securities. There is never a day when the international trading in our stocks and bonds does not run up into the millions, and at times there are continuous currents of securities running from one market to the other, London being the funnel into which most of Europe's business in American securities is directed, that market is the point of primary importance in its relation to our own. We do a certain amount of business direct with such points as Paris, Berlin, and Amsterdam, but the great volume of Europe's orders are cabled to the British capital and executed there, or from there.

International security trading of this kind divides itself naturally into three classes. First come the operations, sometimes of a semi-investment, but more often of an out and-out speculative character, which the international banking-houses here carry out in connection with their European correspondents. After that there is the class of trading which results from the buying and selling done by the great European Investment Associations. Finally there is the continuous trading in both stocks and bonds which is bound to occur between any two great centres in close connection where large amounts of the same security are dealt in—"arbitraging" in one form or another.

With regard to the speculative transactions in American securities carried on by the foreign houses and their clients, it can be said that their extent has become very much greater than most people imagine. There have been times during the past few months in fact, when operations of this kind have come pretty near being a dominant note in the market. Suppose, for instance, that the partners of one of the foreign banking houses woke up their mind that a move ran easily be worked in some particular stock. If the house is one of a dozen or more prominent firms who go in for this sort of thing, it will probably have no trouble in getting several houses abroad to join it in the movement. Arrangements are easily completed by cable. The New York house is to engineer the actual operation and supply itself with all the cash it needs by drawing 60-90 or ninety day bills of exchange on its friends in Europe. That will allow two months, or three months, as the case may be, in which to complete the deal, without putting up any actual money.

Just here lies the importance of these foreign operations in our market, and the reason why they can be carried on to so great an extent without anybody being able to trace the buying or selling to its true source. There are no banks with whom the stocks bought are being deposited, and who know of the loans being made on them. There are no loans being made at all. And yet the managing house here can supply itself with unlimited amounts of capital (always providing its credit is good) by simply drawing and drawing on its foreign friends. After three months these bills, of course will come due and have to be "covered"—but usually long before that, the whole operation is closed. If not, the bills are simply renewed for another ninety days. The ability to thus finance their operations without running the risk of showing their hand in the loan market here, is one of the most effective weapons in the hands of the foreign operators.

The great "Investment Associations" on the other side, too, are responsible for continuous buying and selling in our market. There are a number of these organizations, many of them in Holland, whose main business is to deal in American securities. In most cases it is speculation, pure and simple, in which they are engaged, but speculation of such a kind and carried on in such a way, that they make money out of it. The people who put their money into these associations know exactly for what purpose it will be used. They have faith in the managing officials, and judging from the success and growth of these organizations, their faith is not misplaced.

The recently published lists of leading stockholders in American railway systems disclosed the extent to which these foreign associations hold our shares. There is nothing hasty or ill-judged about their operations. There is no delusion on the part of their hard headed managers that they can make money out of in-and-out trading. It is simply a case of having a definite idea as to when prices are low and then going in to buy. They look at the matter in a far more dispassionate manner than we do, from a better perspective; and consequently, make less mistakes. When prices get up, they are never obsessed with the idea that the advance will go on forever. They know what they think Missouri, Kansas and Texas or Baltimore and Ohio are worth, and when the price gets there they sell out. If the market keeps on going up—very well, they are content to wait until it comes down again. Then they go in and buy again.

The third class of operation consists in the minute-to-minute "arbitraging" between two markets, by which the parity is continuously maintained; also of the more deliberate trading in bonds by which bids and offers are kept on the same level in both markets. "Arbitraging" in the ordinary use of the word means the taking quick advantage of any slight difference in quotations between, say, London and New York. Sometimes when some influence bears more heavily on one market than on the other, it is possible to make quarter and even half points, and at such times trading often becomes very heavy. These trades, however, being immediately closed out at both ends have but little effect on prices.

The same thing is true of the arbitraging in the open bond market. There are houses here and in London employing high-salaried men whose sole business it is to keep in touch with bond market conditions and quotations in both markets. Should some one here, for instance, offer a block of bonds, say at par, when one of these international bond men knows of a bid of par and a quarter in London, the bond man will snap up the bonds offered and sell them out on the other side. This is a kind of business going on on an enormous scale and all the time; it must be so to maintain the parities between the two markets. There are influences continually arising which bear on one market more heavily than the other, and which, unless there were present this balancing influence of a force of keen and ever alert arbitrageurs, would be continually disturbing the parity of the two markets. As it is, it is just about as unusual for quotations of active issue to differ materially in London and New York as it is for them to differ materially between New York and Philadelphia.

The place, then, which should be given to "London" in calculating the relative importance of outside influences on our market is that of a permanent holder of a vast quantity of our securities dispersed to trade continuously with us, and unceasingly in the closest touch with financial conditions here. Through the long slow waves of foreign buying or selling there at times swirl contrary cross-currents strong enough to register some astonishing changes on the log of prices. The original investment on which to trade is there, and the money is there—at times like the present in almost unlimited amount. Under the circumstances, it would be a strange thing if so powerful an influence failed to be making itself continually apparent.

The Engineer Who Was Afraid

(Continued from page 24.)

the way to eternity. It was a sight that made me want to shout. We'd crossed the bridge, and was coming to a standstill on the other side, clear of the fire and smoke. We were already a train's length from the end of the bridge, and there was sunshine and warbling birds in the trees. I just felt like getting out and picking flowers to relieve my feelings.

Of course, Jim had saved the whole train-load, for if we'd ever stopped midway on that bridge we'd all been burnt to cinders and there.—

But where was Jim?—not in the cab! No, he was clouding down and running like a wild deer back over that track toward the blazing bridge. Before any one of them Pullmans opened to let out its swarming crowd of excited and much distressed passengers, Jim was a humbled lost out on the trestle, apparently trying to get burnt alive straddling the charred timbers. Then he seemed to think better of it and turned back.

I had the whole excited mandlin crowd to face, and their fool questions and hysterics made me sick. I pointed to Jim, who by this time was back on solid ground and was now sliding down the embankment to the river. I couldn't guess any better than the rest of 'em what nonsense he was up to; but when the president had extricated himself from the heap of disorganized humanity, and took in the condition of the burning 'bridge, he let on a little light on the subject and made everybody wish they were back home in their little beds. He hesitated and shivered, and turned the color of faded wall-paper with an attack of biliousness. Then he says, in what Jack calls a heroic stage whisper.

"The other section!—and my wife!"

Every one of us—every one except Jim—had clean forgotten, in the excitement, the second section of the train following close upon our heels, and here was the old bridge tottering under its own weight. God! how we quivered and shook and gasped, and some of the men groaned, and one old chap squealed outright, while the women of the party sobbed and laughed hysterically. I guess every one of us was moist and shaky around the peepers. We were about the biggest lot of sheep that ever got lost in a snow-storm without a leader. Everybody else looked to his neighbor for a word of comfort, but nobody got it.

But Jim!—why, God bless his old soul!—Jim, who'd lost his nerve ten years before, and was only considered a broken-down railroad wreck, a superannuated hero, and of little account except to run a slow old local—Jim had remembered, and was doing the only possible thing, while the rest of us were standing around working ourselves up to a pitch of frenzied excitement to witness the horrible holocaust impending. Down that embankment he stumbled, rolling, waddling, running but always getting ahead. Then into the icy river he plunged, puffing and snorting like an old grampus, but always making progress toward the opposite side. Dripping and shivering, he clambered up the shore, shook the water from his hair, and for a moment stood gasping and panting; but only for a few heart beats, and then up and at it again. We watched him until the pall of smoke closed around and swallowed him up.

Then we stood in silence, waiting and shivering with apprehension and nameless fear, not daring to say a word or look each other in the eyes. Somewhere in the distance we heard the piercing shriek of a locomotive. It sent a thrill of terror down our spine and made the strong men groan and hysterical women sob and laugh. Then silence again, while we waited and listened. One, two, three, we counted the seconds, then the minutes and the half minutes. The fire burned and roared fiercely and relentlessly; the old bridge moaned and a few flaming timbers dropped with a loud hiss into the river below. A spout of steam shot upward and merged itself in the smoke cloud beating down to meet it. A bird safe from the flame and smoke trilled a song; we instinctively looked up and wondered.

The suspense reached almost the snapping-point, and still the bridge burned and the fragments blazed and spouted steam as they were flung into the stream. One of the warped and twisted rails fell from its sleepers and plunged heavily into the muddy water, throwing up a cloud of spray in the air.

In the midst of this silent tragedy somebody drew a long breath and gasped aloud; another pointed, and all eyes were drawn by the motion; then slowly the shout began in a few wavering voices, but gaining volume as others joined in, until it roared and reverberated among the hills and flung its echoes to the very summit of the Rust's Horn. One man flung his hat in the air; a woman fainted, and another threw herself in the arms of her escort and sobbed frantically. The president dropped on his knees and bowed his head.

On the opposite side of the river Jim was waving his greasy-black, water-soaked jacket. And a woman stood by his side, swinging a red parasol!

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What the Composite Man Would Look Like

BY HENRY PARADYNE

WHEN the first Parliament of Man assembles in the Federation of the World Capitol, many of the American deputies will undoubtedly suffer a severe shock to discover in what a minority white civilized men will be.

Of every hundred deputies, each representing an equal number of voters, there will be eight representatives from the United States, Canada, and Australasia, combined with the white populations of South America. These, with the twenty-five representatives from Europe, will make a total number of thirty-three, or practically one-third of the whole. There will be thirty-three deputies from China, Korea, Japan, and the Philippines; twenty-two from India; six from the world's negroes; five from Arabia, Afghanistan, Persia, and Mohammedan South Africa; and one to represent the pigmies, Bushmen, Australian savages, Ainos, and other races at the bottom of the human scale.

In other words, thirty-three of the deputies will be of white complexion, ranging from a Swedish blond to a pronounced brunette, five will straddle the color line, seven will have faces of khaki, lignumvitæ black, and fifty-five, representing the populations of India and the Mongolians, will range all the way from black-brown to ochre.

Can we, in reversal of the process by which spectral analysis splits up the white light of the sun into its several constituents, build up a composite man from these separate ingredients?

His name, let us assume, is John Ramsammy Chung. He resides in one of the maritime provinces of China, and his color is a mixture of lemon and bronze. His hair is black, with a slight wave, and it has a reddish tint in a strong light, due to his Dutch progenitors. His height is some five feet four and a half inches, but he is stockily built and weighs rather more than an American of the same stature. Thanks to modern hygiene, he will live to the reasonable age of about fifty-five.

John Ramsammy Chung earns about three dollars a week, upon which sum he supports a wife and three children—the fourth having died in infancy. This amount will not, of course, keep his household in luxury, but it provides them with their daily rations of rice and a modicum of canned beef. They sit before a board upon low stools, conversing in Esperanto, which is written pictorially by means of certain conventional signs—for, owing to divers methods of pronunciation and various alphabets, it was found impossible to write this universal tongue phonetically. Mr. Chung is, by occupation, a forage dealer, supplying alfalfa and spineless cactus from his few acres to the surrounding breeders of draught donkeys.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL ALLIANCE

THE MARRIAGE OF MISS MABEL WHITE, THE DAUGHTER OF THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE, TO COUNT HERMANN SCHERR-THOSS, LIEUTENANT IN THE FIRST CUIRASSIERS OF BRESLAU, WAS SOLEMNIZED AT SAINT JOSEPH'S CHURCH IN PARIS, ON APRIL 29TH

The Daily News by Telephone

IN the city of Budapest, Hungary, there has been in successful operation during the past several years a news-telephone system whose efficient service has gained for it a great number of subscribers. The annual subscription is $7.31, which is paid quarterly in advance, and approximately $8.50 is the charge of installation and removal, and this entitles the subscriber to two receivers.

At 8.35 A.M. the daily service begins, when a buzzer, loud enough to be heard across a large room, announces the correct time. An hour and a half later the programme of the day's important events is given, and at ten and eleven o'clock the opening stock quotations and general news items come over the wire. A second announcement of the correct time, followed by parliamentary and general news, comes at noon, and forty-five minutes later there are quotations from the local, Vienna, and Berlin exchanges. Two o'clock brings more parliamentary and general topics of interest, and at 3 P.M. come the closing prices of stocks, the weather forecast, local personals and small items, and in winter the condition of the ice at various skating-places. Court and miscellaneous news is announced at 4 P.M., and from 4.30 to 6.30 you may listen to military music from one of the gardens. In the evening there is a choice between the royal opera and one of the theatres, to be followed still later by music from one of the tzigane orchestras.

A Prison Poultry-yard

THE convicts at the McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary, near Tacoma, Washington, are operating a miniature poultry-farm, from the proceeds of which books and periodicals are purchased, and, incidentally, there is secured a welcome relief from the endless routine of prison life. This experiment was made possible through the generosity of United States Marshal C. H. Hopkins, of Seattle, who financed the venture by an outlay of a little more than one hundred dollars, which was the cost of stocking the plant.

Chinese pheasants and Rouen call ducks were selected as the two varieties to be bred, and a beginning was made with a pair of ducks directly imported from France, their native home, and several fine specimens of the pheasant. Coops and runways were constructed in the most approved fashion, and through careful handling the "farm" now puts many birds on the market each year.

The climate of Puget Sound is especially well adapted to the breeding of these birds, and there is always a ready sale for any surplus. The pheasants are generally used to stock game preserves, and the call ducks make splendid decoys to draw the wild fowl within gunshot of the hunter's blind.

A Battleship Truck Garden

TURKEY has been having more than her share of publicity during the last six months with revolutionary, anti-revolutionary, and reactionary political parties that have kept the government in continual turmoil and have troubled the heads of the great European Powers. Meanwhile the Turkish navy has been renovated, and the investigation has disclosed a ludicrous state of inefficiency.

The whole of the quarter-deck of one of the war-ships had been converted into a flourishing kitchen garden, and there was promise of an excellent crop of cabbages and artichokes. The entire crew were interested in these agricultural pursuits, for naturally a share in the fresh vegetables was more to be desired than empty honors gained by proficiency in seamanship only acquired through close application to naval duties. The state of the remainder of the Turkish ships may be left to the imagination.

A Candidate for the Victoria Cross

TO voluntarily allow a dentist to extract a perfectly sound tooth without taking gas during the operation, and to endure this ordeal purely in the interests of science, or, to be more exact, for the purpose of obtaining evidence against a man unqualified to practise dentistry, is the record of an English policeman. The dentist in question had evaded the clutches of the law for some months, and in order to have a case against him it was necessary to arrest him in the very act of illegally following his alleged profession. Finally the young policeman, whose name is withheld and who refuses the honors due such heroism, offered himself as the sacrifice.

In order that the proceedings could be correctly noted, our hero was compelled to suffer the exquisite torture of parting with one healthy molar without the usual anæsthetic. The amazement of the dentist may be imagined when the patient stepped from the operating chair, displayed a warrant, and grimly placed him under arrest.

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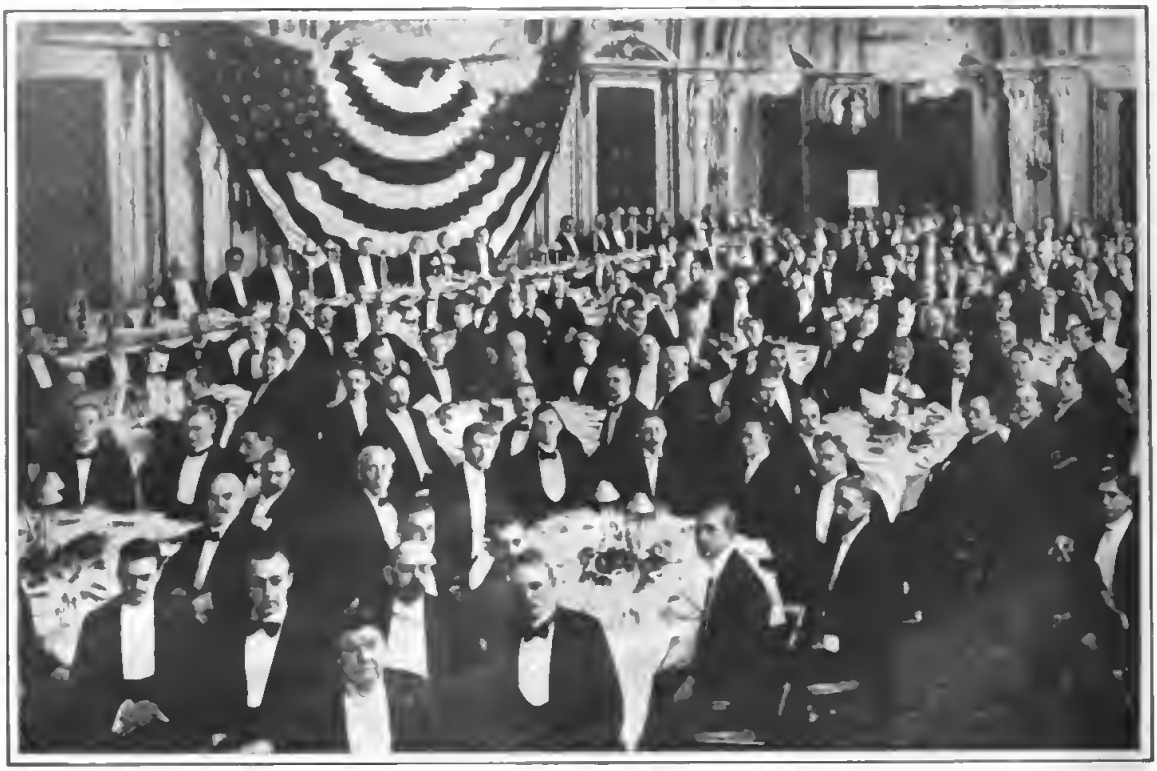

The annual dinner of the American Booksellers' Association was held at the Hotel Astor, in New York City, on the evening of May 12th, and was attended by four hundred of the members and their guests. Hamlin Garland, Franklin Matthews, Wallace Irwin, and Ralph Waldo Trine were the speakers, and Peter Newell drew some humorous sketches for the entertainment of the diners

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The arrival in America of Wilbur and Orville Wright, the two brothers who have gained fame by their exploits in the navigation of aeroplanes here and abroad, was signalized by a luncheon given in their honor at the Lawyers' Club in New York City, on May 12th, by the Aero Club of America

TWO NOTABLE ENTERTAINMENTS OF A DAY

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Pittsburg's Million-dollar Baseball Park

Pittsburg will celebrate the coming Fourth of July by opening her million-dollar baseball park, the new home of the "Pirates," which is situated in the Schenley district, one of the city's most prominent residential sections of the city.

The plans for the park were designed by Charles W. Leavitt, Jr., of New York City, and the grand stand, which is said to be the largest in the world, is 800 feet long and 95 feet deep. It is in three tiers, the two upper ones being reached by elevators, while at all entrances and exits there are inclines instead of steps. The base is a great concrete amphitheatre, beginning a few feet above the level of the diamond and stretching along the first and third base sides, with twenty-eight rows of comfortable seats. The balcony, of steel construction, carries twenty-one rows of seats, the first one being over the fifth tier on the lower deck. The third deck consists of boxes arranged on two levels, so that the rear rows command an unobstructed view of the field. The main bleachers are immediately to the left of the grand stand, while an additional section has been erected in deep centre field. The seating capacity of the grand stand is nearly twenty thousand, and the bleachers increase this number almost one half.

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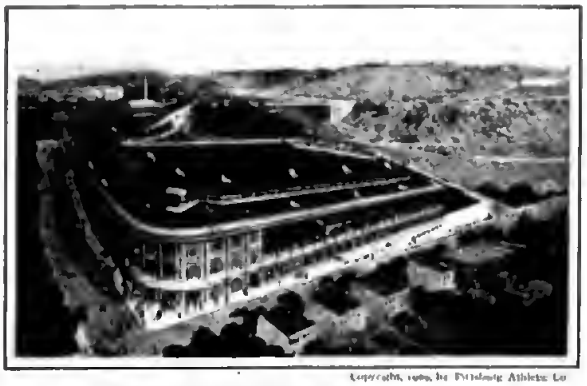
A view of the diamond and front of the stand



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The exterior of the grand stand and the main entrance

CAMPAIGNING FOR TRADE

(Continued from page 11.)

increase that business. No one of the party had anything to sell at that time, no one of them would even take an order for goods of any description; they were merely making a social call, but—whisper—it's a safe bet there were salesmen in that territory before things had a chance to get cool. The flying squadron, travelling light and rapidly, led the way, but Chicago—insistent Chicago—was, in one way or another, following close behind. No use of a flying squadron, you know, unless you promptly occupy the territory through which it passes.

The trip was prolific of interesting and amusing incidents, and the hospitality extended was not always official. At one place in Tennessee a member of the party, wandering up from the railroad yards where the three cars were side-tracked, fell in with a native and casually remarked that it seemed to be a "dry" town. "Yes, sah," was the reply, "it's a dry town, but if you'll do me the honah, sah, to come to my house I can manotch to yo' wants. It isn't a dry house, sah." Incidentally even the "driest" town usually had a country club that was not "dry," the individual locker system being much in evidence.

There was a famous ride—something over fifty miles an hour—on the shell road at New Orleans, and a catapult effect at Memphis, when a racing auto went into a ditch and shot the occupants into a mud bank, that drove away any feeling of ennui that might have settled on the party. There was a chauffeur at New Orleans who kept his passengers in a state of nervous tension—until they decided that he had eyes in the back of his head. He drove with one hand, meanwhile carrying on an animated conversation with those behind him. There were also, at one place, some very warm Southern dishes that brought tears to the eyes of those unacquainted Northerners who took them on faith.

All in all, in spite of the splendid hospitality of the local men everywhere (or, perhaps, because of it), the members of the flying squadron were called upon to show fortitude and endurance that should entitle them to medals. Think of going through this programme—there was one exception to it—sixteen times in fourteen days: Welcome at depot by local committee. Automobiles. Ride through town, local men pointing with pride to industrial or scenic features. Brief stop to inspect a factory or a sawmill. Another stop at the country club, if the town had one. Luncheon or dinner—once it was breakfast—at the club or a hotel. More or less brief talks by hosts and visitors. Ride on the river, if it happened to be a river town. Back to the train. Unimportant become hosts, entertaining the local committee in the café car. More talk. "Glad you came." "So are we. Come up and see us. Make the Association of Commerce rooms your headquarters. Use the association in any way that it can be of service to you. That's what it's for." Toot! toot! "Good-by! good-by!" "What's the next stop?"

Oh yes, it was quite strenuous. You would hardly expect a New York business man to undertake it. But there was a compliment in the fact that the visit was made by the heads—presidents and vice-presidents were numerous—rather than the underlings of the companies represented, and much was done in the way of eradicating false impressions. The Montgomery *Advertiser*, commenting on the visit, was moved to remark, in evident surprise,

"It seems the people of Chicago speak English."

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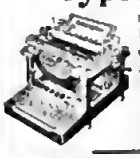

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The June number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE contains a remarkable human document—a chapter of hitherto untold history. It is called "Rowand"—the name of the man whose daring career it describes. He was a scout for Sheridan in the Civil War. This true record of his experiences is more interesting than any fiction.

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Notable among the other articles in the June HARPER'S are:

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¶ Other important articles are Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury's brilliant paper on the attempted use of archaic forms by great writers in their efforts to approximate the language of bygone days; and "The Ship-Yard," by Thornton Oakley.

There are Seven Unusual Short Stories in the June HARPER'S. Among the authors are Alice Brown, Justus Miles Forman, Roy Rolfe Gilson, Olivia Howard Dunbar, Richard Le Gallienne, G. B. Lancaster, and Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

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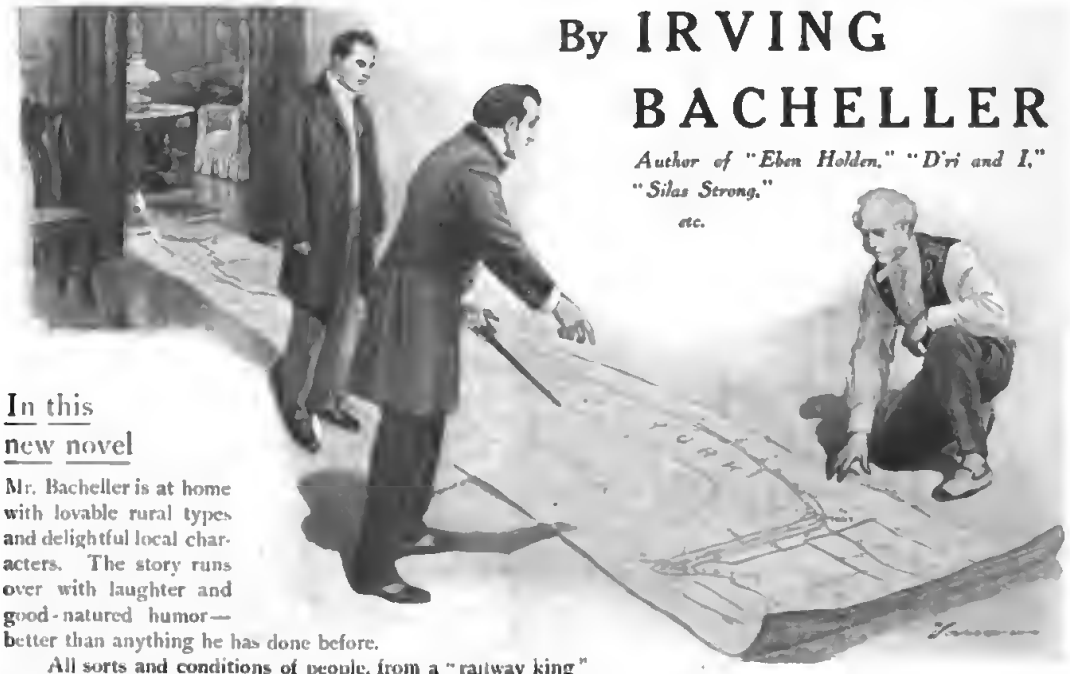

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The Trade of the World

The total exports of the various countries of the world during the year 1907—the latest for which statistics have been compiled—amounted to fourteen billion dollars in value, and their imports are estimated at sixteen billions, making the international commerce of the world for that year $30,000,000,000.

Practically two-thirds of this vast total of thirty billion dollars of international trade is accredited to Europe. Of the fourteen billion dollars of exports, over eight billions passes out of the various countries of Europe; and of the sixteen billions of imports practically eleven billions enters the various countries of Europe, though some portions of this of course are merely inter-European traffic between the various European countries, and do not leave the Continent of Europe. North America, including in this term the West-Indian Islands and Central American states, exports nearly two and one-half billions and imports a little less than two billions. Asia supplies about one and one-half billions of the exports and takes about one and one-half billions of imports. South America supplies about three-quarters of a billion of the exports and takes slightly less of imports.

Of the sixteen billion dollars' worth of imports, one-and-a-quarter billions was the share of the United States, while our exports were valued at one-and-a-half billions. This country exported 14.4 per cent. of all goods imported into other countries, and imported 9.2 per cent of all goods exported from other countries. Canada took 58 per cent. of her imports from the United States in the year under consideration; Mexico, 52 per cent.; the Central-American states, a little over 50 per cent.; Cuba, 49 per cent.; Santo Domingo, 53 per cent.; and Haiti, 71 per cent., while the United Kingdom took 21 per cent.; Germany, 15 per cent.; France, 14 per cent.; Argentina, 13.6 per cent.; Brazil, 12.8 per cent.; Chile, 10.8 per cent.; Japan, 17.8 per cent.; China, 8.6 per cent., and British India, 2.4 per cent. Of the exports of the leading countries the share sent to the United States was as follows: United Kingdom, 7.3 per cent.; Germany, 9.5 per cent.; France, 7.4 per cent.; China, 16.1 per cent.; Japan, 32 per cent.; Brazil, 32.2 per cent.; Canada, 31.6 per cent.; Mexico, 70 per cent.; and Cuba, 87.2 per cent.

Ten countries contributed more than two-thirds of this grand total of thirty billion dollars' worth of international commerce. These ten countries are the United Kingdom, United States, Germany, France, Netherlands, Belgium, Italy, Austria-Hungary, India, and Russia, in the order named. On the export side the United Kingdom headed the list, with 2,973 million dollars. Next came the United States, with 1,835 millions; Germany, with 1,629 millions, and France with 1,080 millions, the remainder of the list falling below the billion-dollar line. On the import side the United Kingdom again headed the list, with imports of 3,165 million dollars. Germany came next with 2,082 millions, France had 1,201 millions, the United States 1,194 millions.

The somewhat curious fact that imports aggregate nearly two billions more than exports, when in fact every export becomes somewhere an import and every import must have been at some time and place an export, is due in part to the fact that all countries exporting merchandise state its values at the place of exportation, while a large proportion of those importing that same merchandise state its values at the place of importation, thus including cost of freights, insurance, etc.; while the further fact that imports are usually subjected to taxation on entering a country causes much greater care on the part of customs authorities in recording every article imported and in stating its full valuation than is the case with exports, which are seldom subjected to taxation on leaving a country.

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Handling Live Wires

WE have grown so accustomed to the use of electricity for illumination purposes, and for the motive power on trolley lines and railroads, that we seldom realize the death-dealing possibilities of the live wire or third rail, and when the unexpected accident occurs confusion generally results, preventing a prompt rescue. Frequently the victim is merely shocked into unconsciousness, and, if quickly removed from actual contact with the wire or rail and proper methods of resuscitation be applied, the accident may not prove fatal. But the layman hesitates to go to the aid of the stricken person for has he not read of many instances where the would-be rescuer has suffered the fate of the one he sought to save? This cannot be denied, but how invaluable would have been a little practical knowledge of what an electric current really can do.

A live wire may safely be removed from a body with which it is in contact by lifting the wire by means of an ordinary coat, twisted into a rope, which has been passed under the dangerous strand. Even though the coat be slightly damp, no shock will be received. If the body should be lying upon the wire or rail the victim may be dragged away by seizing the twisted end of the coat or dress skirt. Should this method be impossible, a dry wooden pole may be used to pry the body from its fatal contact.

Experiments have demonstrated that firemen may direct a stream of water on wires of high tension circuits at a distance of only several feet without the slightest danger, but if salt water is used there will probably be a shock for the men at the nozzle. Chemical extinguishers, however, are exceedingly good conductors, and care should be taken never to direct a stream from one of these so that it strikes a live wire or rail. This is especially important to remember, because trains are usually equipped with such extinguishers, and in fighting a blaze on an electrified road a fatal accident could easily occur.

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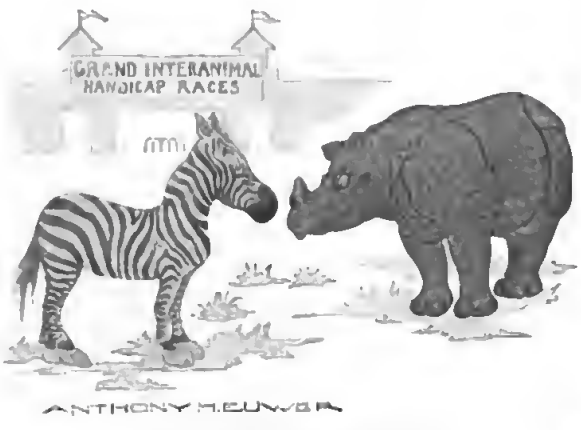

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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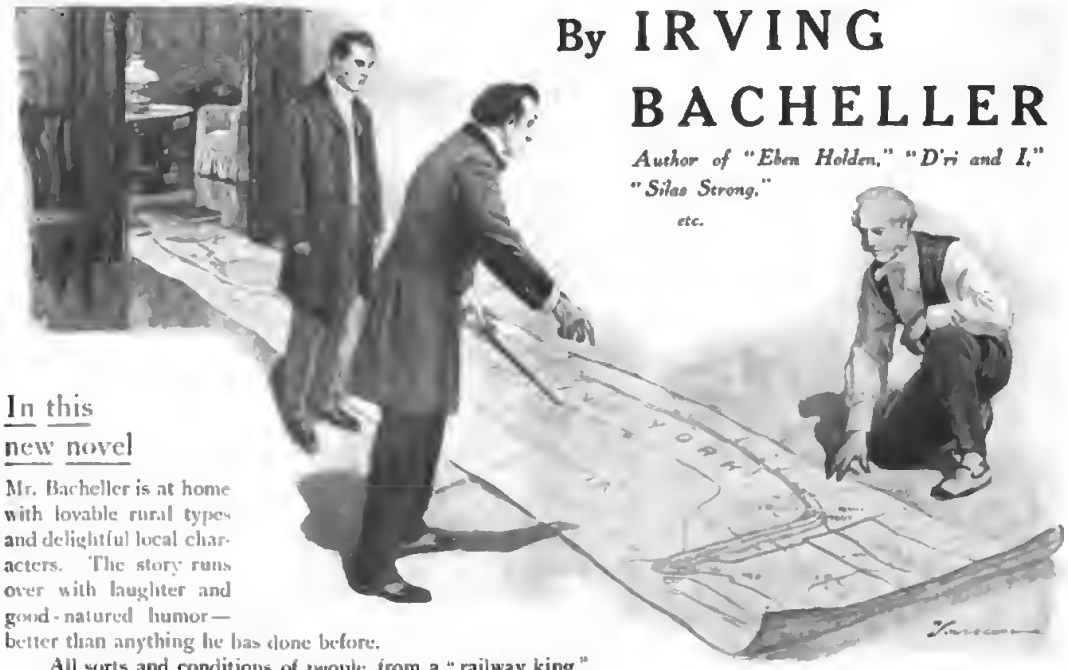

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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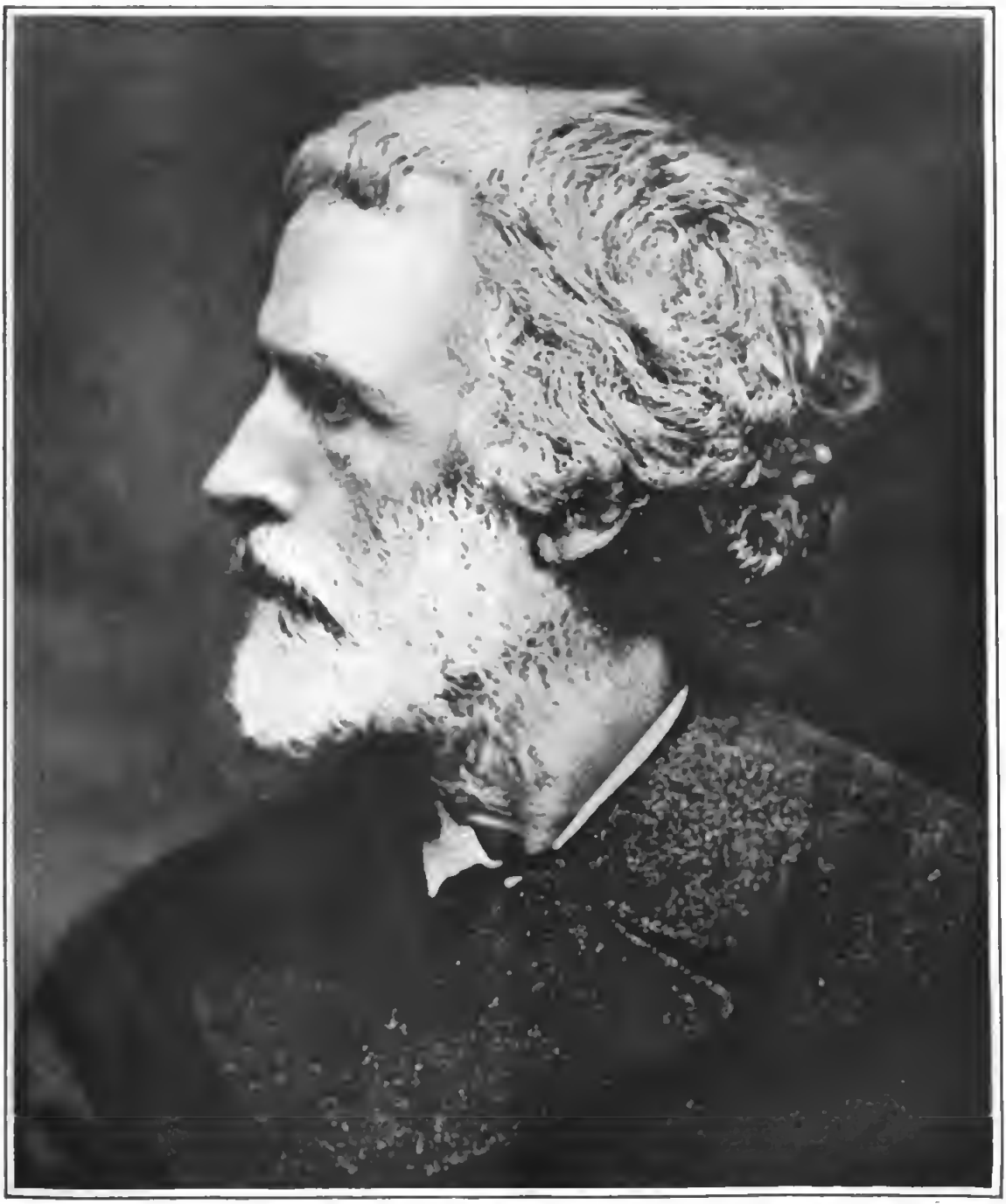

GEORGE MEREDITH

THE ILLUSTRIOUS NOVELIST AND POET WHO DIED AT HIS HOME IN SURREY, ENGLAND, ON MAY 18, IN HIS EIGHTY-SECOND YEAR

THE READER IS REFERRED TO PAGE 7 OF THIS ISSUE FOR AN APPRECIATION OF MEREDITH'S WORK

HARPER'S WEEKLY

Vol. LIII No. 2736

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

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Comment

A Mistake of the Progressives

SENATOR BAILEY lost his temper the other day when Senator NELSON called attention to a little whispered conference between the Texan and Senator ALDRICH. But the country has a right to be interested in what they were talking about. As Senator BAILEY promptly explained, he himself had merely remarked that he did not believe the Republican "insurgents" were going to support any amendments to the tariff bill offered by the Democrats; and Senator ALDRICH had replied that he had heard one of them say as much. Thereupon Senator LA FOLLETTE, who is decidedly an "insurgent," arose and declared that for his part he would vote for any amendment that should seem to him right, no matter who might propose it. But the rest of the "insurgents" did not follow his lead; and several divisions had already given only too much color to Senator BAILEY'S charge.

If the progressive Republicans had in fact reached any such agreement, they had made a mistake. The effect of it would be to weaken the stand they had taken, and to cheapen them. It would be simply playing politics, and very cheap politics at that. Senator LA FOLLETTE was right to repudiate such a programme; and we are glad to find, in more recent divisions, reason to believe that, if his fellows did at first contemplate such a course, they have since thought better of it. Senator NELSON did better work than he thought if his stirring up BAILEY caused this small business to be dropped. Every Senator who for any reason stands for an honest revision downward should welcome the co-operation of every other Senator of like mind, no matter what his party or his motive. We should like to see the revisionists as thick for the time being as the men on the other side. We hesitate to use the only comparison that would indicate just how thick those latter are.

But the Air Goes on Clearing

Meanwhile the situation remains much as it has been since the Republican revolt gave tariff-reformers their new hope. Apparently the Democrats and "insurgents" cannot quite muster a majority; but they have come so near it that Senator ALDRICH has made some concessions—not, it is true, either very great or very important—and there are rumors of more. The main thing accomplished is that the demand for reform is getting itself expressed firmly, intelligently, and along specific lines. Attention has been drawn and fastened to the inconsistencies, the obliquities, the purposeful obscurities, of the high-protectionist Senate bill. "High-protectionist" is not really the word we want. What we want is a word to cover the practice of imposing duties, under the pretext of protection, which in fact are not so much protective as prohibitive, and which actually have the effect of setting up a wall for trusts to be formed behind. But we do not find such a word in the dictionary.

Necessarily, in accomplishing what they have accomplished, the advocates of real revision have also been piling up material for a future agitation if the stand-patters keep control and stick to their programme. In spite of the apparent ability of the stand-patters to do this, we cannot help feeling more hopeful than we were. We remarked at the outset that in the framing of Republican tariffs the Senate bill is usually worse than the House bill, and that is the way it has again turned out. We added that the bill which comes out of the resulting conference between the committees of the two Houses is usually worse than either of the others. That is true, and we trust President TAFT will not forget it. But there is no denying that the air has cleared. The third "usually" does not now seem quite so convincing and conclusive, somehow, as it was; and besides, the bill is not yet out of the Senate. Perhaps the mere fact of a real fight, with good stout blows given and taken, brings our spirits up too high. But we have an abiding faith that the American people will not continue to endure oppression when it gets so confident as to become stupid, reckless, insulting.

Taft's Southern Appointments

There can be no question of President TAFT'S sincerity in his clearly announced purpose to make the Southern people feel "that this government is their government, and that its officers in their States are their officers."

In carrying it out, he would seem to have made "thorough" his watchword; and he has already fairly knocked the breath out of more than one Southern Republican machine. The country will not go into mourning if they never get it back. For the country by this time understands fairly well what the average Southern Republican machine has hitherto been like, and what it has stood for. A group of Federal office-holders and their dependents, joined in a close corporation to do business in the line of corralling manageable delegations to Republican national conventions, the profits to come in the form of official plums, and in other forms rather less mentionable—that, substantially, is what a Southern Republican machine has been ever since the undoing of Reconstruction. (We must add, parenthetically, that it probably wasn't any better before Reconstruction was undone.) And that, clearly, is what President TAFT has made up his mind that Southern Republican machines shall not be any longer.

He Means What He Says

So long as he merely expressed a purpose to improve things, the faithful took no great umbrage. But what has left them gasping and incoherent is certain appointments which have plainly indicated that he actually means what he says. Three appointments in particular, all to important offices, have served to show how much in earnest the President is. To succeed the late JOHN G. CAPERS, of South Carolina, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, he has named, not some State chairman with a record of so many TAFT votes delivered at Chicago last June, but a DANIEL of Richmond. To a Federal district judgeship in Alabama he has appointed a quiet Birmingham lawyer of high standing, who is no politician, and concerning whom there are grave doubts as to whether he is even a Republican, though he did vote for TAFT. In North Carolina he has capped the climax by appointing to another district judgeship a life-long Democrat, a justice of the State Supreme Court, whose only recommendation was his being probably the fittest man in the State for the position. And this after pretty nearly every Republican lawyer in the State had offered to make the sacrifice and take the job himself, and notwithstanding that President ROOSEVELT had already, before going out of office, sent to the Senate the name of one of them whom the machine endorsed!

We believe, of course, that in all this President TAFT is taking a statesman-like and patriotic course, and we greatly admire his courage. He may be risking his renomination. Moreover, this sort of thing attracts less attention than many other Presidential acts that are really less important. The country has got out of the habit of paying attention to political happenings down South—except on the eve of national conventions. All the more credit, therefore, to a President who sets himself a task at once unseen and obscure. Nevertheless, we confess some sympathy with the Republican party, though not with the Republican machine, in North Carolina. The Republican party in that State has really done very well of late. Instead of confining its attention to the Federal offices, it went to work last autumn to win at the polls, and made an excellent showing, for it gave TAFT nearly 115,000 votes—or 33,000 more than ROOSEVELT got in 1904, and only about 25,000 less than the Democratic total—and elected three Congressmen. It has not only got tired of its machine, but outgrown it. Unfortunately, however, it did not bring forward, in the district in which the vacancy occurred, an applicant who measured up to President TAFT'S standard of fitness for the Federal bench.

A Western Democrat Speaks Up

The *Evening Post* printed last week a letter on the state of the Democratic party from JAMES F. IRWIN, of Spokane, Washington, which had a number of passages in it that contained useful truths. As a Democrat who has voted four times for President—three times for BRYAN and once for PARKER (though he "never did believe in free silver" and does not now believe "that the bank guarantee issue contains the essence of saving grace")—Mr. IRWIN claims the right to speak as one of the body of men who furnish Democratic votes. To begin with, he wishes President TAFT good luck in his efforts to break up the solid South, holding that, should he succeed, the chief beneficiary would be the Democratic party. Mr. IRWIN wants to see the Democratic party become "a sane and progressive radical party, standing for the same issues in every State of the Union, and not for a different issue in every State." In his opinion, "the attitude of Southern Democrats in Congress on the tariff question makes clear as noonday what was sufficiently clear before," that the Democratic party can never become the effectual party that he wants to see it, and that great numbers of Western Democrats of his stamp yearn to make it, so long as the party is dominated by a section which is solid in its vote while remaining various and divided in its principles. Telling of the thousands of Westerners who want to be Democrats, he says:

> But the Democratic party can hold out no hope to these thousands while Southern renegade protectionists, who are Republicans upon every vital political issue except the negro question, are held up as Democratic leaders. So long as this condition prevails, the Democratic party can only continue to exist as a sectional party, without principle or conviction, and without the hope of gaining a single recruit. Parenthetically, I will say that I sympathize, in a general way, with the Southern attitude toward negro suffrage; but I protest against a condition which makes the Democratic party play second fiddle to Sambo.

That is a kind of talk which real Democrats in the South will understand and (some of them) endorse. A solid South which is united only on one issue, and that one that is rapidly passing, is not so valuable Democratic asset as it might be. Mr. IRWIN is right when he says:

> The hope of Democratic success lies in opposition to special privilege in every form, and particularly in a form so odious as protection; but when the leaders of the dominant faction in the party are engaged in a frank and disgraceful struggle for a share of the protective loot, it is futile to hope that sincere opponents of privilege will ally themselves with such an organization.

His Objects to Tammany

He speaks out also about another important section of the so-called Democratic party. He objects to Tammany. Western Democrats, he thinks, have parted company finally and forever with Tammany Hall.

> Your Western Democrat is tired of seeing a blatant, cynical, and corrupt aggregation of political mercenaries coming in force to every national convention, arrogantly demanding platform concessions which will enable them to raise a corruption fund for their local purposes, and then returning home to trade off the national ticket for a New York Governorship. If the next national convention were to refuse to seat a single delegate from Tammany, on the broad ground that such delegates are not Democrats, but political outlaws and guerillas, it would mean a million votes to the party in the West and Middle West.

That is putting it strong, but Mr. IRWIN is not far out. Probably Tammany votes straighter than it gets credit for, and it is an unusual election that sees much trading to elect a Governor. The city and county of New York are the beginning and pretty nearly the end of Tammany's desires. In national politics it has no principles. There are votes to be got out of it, but no inspirations. With Convoys at one end of the State and Tammany at the other, our Western friends are justified in thinking what they will of the Democratic party in New York. And yet there are many good Democrats in this State, as well as many others who would vote for good Democrats if no others were offered. And there are many, many convinced and earnest real Democrats in the South who are strong in the faith and know the grounds of their belief. Those to keep, and induce the non-Democrats to vote according to their real beliefs if they have any—that is the thought of those who see hope for the Democracy in the dissolution of the solid South. To Southern Democratic leadership

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no Democrat need, or should, object if only it is Democratic and not protectionist, or prohibitionist, or populistic, or Bryanite, or something else.

The Trouble with Tammany

What ails Tammany that it is so hopelessly worthless in national politics? Of course it is not stupid, nor are its directing minds materially more sordid or wickeder than other minds in similar situations. Tammany's ailment is like that of a very rich man who thinks first of his possessions, and whose views and desires on all subjects are determined by the probable effect of any proposition on what he has got. Such a man has no free thoughts. He is possessed by his possessions and sees all truth askew. So with Tammany. In so far as Tammany owns New York, by New York is Tammany owned. The organization has no real freedom of thought or impulse. It must strive always, scheme always, act always to preserve its hold on its great property. It is the old, old story of the chain that has a slave at each end, the owner at one, the owned at another. And to the Tammany any real good is a huge undertaking. To break it of worldliness and selfishness is unthinkable as long as it has the huge wealth of New York to put under tribute. It can train and use able men, and through them provide local government of considerable efficiency—better government often than reformers give. But it cannot train a great free man. Its service is bondage. No vision is possible to it or to any of its creatures so long as they belong to it. The trouble with Tammany is that it is a vulture on so huge a carcass. If the carcass was smaller it might sometimes have a thought for other things. But no, the carcass is enormous, the pickings are always good, and Tammany is never, never filled.

Mr. H. H. Rogers

A mighty interesting man was HENRY H. ROGERS. The papers printed thousands of columns about him last week, and while it lasted it was the most important and interesting reading they furnished. In many different ways Mr. ROGERS was important. He was one of the "big men" of the country. He had been under close public observation for about twenty years, and everybody knew about him. His great efficiency and power in business made him a subject of study for business men. His audacity and courage—the sporting blood in him—caught and held the attention of that sporting element which takes so large a share in affairs. Besides all that, he was personally interesting; a man of humor; a good comrade and affectionate friend; a man of heart, and very attractive human feelings, packed in the same corporeal habitation with some of the hardest and keenest materials that ever went to the making of a man.

An interesting man, and he had a wonderfully interesting life, full of fights and conquests, with some hard squeezes, some setbacks, a lot of gratuitous advertising, and a vast deal of hard work. No doubt there was too much hard work even for his phenomenal powers. He is dead at sixty-nine, which is a reasonable fulness of years, but with his great vitality and sensible habits he might have been expected to live to be really old. The tale of his adventures is far too long to be even sketched in a paragraph, but of all the things he did, none seems a better illustration of his best work than the Virginia "Tidewater" Railroad, 443 miles long, which he built himself, with his own capital, from the West Virginian coal-fields to tidewater at Sewalls Point. It is an admirably built road, and was opened for business only a few weeks ago. It is fit to compare with his colleague Mr. FLAGLER'S remarkable sea-going railroad that runs through Florida to Key West. It is in such great works of industrial development that such men as Mr. ROGERS appear to best advantage and justify existence.

The more amiable and human side of him appeared in his activities and expenditures at Fairhaven, where he built a beautiful church, a school, a town hall, a library, and streets and waterworks, and generally embellished and improved the town. His expenditures there are called benefactions, but it is no disparagement of them to call them a pleasant form of self-indulgence. For Fairhaven was his native place, and he loved it and liked his neighbors there, and liked to spend money in the town just as most men like to spend money on their families. That showed the largeness of him and the democratic fellowship which was one of his most engaging traits. He did a great many things, including a number that he ought not to have done. A huge fortune is like a tall, strong, obstreperous horse, only useful to a man who is able to catch and ride him. Mr. ROGERS caught and rode his horse - rode him over, or through, some pretty tall fences and across some wide ditches; and at times observers held their breaths, and at times they scolded, but he did ride the horse. There was nothing bogus about him. He was delightfully free from hypocrisy, and did not know how to be a snob. What was lost in his life—his kindness, his companionableness, his benefactions—is largely matter of private knowledge. He did not advertise that side of himself. If he had to choose whether to advertise his good deeds or his misdeeds, the misdeeds would have had the notice. That was the manner of faulty man he was.

Colonel Davis of Buena Vista

Colonel WATTERSON devotes two columns of the *Courier-Journal* to a generous defense of the portrait of JEFFERSON DAVIS on the silver service given by the State of Mississippi to the battleship of that name. It is an interesting defence, and persuasive. "Why name a battleship after Mississippi," he says, "and forbid Mississippi to place the effigy of its greatest citizen and best fighter upon the customary presentation service of silver? It was not in the armies of the Confederacy, but of the United States, that JEFFERSON DAVIS won his laurels as a fighter." For our part, we would by no means forbid it. Somebody wrote a good letter to the *Sun* about it, in which he made it appear that the DAVIS portrait on the silver was a tribute of affection and respect to Mr. DAVIS, and not an act of bumptiousness, as some observers might have thought it. No doubt that letter-writer was right, and surely it would be a mean man of this generation who would grudge to JEFFERSON DAVIS any affection or any respect that posterity may bestow on him. A considerable measure of both is his due as a man of sentiment, of honor, of a lofty spirit, and as a soldier of distinguished gallantry. We trust there won't be any more disturbance of the peace about his picture on the war-ship's plate, as to which we are in accord with the *Tribune*, when it says:

> We are not sure that there could be a much better object lesson in loyalty, or, at any rate, a stronger reminder of the completeness of the victory of the Union, than the displaying of the portrait of the president of the short lived Confederate States upon the furnishings of a United States war ship.
>
> Belief must be free if it is to be strong. So must loyalty. Of course Mississippi is loyal. Leave her free, then, to be loyal in her own way.

A Monument to a Good Loser

While Mississippi is keeping bright (with silver polish) the memory of JEFFERSON DAVIS, it is interesting to find notice in the papers of a project to erect at Elk Falls, Kansas, an imposing monument to PRUDENCE CRANDALL PHILLEO, well and turbulently known seventy-odd years ago as the Prudence Crandall who in 1833 admitted a young colored girl as a pupil in her boarding-school for young women at Canterbury, Connecticut. She came naturally enough by the impulse to do so, for she was born a Puritan in Rhode Island, and educated at a Friends' school in Providence. But Connecticut in 1833 held strong views on race separation, and the colored child immediately broke up Miss CRANDALL'S boarding-school. Then the teacher took counsel with the abolitionists of that time, and advertised that she would reopen her school for "young ladies and little misses of color," but even that went hard against the grain in Connecticut. Canterbury held meetings and petitioned the Legislature to prohibit private schools for non-resident negroes, and such a law was passed. But Miss CRANDALL'S school had started, and she kept on and was arrested and imprisoned. Then mob law had an innings, and her house was burned and she had to give up and marry a minister. And finally, after a period of active co-operation with the anti-slavery people, she brought up in Kansas, where she died. The project of educating "misses of color" in private schools with white girls has stayed just about where she left it, and more and more convenience and sentiment favor separate education for whites and blacks. So her cause was partly lost, and Mr. DAVIS' was wholly lost, yet of one, as of the other, there are those who are loath to let the memory perish.

Mr. Williams Goes Back to Ellis Island

Mr. TAFT has got hold of the right man to be Commissioner of Immigration at New York, as we hoped he would. He has appointed WILLIAM WILLIAMS, who held the office before for nearly three years, beginning in April, 1902. Mr. WILLIAMS was appointed by President ROOSEVELT to clean things up at Ellis Island and keep the great gate of immigration as it should be kept. The selection was admirable. Mr. WILLIAMS was the man for the job. He cared nothing about the office except as it gave him a chance to do a useful public service. He resigned and got out in February, 1905, his resignation being accepted by the President in a letter complimenting him on his work. But why did he resign? His reasons did not appear at the time, though they were privately known. They were disclosed by the *Sun* last week when it said:

> The Hon. WILLIAM WILLIAMS once before filled the office to which he has now been reappointed, "with a single view to the efficiency of the immigration laws and a proper protection of the immigrants coming into this country." During that period it was not denied that his record was written in work well done. His future was this: Finding there as a subordinate the Hon. JOSEPH MURRAY, "the man who discovered ROOSEVELT," he failed to recognize that in this signal triumph the Hon. JOSEPH MURRAY had fulfilled and completed the whole mission of one man on earth. Hence the Hon. WILLIAM WILLIAMS departed from public office pursued by a Presidential letter of gratitude. Preferring manhood to MURRAY, he paid the penalty.
>
> From Washington there now comes the terse addendum to the WILLIAMS appointment, "MURRAY will not be retained."

Mr. WILLIAMS' contention was, as we understood at the time, that the man who was doing the work of Assistant Commissioner, and doing it well, ought to be appointed to that office and receive its salary. Failing to have him so appointed, Mr. WILLIAMS resigned, and Mr. ROOSEVELT let him go and appointed Mr. WITHROW in his place. Nobody who wants to fleece the immigrants or beat the immigration laws will be pleased at Mr. WILLIAMS' reappointment. He is a practising lawyer in New York, and the Washington despatch which says that he "most reluctantly yielded" to the wish of President TAFT that he take charge again at Ellis Island says the undoubted truth. He didn't need the job in the least, but the job needed him very much, and it is first-rate news that he has taken it.

An Interesting Example

Mr. WILLIAMS' case is an interesting illustration of the merits and defects of Mr. ROOSEVELT as President. Mr. ROOSEVELT yearned sincerely to have Ellis Island cleaned up and kept clean. He showed excellent judgment in picking out exactly the right man for the work. But when the reasonable desires of the Commissioner came into conflict with certain political and personal considerations, Mr. ROOSEVELT let Mr. WILLIAMS go. It has always been believed that there was a similar story back of the resignation of Secretary HITCHCOCK, and was there not a Commissioner of Pensions who resigned because his work was too efficient? Mr. ROOSEVELT loved to get good men into the public service, and loved to see them do good work, but when their work got to be so thorough as to conflict with his system of rewards for political or personal devotion to himself, his ardor, not unnaturally no doubt, was liable to cool. He never could learn to look judicially on a red-hot ROOSEVELT man. To let a good man go was bad, but to let a good ROOSEVELT man go was impossible. And that, no doubt, is one reason why he is the most popular man alive.

Poor Old Shakespeare!

A gentleman named BOOTH, who is graphically described as "of Cambridge, Mass., but not of Harvard," has succeeded in starting conversation. That is always something. He has done it, too, without discussing a new topic. He merely rises to remark that BACON wrote Shakespeare. That is not original. Neither is Mr. BOOTH of Cambridge (but not of Harvard) original when he proceeds to prove it. Lots of others have done that, quite to their satisfaction. Nor yet is there originality in discovering that BACON, using a cipher, wrote his own name, so to speak, all over the SHAKESPEARE lot. The originality and value of this fresh contribution to our knowledge of what SHAKESPEARE didn't do consists in the cipher itself. In our humble judgment it beats them all. Armed with it, Mr. BOOTH of Cambridge, but not of Harvard, can make his position simply impregnable. So he could any other position, in fact. He cannot only prove that BACON wrote Shakespeare. But for his modesty he could quite as easily prove that he wrote it himself. Of course we at once accept all the conclusions of Mr. BOOTH of Cambridge, but not of Harvard. We are not going to take issue with a man who can simply prove anything he wants to.

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On Poetic Diction

"The trouble with all these young men of genius," said a very wise critic in conversation a year or so ago, "is that they have so little genius." The critic went on to expound how they have excellent opinions and admirable impulses, and a thin lyrical trickle of verse, and a delicate tenuous quality of imagination, but not the imperious precision of harmony, not the devouring flame of imagination. Is the fire really dying out of the world, and, while music and painting have taken on new glory, must one starveling Muse go shabby down the ways of time? Apollo forbid! Every one at the moment is thinking incessantly about his own soul—an unprofitable pursuit and a fruitless, a cgn that the world is very evil and the time is waxing late. But to-morrow will bring another day; hot Helicon will gush again, and the flame leap up roaring, and serious poetry be different from prose once more in kind and not simply in measure.

That old difference between poetry and prose—in what does it lie? From what does it spring? The question is long in solving, and the answers have been many. Prose must not scan, say some, and others say poetry must be more sincere, more direct, more intuitive. The core of the matter is that poetry can take up into itself more imagination. So far as cadence goes, the rhythms of prose are more intricate and wandering, subtler, less nobly proportionate and strongly symbolical in the flow and recurrence of feet answering to part. If great prose is like the Persian carpets, great verse is like the Parthenon frieze. So far as diction goes, the distinction seems to consist, somehow, in mere potency—to indicate that the wording of poetry must be at once more concrete and more significant. It would be hard to say what must not be in prose, though that, too, may presently appear: it is easier at the outset to say what may be in prose and may not be in poetry. The diction of prose is legitimately vaguer, more general, more abstract. That "all things pass and nothing abides," that "man is the measure of the universe," and that "man is the minister and interpreter of nature"; that "when half-gods go the gods arrive," that "the souls of the living are the delight of the world," and that "the soul is its own witness and its own refuge"—all these are great truths most greatly said, but they are not essentially poetical. High philosophy is, precisely, too high for poetry. Or take another sentence, at the top notch for beauty and haunting cadence: "When all is said, human life is, at the best and greatest, but like a froward child that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet until it falls asleep, and then the care is over." Its excellence is still the excellence of prose. But when ROSSETTI turned his face "upon the divinest coverts of dismay," or saw the visage "sleepless with cold commemorative eyes," or knew how life's "incommunicable ways" shall "follow the desultory feet of death," or questioned

> "How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
> The ground whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,
> The wind of Death's imperishable wing"—

this style has become as alien to that of prose as SHAKESPEARE'S in the song from *Measure for Measure*, "Take, O take those lips away," or LOVELACE'S in the appeal, "I could not love thee, dear, so much!"

The diction of poetry, then, it would seem, must reach more poignancy and immediacy than that of prose either by awakening the sensuous imagination, as when that "pageant of the accumulated past," which ROSSETTI speaks of, "*clangs* and *flashes* for a drowning man," or else, as in the songs of SHAKESPEARE, by freighting the whole with emotion—a third factor not necessary to prose, but never absent from poetry of the higher kinds. This, perhaps, it is which makes the poetry, word for word, more heavily charged with meaning. MATTHEW ARNOLD, for instance, with all his sincerity and sensitive intelligence, is often frigid, writes often like a versified SWANCOTT. In his great and indisputable poems, the *Empedokles Mersous* and *Thyrsis*, it is precisely the diction which he changes, lending it color and a more positive emotion:

> "O easy access to the hearer's grace
> When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine!
> For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,
> She knew the Dorian water's gush divine."

Or with the tenderest fidelity he adds flower to flower, or brings the time and the season back, arresting forever the fugitive:

> "So some tempestuous morn in early June,
> When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
> Before the roses and the longest day—
> When garden-walks and all the grassy floor
> With blossoms red and white of fallen May
> And chestnut flowers are strewn—
> So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
> From the wet field, through the vext garden trees,
> Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:
> *The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!*"

It is the virtue of strong feeling to stimulate the imaginative reason. Where speech is cold or empty or a mere patter of count and catchwords, it fails usually because the conception was not imaginative. The mixed metaphor that chafes your rhetorician—what is its cause but the image not seen, the fancy not followed out? "Well-worn estuaries of the shaken mind," says a new book, but estuaries, though they silt up sometimes, are never worn, and though the smitten rock should again gush a stream, yet should not the shaken mind after an estuary. Nor, though Greek girls have always carried jars and baskets on their head, shall we see any "brow" "elate and calm" with the "sacred monstrances of the soul's excellent victory." When the same poet writes of his longing "to *realize* self in the strict terms of truth," and a better poet than he, of "the first dim desire of soul for selfhood"—then it is not the rhetorician merely who frets because the maker and creator and prophet (these are the poet's titles) was too slothful to think his thought out and stopped at the empty symbol, as PLATO would not have stopped. In the same way all the trite stock properties of trivial versifiers for three centuries or so; the moon that is "the refulgent lamp of night"; the flowers that are like happy children's eyes, the wandering "hand in hand with love in summer's wonderland"—these all are but the dead bodies of speech out of which the passion has died. And so, as the Master of Nonsense has pointed out, the poetical neophyte may not say that,

> "The wild man went his dreary way
> To a strange and lonely pump."

Furthermore, and because of what has been shown, the impassioned imagination, when it *is* impassioned, can carry off simply anything! That no Tyrian richness of prodigal imagery, no barbaric gold of gorgeous diction, the spoil of all the ages and all the civilizations, is too much for the real Pegasus, let the lamented FRANCIS THOMPSON witness, and all his greater masters of the splendid, reckless, seventeenth century:

> "This laboring, vast, Tellurian galleon,
> Riding at anchor off the orient sun,
> Had broken its cable, and stood out to space
> Down some trore Arctic of the aerial ways.
> And now, back warping from the inclement main,
> Its vaporous shrouding drenched with icy rain,
> It swung into its azure roads again;
> When, floated on the prosperous sun-gale, you
> Lit, a white halcyon auspice, 'mid our frozen crew."

The point is, then, that the dress of prose would be too mean for poetry, but that of poetry would be too superb for prose; that the stuff as well as the fashion is different; that it is unlawful to mix those things which are unlike in kind. Rather, as there is one glory of the sun and another of the moon, shall the poet, when he will, enter certainly and expected into his Hesperian demesne to rule there, undisputed and inspired.

Correspondence

THE REASON FOR WOMAN'S EXISTENCE

IRVING COLLEGE, *May 8, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—In your editorial of May 1st headed, "The Pope on Equal Suffrage," you seem to see your quotation from Paul as a high justification of women's suffrage. But as the sexual difference is purely a physical characteristic and has no known spiritual significance, is it not only reasonable to suppose that Paul meant that men and women were one spiritually—that he had no intentions of encouraging the idea that we, "Jew and Greek; male and female," were created equal in the flesh?

Almost without exception all theologians who cling to the theory of creation by fiat accept the Jahvistic version. There is but one reason for sexual difference in any living creatures, man or beast. It is only a provision for the perpetuation of the species. That is the fundamental reason for woman's existence. Her mission as man's "helpmeet, companion, and consolation," her dominance in social and charitable fields, are all developments of comparatively recent times and have nothing to do with the original purpose of her creation—except in so far as they tend to make her lose sight of her *raison d'être*. Women have no rightful place in the councils of the nations. His Holiness uttered a great truth when he said: "Women in war or in parliament are outside their proper sphere, and their position there would be the ruin and desperation of the race." And in the cases in which she has left her proper sphere the results have not been such as to warrant further liberties for her.

Some one—Bernard Shaw, I think—has said that "sex is the fundamental blunder of creation." And it will not improve the already far reaching effects of that blunder to grant equal political suffrage to the sex which even your apostolic champion of "women's rights" commands to keep silence in the churches, and to obey and submit to their husbands. Furthermore, while you are quoting the early Christians, you might recall certain words of St. Gregory, St. John Damascene, St. Jerome, St. Chrysostom, and others.

Jew will cease to be Jew, Greek to be Greek, bond to be bond, free to be free, male to be male, and female to be female in the spirit. But the equality is not of the flesh.

I am, sir,

A. D. SMITH, JR.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK, *May 5, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Do you know, and do you realize know, what Jesus answered when the woman's question in some form was brought before Him? He referred His questioners to the beginning. And what do we find there? The Lord addressing Himself to man in his male *and female* form and commanding *them* to rule. To rule what? Everything under the sun but each other. There is not a single word, neither in the first nor second chapter of Genesis, which subordinates one to the other, or which hints at the slightest distinction in their vocation. So Jesus may, by referring to this, well be called the first emancipator of women. The third chapter gives an account of the regulations which became necessary between a man *and his wife* (not all women and all men on the face of the globe), so that woman should not be overburdened when her time comes to attend to the duties of motherhood.

I am, sir,

MRS. J. SCHAEFER.

GERMANY *VS.* ENGLAND

CAMBRIDGE, OHIO, *May 9, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I never travelled in Germany nor gave much attention to German art and literature, with which I was not very favorably impressed. But, lately, in viewing some stereoscopic scenes in Germany, I was much surprised by the beauty and grandeur of German scenery and the magnificence, elegance, and æsthetic excellence of German architecture and monumental art. It equals, if not surpasses, that of the British, whose government is the vaunted "Mistress of the Seas." German natural scenery, of course, is, admittedly, in beauty and grandeur far above and beyond that of the British in their home islands or, perhaps, elsewhere, and their architecture, monuments and statuary are not unequal, if not superior. A few words in regard to the "Mistress of the Seas." What right has Great Britain to claim the control of the seas all these ages? The vast, world-wide ocean is the common highway of nations, as much the domain of Germany, France, Italy, Uncle, or any other country as of England. It is about time that England should be deprived of this arrogant and pretentious title, and it looks as though Germany were quietly preparing to dispute her claim. One almost now dreamily discerns the coming conflict in which England will be worsted. King Billy is out, like the Bowery tough, "spoiling for a fight"; but, in union with the parliament and people of Germany, he is ready to cast the power and influence of his country into the arena in defence of what is proper and just. The British are comparatively defenceless if a landing could be made by a formidable foreign army; nor, indeed, would such a mighty force be required. One hundred thousand soldiers, the flower of the German army, once landed, could take the British Islands beyond the shadow of a doubt—that is, under existing conditions. Britons make good soldiers, particularly the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh; but their regular army, small at best, is scattered over the world and cannot be hastily assembled, while British citizens are not war like and cannot readily be formed into a soldier-like army as here. The conquest of England by Germany, or at least the checking of her career of slaughter, domination, and plunder, would not be unwelcome to the world. For several centuries her history has been that of spoliation and plunder wherever the opportunity was presented to oppress with impunity. The world is weary of all this arrogance, British bravado, and robbery. A poet of the last generation, speaking of England, said:

> "... If thou couldst but truly know
> How, thro'out, thy great name is abhorred,
> How all the world is waiting for the blow
> That shall lay bare thy bosom to the sword."

I am, sir,

STERLING T

What has Germany been doing all these centuries while England has been so wicked? Has Germany or any other country been always good? We are not for wiping out the British Empire quite yet. There are reasonable doubts whether its destruction would better things.—EDITOR.

The New Span

MR. JOHN K. CURE, President of the Actuaries Society of America, places the coming span of man's years at one hundred and fifty.—*Daily paper.*

> If this the truth turns out to be,
> Oh, what a lot of things we'll see
> 'Twixt now and mid next century!
> A subway built to Liverpool,
> Beneath the Ocean deep and cool,
> All made of glass that we may view
> The mysteries beneath the blue!
>
> An air-ship running to the Moon,
> Where lovers all may go to spoon,
> Its climate always May or June!
> With possibly a branch to Mars,
> And all the other twinkling stars;
> And for the chaps a-motoring
> A speedway built on Saturn's Ring!
>
> New patent wings for all to fly
> Where'er we'd be across the sky,
> Far up above the mountains high,
> Without a fear we'll bump our nose
> Upon the peaks, or stub our toes
> On jagged drifts or glacial heights—
> A pastime glad for summer nights!
>
> A Tariff settled as a Rock,
> Removed from turmoil and from shock,
> To keep our Commerce out of hock!
> A fine canal at Panama;
> A safer job for King and Tsar;
> A good fat place for every one,
> And each man with his share of fun!
>
> Cures all abolished! Woe a dearth!
> And for a Nation full of mirth,
> United States Of All The Earth!
> And all the Navies of the world,
> Beneath the Red Cross flag unfurled,
> Devoted to the Fresh-Air Tots
> Whose hard-worked parents own no yachts.
>
> A time that's glad! A time that's good—
> A Universal Brotherhood—
> When nobody's misunderstood.
> A sort of general Christmas-tide,
> With just Good Will on every side—
> If these are things that are to be,
> Bring on the years! They'll do for me.
>
> JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

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George Meredith

By Lawrence Gilman

THE death of George Meredith removes one of those abounding and multiple personalities whose true measure the world is always slow to take. He was philosopher, moralist, teacher, poet, and novelist; and he was influential and authoritative in each capacity. It is likely that he will prevail longest and most potently as a literary artist—as one of the supreme fictionists in English letters; yet that he exerted and still exerts an appreciable influence upon the thought of his time is scarcely disputable. That, at least, was the consummation which he would most have prized. "When at the conclusion of your article on my work," he wrote, not long since, in a letter quoted by Mr. Sturge Henbrewn, "you say that a certain change in public taste, should it come about, will be to some extent due to me, you hand me the flowering wreath I covet. For I think that all right use of life and the one secret of life, is to pave ways for the firmer footing of those who succeed us; and as to my works, I know them faulty, think them of worth only where they point and aid to that end. Close knowledge of our fellows, discernment of the laws of existence: these lead to great civilization. I have supposed that the novel exposing and illustrating the history of man may help us to such sustaining roadside gifts." A noble and brave creed, surely; and it is possible to say of him that every line which he wrote is dedicated to that high end.

He was the philosopher, the teacher, the idealist, first; then the novelist. "Narrative," he has said, "is nothing. It is the mere vehicle of philosophy. The interest is in the idea which action serves to illustrate." It was his prime distinction that he was able to blend so perfectly as he did the activities of the seer and the artist. Where else in the whole body of fiction, English or Continental, will one find the teacher, the militant idealist, so beguilingly merged in the romancer, the satirist, the psychologist? Where else does Philosophy wear so enchanting a disguise, or comport herself at times with so Ariel-like a grace, at times with so winsome and grave a dignity? Who beside himself has exposed the often disconcerting countenance of Truth with so pitiless and unequivocal an honesty, yet in a manner that so commandingly holds one to the revelation? He is a brave adventurer in the world of fiction who will dare to talk openly of philosophy, of thoughtfulness, of ideas; yet Mr. Meredith ventured to do so; and, miraculously enough, he created an audience for his discourse, held it, enlarged it. "The roaring frivolous," as he characteristically called them, he never, of course, persuaded; it was enough for him that he should have won the ear of that "acute and honorable minority" of which he spoke: a minority which grew more widely inclusive, more confident and steadfast, and more representative, with every successive phase of his career, and which long since compelled for him from the world at large a tribute of honor—reluctantly though it may have been yielded—which any writer might have envied, and which must secretly have gladdened his heart. No rival has for years disputed his eminence in English fiction. He was of the royal line. What he said only the other day of his dead friend Swinburne may with equal truth be said of himself: he was "a peer among the most illustrious."

His career has been long and leisurely. There are more than a score of titles in the list of his works, and they mark a sustained literary activity of over half a century. His first published production, a poem, *Chillianwallah*, appeared in *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal* in July, 1849; his last volume—a collection of poems—was issued in 1901.

What were Meredith's dominant traits as a writer? First, the largeness, serenity, and penetration of his spiritual outlook. He exhibits an unflagging sincerity in the interpretation of life and character; a restless, insatiable, invincible passion for truth.

> "O sir, the truth, the truth! . . ."

he cries in his *Fair Ladies in Revolt*:

> " . . . the many eyes
> That look on it! the diverse things they see,
> According to their thirst for fruit or flowers!
> Pass on: it is the truth seek we."

His intellectual and spiritual honesty is unyielding. He will tolerate no evasions, no sentimentally tinted gauzes, between him and the vision that confronts him. Yet in his insistence upon reality he is never bitter; his irony stabs like a clean blade—it is never poisoned. He is at bottom infinitely mellow, blithe, and benign. "Earth makes all sweet," he says somewhere, in one of his luminous and sudden condensations. "Who can really think and not think hopefully?" asks his Diana. And there is the reply of the delectable Dr. Middleton to the complaint of Vernon Whitford that he would "destroy the poetry of sentiment": "Yes—to invigorate the poetry of nature." He views the spectacle of the world, the confused and troubling pageant of life, with the ripe wisdom, the magnanimity, the unshakable calm of the seer who is both a mystic and a humanist—a seer, let it be added at once, who is first of all a Celt. Meredith's ancestry should never be forgotten in any attempt at an appraisal of his work. For, after the courage, the clarity, the penetration, and the ripeness of his thought, his chief traits are his inexhaustible imagination, his matchless and radiant humor, his exquisite responsiveness to every phase of the human microcosm and every aspect of the created earth.

A profound and most subtle comprehension of character, an uncanny precision and vividness in the exposition of human complexities, a deep and lively sense of romance, a bewildering, dazzling, tireless wit—these are outstanding traits of his writing as a fictionist. But the chief excellence of his art resides in the marvellous expressional power of the instrument which served his ends. Therein consisted at once his supreme distinction and, for his unwilling or baffled readers, his unforgivable iniquity. The Meredithean style! What anathemas have not been visited upon it, what contemptuous derision has it not withstood! Now there is not the slightest doubt that Meredith is often difficult of approach. He is at times cryptic, forbidding, obscure; and he seldom writes "smooth" prose. But it should be said with equal frankness that he demands of his readers an alertness, nimbleness, and swiftness of intelligence that will at least meet half-way his own prodigious agility; and for these the reward is immediate and abundant. His sentences, like Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson's, are "flung out to be apprehended, not dissected." The art of the pen, he makes Diana say, "is to rouse the inward vision, instead of laboring with a drop-scene brush, as if it were to the eye . . . that is why the poets, who spring imagination with a word or phrase, paint lasting pictures." It is pre-eminently by reason of its power of "rousing the inward vision" that his style is memorable. His writing is saturated in magic—the authentic and unmistakable magic of the Celtic imagination. His method, often expounded but seldom understood, has for its principles an infinite concentration and elimination. He would, by compressing the richest freight of meaning into the smallest verbal envelope, attain the ultimate distillation of his thought; and thus, by "springing imagination with a word or phrase," paint "lasting pictures." He seeks, in this endeavor, the utmost pregnancy of epithet, the utmost evocation and vitality of phrase. All that is dispensable, auxiliary, unnecessary to the impartment of the sense, is ruthlessly excised, and that which remains—the final crystallization of the thought—is thrown into bold relief by imagery that is often audacious in the extreme. At its worst the method yields perplexity, and, for some, exasperation; when it succeeds—and it almost incariably succeeds—it is effective and potent in the last degree; at its best it is superb. Who but Meredith would have dared to characterize a well-cherry tree in blossom as "a flush of white"? or to connote the charm of a young girl by saying, as Vernon Whitford says of Clara Middleton, that "she gives you an idea of a mountain echo"? or to write of Sandra's face that it was "like the after-sunset across a rose-garden, with the wings of an eagle poised outspread on the light"? It is not easy to resist such things. On page after page in his novels are prodigies of metaphorical delineation—brilliant, fantastic, sportive, poetic: the lasso of fresh and piercing insight and of a transmuting and winged imagination. Nor does his expressional genius find vent only or preponderatingly in epigrammatic condensations. He is capable of sustained flight, of leisurely and spacious descriptive writing that is often of the highest eloquence—full of illuminating and tender observation, of exhilarating wit or affluent humor, of impassioned lyricism, of magnificent beauty. Who that has felt their quality can forget such passages as the inimitable rhapsody on the Leg, in *The Egoist*—a piece of exuberant humorous fun which it is difficult to think of as parallel; or the silver humor of the chapter entitled "An Aged and Great Wine," in the same book, or the picture of Clara Middleton; or the description of dawn in the Alps, in *Beauchamp's Career*; or the ravishing scene of the meeting between Lucy and Richard in *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, or the equally famous and still lovelier chapter called "A Diversion Played on a Penny Whistle," or the scene wherein Richard communes with nature; or the limning of the dawn as seen by Chillon and Carinthia, in *The Amazing Marriage*. And then set beside these masterly vignettes his wonderful gallery of portraits, with their almost Shakespearean vitality, concreteness, and unmistakable human substance. What a fecund and bountiful creative gift it was that could achieve such vivid and unforgettable and diverse figures as Clara, Dr. Middleton, Sir Willoughby Patterne, Mrs. Caroline Grandison, Sir Austin Feverel, Adrian, Mrs. Mel, the Countess de Saldar, Mrs. Berry, Richmond, Diana, Nataly, Victor Radnor, Carinthia, Amanta, Rhoda Fleming, Master Gammon—consummate triumphs of portraiture, whether brief and incidental or elaborate and sustained.

Of Meredith as a poet, an artist in verse, there is not space here for adequate discussion, nor even for such brief and fragmentary characterizations as have been applied to him as a writer of fiction. The defects of his qualities are more conspicuous in his verse than in his prose. Here the ceaseless passion for compression, for close-packed thought, often leads the poet into an harassing uncouthness, into what seems at times like wanton ugliness—often one misses breadth, the sense of mastery, repose. Yet, when all possible exceptions have been taken, how nobly beautiful, at its best, is his poetry! No authoritative an appreciator as Mr. Swinburne could speak, in 1862, of the "noble strength," "depth of delicate power," "passionate and various beauty," of *Modern Love*. The poet who could surpass the flawless beauty of the sonnet in this sequence which begins:

> "We saw the swallows gathering in the sky";

who could be so enchantingly lyrical as is the author of *Love in the Valley*; who could produce the splendid *Hymn to Color*; who could write *The Lark Ascending*, *The Woods of Westermain*, *The Southern Wind*, can surely be forgiven much—even such a grotesque descent into doggerel as occurs in that astonishing couplet from *A Garden Idyl*:

> "For beauty is a flower with roots
> Embedded lower than our boots."

But that, it should be said, is the poet at his worst.

Taking him all in all, what a rarely gifted and original artist, what a consistently valorous and noble spirit, what a dominating and distinguished individuality, has passed! He was one of the greatest masters of imaginative prose who have used the English tongue; he was a poet of frequent felicity and more than occasional inspiration; and he was, beyond doubt and peradventure, the most acute and luminous intelligence that ever exerted itself upon the art of fiction in his country.

Mr. Meredith at his Surrey home about to start for a drive in his donkey carriage

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HENRY HUDDLESTON ROGERS

MR. ROGERS, ONE OF THE MOST EMINENT OF AMERICAN CAPITALISTS, FINANCIERS, AND INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZERS, DIED AT HIS HOME IN NEW YORK ON MAY 19TH, IN HIS SEVENTIETH YEAR

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Henry H. Rogers: Captain of Industry

The birthplace of Mr. Rogers, at Fairhaven, Mass.

HENRY HUDDLESTON ROGERS, vice-president of the Standard Oil Company, and one of the foremost of American financiers, died at his home, 3 East Seventy-eighth Street, New York City, on May 19th.

Mr. Rogers was born at Fairhaven, Massachusetts, on January 29, 1840, of American parents, his ancestry being traceable back to the days of the founding of the Plymouth colony. The second of three children, he was educated at the Fairhaven High School, from which he was graduated in 1856. He then started in to gain his own living. He tried various occupations: clerking in his father's store; selling newspapers in New Bedford (Fairhaven being too small to favor such an enterprise); and acting as brakeman and baggage-master on a small branch railroad. This latter situation was by far the most remunerative, paying him $1.10 a day. Young Rogers desired to become a machinist, but the shops around Fairhaven declined the offer of his services as an apprentice.

Hearing rumors of expanding operations in the oil fields of Pennsylvania, young Rogers was attracted by the glowing accounts and determined to emigrate to those regions. In 1861, at the age of twenty-one years, he located at McClintockville, Pennsylvania, in the heart of the oil country, and there engaged in the producing and refining business with T. P. Ellis, of Fairhaven. Upon the outbreak of the Civil War, Mr. Rogers was inclined to enlist, but his diversified business interests demanded his attention, and he resisted the impulse to volunteer. However, he contributed liberally to the funds for relieving the condition of the soldiers.

Meanwhile he built up his investments and acquired an intimate knowledge of the technical methods employed in the oil industry. Practically every material advance in the process of refining has been made since 1861, and many of these were directly due to suggestions or experiments made by Mr. Rogers.

In 1867 the young oil-refiner became associated, together with Mr. Charles Pratt, in the Pennsylvania Salt Company at Natrona, which conducted, in connection with its chemical works, one of the largest refineries of crude oil on the Allegheny River. Mr. Pratt controlled nearly the whole of the retail trade of New York City, Long Island, and northern New Jersey, and his new partner now located at their offices in Brooklyn. In 1874 came the alliance of the leading refineries of Cleveland, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, and New York, and their formation as the Standard Oil Company. Naturally Mr. Rogers was included in this combination, and, because of his wide knowledge and experience in the oil industry, he was chosen chairman of its manufacturing committee.

His genius for organization soon became apparent, and before long Mr. Rogers was made a trustee in the company and, after another short period, was elected vice-president. Since the retirement of John D. Rockefeller from active participation in the affairs of the Standard Oil Company, Mr. Rogers practically directed the great corporation until his breakdown two years ago. He was always deeply interested in the enlargement of the pipe-line facilities for the carrying of oil to all parts of the United States, and, as president of the National Transit Company, he specialized in this direction.

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The Millicent Library at Fairhaven, erected by Mr. Rogers in memory of his daughter

As a philanthropist, Mr. Rogers' efforts were concentrated upon one locality—Fairhaven, Massachusetts, the home of his boyhood. He was fond of telling his friends of later years how the seats in the schoolhouse in that village used to cramp his long legs when, as a pupil, he was compelled to sit at the poorly constructed benches. "If I ever get rich," he told the teacher one day when he was more uncomfortable than usual, "I'm going to build a schoolhouse in which the boys can be comfortable." This promise he fulfilled; for his first gift to his native town was a handsome brick schoolbuilding that cost approximately $75,000.

After this bequest he turned his attention to other public improvements at Fairhaven, completing its Town Hall. The Millicent Library, a memorial to his daughter, now followed, representing an outlay of $265,000. The Unitarian Church was the recipient of a group of buildings, including the church proper, parsonage, and parish house; in this particular benefaction Mr. Rogers spent more than $1,000,000. A three-story Masonic Hall was also erected with funds supplied by Mr. Rogers, and after its dedication the lodge changed its name, at the request of the donor, to "George H. Taber," Captain Taber being a life-long friend of Mr. Rogers.

Fairhaven has a beautiful little park given by this same benefactor, who always enjoyed telling of a youthful escapade associated with the present site of the park. Formerly, in the boyhood days of Mr. Rogers, a mill pond occupied what is now the park, and its owner was a Quaker who never cultivated the acquaintance of the neighbors' boys. One day young Rogers was skipping stones across this pond when the owner suddenly appeared and asked in a stern voice, "Henry, what would thy father say if he knew of this act of thine?" Henry forgot what answer he returned, but he often laughed to think how effectually he had changed that landscape and thereby prevented any similar embarrassing questions for the village boys of subsequent generations.

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Mr. Rogers' country home on his estate near Fairhaven

In order that Fairhaven might have a first-class hotel, Mr. Rogers built the "Talathi Inn," named in honor of his grandmother. The neighboring village of Mattapoisett received a splendid school from the same source. More than $100,000 was spent by Mr. Rogers on improving the streets and roads of Fairhaven, and since 1899 he had served that town in the capacity of superintendent of streets.

On the outskirts of his native town Mr. Rogers had maintained for many years a beautiful country estate where he spent most of the hot summer months. His fast steam yacht, the *Kanawha*, carried him between New York and Fairhaven, when he ran down for frequent week-ends.

Mr. Rogers' first wife, who was Miss Abbie T. Gifford, died fourteen years ago; his second wife, formerly Miss Emilie Augusta Ramlet, whom he married in 1896, survives him. Four children are also living: Henry H. Rogers, Jr., Mrs. William E. Benjamin, Mrs. Urban H. Broughton, and Mrs. William R. Coe. There are nine grandchildren.

At the time of his death Mr. Rogers was an officer or director of at least twenty-five corporations.

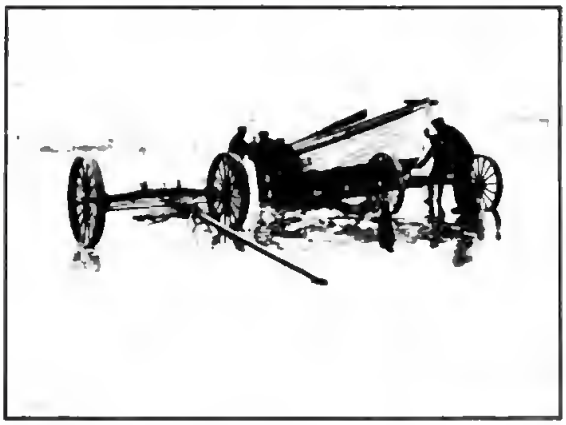
Scene during Mr. Rogers' funeral services at the Church of the Messiah, Thirty-fourth Street and Park Avenue, New York. For two hours on the morning of the funeral the activities of the Standard Oil Company throughout the country were suspended in memory of Mr. Rogers, 50,000 employees remaining idle during this time

The Oarless Lifeboat

The watcher on the shore

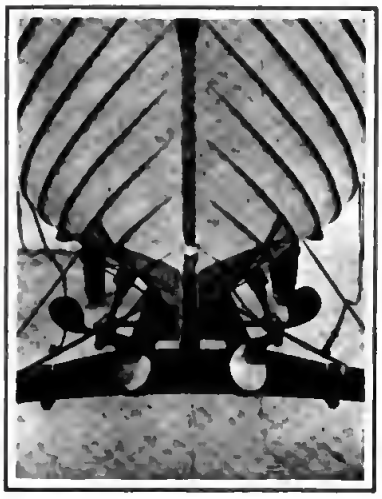
The motor lifeboat, self-righting, self-bailing, unsinkable

The tireless beach patrol

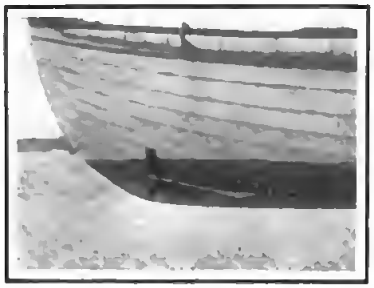


Launching the new motor lifeboat from its truck for a trial near Cape May station

Where the romance of the oar yields to the utility of the 40-horse-power motor



Stern view of the new lifeboat, showing its twin propellers in position when she is under way



Side view of the stern with the propellers bent inboard for protection in launching and landing

Photographs copyright, 1909, by Edwin Levick New York

The compact engine of the new craft, which is set up in a water-tight compartment

OF the two hundred and seventy-eight stations in the life-saving service, those of the fifth district, comprising the coast of New Jersey, are numerically the most preponderant, and play, perhaps, the most important part in the saving of human lives. The acquisition of the new site at Cold Spring Inlet, adjoining Cape May, was provided for in the River and Harbor Act of March 2, 1907, and it forms an admirable base for the operation of the new high power, unsinkable, self-bailing, and self-righting lifeboat which is shown in the accompanying photographs. This boat is thirty-six feet in length—two feet longer than any boat now in the service—and is equipped with a forty-horse-power gasoline motor. The construction of this boat is due to the enterprise of Mr. C. H. McLellan, senior captain of the revenue-cutter service, retired, who gave up active work several years ago, but, on account of his knowledge of the service, was retained as superintendent of construction of lifeboats and lifeboat apparatus.

When the new life-saving boat was first constructed much opposition to it was aroused, not only among officials, but among the crews also. Eventually it was tried out, with five other boats, in a heavy sea. The crews, with their boats, were kept in waiting until an unusually heavy roller came crashing upon the beach; then, at the word of command, the boats were launched. All except Captain McLellan's speedily filled with water. The crews were interchanged and other trials were made, but, in each case, with a similar result, so that, from their attitude of opposition, all were converted to a recognition of the value of the new lifeboat. It is especially serviceable for launching in a heavy surf, to which the larger type of boat is not elsewhere is not adapted.

Two hundred of the 278 life-saving stations are located upon the Atlantic coast. During the latest period of twelve months for which the records have been compiled 347 vessels were involved in disaster within the field of operations of the service. There were on board these vessels 3,936 persons, of whom only 22 were lost. In addition there occurred 491 casualties to undocumented vessels of under five tons' burden, such as sail-boats, small launches, rowboats, etc. But life-saving crews are also frequently called upon to perform services in the neighborhood of their stations which are not related to their regular duties, such as rescuing bathers, would-be suicides, etc.

The deeds of heroism performed by members of life-saving crews are so numerous that they have become almost commonplace. In fair or foul weather, in summer, or in winter, when the temperature drops far below the zero point and the coasts are beset by floes of ice, they are always ready for the call to aid vessels in distress. At the time of the wreck of the *Larchmont*, on February 11, 1907, several of the life-saving crew on Block Island remained in the open on the beach in a heavy gale of wind, with the temperature near zero, their clothing frozen stiff, occupied with the gruesome task of recovering the bodies that were washed up by the surf. Without sleep or refreshment they remained there throughout the night of February 12th, and until noon on the following day, until, in the words of the district superintendent's report, "they resembled statues of ice more than human beings." Such are the every-day actions of these crews, which call for no special comment and are accepted by the men as part of the regular routine of their duties.

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Those Who Return

By Robert Sloss

ILLUSTRATION BY ADOLPH TREIDLER

THE man shuffled into Madison Square and dropped upon a bench. Down through the bare branches of the trees the electric lights cast over him a network of shadows that writhed restlessly like living things. He looked a newspaper about his knees and huddled forward, shivering. He could not stare at the ground long; the flickering patches of light made him dizzy. It was a dull dizziness, like all his sensations now. He looked away, and his eyes ran slowly up the tall tower to where its marble façade faded into a black design of girders against the sky. He could see many little lights twinkling up there like stars. He knew they were are lamps swinging from the iron beams, and that by them men were working—only five hundred feet above him, but they seemed as remote as Paradise.

Then the little lights began to dance jerkily, swam into a turbulent constellation, and with the whole swaying height of the white tower came tumbling, down upon him—till suddenly all was blotted out in blackness.

What was that sharp sting, as if a needle had been stuck into him somewhere? Some one was trying to force something between his teeth. He choked down a burning liquid and opened his eyes. Something black let go his wrist and crawled away from him. No, it had white things on its legs; by the dim lamp at the side he could see them drawn up on a seat beyond. Through the little arch formed by those legs the man could see the lights of the street running away from him. The little black compartment swayed sickeningly. The whirring clang of a gong broke from somewhere near his head. There was a rhythmic beat of hoofs, now plopping on asphalt, now ringing over stones. The man lay and stared alertly; he was going somewhere.

A colder air swept over his face. The figure on the seat straightened up, clutching its coat; leaned forward and looked at him. The lamp threw a glimmer full on its face—and on its cap the man slowly made out the gold letters.

"Bellevue!" he gasped chokily to himself.

"Whip up, Tom," called the surgeon. "Get him in, he's off again."

In the ward they worked a full hour over the man before they brought the sight back to his staring eyes. But with it came the gold letters again, Bellevue; and he lay there gazing vacantly at the night-lamp on the table and the white-robed nurse beside of it, till look melted into the strengthening light of dawn.

Then the nurse appeared from somewhere and stuck a thermometer in his mouth. Mechanically he swallowed some medicine she gave him. Later she tried to force food upon him. Then the doctor came and did things to him, unprotesting.

"You're all right," he told the man; "ought to be out in a few days." Then, as the nurse pointed to the untouched food, "Something bothering him, I guess; see if Miss Wadley can stir him up," he told her.

"'Something bothering him.'" thought the man. Yes, so much that it was hardly worth while to be "out in a few days."

"Won't you tell me about yourself?" The gentle voice startled the man and he looked up into the kindly face of another nurse. "I've come to see if there's anything I can do for you," she said.

Gradually, by sympathetic questioning, she drew his story out. For nearly four years he had been a collector for a good house which the panic had sent to the wall at the beginning of last year. Here and there on his line he had picked up enough work just to hold his little family together through the rest of the winter. Then in June they had been dispossessed. He had sent his wife and baby girl to a relative's; and he went it alone., Sleeping in the parks and getting his meals as dish-washer in a restaurant, he had managed to keep up the weary search for employment, till the keen breath of autumn drove the "regulars" back to the city. Then competition became so fierce, even in the dish washing line, that he was crowded out. After that the ambulance got him. That was all.

"I'll go and see how your wife and child are getting on," said Miss Wadley.

The dull gaze of the man was softened by a glimmer of hope, and he watched her all the way down the ward till she departed. The next morning the doctor found him better. He had been able to eat. He was waiting for something.

At last Miss Wadley came. She had found his dear ones barely subsisting on a pitiful charity, the fruit of sacrifices only the poor know how to make for their own. All in the little household were on the verge of breaking down under the strain. Miss Wadley had arranged to send the mother and child at once to a seaside home to recuperate. The man buried his face in the pillow and wept.

A week later he was discharged—"recovered," in hospital parlance. He was quite weak, but his bed was sorely needed in the overcrowded ward. The chill wind from the river struck him as he came out around the corner of the building. It reminded him of the park. Where else could he head for that night? He felt as if it wouldn't take so long this time for the ambulance to get him again.

"Go down and see Miss Wadley in the brick building by the gate," he had been told. He would thank her for her kindness and say good-by. Tremblingly he climbed the stairs and waited in the line of discharged patients that filled the little office.

"Oh, James," she said, when he reached her desk, "I've got good news for you. A gentleman wants some one to do general housework on his country place. They are willing to take your wife and let her bring the baby, as they have no children of their own."

James gulped and tried to speak.

"And there's a day orderly needed in Ward IV. I just heard of it. Would you like to go over there till you get stronger and can look around?"

"Do you mean I can stay here, Miss?" James almost sobbed.

"Why, you'll have to stay if you take the job. Now go in the next room and see if Miss Hallahan can fit you out with a suit of clothes."

Three months later his wife and baby, plump and rosy, came to town on a day's leave to tell James that the childless family had grown fond of his little girl, and that they had a position for him on the place, so that they might be reunited in a little home again.

"And I thought Bellevue was the jumping-off place," said James, as he was leaving, "but it has given me a new start in life. What does it all mean?"

It means that the man was one of the myriad for whom the gateway to the pile of gray buildings at the foot of the Street of Sorrows marks the abandonment of hope, with "The Island" looming ominously out in the river just beyond. James learned that Bellevue spelled a far better fate than that. And yet he is only one of upward of 6,000 cases about which the Convalescent Relief Office have taken even greater trouble since its establishment in July, 1906.

It was as an experiment that the trustees appointed at that time a graduate nurse to investigate the cases of discharged patients, the practical purpose being to see if the large number of regular "recurrents" of various kinds could not be somewhat reduced. The only appropriation was the nurse's salary. Later enough was added to provide another nurse as her co-worker. In October, 1907, a corps of volunteer workers was organized by the social service section of Rabbi Stephen Wise's Free Synagogue to co-operate in caring for the Hebrew cases in the hospital. In May, 1908, the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Bellevue Tuberculosis Clinic furnished a nurse to look after patients of this class in the wards and the dispensary. The Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor followed with a nurse to keep track of cases of discharged babies. Thus the work now stands or-

The electric lights cast over him a network of shadows that writhed restlessly like living things

ganized, but any insure of actual relief are still dependent on voluntary private contributions, or on being able to enlist the various benevolent institutions in particular cases. So far, both sources have responded liberally enough to prevent the workers from being embarrassed in any case of acute need. But it is so obviously desirable to amplify the work at Bellevue and elsewhere that this work offers a most wise and fruitful field for public and private endowments.

The idea of following up hospital cases is not wholly new. For eight years the New York Post-Graduate Hospital has looked after its discharged babies, and for nearly as long a period as Johns Hopkins in Baltimore a volunteer corps of medical students has devoted some time to relief work among patients. The philanthropic effort established by Dr. Cabot among the Boston dispensaries is also well known as a model. But old maligned Bellevue was the first to try social service as an economic investment, and since then half a dozen New York hospitals have followed her example.

"What it all really means," said Dr. S. S. Goldwater, Superintendent of Mount Sinai Hospital and a director of Bellevue, "is that the first step has been taken toward scientific cleaning up of unfinished business by the general hospital. In the old days, Bellevue, like most hospitals, was mismanaged. Hospital management was not correctly understood. Bellevue was a glaring example because the magnitude and varied character of her work rendered her problem particularly difficult. But now she is solving it as well as can be, with the facilities provided for her.

"She has just established a special course in her training school, to provide nurses for her social-service department, and thus amplify the work. But social service touches only the edge of the problem of modern hospital management. Not until each institution has an expert medical staff to follow up its ward and dispensary cases will that problem be in a fair way to solution. Exceptional men will be required for such a staff. They must have equal professional standing with the house staff, and in addition rare tact and 'adequacy' in handling purely human situations. For they must supply that personal relation between the institution and its patients which, in the nature of things to-day, the interne cannot attain. Often one of our relief nurses has spent a full hour persuading some recalcitrant patient to have dressings changed. The surgeons and ward nurses could not afford to do that, yet it is an hour well spent in preventing future trouble for the hospital. Not until such work is carried scientifically into the homes of discharged patients will the twenty-five per cent. of recurrent cases common to most hospitals be materially reduced.

In the case of sufferers from chronic ailments, instructions must be given which, when followed out, will prevent the recurrence of an acute stage that sends the victim to the hospital again for another all too brief treatment. Thirty years ago the average duration of treatment of admitted patients was forty-two days; now it is considerably less than half that. Yet it is desirable to allow even less time under present crowded conditions.

"Even to the end of merely putting the patient on his feet again, the organization of the modern hospital is wasteful. With the laboratories, diet kitchens, dressing and operating rooms, and space for apparatus that must be available when needed, about 10,000 cubic feet is a fair average for each bed in general hospital construction. This brings the cost of installation to about $4,000 each, and its maintenance will average $2 per day. As soon as the patient reaches the first stage of convalescence, it is obvious that he will recover quicker and at less expense if he is removed from the ward in which he required a bed. But we have no place to send him. There are a few private and overcrowded convalescent homes, and two or three progressive hospitals maintain small country branches for convalescents. And yet it is variously estimated by authorities that from twenty per cent. to fifty per cent. of patients found in hospitals would be benefited by removal to country surroundings.

"It is a very simple business proposition. Suppose we have $1,000,000 to build a general city hospital. If we do as others have done before us, we will erect a building at an average cost of forty cents a cubic foot and provide 250 beds costing $4,000 each. If we were wise, we would spend $800,000 on a building providing 200 beds, and the remainder in constructing a country branch for convalescents, providing 100 beds that will cost about $1.25 per day to maintain. It is obvious that in this way hospital care can be provided for probably twenty per cent. more patients than can be reached by the present system. Then with our special staff to follow up discharged patients we could reduce the twenty-five per cent. of recurrents to a negligible figure. We should then come very near increasing the efficiency of our hospital service by half, and it would be well worth the outlay."

"THE MASTER OF THE HOUNDS"

MISS POLLY PAGE, THE FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. LOUIS RODMAN PAGE, OF PHILADELPHIA, HAS RECENTLY BEEN CHOSEN MASTER OF FOXHOUNDS OF THE UPLAND HUNT IN DELAWARE COUNTY

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One of the city's wrecked barracks

Skirmishers of the Army of Liberation attacking a position in front of the Greek consulate

"Constitutional" soldiers capturing a palace spy

A motor Maxim gun of the Young Turks passing through the streets

The new Sultan, Mahomet V., on his first appearance in the streets of Constantinople after his accession

INCIDENTS OF THE TRIUMPH OF THE YOUNG TURKS

SCENES IN AND ABOUT CONSTANTINOPLE DURING THE CULMINATION OF THE REVOLT AGAINST ABDUL HAMID'S REIGN

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ONE OF THE CONFECTIONS IN "THE CANDY SHOP"

MISS EVA FRANCIS IN CHARLES DILLINGHAM'S PRODUCTION OF "THE CANDY SHOP," AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE, NEW YORK

Courtesy as a Business Asset

By Richard A. Haste

ILLUSTRATIONS BY AMELIA M IVES

"KINDNESS goes by favor"—and so does business. Talk as we may about sentiment having nothing to do with business, the fact remains that sentiment has everything to do with business. Everything else being equal, we do business with the men whom we like the best. And often when everything else is not equal we do business with the man who presents to us the most pleasing personality. We will go out of our way, and even pay more for our goods and chattels, our stocks and bonds, that we may deal with those who rub our fur the right way—who allow us to maintain our self-respect.

We are all of us so human that we are willing to go the longer road and the rougher with a pleasant companion, rather than take the short cut, though it be smooth, in the company of a bear. We all remember and can place our mental finger on dozens

You wait fifteen—twenty—thirty minutes

of men with whom we have been compelled to do business, whose manners have sorely tried our temper, whose arrogant assumptions and insolent egoism have wounded our pride. If we had followed our impulses, we should have taken those men by the neck and thrown them down the elevator shaft. Such men do business under a serious handicap. They may succeed, but if they do it is in spite of themselves.

Good breeding, good-nature, expressed in an attitude of universal courtesy, constitute a business asset as valuable on one side of the desk as on the other.

The man who *imagines*, because he has reached a degree of success, secured an apparently permanent position, or sits at the head of a prosperous business, that he may maintain a chronic grouch or surround himself with "the divinity that doth hedge a king" is foolishly destroying a large amount of his capital. Business is not married to any one man, and she (if I may use the feminine pronoun) has a very cert way of deserting the discourteous wooer.

A man of large affairs, whose various business ventures usually met with success, told me that he attributed his "good luck" to the fact that he never turned down a proposition before investigation—that he always listened to the other fellow's story. On the principle that each man knows his own business best, he listened and learned. It was thus that he kept in vital touch with what was going on about him. It gave him a wider horizon and a greater business perspective. He might not become financially interested, but he allowed no business caller to go out of his office without leaving something of value behind. It was by listening carefully to the various propositions presented that he was able to "pick up" some of his best money-makers.

The general traffic-manager of one of the great railway systems of the West makes it a rule never to exclude a caller who expresses a desire to see him personally. He may never have seen you before, and probably he never heard of you, but he greets you with a hearty clasp of the hand and at once puts you at your ease. You say what you have to say, feeling at your best; he listens with apparently the keenest interest. When you are through, you know he understands, and although he may decline your proposition, you feel that you have had a fair chance. You leave that office with no sense of defeat. On the contrary, you determine then and there that when you have secured a controlling interest in that railway system you will see to it that this man has about anything he wants. That's the way you feel toward him. He has made of you, as he does of every one with whom he comes in personal contact, a friend, and I fancy if the naked truth were get-at-able it would show that his unbroken record of promotions is largely the result of his democratic courtesy.

The average American has no use for a chronic "grouch," a "pickle face," or a "knocker." The tendency of the times and of the nation is optimistic. We may, ourselves, feel blue, but nevertheless we do not like to come into personal contact with a "wiggle-stick." Nor can the average American endure a man who in his business affects great seclusion, and surrounds himself with the red tape and circumstance of the great captains of industry, finance, and commerce. We know men on a salary of $5,000 a year that are as difficult of approach as is James J. Hill or Pierpont Morgan.

Their fencing out of the general public is not from choice, but a business necessity, to enable them to deaden the shock of constant impact with minor matters. But—and here is the rub. The Bandaring are great imitators. They think if they only do some of the things that men do, they too will be regarded as men. So the little Bandaring organizes his business (and all men have a business, such as it be). He secures a suite of offices—an outer and an inner room. On the door of the inner room he has painted the letters "PRIVATE," and around the outer door of the outer room he places a railing with a gate that swings out. He then hires an office-boy, or, what is better, an office-girl, at $10 per week, to sit in the outer office, answer the telephone, and furnish "information" as to when the great man within will see those who come on business bent.

We all know this type of anthropoid ape. Every city has its quota, and since the introduction of the 'phone they seem to be multiplying rapidly. We have all been forced, one time and another, to do some business with them. If you haven't, your turn will come and it will come about in this wise: This man you have known for years; he has been making a living—that is about all. But he makes a stake of a few thousands, and you hear he is looking up. A business quarter comes your way about which you wish to see him. You go to your 'phone. Yes, here he is—Central 4402.

"Give me Central 4402. Hello! Is this Central 4402? I want to talk with Mr. Bluffton."

"Who is it, please?" comes sweetly over the wire.

"It does not matter who it is; I want to speak with Mr. Bluffton." There is more or less ire in your tone, although you begin to feel hot about the ears.

"If you will give me your name and hold the wire I will see if Mr. Bluffton will talk with you."

"Ye gods and little fishes! Do what meat hath this our lineage fed, that he is grown so great!" you exclaim, strictly to yourself, and hang up the receiver. You will see if this Mr. Bluffton will talk to you. In ten minutes you are at Mr. Bluffton's new office. Your enter, but not being used to 'cross-country riding, you do not take the gate.

"Is Mr. Bluffton in?"

"What is the name, please?"—the same sweet voice. You are staggered. What you want to say, you can't say to this girl. She is evidently doing what she is hired to do, and doing it well.

You bow to the inevitable.

"My name is Quick—Mister Quick—Mister P. D. Quick. Here is my card; give that to Bluffton." You do not say Mr. Bluffton.

In a moment the gentle huffer returns with:

"Mr. Bluffton will see you in a few moments. Will you be seated?" and she indicates a chair outside the railing.

If the business be not imperative—if you can do it with any one else, or in any other way, you instantly reply, "Thank you; I do not think I shall wait," and you leave the office with a firmly riveted resolution never again to attempt to do any business with Bluffton. But if the business in hand be imperative, if you must see him, you hold yourself in check and sit. You wait fifteen—twenty—thirty minutes! and then the buzzer buzzes and you are allowed to enter the Holy of Holies. There sits Bluffton, looking out of the window and about him no evidence of having been busy then or at any other time.

You realize that this Bandaring has kept you waiting for the purpose of properly impressing you with his newly acquired importance. You naturally resent it, and if you get through with that interview without expressing your opinion of the Bandaring species in general and this individual ape in particular, you are a philosopher. But—what's the use? You simply cut the wires and do no more business with Bluffton.

When you have a good hand, and can afford to, it is amusing to call the bluff of these "four-flushers." An incident comes to mind that will illustrate what I mean.

I wanted an interview with the publisher of a paper located at the capital of a certain Western State. The man had made some money and was supposed to wield, through his paper, some political influence. I had never met him, and as made inquiries regarding his personal characteristics. What I learned gave me a hint on his zoological classification. I did not know him, but I happened to know the Governor of the State. To him I went and secured a letter of introduction to Mr. X. With this letter in my inside pocket I went to the *Times* office, and being blocked by the bank fixtures that said plainly to all outsiders, "Thus far shall thou go," I peeked through the bars and inquired for Mr. X.

He always listened to the other fellow's story

"What is your business?" barked the watchdog on the other side of the fence.

"I do not care to state my business. I want to see Mr. X personally."

"Well, he's busy," was the curt rejoinder.

"Will you take in my card?" and I handed him my personal card on which was my name only. He was gone but the fraction of a minute, when he returned with my card and the information that the great man would not see me. My card was not even returned for future reference. It was a complete knockout in the first round.

I returned to my hotel and, enclosing my letter of introduction with a brief note—"I am sorry that your could not find time to see me"—addressed it to Mr. X and took it to the post office. It must have caught the next delivery, for in less than three hours the great man was out "a-hunting" me. He found me and was full of apologies. A letter of introduction from a Governor is something powerful among the Bandaring.

A friend of mine who had a proposition to place before the public asked me to recommend some one to handle it for him. He had $20,000 to expend on a "flyer," and wanted a bright advertising man—a man with ideas to inaugurate and carry out the details of an extensive publicity campaign. It was a matter of some importance, and I made careful inquiries for the proper man. The result of my inquiries pointed to a young man connected with one of the leading agencies of Chicago as the man for the job. He was said to be clean, alert, and had made a good record on a similar proposition. I accordingly called at the office of the agency, and after due process of red tape was allowed to go to his stall, where I paused at the open door. The young man was dictating to a stenographer. I never like to butt in when a man is busy—it is not good form, and certainly not good business. I, therefore, handed him my card with the remark: "I see you are busy now. I have a proposition to go over with you and will call again."

Imagine my surprise when the young cub, after glancing at my card, briskly rattled off this: "I don't want you to call again. I am always busy [he had heard some one else say that]. Put your proposition in writing and mail it to me."

"Thank you, I do not care to put my proposition in writing." I smiled back at him. It was getting positively funny.

"Well, do as you like. I was just giving you a little sound advice—see?"

"All right, I'll put it in writing." And I hate the young man good morning.

The next day he received a letter stating that he had been recommended to me to take charge of a $20,000 advertising campaign, but, finding that he was too busy to take the matter up, I had been compelled, to my great regret, to place the business elsewhere. I hope the jolt did him good, for I am told he has some real brains.

Concrete examples of the loss of business and opportunities through a lack of courtesy can be multiplied indefinitely. They come within the experience of every one. With common courtesy so cheap and the returns which it brings so large, the wonder is why more people do not carry a bigger stock.

"I am always busy. Put your proposition in writing"

The Land of the Poisoned Dart

LIFE AMONG THE TRIBES OF THE EAST-AFRICAN HINTERLAND

By Rev. W. S. Rainsford, D.D.

Elgao spears, shield and nauff-hna

Elgao elephant harpoon, head detachable and heavily poisoned

FOR many years vast regions of British East Africa have been tenantless, the chosen haunt of bands of lions and herds of game. But it was not always so. If the dead could come back to claim their own, if ghosts of cruelly injured peoples walked and could haunt the scenes of their wrongs, this would indeed be a gruesome and uncanny land to dwell in. Even the unobservant sportsman cannot fail to notice all over this country innumerable stone circles and walls, more or less solidly put together, which stand in groups, some big, and some little; many thousands of such dwellings, or stone outlines of dwellings, still stud the veldt, and crowd on the hill slopes of the plateau and the country near by. Who raised them? When were they built, these habitations, so unlike all other African dwellings? What evil fortune has overwhelmed those who once lived therein? No one can answer with any certitude these questions. The wandering Nandi, the N'dorobo of the neighboring mountains, mumble something of "the spirits" that long ago were the builders. None of themselves have any idea of a stone kraal.

In other countries tradition of some sort lives for several generations at least, and the name of the tribe, if little more, is sure to survive the tribe for long. Here it is not so. Names among these people mean little. The name Lumbwa, for instance, now used by that tribe living near the lake, is not their rightful name. So lately as fifteen years ago they called themselves Sikesi. The white men who came close to the country on their way to Uganda before reaching them, passed through Masai tribes, of whom they asked naturally the name of the people they should next meet. The Masai said they were "Lumbwa," their own term of contempt for them. By it, therefore, the visitors called them. By it they had ever since been called, and by it they have ended in calling themselves.

The very name, then, of the unfortunate people whose kraals dot perhaps the richest plateau in East Africa is uncertain. Probably they were called Sarequa. Were they a fighting race, who held their rich home land against a league of tribes that coveted their heads and unequalled pasturage? And were they only at last by overwhelming numbers destroyed? One of those ill-fated races, to be found in all lands, who, like the Irish, "went out to battle and always fell"?

Few may ever question, none may ever know. The mighty forest and rich, encroaching veldt will soon blot out their only memorials, these strange stone circular foundations of their homes. They are gone, and but one more is added to the innumerable and forgotten tragedies of this sad and beautiful land.

Nor are tragedies here things of the long past alone. Not three years ago a successfully Gaucose trader conducted against the Turkana, a tribe not yet placed under English rule, a private war of his own. It began with a well-organized cattle raid. Then, when the unfortunate people tried to recover their own, the robbers swept them down with rifle fire, then more cattle were driven in, then another useless onslaught by the ill-armed Turkana followed. After several months of such wholesale buccaneering the trader was actually taken by the authorities into Baringo Boma, and the Turkana were told to come in and identify the cattle if they could; it was hard to get wild men like these, who had lately had such bitter cause to distrust the white man, to come. But some of them came. The murdered men naturally could not. Many cattle were identified by them, and these the trader gave up. He was then allowed to go, *keeping the rest.* He returned to more settled regions with his stolen gains, and actually succeeded in selling a part of them.

That hundreds of innocent men should be murdered in cold blood for attempting to defend their poor little all of possessions, that this should be done within an English protectorate, and that the man doing it should remain not only unpunished, but untried, is surely not according to what is best in English tradition.

The southern portion of the plateau is now well known. A district commissioner has taken up residence there, and stores will soon spring up like mush rooms.

Three years ago it was no man's land, where all who came looked for enemies and sometimes found them. There can be few places, even in Africa, where the laws of change have worked so rapidly.

The northern portion has as yet scarcely been travelled or hunted at all. South of the N'zoia, since the Nandi war—that is, for the last three years—raiding by the tribes has generally ceased.

The Nandi are far more numerous than the other tribes to east or north of them, and their young warriors found amusement and adventure in raids, big and little, on their feebler neighbors. The Nandi are an intelligent and interesting people. Some of the women, especially, have features that strike you at once as refined.

North of the Nandi country, the wide spreading slopes of Mount Elgon rise. These are scarred and broken in an extraordinary way, owing to the tremendous activity of the great volcano years ago. On the southeastern slopes of Elgon a little-known tribe called the Kotosh dwell. The people used in the riotous days gone by to retreat with their cattle into a range of mountain caves of great extent. They barricaded the entrances, and generally seemed to have made their defence good. These caves, which are of great extent, were hastily visited by Joseph Thompson when he made his famous journey from Mombasa through Masai land, to the lake, in 1883. He, in the most positive way, pronounced them to be artificial, the work of a remote age. Since then several competent men have explored them (which Thompson had no time to do), and there can be no doubt that they are natural. I relee in the Kotosh because, though I had no time to visit them, I came very near to being spectator of a pretty little native cattle-raising affair between them and a large Elgon war party.

Karamojo war party

As it—— and I made our way northward toward the Turquell, looking for elephant, we crossed the quite fresh trail of a large war party. There was no mistaking that narrow beaten path which the feet of men moving in a long single line leaves on the veldt. Who were they? Where were they going? Had I come across such a trail four months before, it would have meant nothing to me. I might hunt the country over from Elgon to Cherangang, and Sergeit to the Turquell, and know really nothing at all about the people that thickly inhabited all the mountain lands that, from west, north, and east, looked down upon it. Now I had at last an introduction to them all. The land that had been so silent before, now had a voice. And evening after evening as we sat by the fragrant thornwood fire, I heard, in part, at least, something of its story.

My teachers were the Cherangang N'dorobo, the most interesting natives I met during my year's sojourn in the country, and men, too, who had never camped and hunted with any white man till my companion, Mr. A. C. Boey, with wonderful patience and tact, had succeeded in winning their complete confidence. Henceforth for me, if the days were interesting, the evenings round the camp fire were more interesting still.

There are, be it remembered, N'dorobo and N'dorobo. Our friends and guides of to-day are, in the language of the country, Pukka N'dorobo, a tribe guarding jealously its own language and customs and territory, living its own distinctive life. There are Nandi Kikuyu and Masai N'dorobo, I dare say others, too, but these are only deserters, reckless wandering fellows, or criminals driven forth from their own people, or leaving them voluntarily in order to live and hunt on the veldt. Such wanderers are very common in the little-known parts of the protectorate. Sometimes they find their way back whence they came; in a few cases they are adopted into the tribes they visit. They were the wild men we met when we first hunted the country in May, June, and July. They could be of little aid to us. They were Nandi turned N'dorobo, poor hunters, knowing little of game or its habits, living chiefly on honey (it was then the honey season) and on such meat as they could get by hanging on the skirts of *safaris*, and on the leavings of the lion.

Our present friends are members of the upper Cherangang, taking their name from the mountain range to the east of N'zoia Plateau. In its highest forests they have held their own for ages. The lower Cherangang, a quite separate community, hold their heavily forested lower skirts of the range. Neither of these small mountain communities have ever come in touch with the white man till Mr. H—— came among them and won their confidence. The lower Cherangang, indeed, even he has scarcely met. They still hold aloof. If you approach one of their well hidden villages, you find no one there, except perhaps some crippled aged folk, who cannot escape into the woods.

I was most anxious to visit this tribe, but my friends of the upper Cherangang dissuaded me. To go unannounced, they said, "might be dangerous." Even they could not be sure of safely wending the numerous staked game pits which filled the lower regions of the forest, and now, when the grass was long, were very dangerous; besides, some of the younger men might let off an arrow or two in panic—" dangerous or not, we should find no one." In short, they would not guide us there.

These small independent communities come evidently of good stock. They could not possibly be ranked as pigmy, though they are somewhat undersized, and, considering the uncertainty of their food-supply, this is perhaps to be expected. The Masai legends have it (says Hobbes) that "in the beginning, when God came to the world, he found three things in it, an N'dorobo, an elephant, and a snake."

Like other little mountain tribes, the value they place on their independence and freedom is marvellous. Here in remote unexplored Africa the wide world's

Cherangang N'dorobo

story is told over again. Slaughtered, harried, reduced to starvation they have been times without number, but never conquered, dispersed, or bloodbed. Their mountain freedom has often cost them dear. But the heavier the price the more they value it. They cultivate a little "wimwa," a small, very hard, round seed, something like canary seed and very nutritious.

Cherangany N'derobo and hartebeest he has shot

all East-African natives are partial to it. It fetches a higher price than maize, and is in great demand by bees). They ferment the meat and eat honey. The drink is highly intoxicating, and with the aid of the honey-bird they steadily pursue the bees. From time to time they visit the plateau on hunting expeditions, usually leaving wives and children in the mountains. During these expeditions they often, in times past, suffered from the Nandi Kaloch, and more especially the Karamojo, a more distant tribe, but yet one that sent its war parties very far afield.

When grass is long, they have no difficulty in procuring much kongoni and zebra meat. They can then stalk to within thirty or forty yards of the game, and at that distance seem always to send a heavily poisoned arrow home. These arrows of theirs are terribly effective weapons, they are quite beautifully made, smooth in the shaft, feathered carefully with vulture-wing feathers, a twist being given sometimes to the feathers (something I have never seen in any arrow-feathering before), the result being to give the arrow a spinning flight, like that of a rifle bullet. The arrow-heads are made from iron wire they have traded (in years gone by they were in touch with tribes that smelted their own iron) and which, by tempering, they render into a good, mild steel, very suitable for their purpose. Some arrow heads generally one in a quiverful are sharpened to a long, plain, keen edge, like a prolonged bay leaf. These they use as a sort of pocket-knife, cutting the meat from finer skins with them, cutting out thorns from their feet, etc. They also use them against small game, easily killed, when poison is not necessary.

Others are even more carefully made, the points long and cruelly barbed. These last they use for hunting large game, when there is small chance of the shot being missed and the arrow lost in the long grass. The shaft is of fine split bamboo cane. Into this shaft fits exactly an ironwood head, some six inches long, and on this again the barbed point is fastened. The steel head of the arrow, and the ironwood top-piece, for two inches or more, is smeared with the much-dreaded poison. The kongoni, stung by the blow, rushes off, and the feathered shaft drops, leaving the ironwood head and barb of the weapon in the wound. If the poison is fresh, and a shoulder or a neck shot has been made, the N'dorobo say positively that no beast will run a hundred yards. I am inclined, however, to think that they exaggerate somewhat the action of this poison. That it is very deadly there is no doubt. Newman, who lived among the Kuma N'dorobo, satisfied himself of that. In a man's case its deadly action was almost instantaneous (quite lately there happened hereabouts a small fight between ten Masai (young bloods) and some Kamasea, who used the same poison on their arrows. The Masai were cattle-stealing, and had the temerity to attack a small village. The Kamasea saw them coming, and, lying in the grass let them come. Eight out of the ten raiders fell almost at once. They had only time to put up their shields and break their spears (no enemy, at least, should ever wield these) and die beside the broken weapons, gallant fellows, anyway! The broken war-gear was taken by the Kamasea to the nearest civil officer. The bows are very strong and well strung, and, poor as they are, they will seldom part with their really good bows and arrows, the old and inferior weapons are not hard to buy. Each poisoned arrow is very neatly wrapped with skin tags, and kept so covered till needed.

These people most scrupulously continue to obey the customs their forefathers have handed down to them. A hunter must not make any poison while with his family. For two days he must not eat meat or touch blood, and he must leave his hut and live alone in the forest. If these rules are neglected the poison will have no power to kill. All the neighboring tribes to these Cherangany use the poison: Kamasea to the east, Marasquette to the north, and Elgon to the south. But the wild men say the poison these tribes use is not so strong, and, even when they trade it from themselves, it is apt to be old and so to lose much of its power.

No East-African native seems to have the slightest idea of a future life, not even those who profess Mohammedanism. Their Mohammedanism is the shallowest of superficial things. It offers them an alliance with a "caste" which they have come to think of as a higher one than their own, and as such they accept it, and rather look down on the tribes that remain heathen. But of the doctrines of Mohammed they know nothing whatever. They have never seen a Koran, and they never say their prayers. Mohammedanism as it has made its way among inland tribes, like the Wakamba, has benefited the native but little. Of course the tribes round the Nzoia know no more of it than they do of Christianity.

The evening of the day on which I shot my elephants, and on which the Karamojo had come in there were tremendous rejoicings in camp. Some of my Wanyamwazi had been with me since May; now it was October, and they determined to honor the occasion by getting up a dance, one of their regular dances, the dance of the elephant. I noticed after dinner, as I sat by the fire, that the camp seemed unusually still, and that the men were absent from their cooking fire. Suddenly round the back of my tent came a long rank of men dancing with measured prancing step a gun-rod in each man's hand and another in each hand. With admirable precision the line wheeled on its head, and swept round and round me and the fire as the men chanted their weird minor song. A dance seems to electrify the East-African. You could see the eyes of the Karamojo and the N'dorobo flashing, their hands and bodies trembling, as the swaying line passed them. Presently they were off in a dance of their own, and, not to be outdone, joined the Masai and N'dorobo, and the high flame, as it leaped from the heaped on logs, shone on a wild circle of naked leaping figures. In a few moments the whole mass seemed somehow to find and recognize its leader, a slim young Masai, who soon led and controlled the whole. Still directing them, he extemporized a song, and every rude voice took up its chorus.

"The Bwana came to hunt lions; he has got lions
The Bwana came to hunt elephants, he has got elephants
Our fathers came here to kill each other and steal cows,
But we come no more in war, but in peace
To help the Bwana to kill lions and elephants."

It was a long time before they grew tired and the singing and dancing gradually died down.

If a man among the Elgon murders another member of the tribe—that is, kills him in open fight—he is handed over by the old men to the relatives of the slain who kill him, no fine or other punishment being accepted.

All his property, with the exception of certain goats and cows, due as hap to the old men who act as judges, goes to the relatives of the man murdered.

If this murdered man has offered grand provocation to his slayer, such as stealing his cattle, or forcibly taking away his wife (and the first offence is counted a much graver one than the second), or if the killing is purely accidental though the extreme penalty of death is not imposed still the punishment is very severe.

The old men decide how large a part of the slayer's goods go to the victim's relatives, and, when these ruinous fines are paid, certain social marks of tribal disfavor remain.

He cannot touch blood. All these tribes, as do also the Masai, count milk and blood (which is often taken from their bullocks at regular intervals without killing them) as the chief delicacies of their lives. If the tribe goes to war he cannot touch sword or shield, but must fight among the boys with bow and arrow only. He can purge himself from the tribal ban and these disqualifications only in one way, and a most extraordinary way it is. At first I found there must be some mistake, and that imperfect knowledge of the language had led to a misunderstanding, but after debating the question for several nights and after much cross-questioning I came to the conclusion that there could be no possible mistake made in reference to it.

The warrior under the ban of this homicide must kill three women (of course of another tribe). When he gives proof of this he is received as formerly, spear and shield are returned to him, and he may drink milk and blood. I tried hard, but in vain to find from the Elgon some explanation of this method of removing the tribal ban. . . . I only would say was that they, the Kamasea, and the Marasquite only obeyed the customs handed down to them by their fathers.

Cherangany N'derobo's hunting hut on Nzoia plateau

The Transcontinental Trolley

BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD

It will soon be possible to ride uninterruptedly by trolley car from Maine to Missouri. A single gap in New York State of less than thirty miles to be closed, and the thing may be done. Already the great network of connecting interurban electric lines that spreads itself over the New England, the Middle, and Lake States, has crossed the Mississippi and is now progressing westward, while from the Pacific coast another network of electric rails and wire is moving eastward. It took the steam railway forty years to crawl across the continent; the electric railway has just reached its majority and bids fair to create a new record in transcontinental rail construction.

Although there are through trolley lines from Bangor, Maine, and Boston to New York City, Philadelphia, and beyond, New England still uses the trolley as a toy for the pleasure of the multitudes who are taken away from the cities for a few hours at the seashore, or a day's outing in the country. In the Middle West, however, frequent trolley express cars are run for hundreds of miles at a stretch, with still more numerous local cars in between. Everywhere from central New York State to eastern Missouri, a distance of over a thousand miles, there are lengthy trolley express runs; trolley Pullmans run out of St. Louis nightly, and doubtless the Boston-St. Louis trolley sleeper and parlor-car will soon be heralded and then forgotten as no more of a novelty than is the daily trolley buffet service between Cincinnati and Detroit.

Cleveland is the mother of the interurban trolley. There are about 6,000 miles of interurban trolley tracks in Ohio, or more than in all New England. The Cleveland man who wishes to visit, let us say, Bay City, Michigan, three hundred miles away, or Indianapolis, Indiana, or even Buffalo, will soon, it is promised, be able to jump on the trolley that passes his door, transfer quickly to a waiting combination trolley buffet and sleeper, go to bed, and in the morning wake up at his destination. The fares on the interurban trolley were first fixed at a cent a mile, or about half the rate charged by the steam railways, but of late there has been an upward tendency. West of New York State the passengers' baggage is carried on the trolley express, and local freight-cars stop anywhere along the line, when the farmer waves his hand, to pick up a load or a part of one. Often, in the Central West, the trolley route, even for a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, is as speedy as is the steam car, and where connections must be made, the drummer and experienced traveller invariably patronize the interurban trolley in preference to waiting for hours at a cross-roads depot for a train going in their direction. A trolley-car can be despatched every four minutes for the same amount that it would cost a railway to run one train an hour. More miles of trolley track are laid annually in many States than there are rails put down for the locomotive to run upon. The Central West has revolutionized trolley travel in a manner little realized in the East.

Often it happens that the passenger business of a steam railway is conducted at an actual loss. The trolley depends on its passenger business, of course, for almost its entire revenue. Millions are spent in acquiring and fitting up pleasure parks along the line of or at distant terminals of the trolley system. Free attractions are offered the public, and every inducement made to make people acquire the "trolley" habit. Parlor-cars are put on many short runs, and observation-cars where the scenery warrants it. Lands are secured and building lots sold at a low rate, or given away on condition that they are built upon, as each house on the line of an interurban trolley is worth $30 a year to the transportation company. There is a regular organized campaign on the part of the electric railways to tempt the urbanite to move to the country. For distances from crowded centres, up to thirty miles, the railway cannot compete with the trolley in either lowness of fare or frequency of service, often the mileage rate by electric car is but half a cent a mile as against four times as much by steam trains that run only at long intervals. The noiseless, smokeless, gliding trolley sleeper is now demonstrating that the long-distance electric interurban lines can successfully compete with steam, even at a rate of a cent a mile to the passenger.

In most of the States the representatives of the many interurban trolley properties have formed business organizations that hold monthly meetings and an annual convention, at which plans are discussed for the general promotion of electric railways, and agreements entered into to give mutual aid. There is a fraternal feeling among "trolley" men that does not exist among the representatives of the steam railways, for the "trolley" men are fighting together for continuous connections with every part of the country.

Unless all signs fail, another decade will see America gridironed with trolley lines from ocean to ocean.

THE AMERICAN GIRL ABROAD

DEBUTANTES AT COURT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE

DRAWN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" BY FRANK CRAIG

PERILS OF THE FUTURE

VOICE FROM DESCENDING AEROPLANE: "FORE!"

BLOODLESS SPORT

WE are glad to note that the sentiment in favor of bloodless hunting is increasing in all parts of the country. It is the unnecessary shedding of innocent gore that has kept many a parent from letting his offspring have a gun, when if people would only give over killing, the whole situation would be changed, and we could bring up our boys to be good shots without making them join the Navy or enter West Point. We hope to see the day when the hunting items from various parts of the country will read somewhat like the following budget of news:

Abner Peabody, of Bath, Maine, while hunting in the woods near Moosehead Lake last Thursday, shot seventeen bandanas and a wild carrot. He reports that the duck season bids fair to be an abundant one.

The season on deerlicking opens in the Adirondacks next Thursday, and already some crack shots from New York, Albany, and Syracuse are on hand eager for the chase.

A cable despatch from Zamboanga states that Lord Melonhurst, who is shooting over the Congo preserves of the Earl of Mothball, bagged thirty-five brace of juniper bushes and not less than three hundred pine cones in one morning's shoot last week. The Congo authorities are seriously considering a closed season on all vegetation for the next seven years.

Zenas Pillsbury, of Pallamabosky, Michigan, reports that huckleberry-shooting in the upper waters of the Askatunk River is better than it ever was before. He brought down eighteen quarts last Saturday night with one load of buckshot fired at random into the brush.

Shooting oranges with buckshot has been forbidden by statute in Lower California, owing to the large amount of orange juice squirted on passers-by at the moment of impact. Expert orange-shooters always bring down the fruit unpunctured by aiming slowly and not firing until the twig is covered.

A sad accident is reported from Asheville, North Carolina, where Col. Richardson Bobbyshell, while jacking for watermelons last Thursday night, shot three negroes in the fleshy part of the back, mistaking them for one of his melons, which are running large this season.

The potato shoot at the Saskatchewan Hunt Club last Saturday was a very successful affair. The silver vanity bag presented by the governore for first prize was won by Horace Lillybloscom, who missed only four potatoes in six bushels sprung from the traps. The second prize, a platinum egg-cup and fork, was won by Templeton Simpkins, with a record of six misses in twenty-three packs. The booby prize was awarded to the ever popular Billy Peters, who didn't miss any, but took his fried.

The Marylebone Rifle Club starts for Indiana on Monday next for its annual squash-hunt. Last year they brought home three car loads, but it is hardly expected that they will do so well this year, the country having already been pretty well beaten up and denuded of game by the squash trust.

DELIGHTS OF A WEEK-END

THE SUNDAY-MORNING GARDENER WHO INSISTS ON SHOWING YOU OVER THE PLACE

ALL THE SAME

TUTTERSON. "Did Bronson leave a will?"

SMITHERS. "Yes—that is, he left a widow, and she'd represented all the will Bronson had for twenty-five years."

MATHEMATICS

I HAVE to do such silly sums
  Like this: "If you had two
Nice pears and gave your sister one,
  How many'd be left you?"
Now, teacher knows as well as me
  I'd have the same pears still,
'Cause I haven't any sister—
  (And I hope I never will!).

But every time I answer, "Two!"
  She says: "No! not Just one!"
So that's the way my trouble with
  Arithmetic begun!
I will not make believe I have
  A sister just for school,
But teacher says until I do
  I'm on the dunce's stool!

MAZIE V. CARUTHERS.

ALONG THE UN-APPIAN WAY

A T a pageant recently given in Shropshire commemorating Britain at the time of the Roman occupation, a young woman spoke to a tall, burly, and shivering man whose Roman toga hardly protected him from a raw, penetrating east wind.

"Are you Appius Claudius?" she asked, eagerly.

"Me, miss?" he replied, dismally. "Me 'appy as Claudius? Oh no, miss. I'm no'appy as 'ell!"

FROM A PHILOSOPHER'S NOTE-BOOK

A green Christmas maketh a slim coal yard.

A frog in the pond is worth two in your throat.

A breach-of-promise suit is a poor substitute for a wedding coat.

There is nothing that will burn a hole in your pocket so quickly as a cool million.

The man who said, "Talk is cheap," never had to pay his wife's telephone charges.

If, as some poet has said, all life is music, the tramp must have been set to ragtime.

What a comfort it would be if the wolf at the door could be trained to chew up a few dunns as they arrive!

There was a time when a hundred thousand dollars seemed like a good deal of money, and, come to think of it, it seems so yet.

It is not so much the love of money, but the inordinate desire of its possessors to get rid of it, that is at the root of many latter-day evils.

MISS HIGHSCREAM. "They asked me to sing in French last Sunday for the first time."

HE. "What did you sing?"

SHE. "I sang, 'The Lord be merciful to us.'"

ALMANAC FOR MAY

The Weather Bureau reports milder weather than in February and March, with light showers followed by a rising and falling barometer during the third week of May, and clearing weather and slightly warmer temperature, especially in Lower California, Venezuela, and Florida.

An excellent thing to keep the crows from eating up your corn crop is to substitute oats for corn, and to sow each nut in a hermetically sealed tin can covered with olive oil, so that the crow cannot get a purchase on it with his bill.

Patent-leather pumps are of no value in relieving a ten-acre lot of a flood of surface water, and any attempt to shoo chickens away from the strawberry-patch by means of a horseshoe propelled in their direction is apt to prove disastrous, especially if it lands in a nest of eggs.

If your apple blossoms do not materialize by the end of May it is a sign that they are backward, and a comparatively inexpensive method of improving the appearance of the trees is to drape them with artificial flowers which may be bought in festoons for ten dollars a rod.

Watch your hired man at this season of the year with unusual care lest those hired feelings indigenous to his kind at this time strike in and become chronic, materially impairing his muscular action. Do not feed him too much pie—and more than fifteen or twenty slices per day—since a superabundance of pastry breeds indolence. A sure method of getting him up in the morning is a stick of dynamite exploded under his bed at 5 A.M., only you must exercise great care that it does not get him up so high that he never comes down.

Cutaway coats and swallow-tails will not be worn by scarecrows this season, the Prince Albert, or frock coat, serving the purpose with vastly greater efficiency owing to the greater sweep of its tails in a spring breeze. Similarly, straw hats are preferable to silk hats for these defenders of the crops, since the straw shows which way the wind blows, which the silk hat is not likely to do, unless there is a hurricane, when you can decide the question without the aid of a hat of any kind.

A persistent application of liquid gilt and shinplasters is an excellent means of reducing the swelling of a mortgage.

A first-class protection for fruit trees is a goat tied by a length of clothes-line to each tree, especially if the animal has been trained to butt everything that even remotely resembles a tramp or a small boy.

In the early tramp season a fairly active building ought to be able to acquire possession of enough pieces of fabric of one kind and another to make an attractive crazy quilt for next winter's use.

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SALONICA & PARIS.

ANOTHER CRIMINAL

SHERIFF. "Hi, thar, what you doin' with them thar worms?"

FISHERMAN. "I'm putting a new worm on my hook. That confounded perch got away with the last one."

SHERIFF. "I guess you'll have ter come along with me. Don't ye know that rebates is agin' the laws o' these here United States?"

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB"

"Mary had a little lamb!" The poet read the verse,
And then he made a few remarks, and each remark was terse.
"I guess she did!" he muttered, and his face grew wan and white.
"I ought to know, for it was I who took her out that night.

"Yes, Mary had a little lamb,
She also had some shredded clam,
Likewise much turtle consommé
And caviar from Russia way;
And then some roe and then some shad
Were other things that Mary had—
She used to be my heart's delight.
But, heavens! what an appetite!
Before she finished I was stuck
Two dollars for a rubby duck;
And—possibly you think I joke—
She also ordered artichoke;
And then, before the lamb came in,
Some à la Newburg terrapin;
For salad, alligator pear,
And then imported Camembert;
Spring peaches and some strawberries—
I think that I forgot the peas,
The lima beans and spinach green,
And stuffed red peppers in between;
The juice of grapefruit in a glass,
Three éclairs and a demi-tasse,
And salted almonds by the peck—
That's what she had—I got the check!

"I'm living now on bread and jam
Since Mary had that little lamb."

HORACE DODD GASTIT.

THE ARCHÆOLOGIST. "My dear madam, you have no idea of the labor and anxiety attendant upon the proper handling of these archaic remains—er—ahem—of which I have been telling you."

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On Hogsback Reef

By Chauncey C. Hotchkiss

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M LEONE BRACKER

MOORED to the rotting pier a fisherman's dory, old and worn, swung on the smooth surges that ran under the dilapidated structure. The sun was setting. Seaward a wall of mist-gray caught the waning light, and to the experienced eye of the single individual lounging on the stringpiece a spoke loudly of coming fog.

The man was young, roughly dressed in oilskins, old rubber boots, and a "sou'wester," and bore the unmistakable stamp of a fisherman. Almost a giant in figure, his clean-shaven face was singularly gentle in its expression, though about it was something of an air of sorrow or depression as his vacant gaze was fixed on the cold distance. Presently, behind him the loose planks rattled under a heavy tread.

"Say there, you! What 'll you take me over to Sisquinet for?"

The sitting man gave a slow and sidelong glance at the well-dressed stranger, spat pensively into the water, and returned his attention to the distance before he gave voice to the spiritless reply,

"'Bout a dollar, I guess—when I go."

"All right," said the other, vigorously and in a tone of relief. "And when will that be?"

"Maybe five minnits; maybe an hour. Waitin' for a bucket o' clams."

"But, man, it will be black dark in an hour!"

"Well, what of it?"

"Oh, nothing! Only I ought to be in Sisquinet right now. I got on the branch road by mistake, and there won't be another train out to-night."

The stranger hitched aside a pair of old oars and, seating himself on the stringpiece, took a cigar-case from his pocket. It was well filled, but without tendering it to the fisherman, he selected a cigar and proceeded to light up. "Say," he continued, rolling the Havana in his thick lips, and dressing his slightly grayed mustache with a pudgy hand on which glistened a diamond—"say, do you happen to know a chap named Maxwell over to Sisquinet? His father's just dead."

"Sure," was the terse reply.

"Know him well?"

"Sence I was a sucker. Decent kind o' feller, too." The voice drawled as if words were an effort.

"Yes? Well, he's the man I want to see. You can show me where he lives?"

The other turned and looked squarely at his questioner. "Lives close to me, Mr.—Mr—"

"Mr. Selover."

"Yaas. Mr. Selover. They call me Roger. I live to Sisquinet."

"Do, hey? Well, is Maxwell a hard man to deal with? Spunky, you know, or is he easy-going, like his father was?" I knew his father, but I don't know him, you see."

"Lord!" exclaimed the fisherman, with his first show of either animation or interest. "Hard? I should say not! Easy as an old gum boot! Between me an' you he's plumb simple At times. I'm an' old friend o' his. If you'll excuse me, what be ye goin' over to see him about? He don't owe many o' your figger callin' at his shack."

The stranger hesitated a moment. "Well, I don't mind telling you as his friend," he finally said. "It is a disagreeable piece of business for both of us. I—I am Mr. Jacob Lamson's lawyer. Perhaps you've heard of him. He used to live in Sisquinet, years ago, and—"

"Lamson?" interrupted the other. "Him what holds one share more'n half in Maxwell's schooner?" The fisherman seemed fully alive now.

"Precisely. Mr Lamson still owns the controlling interest in several vessels in Sisquinet."

"That's right. Have I heard of him? I should smile! An' so you're the lawyer, hey? Well, I want to say right here that your client's a skunk—a low-down dogfish. Why don't he put up his share o' money to make repairs? The boys can't do it all an' give him half profits, too; an' so there's a bunch o' vessels drawed up on the beach jest goin' to rot—no good to nobody. He won't repair nor sell—an' he don't care, 'cause he's rich. Max's schooner is the only one that's fit at all! Yes, sir; your man's cussed mean, if ye don't mind my sayin' it."

"That may be your opinion, my friend, and one for which my client cares nothing," replied the stranger, with a touch of asperity. "But this is purely a matter of business. Mr. Lamson is going to sell Maxwell's schooner."

The face of the fisherman lighted. "No!" he exclaimed. "To Max?"

"Hardly," was the calm return. "To parties in Boston, I believe. The point is this. The contract came to your friend from his father, who has recently died, and my client holds the controlling interest. Now, the money Mr. Lamson has already paid for repairs and improvements just about eats up young Maxwell's equity in the vessel. I regret to say he will get nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing. I have tried to get Mr Lamson to sell his interest to young Maxwell, but he is obdurate—and perhaps vengeful. He had no love for old Maxwell. Do you follow me?"

"I'm in yer wash," returned the other, his face suddenly clouding. "And what in the devil do you want to see Max now for?"

"To give him legal notice and settle any small differences that may arise. That's why I asked if he was truly or hot-headed."

"Yaas—yaas, I see," said the other, nodding slowly as he got to his feet. "But this 'll be an awful crack for his wife! He ought to git red-headed over it, but he's jest fool enough not to. Well, there's nothin' I can say, I suppose. I'm goin' up to the store for a minnit. That seegar o' yours makes me hanker for a smoke. No thankee—I wouldn't think o' robbin' ye." And with that the speaker turned and walked slowly up the pier, his bronzed face indicative of extreme disgust.

The little building toward which he directed his steps seemed to hang on the end of the steep street, and an old sign across its front gave notice that one Thomas Pemberton dealt in general merchandise. The fisherman entered the gloomy and odoriferous interior, lounged up to the knife-scored counter, and greeted the proprietor.

"Hello, Tom!"

"Hello, Roger! What can I do for you?"

"Just want to buy a seegar an' borrow a lantern. Goin' to take a landshark across the bay, an' I reckon he's afraid o' the dark."

"Don't say! Who is he?"

"Feller named Selover; says he's a lawyer to mixer Lamson. Says he's come up to sell the *Luella*. What do ye think o' that? Nice news, hey?"

"You don't tell me! Feller with a gray mustache an' a flash fing?"

"Yaas."

The proprietor opened wide his eyes. "Him a lawyer to Lamson!" he exclaimed, a mixture of astonishment and derision in his voice as he looked questioningly at his customer; then he glanced at the two men sitting by the empty stove and jerked his head toward the rear of the store. At the unspoken hint the man called Roger followed with something like wonder on his calm countenance. When, some ten minutes later, the two returned to the front the fisherman's face was flushed and he was whistling softly. Abstractedly swinging the borrowed lantern, he walked slowly from the store like one in deep thought. The proprietor followed him to the door and glanced over the bay.

"Say, Roger, looks mighty like fog a-comin', don't it?"

The other looked up and answered, absently, "Sure."

"If I was you," continued Mr. Pemberton, "I'd tow him astern for a spell, or, better yet, I'd set the sucker on Hogsback rocks an' let the tide fix him fer fair. Seeh people hain't no right to live in this world. Well, my duty to Katy. Good night."

As the fisherman walked slowly back toward the little pier his erstwhile mild expression gave place to hard lines around the mouth, and his clean jaw worked nervously. Presently he halted, lost in deep thought, but finally brought his great hand down on his oilskinned thigh with a resounding slap and went his way with accelerated steps. He found the stranger smoking in the gathering dusk, and the bucket of clams had arrived. Across the bay, on a distant headland, the mellow glow of the Sisquinet light shone out like a star.

Within the next ten minutes the dory was running quietly over the long waves, its little sail hardly bulging under the weakening wind. To the lawyer it appeared as if they were floating out into space; for almost immediately after the start the threatening mist had crept in from the sea, which, with the failing light, cut off even the loom of the land ahead. For a time neither of the boat's occupants spoke, but at length Roger gave voice to his thoughts.

"Say, won't Lamson give Max no show at all?" he asked, appealingly, as he leaned toward his passenger.

"I believe we have gone thoroughly over the ground," was the terse reply.

"Well then," was the earnest return, "Lamson is just goin' to ruin Max. It 'll take the bread out o' his mouth to sell the schooner now, an' him only lately married to the nicest little gal in Sisquinet. Say, that interest in the *Luella* is all he's got in the world. He never dreamed o' such a thing happenin'. He never had no trouble with Lamson, if his dad did. An' he's put a heap o' work on that craft. This here traverse will knock him over flatter 'n a white squall, an' nigh kill his wife. I think a pile o' Max. Won't Lamson sell to him? Max hain't got the money, but you can bet he'll raise it. Say, won't ye help him out?"

The fine face was pathetic, and the low voice held an unmistakable note of pleading, but the listener was unresponsive. He waved an impatient gesture with his fat hand. "No, I told you. Mr. Lamson is a good hater; he don't forget what the people of Sisquinet, and especially Maxwell and his father, have said about him. And what's the use of talking? I can't do anything."

The fisherman settled back. "Yaas, I see. Ye needn't say no more. I reckon ye feel some bad yourself, an' I'm glad I haven't got your job. After all, there's more'n one way to catch fish!"

With this enigmatical remark the boatman relapsed into silence. He puffed vigorously on the pipe he had filled and lighted, but the lines of his face, which had relaxed as he begged for his friend, grew hard again.

Time passed, and as darkness fell apace the wind fell with it, until at length there was hardly force enough to keep the dory under way. All signs of land, both before and behind, had long since vanished; even the friendly light from Sisquinet Point was lost in the thickening fog. Vision became contracted, and to the city man the condition made the rate of the boat's progress and its direction at once a matter of acute guesswork. The swells had grown heavier, indicating open water, and once in a while a wave gathered head and broke with a hissing sob that was startling to the passenger.

And by this he was more than anxious that the trip should end. The motion of the boat had become mighty unpleasant to him and from his reckoning they should have arrived at Sisquinet long since; they had been out for upward of two hours, but as yet there were no signs of their destination. Mr. Selover had become uneasy and perplexed.

And it finally dawned upon him that his mousse pilot was in a quandary; for, as the fog thickened, the fisherman's face, now barely discernible, bore a troubled look which he made no effort to conceal. Roger loudly knocked the ashes from his long-extinguished pipe, shifted himself in his seat, tried to pierce the gloom on all sides, listened intently, and otherwise showed anxious watchfulness. At length he broke the protracted silence.

"I declar' for it! I wish I had brought a compass! Damn a fog, anyhow!"

"Don't you know where we are?" asked the other, nightily disturbed by the tone of his guide.

"Listen!" came the irrelevant exclamation. "Do ye hear that?"

"Hear what?"

"Breakers, by the Lord! Sure as thunder the tide is settin' us on the Hogsback!"

As the man ceased speaking, through the silence there came the muffled boom of a distant surf. The stranger caught the sound and perspiration started from his forehead. "The Hogsback!" he feebly exclaimed, turning as weak as the water about him, while the log-heads hanging thickly on his heavy brown and mustache did not soften his expression of sudden fear.

"What do ye know about Hogsback rocks?" demanded the fisherman.

"Nothing but what Mr. Lamson has told me. I don't see how you got out so far."

"*Me?*" came the unexpectedly forcible return. "I didn't make the tide run an' the wind stop blowin', nor I didn't make no fog. What's more, I never asked ye to come aboard. Can't a man get lost?"

"I—I beg your pardon. What can we do?"

"By thunder! I don't know *what* to do; ain't anything *to* do, as I see. If I had oars I'd try to row, but like a duno fool I forgot 'em. Ye noticed 'em lyin' on the pier, didn't ye?"

The lawyer nodded despairingly; the other fell into what appeared to be a perplexed silence. Presently the latter spoke again: "We're surtain gettin' nearer them rocks! I can hear them breakers plainer—can't ye? The tide is settin' us on strong, but we may letch past 'em. By the Lord, I hope so!"

"Am we in great danger?" asked the lawyer, his heavy voice weakened by apprehension.

"Well, ye ought to know what it means to go on the rocks in a surf," was the unconforting rejoinder. "I'm fair to say that I don't like this traverse a damn bit better than ye do. Can ye swim?"

The perturbed passenger fairly groaned. "Not a stroke."

"That's bad! Sorry I ever got ye into this muss; but it wa'n't my fault. How could I ha' known? Be ye a married man?"

"Yes—and two children."

"Well, we've got to trust in the Lord an' do the best we can. If we hit sand we'll have a show, but if it's to be rock—well—I don't know that swimmin' would help any. Listen to that! Sure as thunder we're goin' on!"

And to the lawyer's strained senses it was only too evident that the man was right. The fog was now thick and the desperation of the situation intensified by the impossibility of seeing more than ten feet away. Mr. Selover, being a coward, was on the verge of panic. Within the space of five minutes his ruddy face had lost its color and his features grown haggard. The "shut-in" feeling caused by the blanket of moisture, demoralizing to any nerves, made his a wreck, and it was all he could do to keep from exposing his abject terror as he sat on the thwart, loose-mouthed and clutching the gunwale of the boat.

By this the dory had hardly way enough to keep across the trough of the enlarging swells, but to the landsman, listening to the growing thunder of the breakers, it seemed as if the frail craft was flying to its destruction. Presently a wave broke in phosphorescent

foam close to the boat, and the gaunt outlines of a great, swaying spar-buoy slid by. It was a startling sight. As the fisherman caught a glimpse of the mighty stick he gave a shout and sprang to his feet. "Stand by!" he yelled, dropping his hold on the tiller and catching up the borrowed lantern. "By Heaven! it's comin'! Ye set still. I'll do the best I can for ye."

It was a strenuous moment to both parties. For the boat, relieved of all direction from the tiller, at once fell into the hollow of the rollers, and a toppling sea caught her and bore her sidewise toward the shore. Soon each wave became a white-capped menace and for a time the dory wallowed drunkenly; finally it seemed lifted by an unseen force and hurled forward. "Stand all!" shouted the sailor, as the boat came down and struck hard bottom with a shock. The next second it slid upward a few feet and then fairly rolled over.

But before the hat happened the burly fisherman had leaped from the dory, and, grasping his terrified and half-paralyzed passenger by the collar, dragged him unceremoniously through the receding breaker, and landed him above the rush of the waves, himself wet only to the hips.

"Fortuit we struck a pocket o' sand!" he said, looking at the bedraggled man who was coughing up the brine he had taken in. "There's rock in both sides of us, but the minnit I seed the spar I sensed where we was. Nice kettle o' fish, ain't it?"

"Thank God we are out of it!" gasped Selover, regaining his powers of speech. "This will be an eternal lesson to me! I was a fool to trust myself to a boat!"

"I don't quite see what ye got to thank God about," said the other. "We happen to be safe for a minnit or so, but ye evidently don't know that the Hogsback is three foot under water at high tide. No livin' soul could keep a hold on the rocks in the run o' the sea. An' the dory's a wreck."

The lawyer's jaw dropped as he sat staring at the speaker. For a moment he was overcome—too overcome to move. And if he hoped for something to mitigate the force of the blow of this piece of information he was disappointed, there was no comfort forthcoming; instead, the fisherman sat down and, pulling off his boots, emptied the water from them, and then divested himself of his heavy oilskin. The two men remained silent for a space while the froth of the breakers shot up closer and closer. At length Selover, shivering from cold and fright, got to his feet and his agony of mind was plain in the tone of his voice.

"What are you going to do?" he faltered.

"What am I goin' to do?" was the calm return. "What do ye s'pose?"

"Good God, man! You are not going to leave me here on the reef to die alone!" was the sudden and frenzied exclamation.

"Does seem hard," was the unfeeling reply, "but I don't see how it would better ye by me dyin' with ye. 'Sides, I got a wife, same as ye, if I hain't got children."

"And you can swim ashore?"

"Easy. The sea 'll be ca'm on the land side."

"Almighty God! How long before the tide covers the reef?" demanded the lawyer, the fear of death in his voice.

"Nuar as I can guess it 'll be slack water on the flood in about two hours."

"Two hours? You could bring help in that time!"

"I might try—supposin' all went right," said the big man. Then he cleared his throat, and his voice grew harsh. "See here, my friend, I'd have to ask Max to get ye ashore, he bein' my nearest neighbor. Do ye think he'd thank me for bringin' ye down on him?"

"But this is a case of life or death."

"Yaas, it is to him, too."

"Oh, don't talk nonsense now! I'll give you anything to save me."

"An' what 'll ye give Max?"

"Anything he demands. Almighty Heaven! We can't haggle here!"

The fisherman's face changed. "Will ye give Max the schooner? I'm mighty sorry to be makin' tarms with a dyin' man, but it's Max ye will have to depend on, an' I'm workin' for him."

"I'll do that, or anything. I'll see that he gets the schooner; I'll give you a hundred dollars if you send him—or any one. I can't be left here to die like a rat! Good God, man, how have you the heart to think of such a thing? Can't you—"

"Say, you'd better shut up about havin' heart," interrupted Roger, snapping his strong jaw. "Ye didn't care a cuss when I showed ye what a hole ye would put Max in; an' now ye cries for *him* to save ye. Say, I wouldn't take yer word for anything—if you'll excuse me for sayin' so."

"Why not? I will—"

"Why not!" came the explosive interruption. "Because you're a coward an' a liar; that's why not. Soon as ye got ashore ye'd go back on it all. Now I'll help ye on just one condition; an' that is ye put yer change o' heart in black an' white right now. If I don't show writin' to Max he won't come—an' ye couldn't blame him."

"I'd do it gladly; and I'd give you a check this moment," was the eager return, "but you know it can't be done here. Don't be absurd at such a time. I'll take my oath—"

"Damn yer oath!" was the vociferous return. "You write it. I got a pencil—a pencil is good in law—an' I can fish out some paper, too, an' there's the glim."

The fisherman drew a box of water-proof matches from his pocket and lighted the uninjured lantern, after which he produced the stump of a pencil and an old letter. Tearing off the blank page, he handed it to the lawyer.

"Ye got to be sudden," he continued, harshly. "Jest make a plain bill o' sale o' the schooner *Luella* to Mr. Thomas R. Maxwell, puttin' in the proper consid'ration, an' don't ye forgit to sign yer own name to it, Mr Jacob Lamson, or I'll let ye lie here an' rot before I'll lift a finger for ye."

Dragged him unceremoniously through the receding breaker and landed him

The lawyer blinked. "Huh?" he ejaculated.

"Oh, I'm on to ye, sir; ye an' yer playin' off lawyer. Ye be a foxy villain. It was Tom Pemberton what put me wise, but if ye hadn't been so earnin'keenin mean about yer wegars I'd never gone up to the store for one an' knowed about ye. An' by gosh! I clean forgot the smoker, after all. Git a move on. It might be pleasant news to Max to hear ye are out on Hogsback in a risin' tide. Hurry up; time's goin'."

There was no geniality in the voice of the big man. If he was not honestly ugly he was honestly indignant, and Mr. Lamson, alias Selover, feeling himself completely trapped, bent his head under the lash of the other's words and wrote in silence. He made out a rough but legal document, the fisherman holding the lantern over him and eying the cringing figure with an expression of extreme disgust while the fog billowed thick about them. Just as the writer finished signing his name a roll of spume washed to his feet.

"Be quick! For God's sake be quick!" he said, thrusting the paper into the hand of his hoped-for savior.

But the other seemed to be in no haste then. "That 'll make Max's little gal the happiest woman in the hull o' Sisquinet," he said, folding it carefully and putting it in his pocket. "That is settled! Come along; we'd better get to the shore side. I'm some chilled. Am't ye?" The voice was now as smooth as oil.

Mr. Lamson was chilled, body and soul, but he had other things to think of, his precious life was not yet out of danger. "How long before Maxwell can get to me?" he asked, hoarsely.

"Twon't be two hours; not long enough to drown ye, I reckon. You follow an' don't tumble."

They went over the rocks, the lantern-bearer going easily and rapidly, the other scrambling along in his desire to keep within sight of the illuminated haze made by the light. It was a terrible journey to the city man. Hogback Reef he knew to be a quarter of a mile in length, with about the same distance of open water between it and the mainland, but he seemed to have gone twice that space before he protested. "How much farther?" he finally gasped.

"Only a piece more, I guess," came back the cheerful answer. Presently they struck a strip of hard sand, and almost immediately the fog above them turned golden. The guide whirled his lantern aloft and wheeled around on his panting follower.

"Well, by my great-grandmother's aunt's black cat!" he exclaimed. "If that ain't Sisquinet light, an' this ain't Sisquinet beach! I must be' mostuck Spindle P'int for the Hogsback!" He halted, facing the breathless man, his benevolent countenance bearing a broad grin.

Between tremendous relief and acute astonishment Mr. Lamson was momentarily brought to a mental and physical standstill; but as he caught a full view of his guide's smiling face a light rivalling that from the towering beacon above him broke on his brain. For a moment he gazed at his companion, his face gathering anger.

"You infernal scoundrel!" he broke out. "You knew it all the time!"

The fisherman threw back his head and laughed outright. "Course I did. Was ye thick enough to think I'd sailed these waters for twenty year to get lost in Sisquinet Bay 'cause it hogged? I never said we was on the Hogsback. Ye jumped at it."

"You lie! You said the rocks were covered at high water."

"On Hogsback. So they be."

"And that you'd have to swim ashore."

"Not once I didn't. I said I *could* swim ashore. Come now."

"You intended to deceive me all along. You—"

"As' what was ye tryin' to deceive? Ye was afraid to come into town under yer right name. It's been dog eat dog, hain't it? What be ye kickin' about? Ain't ye safe?"

"You rascal! You obtained that paper under the pretence that it was Maxwell on whom I would have to depend. He can't make it hold."

"Can't, hey? See here; I happen to be him—Thomas Roger Maxwell, an' at yer service, Mr. Selover. Guess it was Max what brought ye here—jest like I said he would." The man's face was shining with quiet good-humor. "Don't bile over, now," he continued, in a conciliatory voice. "I'm goin' to let ye off that check for a hundred. Ye never was in no danger. Did ye think an old dory-man would be such an ass as to leave his oars ashore an' put off in a fog unless he had his hearin's to utmost a hair? I was lyin' for that spar-buoy, an' when I saw it I knowed jest where we was."

"You damnable—"

"Now—now, I wouldn't, if I was you. Look here; ye don't think I'll take your share o' the *Luella* as a gift, do ye? Not much! I'm goin' to rip that paper to bits jest as soon as we agree about the sale. I know 'tain't witnessed, but knowin' what I know about your change o' heart, I don't think you'll deny signin' it. See, I'm goin' to do the fair thing by ye. Come now. Ye go with me an' I'll fix ye up dry, an' we'll have a hot supper, an' ye'll see Kitty an' feel lots better. Ye don't hate me, really. An' ye know what ye said about tryin' to get Lamson to sell to Maxwell. Ye can't go back on that, can ye? Come now."

Mr. Lamson was something of a philosopher, and, when unharassed, a quick thinker. His brain now worked rapidly. What a court in that region would do for him in case he contested the paper was hardly problematical. He knew when he was beaten, and was aware that half a loaf was better than no bread. But the story, that galled him. He capitulated, though still sparring feebly.

"And you told me that Maxwell was sick," he blustered, losing his aggressive attitude, "but he was willing to frighten me to death, and now you will end by making me ridiculous."

The fisherman caught the change and laid his finger on the sore spot.

"Scared, hey! Well, I guess ye were—some. But ye wasn't half so scared as I was when I knowed what ye had come for. An' salt! Ye can bet I'm soft when I'm treated white; but unless ye go round tellin' about it, nobody won't know how ye was saved from drownin' on the Hogsback. Ain't that comin' down easy?"

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The Use of Good Books in General Education

By Homer H. Seerley

President State Normal School, Cedar Falls, Iowa

THE North Central States are active commonwealths in combining all possible organized efforts to advance educational results in the local communities, individual schools, and scattered farm homes. Out of this activity have come voluntary reading circles for people, teachers, and pupils, and out of these voluntary organizations have come good libraries for every school, and superior public libraries for every city and town. The State of Iowa is an example of this type of combined effort, since custom and law, as well as public interest, have brought good books for general

John F. Riggs
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE IOWA PUBLIC SCHOOLS

reading within the reach of every child in every public school, and also every man and woman in every school district.

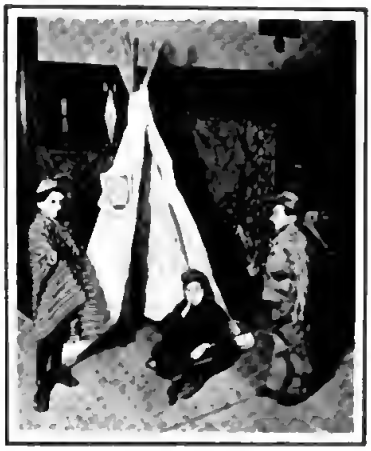
The laws require an annual expansion of these privileges through the purchase of additional good books by the school directors and the school superintendents of each district, and as a consequence the opportunities are constantly increasing and the total service given is rapidly developing. As a result of this policy there are well-established and well-maintained public libraries for the more populous communities, a pupils', teachers', and general library for every school district, and a travelling library conducted by the State, so that every community is permitted to have at hand the full benefits of the literature, the history, and the science of the present age. That great results would be accomplished through such strong State organization and management could easily be realized, but that this impulse to know good books would cause 5,000 Iowa teachers to band themselves together in a State reading circle in order to still increase their opportunities and privileges would hardly be expected. Yet such is the case, as the teachers themselves thus provide the books they need when the opportunities already given do not reach their demand.

The selection of books for the public school library list is carefully made by a competent State board whose members have the authority to reject any book that is deemed unsuitable or unwholesome. This work is not done on any stilted theory, but it recognizes that there is variety in the tastes and the interests of childhood. Every book put upon such lists is read by a careful critic and is given consideration on its merits, while the list is made large enough to give the school boards, the teachers, and the superintendents much latitude as to choice. Through this means the best in story, in literature, in history, and in science finds its way into the homes and the lives of the people, and educational progress is more rapidly accomplished and realized. This State-wide movement has done much for the teacher and for the pupils. It has conserved the energy and the powers of both, and it has given an impetus to study and to intellectual culture that is the most remarkable phenomenon of progressive civilization. In the cities and towns special rooms are assigned to the library work among children, special librarians for children's work are secured, the story-hour is maintained as a regular privilege, and the interest in good literature is cultivated and strengthened. This guiding and directing interest and taste is indirect rather than authoritative, and bears much more fruit than could be done by more dictatorial supervision and control. It is announced by those conducting the work that the taste of readers for certain kinds of books is due to cultivation and appreciation and that this attitude of mind and feeling can be changed through sympathetic and proper conduct of the story-hour. Such procedure calls for the duplication of the more popular books for children's use, rather than for an attempt to purchase the many books that are in the market. A library's usefulness is decided more by its usefulness to its patrons rather than by the largeness of its number of volumes. Ninety-six Iowa libraries are thus conducting a work for cultivating the taste of boys and girls for good reading, and also cooperate with the public school teachers of their cities and towns by enlisting them as assistants to expand such work in their respective schools. To meet this development division libraries are established in every school building, and teachers and librarians unite to bring to the personal knowledge of the children the blessings and benefits of real literature. The expansion of this work in the cities, united with the development of the libraries in the country, has been an example that plainly shows the results of concerted effort upon the part of educators and publicists to extend the cultural advantages of good books.

The public school library advance has been decidedly notable during the brilliant administration of the present superintendent of public instruction, Hon. John F. Riggs, whose influence and service have given remarkable impetus to the progress of the common schools. At this date these libraries have 1,070,775 volumes, of which 97,368 were added in 1905-06; 55,977 in 1906-07; and 50,408 in 1907-08. Of these voluntary efforts added 53,786, and the purchases from district tax 121,587. When it is remembered that the total average attendance of the schools is approximately 380,000, and that many of these pupils have also the advantages of the public libraries of the cities and towns, it can be easily recognized how large a work has been accomplished in a few years in uniting the service of books to the service of the teacher.

The State has also a Library Commission, established March 20, 1868, whose function is to aid and encourage the establishment of a free public library in all cities and towns large enough to insure its support. This commission has a regular salaried secretary, and gives advice regarding the submission of a library tax to popular vote, the organizing of libraries for business like administration, and assists in the preparation of records when necessary. It also gives help regarding the planning of buildings, and furnishes blanks for reports and information. This work includes the control of the travelling libraries, the loan of books for the blind, the conduct of a summer library school, the distribution of standard magazines through a periodical exchange, the loaning of travelling picture collections of "Masterpieces of Art," the issuing of a library quarterly regarding library progress, and many other activities that are a part of such public service. When this commission began work in 1890 there were 43 free public libraries; now there are 96 free public libraries. There were 5 library buildings; now there are 78 library buildings, costing more than one and a half million of dollars. There were 3 trained librarians; now there are 24 trained librarians.

The travelling library is a notable discovery as a means to a definite end, since this plan permits books to be sent to schools, societies, churches, clubs, and other responsible organizations, so that literature, science, and the fine arts can be studied at home with as much ease as if the interested person was living in a large city where these instruments of culture and civilization are known to be common property. By means of the travelling library, the farmer, the mechanic, the villager, and the teacher can all be mutually helped through State cooperation and philanthropy. It is by such agencies as this that the people are being brought to a better understanding of the function of the State as a benevolent and fostering institution and are able to appreciate



A scene from "Hiawatha"

the importance and the value of good books when they are brought to the very doors of the homes of the common citizen.

But after all, possibly the most decisive factor in developing the good-book movement has been the many women's clubs that are conducting reading and study work of a serious and definite character, and that include in their membership all the more active and better cultured women of the cities and towns. So universal is this organization of the women that cities of five thousand population will have from four to ten different clubs—all of which are wielding a notable intellectual influence upon the communities where they exist. The demand of these clubs for books of the best kind is a constantly increasing ratio that compels public action in a most vigorous way. This voluntary movement among the women to study public questions, to discuss the more recent notable books, to become acquainted with politics, literature, art, and society, in all that these things mean, has thereby wielded a powerful influence for general reading and culture through this wide distribution of the best publications of the age in the homes of the people.

In addition to these endeavors many good schools have so shaped their yearly work as to cultivate an

Pupils of the Cedar Rapids High School looking up Greek and Roman myths

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"The Sleeping Beauty," acted by the Primary Training School

interest in notable literature through enlisting the active attention of the pupils by the introduction of the dramatic method of instruction, thus impersonating the stories and the characters found in literature suited to the age and the grade of the pupils thus organized. For example, Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, Tennyson's *Legends of King Arthur*, and other such works of equal value and importance, are carefully studied, dramatized, and then impersonated and acted by the pupils, costumes and stage setting being arranged to bring out the reality to such an extent as to cultivate the imagination and improve the appreciation. Through such means taste is cultivated to such a degree that the common and the unclean are rejected because they are not true, artistic, uplifting, or good. Literature work in the grades is supplemented by the committing of a hundred or more notable poetical selections from English authors. These are recited in concert, attention being given to enunciation, interpretation, and elocution. In the high school the most attractive of all work consists of studying the more distinguished authors through their own books that are regularly upon the library shelf, and that give true insight into the life and the personality of the writers.

The choice of good books is a more difficult problem. The most popular or the most useful is one of degree rather than of kind, as so much depends upon the character of the taste and the interest of the readers. It is necessary to recognize this differentiation when considering this side of the library question. Even librarians who have made a special study of children's tastes and demands and who have worked with them for years differ greatly when a list of books of one hundred volumes is to be designated as the best in our literature. It is evident that children can be supervised too much in their reading. Charles Lamb said, "I would never have been a poet if I had had geography in place of the tales and old wives' fables of my infancy." Arlo Bates says in his *Talks on the Study of Literature*: "I am not at all sure that it is not of more importance to see to it that a child—and especially a boy—is familiar with 'the land east of the sun and west of the moon' than to stuff his brain with geographical details of the worlds of Asia, Africa, or the isles of the seas. I am sure he is better off for knowing about Sindbad and Ali Baba than for being able to extract the cube root."

The assumption that children will go wrong with their reading unless they are constantly supervised is not proven. Their tastes and preferences are generally more reliable than is supposed, and it is natural for them to resent recommendation and dictation. Knowing books and knowing children are both essential. All books should be treated as real story books. The fact that a book is nonfiction is no assurance that it is necessarily good, because, after all, it is the literary style and the quality of the life that are the real attractions. Four workers with children's libraries were requested to give what they considered the most popular books, judging from their experience, and their replies follow:

1.—"As to the most popular books, of course they differ with the age of the children, but I think undoubtedly the Dunn books, *From Atlanta to the Sea*, *Battling for Atlanta*, *General Nelson's Scout*, etc., and also the W. L. Goss books, *Jed and Jack Alden*, have been most popular among the boys. These are all Civil War stories, and the boys from ten to fifteen do not seem to be able to get enough of them. Indian stories and school stories are also popular, or any book full of adventures and action. I am sorry I cannot say that the 'King Arthur' stories, *Robin Hood*, or some other classic is the most popular, but these are read voluntarily only by the few. Among the girls, such books as the 'Five Little Peppers' series and the 'Little Colonel' series are still the most popular, though we are gradually withdrawing the latter from our shelves as they wear out. There is a constant demand always for fairy-tales, and the very little children love the Mother Goose rhymes, the old legends, and little fairy-books as much as of old."

2.—"Boys like the Barbour and Dudley books of school life, Grinnell stories of Western life, Du Chaillu's books of adventures, and also the stories of Tomlinson and Trowbridge. There are not a great many boys who use the Alling and St. John books on electricity, but those who do, use them a great deal. The Beard handy books are popular with both boys and girls; they are very suggestive to the child who likes to make things. Every child likes the 'Little Cousin' books,—stories of child life in different countries. Carpenter's Geographical readers are in constant demand during the school year. Brooks, Coffin, Guerber, Eggleston, and Pratt are among the most used histories. Indian books are always in demand. Husted, Eastman, Drake's Indian history, and Stoddard's Indian stories might be mentioned. The Wesselhoeft fables—*Sparrow the Tramp, Flopsy the Spy*, etc.,—are favorites with the children, and need a great deal by the teachers to read aloud in school. Fairy tales are always read, the most read authors being Grimm, Lang, Pyle, Scudder, and A. F. Brown. Of course there are the old favorites every child likes—Alcott's works, Craik's *Adventures of a Brownie*, Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, Burnett's *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, Harris' 'Uncle Remus' stories, Seton-Thompson's animal stories, Wiggin's the *Bird's Christmas Carol*, etc. It is hard to know just where to draw the line in making a list of this kind."

3.—Grimm, J. L., and Grimm, W. K., "German Household Tales."

Lang, Andrew, "Blue Fairy Book."

Andrews, Jane, "Stories Mother Nature Told Her Children."

Burroughs, J., "Squirrels and other Fur Bearers."

Miller, Mrs. O. M., "First Book on Birds."

Kipling, R., "Jungle Book."

Hill, C. E., "Fighting a Fire."

Moffett, C., "Careers of Danger and Daring."

Beard, D. C., "American Boy's Handy Book."

Aldrich, T. B., "Story of a Bad Boy."

Defoe, Daniel, "Robinson Crusoe."

Hughes, T., "Tom Brown's School Days."

Stevenson, R. L., "Treasure Island."

Alcott, L. M., "Little Women."

Dodge, Mrs. M. E. M., "Hans Brinker."

Jewett, S. O., "Betty Leicester."

Otis, J., "Toby Tyler."

Pyle, Howard, "Men of Iron."

Spyri, Johanna, "Heidi."

Vaile, Mrs. C. M. W., "Occult Girls."

Keppler, Agnes, "Book of Famous Verse."

Burt, M. E., Comp., "Poems That Every Child Should Know."

Wiggin, K. D., and Smith, N. A., "Golden Numbers."

Perry, B. M., and Beebe, K., "Four American Pioneers."

Eggleston, E., "Household History of the United States."

The following list intended to show the preferences of the children has been prepared by Miss Harriet A. Wood, Librarian of the Free Public Library of Cedar Rapids:

POPULAR BOOKS—BOYS AND GIRLS

Barbour, "Tom, Dick, and Harriet."
Alcott, "Little Men."
Otis, "Toby Tyler" and "Mr. Stubbs's Brother."
Mulock, "Adventures of a Brownie."
Mulock, "Little Lame Prince."
Saunders, "Beautiful Joe."
Sewell, "Black Beauty."
Rice, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."
Zollinger, "Widow O'Callagan's Boys."
Twain, "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn."
Greene, "Burnham Brother."
Andersen, "Fairy Tales."
Grimm, "Fairy Tales."
Lang, "Colored Fairy Books."
Collodi, "Pinocchio."

POPULAR BOOKS—GIRLS

Alcott, All.
Richards, "Hildegarde books."
Richards, "Margaret Books."
Chelps, "Gypsy Books."
Sidney, "Pepper Books."
Ray, "Teddy Books."
Vaile, "Occult Girls and Sue Occult."
Cudlidge, "Katy Books."
Spyri, "Heidi."

POPULAR BOOKS—BOYS

Grinnell, "Jack in the Rockies."
Munroe, All.
Barbour, All.
Otis, All.
Stoddard, "Red Mustang" and "Little Smoke."
Tomlinson, All.
True, All.

In this list no attempt is made other than to give some of the better books most popular with the younger readers.

"The Holy Grail," illustrating the "Knighting of Sir Galahad"

Martyrs of War

By Emma A. Lente

Once the Earth was theirs! They trod
Blithely o'er the Spring's young sod:—
  Now they own a little spot
  In the quiet burial lot.

Once for very joy they sang,
And their lightsome laughter rang:—
  Now the music that is heard
  Is the song of bee and bird.

Once they had Life's busy ways,
Work and play filled all their days:—
  Now their task is but to sleep,
  And unbroken silence keep.

Once their hearts with hope beat high;
Pleasure kept them company:—
  Now no joyance do they know
  In their chambers dark and low.

Once they heard the bugle's blare
Crying on the troubled air:—
  Now they do not know the gain
  Reaped from fields of stress and pain.

Once, when sore their Country's need,
Swift were they in word and deed:—
  Now in sacred beds they lie,
  Honored while the years go by.

Once they gave us all their best:
Now we bless them in their rest:
  And on each Memorial Day
  Flags and blossoms o'er them lay.

Drawn by W. B. King

THE DAY WE CHARGED!

"Beating" Prohibition on the Mississippi

By Raymond S. Spears

SEVERAL weeks ago, Judge W. W. Hole, in Columbiana County Court, Ohio, held that it was lawful to sell liquor on a shanty-boat eighty feet or more from the Ohio River bank, off the river town of East Liverpool. Mayor Samuel Crawford, of East Liverpool, had fined one William Savora $200 and costs for violating the "dry" ordinances of his city. Judge Hole reversed the Mayor's decision. A few days later, two men were shot, one badly beaten, and one cut in a fight at Wellsville, Ohio, when whiskey-boat frequenters and law-and-order citizens fell foul of one another over mid-stream Sunday liquor-selling. At Vicksburg a similar condition of affairs exists—in fact, all along the borders of dry towns, counties and States. At Vicksburg the city is dry. A man named Morrissey opened a floating saloon across the Yazoo River, as much as a hundred yards from Vicksburg landing. A strong search-light shines up China Street. Morrissey runs a launch ferry consisting of a steam-launch, three motor-boats, and several skiffs to accommodate his patrons.

The question of jurisdiction gives the whiskey boats their opportunity to nullify the laws forbidding liquor-selling. The Vicksburg condition is typical. Across the Yazoo River is a mud and mud bar, screened by heavy willows. It is called De Soto Island, and the resorts are hailed "Luna Park." This little patch of land is part of Louisiana territory, although it is across the Mississippi River from that State's mainland. It is, in fact, a part of Mississippi, although the law says not. Everywhere along the Mississippi similar conditions exist—just above New Madrid there are four jurisdictions in one bend. Kentucky and Tennessee bring the series of State territory on the left bank of the river, United States jurisdiction in midstream, and Missouri on the right bank. Although Vicksburg receives full jeopardy of intoxicated and violent people, the city has no jurisdiction over the saloon just over the State line. The result has been demoralization and occasional murderous assaults.

For time out of mind, the Mississippi River has been the highway of lawlessness, as well as one of the great paths of legitimate commerce and travel. Very much of the trouble has been due to criminals who live in "shanty-boats," or house-boats of various kinds. There is no river police patrol, and few river crimes are punished even to this day. Reputable river-men are obliged at times to resort to "river law"—i. e., fire-arms.

The first Mississippi River shanty-boat, as far as known, was built for the purpose of "beating the law." The English traders were driven out of New Orleans by Don Alexandro O'Reilly, the Spanish governor, in 1769. The British merchants, protected by international law, built two large house-boats, fitted them with shelves, counters, and furniture, stocked them with goods and began the Mississippi River store-boat trade. They anchored opposite New Orleans just as whiskey boats now anchor opposite river towns, and plied their trade under national protection. From time to time these store-boats were poled up the coast for trade with "Cajuns," Indians, and settlers.

The whiskey-boat traffic doubtless began at the end of the old fur trail at Pittsburg, when traders worked down the Ohio in rum laden canoes. Later came the flatboats, keel-boats, arks, and similar covered craft. When the whiskey rebellion failed, the stills moved down to Kentucky, and some of the wildest stills were run on shanty-boats. Abraham Lincoln's trip down the Mississippi was in a whiskey boat.

Before the Civil War, the river lawlessness was nearly, if not quite, coincident with the great river-packed days. The largest outlaw band in the history of the United States, the Murrellites, numbering more than 1,000 members, "used" down the Ohio and Mississippi, some in shanty-boats. John A. Murrell was the organizer and leader. Some of the divisions of the band attacked produce-boats, murdered the crews, and the booty was towed down the river for sale at river towns and New Orleans. Raids were made on river towns. The trails or "traces" were watched, and travellers held up and robbed. A most profitable part of the band's work was "running slaves." Hundreds of negroes were stolen for re-sale. Finally, the band contemplated a slave rebellion and a robber government. The end came in several hangings. Murrell himself went to prison for ten years, was converted, and after his release worked as a blacksmith. The hiding-places of the Murrellites are still pointed out to river travellers—Big Island at the mouth of Arkansas River, Plum Point, Helena Lake, and a dozen other places.

During the Civil War, there was a contraband trade carried on up and down the Mississippi, and old river-men may still be found who carried supplies down the river in skiffs and jon boats, running the blockade. Since the Civil War, there have been distinct periods of river life. There were leather, hunting, trapping, whiskey boat, willow working, show-boating, and other booms. Organized bands of thieves have operated at intervals, a "scout" going ahead to pick out good stores or men to rob, the main gang following in a well equipped shanty-boat, and a third section coming to dig the booty from its hiding-place for sale far down the river. For a while, some store-boats depended entirely on booty stolen from "commissaries" or behind the levee stores.

Efforts to suppress the lawlessness have taken various forms. There are many landings to-day where house boats are ordered off, regardless of the apparent occupation of the inmates. Plantation-owners have had hard experience with pretended preachers, doctors, store-boaters, medicine-sellers, etc., but who were in fact thieves, gamblers, liquor-sellers, and other lawless people. Whole plantations have been demoralized by whiskey boats. Sometimes suppressive measures take the form of law. A posse rounds up the objectionable river-men, and a local justice of peace fines them. Thus there are reaches below Cairo where the shanty boater knows better than to attempt lawless traffic. A few months ago, at Bolivar County, a whiskey boater began his traffic. Negroes were his most profitable patrons. Plantation hands were rendered violent, and the courts could not give adequate protection, although the county was dry. A posse visited the boat, held up the whiskey seller, and compelled him to turn his shanty-boat with all its contents. Then he was sent his way.

Not all attempts to cow the whiskey boats have been successful. Hull's gasoline whiskey boat, for instance, was an arsenal. All hands on board, including Mrs. Hull, had rifles and other weapons. At Sterling landing, Arkansas, they sold whiskey, maintaining a ferry to the bank. A posse came down to drive them off. Several of the posse were shot, and Hull's son wounded in the arm. Later, Hull brought suit against the State for $100,000 for interfering with his traffic. He had a "government license" costing $25.

Several bills were introduced in Congress last winter to give the States along the river power to code police jurisdiction over isolated lands. Such laws were believed to be needed to cover De Soto Island, at Vicksburg, for instance. But until the States agree among themselves as to the enforcement of the laws, nothing can be done by local authorities. Along the Ohio River, the State jurisdiction over the water was expressly provided for when Virginia ceded the Northwest Territory, but now the river bed has so changed that the States must apparently enter into special agreements covering the situation growing out of the unexpected prohibition. State boundaries are immovable, while the rivers constantly change their channels.

It has been proposed that the interested States and the United States government take up the whole subject of policing the rivers of the Mississippi Basin, especially the Ohio and Lower Mississippi, and agree upon methods for suppressing lawlessness. Such agreements have been made with regard to the Potomac River, Long Island Sound, and Gulf of Mexico for suppression of oyster piracy, and the courts have held the agreements were legal. A river police force would simplify matters very much along the Lower Mississippi.

A Radical Departure in Public Lighting

By Louis Bell

ONE of the hardest problems encountered in lighting a modern city is that presented by large public squares. The area to be illuminated in such cases is considerable, and there is no material help to be obtained either from private lights installed in buildings or from the reflecting power of the fronts of buildings, both factors of considerable importance in narrow streets. In open squares the light from street lamps as ordinarily installed is lost, so to speak, in space, and unless an unusually large amount of light is furnished and skillfully placed the general effect is altogether unsatisfactory. Small gas or electric lights have to be installed in large numbers in order to get any adequate illumination, and even the ordinary electric arcs are comparatively ineffective.

The city of Boston has very recently begun a programme of public-square lighting of a decidedly novel character which promises to show the way of escape from the usual difficulties, and to give really brilliant illumination in a comparatively simple way and with much less than the usual expense. The new plan has already been applied in Copley Square, the large open plaza upon which face the Public Library, Trinity Church, and the old Art Museum, and which is typical of the best class of open squares in American cities.

The photograph shows both the general situation and the method of lighting adopted. It was taken long after dark, at 10.30 P.M., at the exposure of twelve minutes on a slow plate, and has not been retouched. The whole lighting of the square, which is about one hundred and twenty yards wide and a little longer, is done by three huge "flaming" arc lamps at the corners of a triangle about three hundred feet on the side. The halation about these arcs is much in evidence in the photograph, and these are the only lights in or close to the square, the light in the middle background being due to a long row of arcs beyond the square, stretching far up Huntington Avenue. The plan here followed has something in common with the practice followed in many of the fine public places of Continental cities—Berlin, for example. The famous plazas of that city are generally lighted from one or two gigantic posts, carrying each a cluster of three flaming arcs. The result is uniformly good, but a pole of the requisite height carrying a cluster of arcs is necessarily somewhat conspicuous, and consequently is either ugly and obtrusive or must be made at considerable expense a part of the general decorative scheme of the square. The latter is the horn of the dilemma generally taken by the Continental City Fathers, some of Berlin's posts costing $7,000 or $8,000 apiece. The necessity for clusters of arcs in these cases comes from the impracticability hitherto of getting sufficient power in a single arc, and having therefore to fall back on an aggregation which is conspicuous against the sky-line and attracts attention to the supporting structure. In the Copley Square installation the arcs employed are something like half as big again in illuminating power as the biggest of the arcs used in the German installations, and hence they make far more effective single units. They are placed on slender and comparatively unobtrusive poles a little over fifty feet from the ground. They not only distribute the light much better than according to the European practice, but are far less conspicuous by day, which removes the necessity of making the poles part of the general decorative scheme. The effect of these gigantic flame arcs at night is altogether surprising; for while their height and the opal glass of the globe ensure absence of glare in the eyes of the spectator, the illumination all over the square, as well shown in the photograph, is singularly uniform, and intense enough to enable one to read a newspaper anywhere on the square with entire ease. Each arc has five or six times the power of the street arcs customarily used in American cities, while it consumes but little more energy than one of these smaller units, the gain being due almost wholly to the enormous luminous efficiency which can be reached with the flaming type of arc. The power of such a light is much too great for work in ordinary streets, but it is admirably fitted for lighting a big square, inasmuch as by its use it becomes possible to light a big area with few lamps carried on very inconspicuous poles, and to obtain a uniformity and brilliancy of illumination quite impossible to approximate otherwise. Incidentally the cost of lighting this particular area has been reduced by nearly one-half, and the new plan is to be applied in most of the other important squares.

Copley Square, Boston, illuminated by the new system of street lighting

THE SENATORIAL HALL OF FAME

MAINE—FRYE AND HALE

The Gentler View

WANDERING SPINSTERS, ETC.

By Florida Pier

THIS is a subject requiring much delicacy. One searches for a phrase equivalent to the hand before the mouth and a dry cough of mingled modesty and nervousness. Needless to say, the phrase cannot be found. Spinsters, as a topic, cause more skittishness on the part of a gallant-minded author than anything else at the moment remembered. To speak of them at all proves one to have an uncontrollable interest in hot pennies.

Spinsters, a word redolent of the faint odor of daguerreotypes, had been chosen to describe that large lady of—but that comes later—women who fill every stray corner of the world, for the exceptionally good reason that Britishers still use the word spinster, and all spinsters become after a time temperamentally British. We must, it would seem, have spinsters in America. A generation ago they were maiden aunts; in a decade or two they will be leading citizens. In the meantime they surely are spinsters. But it is not in America that they are realized; it is on the Continent. Perhaps a train could not start without a spinster in every other compartment. We would not be surprised to hear that this is so. Else why are the spinsters always there? A certain old woman said, on seeing the ocean, "Thank Heaven, there's enough of one thing for every one." But she had not given her attention to spinsters or she would have seen that England's prodigality is the matter gives every one a chance. Think of leaving a sufficient number in each village in the whole world, and yet being able to lavishly supply the pensions. It's a stupendous thing to contemplate. The understanding of why more girl babies than boy babies are born comes with a rush. If the numbers were the same and there were no spinsters, who would travel, who would offer one part of the extremely complete contents of their well worn lunch baskets? It is those dear, dowdy, unattached ladies who have been everywhere, and who know an amount about travelling that married women need never hope to attain.

So much is heard about marriage gradually losing ground that we take it to be a tale to frighten babies with, but while travelling the real danger of the situation is shown one. If a great many marriages are not arranged at once all the world will go a-travelling and, with never a house to hold any one, the population of this earth will roll about aimlessly and be pulled as the sea is, until a human tide rises and falls grumbling and wondering how its ancestors managed their charming custom of settling down. It is a dreadful future, a rattling, restless future. One wearies at the thought and wonders what can be done. It is possible that Providence knows what she is about and has arranged her pleasantest life for those her favorites. She has bothered them no little as possible, she permits them to visit every spot of her enchanting earth, she gives them a malady or two merely to make them realize that life is not all play, and then she places them promiscuously in public places that married, worried folk may see how humorous, lean, placid, how cosmopolitan, how above thoughts as hate or husbands are these ladies of a certain age. That is only one facet of this many-sided subject. One runs around it in a frenzy of uncertainty. Where shall we take our stand? Some sides are not as lovely as the first, yet they have interest and surprise. The thought, for instance, that men, being in disgrace in high quarters, are denied the right to marry these particularly bricky women, and for their past sins are forced to take, well, what they now have. Or, on the other hand, was a damnation put upon these women, a milder form of that the gypsies suffer under, and is it their awful fate to wander, wander with trunks tied to their heels, and the soul of the country eternally disagreeing with them? They catch glimpses of people living in a state of beautiful permanency, bothered within an inch of their happy lives by responsibilities, and the spinsters settling down in a nearby hotel, thinking to perhaps imitate her neighbor, finds a time-table thrust into her hands and pitifully, thinking she likes it, she is forced to spend the winter in some distant country.

What madness was it that permitted the growth of more than one language, who was tricked into allowing it, and what imp in hot enough to have conceived the idea? It is like taking a nightmare seriously, continuing it in one's waking hours and trying to be brave and cheery in the face of its horrors. If, after a bothersome day, one dreams that for ever after one will have to walk about in the sitting position, does one patiently study how to do it, and plan one's life accordingly? Not at all, one exclaims. "I'll be blessed if I will," and shrieks for help, which comes in the form of a horrified awakening. But without a murmur we put up with countless obstructions in the shape of languages, and permit intercourse with half the world to be denied us. It is not as though Syrian gentlemen were thinking thoughts beyond our comprehension. If this were the case, we, in our humility, would not say a word, but that silent dark-eyed young man across the compartment has nothing more concealed in his brain than a grumble against the cinders and a controlled hope that the train will leave the track if the journey refuses to be broken in any other way. These are thoughts that you share, vehemently, yet neither of you can so much as say, "S'welp me, Thomas, I'll never take this train again," and make your fellow voyager understand. Now you know that's absurd. It is unreasonable. Any one would be perfectly justified in demanding a change. Two ordinary humans, both thinking, "Food at last, thank Heaven!" and yet quite unable to join in a chant of praise, and obliged, for lack of one universal language, to maintain a churlish silence. Its words fail one, it's unspeakable. Think of the trains one has almost missed because you did not know that both you and the policeman were saying "two turns to the right." It is a jest that quickly ceases to be funny, and one's smile grows tight in the very beginning. Almost the first day of one's existence. In fact, when it is discovered that the language one brought into the world is not at all understood by the willing, positively eager, but quite stupid people who hover about and do the wrong things with a knowing air that is wholly exasperating. So nervous and mentally disheveled does every one become that in the undignified flurry one addresses one's own countrymen in French, saves one's English for Spaniards, and gesticulates acutely to the members of one's own family. If this does not prove anything force must be resorted to.

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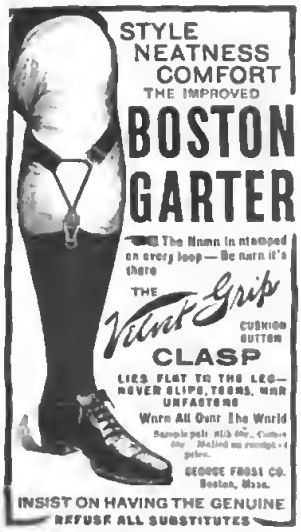

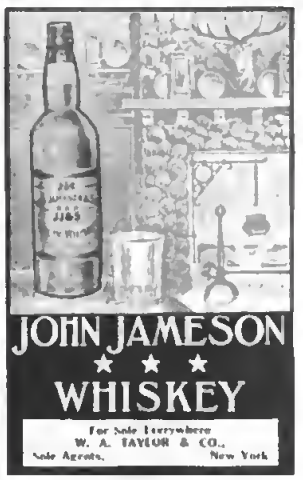

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Finance

TANGIBLE EVIDENCES OF IMPROVEMENT

By Franklin Escher

IN the hum of reviving business activity the dominant note is optimism. Sentiment is cheerful—intelligently so. For the feeling that things are decidedly on the mend there is responsible no "Sunshine Movement" or "Prosperity Convention," or any nonsense of that sort. Tangible evidences of improvement are to be found on all sides. The Man from Missouri can at last cast his eye down the column, see the plus signs, and go away satisfied.

There are some of us who form our ideas as to the state of trade from the general tone of the newspaper comment we read. Others of us want to be shown. There have been times, notably just after the last election, when a large proportion of the press has been too optimistic—when promise has not been succeeded by fulfilment. There are people who bought stocks during the post-election boom and jettisoned them in the February smash. These have been added to the ranks of those who let facts as they see them, not sentiment, govern them in their market commitments. What are the facts—what of earnings, bank clearings, building operations and the hundred other indices of the true state of trade—do they bear out the present prevailing optimism?

Take railroad earnings, for example. Last November gross earnings began to show gains over the corresponding months of the year before, and since then the gain has been continuous. April gross earnings were 13.3 per cent. over last year. Is it objected that comparison is being made with a period of very lean earnings? Compare, then, with two years ago, the period of greatest prosperity the railroads ever had. Present earnings are smaller, but only very slightly so. Union Pacific's gross earnings for March, 1909, for instance, are within $42,000 of earnings for March, 1907—an entirely inconsiderable amount where such big figures are involved. Chicago and Northwestern's March gross was $296,000 less than it was two years ago. Erie's loss was $173,000. Atlantic Coast Line actually gained $148,000.

The four roads mentioned reach into pretty much every section of the country. Their gross earnings show up so exceedingly well in comparison with earnings for the boom times of two years ago speaks unmistakably of a volume of business not very much less than was transacted at that time. As a matter of fact, as bearing on actual conditions in the West and Southwest, gross earnings of Union Pacific and of Atchison, for the nine months of the present fiscal year, can far ahead of earnings for the corresponding period beginning in the middle of 1906

Railroad gross earnings are among the most reliable indicators of business conditions. They reflected faithfully the depression which set in after the panic and they are now reflecting the return to normal conditions. In some parts of the country they are making a better showing than in others, that, however, is merely a matter of degree. Earnings reported from every section are uniformly good and furnish a tangible proof of business activity which it is impossible to deny.

Bank clearings tell the same story. April establishing an absolutely new record with exchanges amounting to $13,689,000,000—40 per cent. more than last year; 5.1 per cent. more than 1907; 2.4 per cent. more than 1906. As to the part played by the active security markets in bringing about these huge exchanges of bank checks, it is to be noted that April clearings outside of New York were no less than 18 per cent. over 1908, and very considerably in excess of 1907 and 1906.

Here is first-class evidence of the volume of trade being transacted throughout the country at large; it fits in exactly with the story told by railroad earnings. It is a story, too, of rapid progress, made during the past few months, for April's clearings were 8 per cent. over clearings for March and 23 per cent. more than in February. Statements of bank clearings are usually pretty dry reading, but the story they tell now is decidedly well worth listening to. With the man who is really looking for tangible signs of improvement the successive figures carry more weight than any amount of vaguely optimistic newspaper comment on the industrial situation.

Building operations, involving as they do so many different lines of business, are another good indication of general conditions. Building operations during the year's first quarter ran 88 per cent. ahead of last year, and actually 15 per cent. more than in the first three months of 1907. The latter comparison is far the more striking of the two, last year at that time not little in the way of new construction was being carried on, but the first quarter of 1907 was the very apex of the business boom. Comparison of the present with that time is made, and it is found that there is 15 per cent. more building going on now than there was at that time.

A well known construction man, to whose attention these facts were called, said that while it was true that the building business was very active at the present time, the general run of building operations being undertaken were not up to the standard of two years ago. "Most of it is cheaper work," he said, "in many cases undertaken largely because it is so easy to borrow the money with which to carry it on. We ourselves would like to see a higher grade of buildings going up; but, after all, it's business and it eans into a great many different lines—somebody is bending it and making money out of it."

It is this fact that building business "runs into so many different lines" that makes it so representative. The cheapest kind of a building, of any size, cannot be put up without throwing work to the brick trade, the cement producers, the structural steel industry, and a number of others. There are many lines of trade which go to make up the building business, and activity in building construction is quickly reflected back through them all.

Imports, not only in their record-breaking volume, but in their character, tell the same story of trade activity as railroad earnings, bank clearings, and building operations. Waiving the pleasure of comparing the figures with last year and making the comparison with two years ago, it appears that imports for the past few months have been increasing so fast that the total for the nine months of the fiscal year has been carried up to within 10 per cent. of what it was for the nine months beginning July, 1906. Imports for March, indeed, came within a few hundred thousand dollars of what they were in March, 1907, a time when trade was at its maximum and the wheels were turning at full speed.

It has always been held that large imports are a sign of prosperity. If the merchandise brought in consists largely of luxuries, the ability to go out into the foreign markets and buy is in itself a sign of wealth, while if the merchandise consists largely of raw materials it is a plain sign of manufacturing activity. Analysis of present imports shows that out of the $133,000,000 worth of merchandise brought in in March, crude and partly manufactured material footed up to $68,000,000.

A plainer sign of manufacturing activity could hardly be looked for. In March, 1907, when, at the top of the boom, the nation's purchasing power was presumably at its maximum, we imported just 0.6 per cent more of crude and partly manufactured materials than we did last March. The detailed figures for April are not yet available, but judging from the way customs receipts have been running, it would not be at all surprising if April imports were to make the best showing for any April in the country's history.

Other tangible evidences of improvement, a detailed description of which is unnecessary, are to be found in the heavy reduction in idle cars reported by the American Railway Association; in the increased post-office receipts at New York (in March the increase was 17 per cent. over 1908 and 13 per cent. over 1907); in the lessening number of business failures reported by the mercantile agencies, and in the April increase of 212,000 in immigration. The last-named factor really deserves more than passing mention. Increased immigration is rather a less definite sign of prosperity than some of the others which have been set down, but in the opinion of a great many students of economics is the strongest kind of evidence of reviving business activity.

However these broad evidences of improvement might be multiplied, the writer is fully aware that there is a large class of practical-minded men who draw their conclusions from the conditions immediately surrounding them, and to whom record bank clearings are of not nearly as much interest as, for instance, a rise in the price of the materials they use. Is the betterment of business evidenced by the signs upon which this class of people are accustomed to rely?

From the rise in the price of both copper and steel it would seem that it is. Of the very decided improvement in the steel trade since the month's beginning there can be no question, actual quoted prices for finished products having been several times advanced. The publication of the earnings statement of the United States Steel Company in the last week in April appears to have been the signal for the turn. Before that the price war was in full swing with the Steel Company and the independents continually underbidding each other in their determination to get business. Since the beginning of May this ruinous competition seems not only to have come to a stop, but by a kind of tacit agreement among the big companies a fixed level of prices has been established and this level several times advanced.

Whether the increased volume of steel business being done is a cause or an effect of the advances in price, the fact remains that the mills are being run at nearer their full capacity than in a long time. The National Tube Company, for instance, one of the big subsidiaries of the United States Steel Company, produced in April 78,000 tons, which is within 4,000 tons of the greatest amount the company ever produced in a single month. The Carnegie Steel Company has gradually been increasing its operations, and is now said to be running at over seventy-five per cent. of its capacity. According to reliable advices received from Pittsburg last week, orders have been sent out from the company's headquarters to all the superintendents of the various plants to get them in shape to handle business to their full capacity. The Jones & Laughlin Company, it is reported, has filled up with new work to such an extent that its open-hearth and Bessemer departments are being run at one hundred per cent. of their capacity. As to the business of the United States Steel Company, as a whole, the statement is made on unofficial but excellent authority that new orders taken in April were twice as large as the new business of February and March combined.

Copper prices, too, have felt the stimulus of the bettering conditions in steel, and electrolytic copper has again gone back to thirteen cents a pound. So closely are the steel and copper industries related, that pronounced improvement in the former invariably means better prices for copper products. Supplies of copper on hand, despite the continued enormous production, showed hardly any advance during April—what this means in the way of present consumption is apparent. Copper prices will have to struggle against the factor of great supplies on hand for a long time to come, but there is every reason to believe that during the present month consumption will overtake production, and that the process of cutting down surplus stocks will be begun.

Other evidences of improvement might be multiplied without number. Whether the signs sought for are of the broad economic kind such as bank clearings or immigration, or whether evidence is demanded of tangible improvement in specific lines of trade, there are to be seen on all sides the signs of a bettering commercial situation. At the same time, while rapid strides toward recovery are being made, it must not be forgotten that there is much lost ground to be regained. Business shows every evidence of being active and improving now, but taking the country as a whole we are still a long way from the heights of 1906. Confidence as to the future rather than overoptimism as to the present is the corner stone on which the new structure of prosperity is to be reared.

Crop news is likely to play an important part in influencing security prices from now on, and while Wall Street fully realizes that the expectations of May are by no means necessarily the realized facts of August, the government's May report on winter wheat was received with the keenest interest. The estimate was by no means favorable, but was at least three per cent. better than the May condition estimate of 1907, in which year perfect growing weather following the unfavorable start produced a wheat crop never but once surpassed in magnitude.

Money on call is still to be had in large quantity and at low rates, but the stiffer price being charged for money on time is drawing attention to some changes which have been quietly going on in the bank position at New York. Surplus reserves, i. e., reserves held in excess of legal requirements, have been cut in half since the end of March, while loans have been expanded by $50,000,000 and stand at the highest point on record. Of the soundness of the position there is no question, but the conclusion is nevertheless inevitable that the financing of the trade revival is commencing with the New York banks already very much extended. A similar situation would have been handled very differently abroad.

Statement of how much better the foreign banking systems are than our own is apt to become tedious, but we are a people who dislike to alter existing institutions, and if the much needed change in our currency laws is ever to be made we need to be constantly reminded of what things might be as against what they are.

The "commodity clause" tangle having been unravelled by the interpretation of the Supreme Court, the inefficacy of the Sherman Anti Trust Act stands out more prominently than ever. Like the commodity clause of the Hepburn Act, the Sherman Act, while passed with good intent, not only fails to fulfil its purpose, but is the continuous cause of confused and business-disturbing litigation. There is little to be gained by having in force a law whose meaning and provisions are in continuous dispute.

It is a matter for congratulation that the chances of a general reduction in the wages of the employees of the United States Steel Corporation seem to be becoming more and more remote. A month ago Pittsburg advices were to the effect that a sweeping reduction was inevitable. The fact that during the year's first quarter the Steel Corporation was able to earn $3,026,000 more than was needed to pay the dividend on the common has had a good deal to do with affecting sentiment.

V. B. I.—I have had a sum of money (about five thousand dollars) left me, and am doubtful as to whether to buy stocks or bonds with it. Which do you advise?

It depends largely on how you are placed. If you are a business man and this money is in the nature of a surplus amount, you might do well to put it into some good dividend-paying railroad stock.

D. N. C.—Some time ago I bought ten of the Clairton Steel 5's but in view of the bad condition of the steel trade I am beginning to wonder if I had not better take my five points' profit and get out. Would you hold the bonds or exchange them for something else?

Among the bonds underlying the United States Steel Corporation, the Clairton 5's are as good as the best, and are an attractive investment at present prices. Considering the security back of your bonds, there seems to be not the slightest cause for anxiety, and if you sell you will probably find it difficult to reinvest your money as safely and profitably.

J. T.—In view of the stocks of copper on hand (Copper Producers' Association figures), I don't feel entirely easy about some Amalgamated I bought recently when it was over 80. I got in pretty high, but am willing to hold on if I see where I have a chance to get even again.

Without venturing to express an opinion on what the stock is likely to do, we would call your attention to the fact that stocks prices almost never reflect current conditions. The whole market seems to be discounting a very much better state of things later in the year. With regard to the accumulated supplies of copper, it may be said that a return of really active business conditions would soon enough absorb the metal on hand.

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New York's Investment in New Theatres

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

From the plans of the new theatres now in the course of building, of those on which work is to be begun in a month or so, and of still others the ground for which has been purchased and the architecture of which is now being settled, it is figured that New York City will add to its wealth of buildings this year about $4,750,000 worth of playhouses. This figure represents a hitherto unparalleled investment in this line in so short a period of time, and is indicative of the great wave of theatre-building that is surging across the country.

In addition to almost $5,000,000 worth of new theatres in New York, playhouse-project statistics from Chicago, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and other cities indicate that fully $4,500,000 is to be placed shortly in theatre construction outside the metropolis. In Chicago alone two new theatres upon which work, it is announced, will be started soon will represent an investment of about a million and three-quarters dollars when completed.

A survey of the new amusement houses scheduled for New York shows the distribution of the millions that are to be invested therein. First of all, the New Theatre, now being completed in Central Park West, will cost between $800,000 and $900,000 before it is ready for the public, and in this amount no reckoning is made of the cost of the ground on which the theatre has been built. Just off Broadway, in Forty-first Street, the work of construction is being rushed on the Comedy Theatre—a new Shubert enterprise—which, although it will be a very small theatre, will run up in cost, when all its appointments are considered, to a total of several hundred thousands of dollars.

The new Globe Theatre, to be erected in West Forty-sixth Street, for which plans have been filed and on which work will be begun shortly, is to be built by the Dillingham Theatre Company at a cost of $300,000. The name not yet having been agreed upon, a second new Shubert theatre will be erected near the Maxine Elliott playhouse in West Thirty-ninth Street and will be ready for the initial performance in less than ten months' time, it is stated. The investment in this structure will represent about the same amount of money as will the Globe Theatre.

In Fourteenth Street, between Third and Fourth avenues, Messrs. Timothy D. Sullivan and George Kraus are putting up a theatre that will be devoted to legitimate dramatic productions. The auditorium will have a seating capacity of 2,500, and the total investment in the building will be $600,000. By next autumn H. Margolies will have a theatre ready for the public at Broadway and Thirty-seventh Street also representing an investment of several hundreds of thousands, and the Olsen Realty Company has recently made public its plans for a $295,000 playhouse in upper Sixth Avenue between Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth streets.

Butler Davenport and a company of capitalists have announced a new theatre for West Sixty-third Street that will be devoted to a permanent stock company, and, according to information gleaned a few weeks ago, a group of wealthy men have organized a company to build a theatre in West Fifty-seventh Street near Seventh Avenue. It is said that the definite plans of this playhouse will be made public before next fall.

A new Longacre Square theatre, to cost $300,000, is to be built by Weber and Rush. This theatre will be situated at Forty-seventh Street and Seventh Avenue, will be called "The Columbia," and will be run along the lines of foreign music-halls according to the present ideas of its projectors.

In addition to this list, Bay Ridge is to have a theatre valued at $200,000, unless present plans miss fire, and Newark, within hailing distance of the metropolis, is soon to have a million-dollar vaudeville house. The latter, backed by the Keith and Proctor interests, will be situated in Market Street and will be opened in the fall.

Ballad of Memorial Day

The wind was cold, the hill-top bare;
We marched and took our stand.
Smith was the army we had there,
With Hawkins in command.

We placed a flag above the mound,
And from a book I read.
"The Lord God bless this hallowed ground
Where lies the nation's dead."

Then to the coed we turned again,
Hawkins and Smith and I.
The same as though a thousand men
Were in our company.

For not alone we three had come
To thet our soldier's grave;
The wide land, rife with tramp and drum,
Its immanent presence gave.

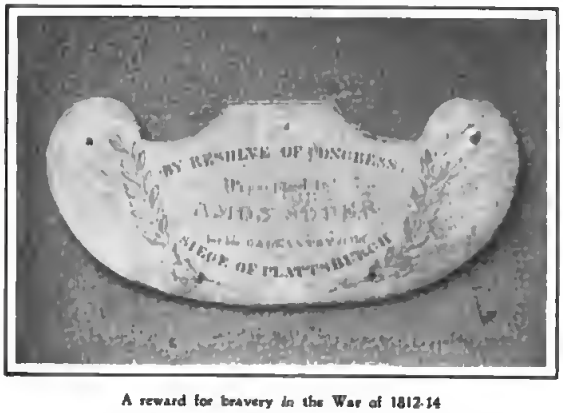
Its voice, which filled the wayside pine,
Chanted of martial days;
Its great soul, through our slender line,
Rendered memorial praise.

STEPHEN TRACY LAVISSOSTON.

In the Early Days of New York's Militia

One of the few American victories on land, in the War of 1812-14, occurred at the town of Plattsburg, New York, on September 11, 1814. Sir George Prevost, Governor of Canada and general-in-chief of the forces there, determined to invade northern New York and entered that State at the head of 14,000 troops, most of whom were Wellington's veterans released from the European campaign by the downfall of Napoleon. General Alexander Macomb collected about 3,500 regulars and militia and decided to oppose the British at Plattsburg. There a sharp engagement took place, the British being defeated.

Among the defenders of Plattsburg were a number of young men, junior volunteers, who were not liable for military duty, but who enlisted in defence of their homes and fought gallantly. One of these was Amos Soper, who served in the company of Captain Martin T. Aikin's Rifle men the Thirty-sixth Regiment of New York militia. In recognition of the patriotism and courage displayed by these brave lads, Congress presented each of them with a rifle bearing a silver plate suitably engraved in explanation of the gift. The accompanying photograph represents the plate that was attached to Amos Soper's gun.



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A "Bubble Wagon" of Forty-one Years Ago

In the "Prosperity" division of the great parade, which is to be a feature of the Queensboro Bridge celebration on June 12th, will be exhibited the first automobile built in the United States. This "devil car," as it was called, was the invention of Joseph Ena, of Newark, New Jersey, who received a patent for it in 1868.

Its automobile was exhibited in the stores or rough roads. With steam issuing from its mouth and nostrils and stamping over the street with its steel feet, the "devil car" was awe-inspiring to superstitious people and always attracted a wondering crowd. Once the mechanism got out of order, and the thing ran many miles before it could be stopped.

The 40-year-old "devil car" which will run again in New York's coming Queensboro Bridge celebration

This motor-car was an ordinary buggy drawn by a giant manikin which was propelled by steam. In the rear of the vehicle was arranged a furnace, boiler, and steam chest, while coal was used for fuel. A series of pipes conveyed the steam to the manikin, which could walk over a smooth street at a rapid rate of speed, but was practically useless on cobble

principal cities of Europe, and among the notable personages who rode in the strange vehicle was the Prince of Wales, now Edward VII. of England. Gen. U. S. Grant was also a passenger in New York City, and during the Modoc Indian War General Custer took it to the West as a means of frightening the hostile tribes into submission.

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There is no excuse for remaining unmarried if one lives in Belgium or is able to journey into that country during that period of the year known as Whitsuntide. This applies to both sexes, for then maiden ladies possess advantages quite as great as those offered by our leap years and need not hesitate to declare themselves if attracted by the charms of any particular suitor.

Seven years ago there was instituted by the young women of Ecaussines, a village in the province of Hainault, Belgium, a fête on Whit-Monday to which "all available bachelors in the world" were invited to come and choose a wife from among their hostesses. This novel proposition was so well received that at the present day every member of the original committee is reported to be happily married and urging her sisters to do likewise. The celebration this year begins at ten o'clock on the morning of Whit-Monday, when the visiting bachelors are met at the station and then escorted to the town hall to sign the "golden book." In the afternoon the would-be benedicts are addressed in the market-place by the president of the maidens' committee. An afternoon tea is scheduled to follow, and the ceremonies will be concluded with a concert and ball.

Unwilling to be outdone by the maidens of Ecaussines in offering propitiations to Cupid, the bachelors in the neighboring village of Rouquieres announced similar festivities for Whit-Sunday, when the ladies are to be the guests. With such matrimonial snares spread on every side, it is difficult to see how one may get past them all and escape being caught.

An Incident of the Sicilian Earthquake

While Italian sailors were searching for survivors among the ruins of Messina some of the men from the war ship *Napoli* rescued a little girl who had been slightly injured by the falling débris. The child was about five years of age and exceptionally pretty, while the remnants of clothing which remained indicated that she had belonged to parents of rank. The sailors were so charmed with the little maid that they carried her aboard their ship, without the knowledge of their commander, and cared for her most tenderly. Some discarded flags furnished material for a new frock, and the needle experts knitted her a pair of slippers. Under the attentive nursing of the sailors, the patient rapidly improved, and before many days had passed she wandered into the presence of Commander Cagni, who delighted his men by the announcement that the small passenger might remain on board until claimed.

In order to acknowledge the little girl as "one of them," the crew christened her "The Daughter of the *Napoli*." When no news came from her relatives, all of whom had probably perished, Commander Cagni wrote to the Duke of the Abruzzi concerning his new charge. The latter, who is a personal friend of the commander, immediately sent word that he would place the child in an orphanage and care for her education until she should attain her majority.

In the Lilac-rain

By Edith M. Thomas

All in the lilac-rain
Tender and sweet,
Brushing the window-pane,
Sudden—and fleet!

Came the dear wraith of her
Out of lost Mayo—
(Ah, but the faith of her,
True to old ways!)

Scarcely her face I knew,
Dim in the wet;
Only her eyes of blue
Who could forget!
Hands full of lilacs, too—
Lilac crowned, yet!

These were the flowers she loved
In the far years;
These were the showers she loved—
Light as her tears!
These were the hours she loved—
Hope chasing fears!

Veiled in the lilac-rain,
Comes she—and goes. . . .
Sits through the clouds again,
Fresh the wind blows.
Mine, a swift pleasure-pain
None other knows.

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A New Kind of Criminal

THE MENACE OF THE CHICKEN-THIEF OF TO-DAY

By Raymond S. Spears

THE elevation of the American hen to its excellent place has intensified the problem of the chicken thief. With chickens worth from thirty cents to a dollar or more each in the markets for stolen goods, the thief has found himself unable to afford to eat the spoils of his prowess. When Huck Finn was young, lifting chickens was a weakness, like going in swimming on Sunday. Now it is a serious crime, and chicken-thieves are feeling, not without dismay, the importance of their place in the community. They, who never dreamed of being anybody, are now classed with shrewd and desperate criminals. They have become a serious menace to hundreds of communities, and their profits must compare favorably with those from many other kinds of crime against property. Chickens at twenty cents a pound are as valuable as copper junk, a favorite spoil of the marauders. Already some sections are aroused to the chicken-thief peril, and others are awakening.

The modern chicken thieves travel in bands, and they work over a community with a thoroughness which leaves farmers actually buying eggs. While the organized chicken-thieves do not disdain the flock of ten or fifteen which most farmers allow to run about their barn-yard, lifting these little flocks is a mere incident of a night's raiding. The gang, with horse and wagon, starts across country. The members who have spotted the lay of the land go with precision to the roosts, snap the fowls from their perches, and decapitate each with one flip of the hand. It is the work of only a few minutes to sweep bare a roost. In the morning the farmer's wife finds only the heads of her birds. It is a bungling amateur who starts the flock a-cackling, or stirs the dog from its front-door mat.

Chickens weigh from two to five or six pounds each. If one owns a fine flock of, say, Plymouth Rocks, he knows from experience that not very many such birds could be carried away by one man. Then, too, a flock of any size would make a loud and startling noise if aroused in the night. Imagine, then, the consternation of a Deerfield, New York, farmer, when he went to view his flock of one hundred superior broilers of the Plymouth Rock breed and found not one! Nearly a quarter of a ton of loud-voiced chickens suddenly departed in the night, and no trace of them was ever found. From another farm in the same locality forty-odd chickens disappeared in equal silence and mystery. But these thefts do not compare with the one of which a Waterville woman was the victim. She breeds chickens on a large scale, and last spring she had three thousand fowls, mostly white Leghorns, on her farm. The birds had the run of the place, and were only counted once in a while, owing to the great number. One day the owner noticed that the flock "looked thin." She ordered a counting. Of three thousand birds, eight hundred had disappeared, over and above the highest percentage of normal loss from disease, accidents, etc. The chicken-thieves had stolen more than a ton of birds, valued at not less than three hundred dollars. They could not have been operating more than a few nights, and the distance of the breeding farm from a possible market indicated a regular wagon traffic in stolen birds. Incidentally, dozens of other farmers in that region lost many birds.

The market for stolen birds is found in unscrupulous camps of various kinds and city meat markets which are kept by foreigners. There is no question but that thousands of stolen birds have found their way into Mohawk Valley towns alone. There are men who are known to the police as "chicken-thieves," and the term is used as respectfully as that of "burglar" or "horse thief." Judges are glad of an opportunity to send these men to jail.

In some localities the chicken thieves are as ruthless and thoughtless regarding future supply as game hogs. Many a farmer has become discouraged over the failure to protect his birds and goes without eggs or buys them to market. In the locality north of Little Falls last summer the farmers lost upward of twenty-five per cent of their flocks, some losing all their birds. Turkeys and ducks were also taken.

Fear of the chicken-thief is springing up on all sides. A resident of the town of Danube in Herkimer County found a certain deputy sheriff in his hen-coop, and whipped him. The intruder lost his job, but he is still a politician of influence. Two professional chicken-thieves assaulted and brutally beat a trolley conductor on the Upper Mohawk Valley line one night last summer. A man near Hinkleberg on the north side of the Adirondacks caught three men in his chicken-coop one night in September. He seized one, but the gang drove him back, and he failed to hold his captive.

The farmers find that the chicken-thief is no longer a cringing, hollow-chested cackling, ready to give up if he cannot run. Far from it. In January this year, a Herminia, Pennsylvania, farmer named Frank Nichols was shot by thieves in his own hen-coop, and seriously wounded with buckshot, and a companion chicken-thief hunter was slightly wounded. The farmers all over the East have not forgotten the fact that chicken-thieves on the outskirts of Methuen, Connecticut, assaulted and beat to death two policemen—Charles H. Emerson and Frank McDermott.

Farmers once thought their coops were safe when snow was on the ground, but this winter saw an cessation of the raids, and the poultry-breeding public finds itself face to face with a menace which threatens their occupation. Elaborate systems of locks and knows have proved of little avail. The thieves carry lock-breakers and wire-nippers, as well as offensive weapons. Poultry-raisers are of the opinion that the evil is increasing beyond all bounds, and inventors are already turning their minds to special chicken-coop guarding appliances.

So far the best precautions are lights, and "still alarms," which awaken the owner without disturbing the marauders. Efficient policing and punishment in proportion to the crime make for the stamping out of the organized bands. Yet, so long as there are markets for stolen birds, chickens will be stolen.

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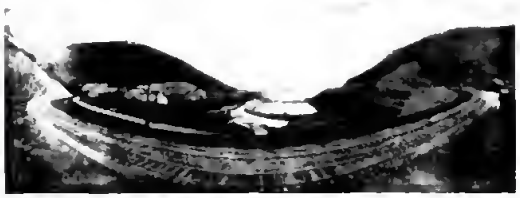

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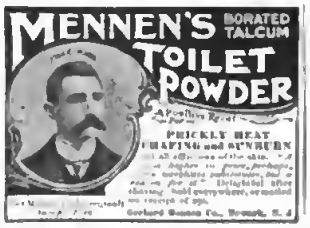

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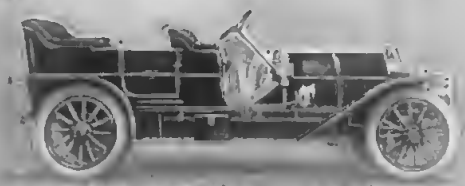

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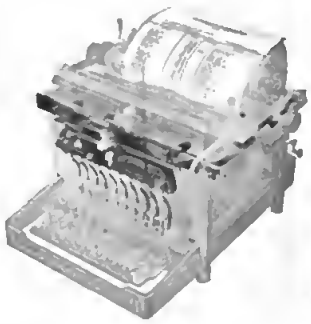

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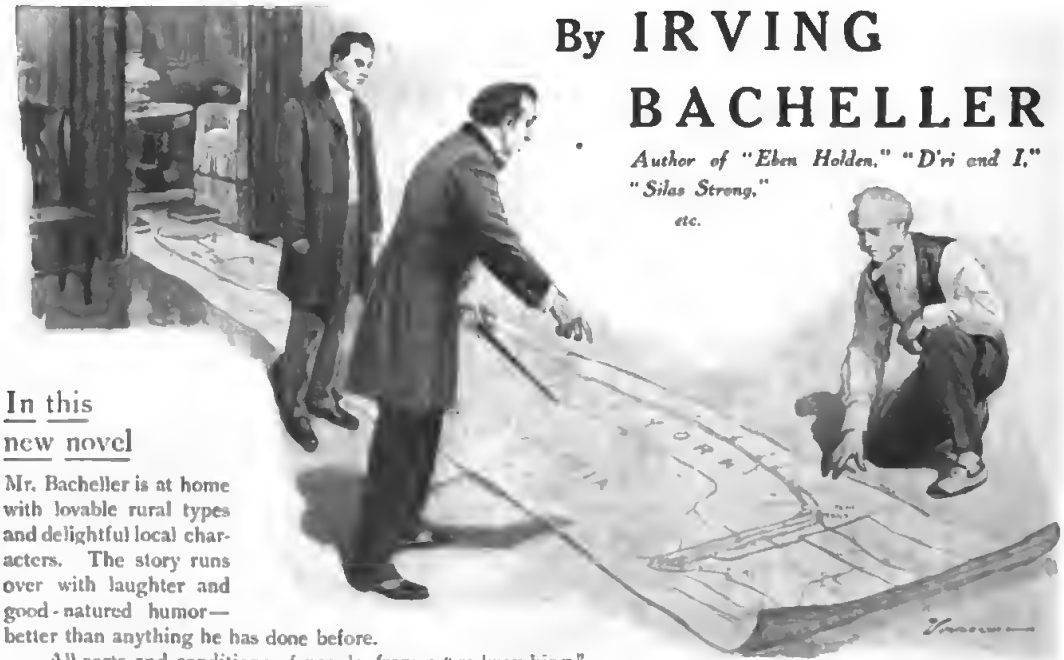

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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LIII — New York, June 5, 1909 — No. 2731

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JULIA WARD HOWE AT NINETY

THE FAMOUS AUTHOR OF "THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC" CELEBRATED HER NINETIETH BIRTHDAY ON THURSDAY OF LAST WEEK AT HER HOME IN BOSTON

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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Comment

Why We Read the "Congressional Record"

We wish the *Congressional Record* were more popular. For our own part, we have found it, ever since the tariff bill got into the Senate, pretty good reading, though at times decidedly exasperating. Since, however, it is not widely read, being too voluminous for general consumption, we wish the newspapers would report the debates more carefully and fully—somewhat as the English papers report the debates in Parliament. Apparently the English and the American papers have quite different notions of what constitutes news. The English papers give the most attention to the things they deem most important; the American, to whatever they regard as likely to attract the most attention. A bit of violence or sensationalism in Congress, an exchange of personalities, or anything in the nature of horse-play, will get more space and head-lines than the ablest argument or the really most significant division. No doubt the fault lies largely with the American reading public. The newspapers must be presumed to know their business, and they of course try to give their readers what they want. But there is such a thing as educating public opinion to the right interests; and we observe that certain of the more excellent newspapers, which pay attention to the more important things going on in Congress, do not seem to suffer for their discrimination. As things are, however, people not specially interested in what Congress is doing follow the proceedings only in the most superficial way, or not at all. That means, of course, that our public opinion is not properly informed; and that makes misgovernment easier.

But for this failure of vigilance on the part of the general public, we do not believe the protective system ever could have got entrenched in our policy as it has. It has grown up through the general ignorance of its methods. Governeur Morris, one of the keenest minds in the great convention that framed the Constitution, seems to have had a premonition of what was going to come about in this regard. The very bigness of our country, he remarked—and of course it is now many times bigger—would enable the wealthy and powerful to prey upon the weak. He wanted tribunals established for the special purpose of protecting the many who do not know what is going on from the few who do know, because they make it their business to know. The wealthy would have, he felt sure, a superiority of "knowledge and communication" which would put ordinary people at a hopeless disadvantage. This ignorance, we think, takes frequently the form of attributing to our rulers, merely because they are in power and having their way, a wisdom and righteousness which closer scrutiny would fail to disclose. Americans forget, if they have ever heard, the remark of Oxenstiern, "Go forth, my son, and see with how little wisdom the world is governed!" The reason why we like to read the current Senate debates is because they afford so many instances—if the country would only pay attention—of the crudeness, the flying in the face of facts, the pig-headedness, of high protection. Consider the way certain specific paragraphs of the tariff bill have been handled.

Razors

Take the paragraph on razors, for instance. For a day or two those useful but dangerous articles were fairly flying through the air of the Senate-chamber; and the amount of misinformation displayed about them—and on which the Senate acted, apparently—would almost make one believe the average Senator has never shaved himself in his life. The amendment to the House bill proposed by the Finance Committee increased the present or Dingley bill duty on razors, amounting to fifty-five per cent. *ad valorem*, and which the House bill had already raised slightly, to nearly one hundred per cent. The usual demand for reasons being made, Senator Smoot of Utah undertook to speak for the committee; and the facts he announced looked impressive—indeed, overwhelming. When the present law went into effect, reducing the duty on razors somewhat, there were, he alleged, sixty-seven concerns in this country manufacturing razors; to-day there are but five, and the home production of these articles is but a small percentage of the total American consumption. It being pointed out that the high price of razors—two to three dollars apiece for the better sort—would seem to indicate that the manufacturer has plenty of margin for a good profit, the Utah statesman was ready with his answer. Not the manufacturers, he declared, but the dealers—the cormorant retailers—are responsible for the prevailing high prices, and get the benefit. Why competition doesn't prevent this—since no one imagines a trust among the retailers—he did not explain further than by remarking that razors do not sell like hot cakes, but frequently lie on the dealers' shelves a long time before they are disposed of. For proof of his charge against the dealers, he produced an imported razor which he said had cost the wholesaler but forty-nine cents, and which retailed for three dollars. Asked about the labor cost in making razors, he estimated it as high as eighty-seven per cent. of the whole cost, and declared that the wages paid in this industry in Germany are but one-third those paid in America.

The Revisionist Side

That was the committee's case. Here is what happened to it. Senator La Follette and certain others, having the audacity to go behind the Smoot version of the facts, made some surprising discoveries. It turned out—and Senator Smoot had to admit it—that of the sixty-seven manufacturers of 1897, when the Dingley law passed, the vast majority were not really manufacturers at all, but merely "assemblers." That is to say, instead of making razors, they merely bought the pieces of which razors are composed—usually from importers—and put them together. It actually appeared, on full investigation, that there was only one *bona fide* manufacturer in the country at that time. The proportion of error in Mr. Smoot's statement was, accordingly, sixty-six to one; and instead of a decrease in the number of American manufacturers from sixty-seven to five under the present law, there has been an increase from one to five!

Meanwhile, Senator Stone of Missouri had telegraphed Smoot's statements to the head of the greatest hardware concern in the country, Mr. E. C. Simmons, of St. Louis, and had got a reply flatly contradicting them. Razors imported at forty-nine cents, it appeared, were being retailed at Mr. Simmons' own stores, after being honed, at one dollar, and a department store in St. Louis was offering them at eighty-nine cents. Mr. Simmons, who has been selling razors for fifty years, had already explained in a letter that the real reason why American manufacturers do not succeed is simply that they cannot make as good razors as are made in Germany. The German grinders—particularly those of Solingen—possess a skill or art which our American workmen in this particular line have not acquired. The English, also, send razors to Solingen to be ground. On the wages question, it was asked why the German razor-makers do not respond to the inducements plainly held out to them to emigrate to this country, as countless thousands of other Germans have, and the committee could not explain. It appeared further that Mr. Smoot's estimate of the labor cost—eighty-seven per cent. of the whole—was far too high; and it turned out also that his figures for German wages—taken verbatim from a statement of the American manufacturers—were about one-half the true figures.

The committee failed completely to find answers to these facts, which fairly demolished their contention. But the committee had something which they valued more than facts or reasons; they had the votes—votes which would simply go any way Senator Aldrich desired. Having been utterly worsted in the argument, the committee ought, of course, to have been defeated in the division. But not so. That is not the way high protective tariffs get themselves made. Senator Stone's amendment, restoring the Dingley rates, was voted down, and the Senate clapped on the big increase of duty!

As to Carbons

Or take the paragraph covering carbons for electric lights, such as one sees in the street lights of all our cities. We wish the way this item was handled may become so widely understood that every time a man sees a street light he may be reminded of it.

This is one of the paragraphs of the Senate bill which were early discovered to contain a "joker." The present duty on carbons for electric lighting is ninety cents per hundred, which is substantially forty-seven per cent. *ad valorem*. The House reduced this considerably, substituting a rate of thirty-five per cent. *ad valorem*. The Senate bill, as first introduced, went back to the specific plan and fixed the duty at seventy cents per hundred feet. To a casual glance this looked like a reduction of twenty cents from the Dingley rate. But that is because the casual glance does not take notice of the word "feet." That is the "joker." The carbons now imported are about two feet long. So the apparent reduction in fact pretty nearly doubled the duty. This being discovered by the newspapers, the Finance Committee, when the paragraph came up for action, offered another amendment, making the duty on petroleum carbons (the cheaper sort) only thirty-five cents per hundred feet, and the duty on other carbons sixty-five cents per hundred feet.

The Troublesome La Follette

But again Senator La Follette had been looking up the facts for himself. He promptly pointed out that the reduction on petroleum carbons was a mere blind. None are imported, or can be; we make them more cheaply than the foreigners. Then he went at the "joker," which was thoroughly exposed. The rate of sixty-five cents a hundred feet, he proved, instead of being a reduction from the old rate, increased it by forty-five per cent; and he and others wanted to know why.

The committee had a defence which, like the "joker" itself, looked well to the casual glance. The Dingley duty of ninety cents a hundred, they pointed out, was imposed when no carbons more than a foot long were imported. The importers had simply got around it by doubling, and more than doubling, the length of carbons, and afterward cutting the sticks in two, and the courts had sustained them. So the committee claimed that the amendment was merely carrying out the original purpose of Congress.

But unfortunately the pesky La Follette had been looking into the history of that paragraph in the Dingley bill. When that bill left the House of Representatives the duty on carbons which it carried was fifty per cent. *ad valorem*; and the Senate deliberately refused to increase it, voting down an amendment offered with that purpose. Notwithstanding this agreement of the two Houses, the conference committee slipped on the duty of ninety cents per hundred, which amounted at the time to from one hundred to one hundred and fifty per cent. *ad valorem*. As a conference report cannot be amended, both Houses had to accept this action, or the bill would have failed. The natural result was the formation of the National Carbon Company, of Cleveland, a trust allied with the Standard Oil, which, according to the testimony of its own secretary before the House committee last winter, now has a monopoly of the domestic production of electric carbons. Senator Burton, who lives in Cleveland, interposed the childish objection that he had never heard that the National Carbon Company was a trust. But the facts thus set before the Senate by the opposition were not denied, nor their argumentu answered.

What was the outcome? The "joker" being exposed, and also the fact that it inured to the benefit of a trust, now enjoying a monopoly, Aldrich and his following calmly proceeded, by a vote of forty-three to thirty-six, to incorporate it in the bill!

Will the People Stand for It?

That is the sort of thing the stand-pat majority in the Senate has been doing. There are other paragraphs quite as bad as these, which have also been retained after the committee had been worsted in trying to defend them. That is why we wish the *Record* were more widely read—and why we have actually put two condensed tariff de-

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bates into these paragraphs. Will the people stand for such legislation? Not, we believe, if they know it. But precisely there is the trouble. A great many of them, we fear, do not know it. They do not follow the debates and see how pigheadedly the thing is done. But we are hopeful; they show signs of beginning to take notice.

Not, however, that the debates alone reveal the entire *modus operandi*. Far from it. The controlling machinery does not appear even in the *Record*. It is not the debates that control votes—although they do sometimes, in flashes, disclose some of the motives that actually control. All Washington is a camp; and the real battle is too often not on the floor of the Senate, but in the lobbies and committee-rooms of the Capitol, and in hotels and clubs and private houses. Bargains and agreements made outside and in secret largely determine the divisions in the Senate, and the speeches too often merely give plausible reasons for votes which are cast for reasons entirely different. It is because these things are so, and always so when a protective tariff is working, that we detest the whole system. We do not, of course, expect to see it overthrown in a day or in a year; but every exposure of one of its specific iniquities brings us a little way onward toward the righteous indignation which ought to overwhelm it. Meanwhile, in view of such instances as these of the way tariffs are now made by Congress, how can any one question that a permanent commission of experts would be an improvement?

President Taft Down South

President TAFT has taken a leaf out of LINCOLN'S book. We confess we felt a little worried when we heard he was going down to North Carolina to make a speech on the anniversary of the so-called Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. That famous bit of patriotism, we have always understood, rests on a somewhat shaky historical foundation, and we were afraid President TAFT'S decided inclination toward candor might get him into trouble. But he found the right story to relieve the situation, and piled all the embarrassment on the head of Deacon HEMPHILL of the Charleston *News and Courier*, who had the nerve to be present, and actually turned up on the rostrum, after editorially pronouncing the declaration story a myth. There was once an Irishman arrested in Tipperary, said the President, for breaking a head. It turned out, however, that the skull he had fractured was what they call a paper one—unduly thin. So he was convicted of manslaughter instead of murder. Told to stand up for sentence, and asked if he had anything to say, he merely begged permission to ask one question. This being granted, "Your Honor," he said, "all I want to know is, What the divil a man with a skull like that was doin' in Tipperary?" And the President looked at Brother HEMPHILL. LINCOLN couldn't have done it much better.

That was not the only delicate situation President TAFT had to deal with while he was in Charlotte. As he probably expected, he found the Republicans of North Carolina decidedly sore over his appointment of a Democrat to the judgeship of the Eastern District of that State. He dealt with that matter candidly; and the reasons given for his course were so nearly identical with those we suggested last week in these columns that we need hardly repeat them. We wish they may satisfy the North Carolina Republicans, with whom, as we have already indicated, we have much sympathy, however we may approve the President's action.

The Georgia Race Strike

It is hard to overestimate the possible significance of the strike which last week completely tied up the Georgia Railway. As we understand the situation, the white firemen struck partly because the places of some ten of their number, who had been transferred by a stupid official from regular employment to the "extra list," were filled by negroes, but partly also because they demand that the best runs, including all assignments to engines on passenger trains, shall be given to white men. The sympathizers with the strikers—the people who, by dragging negro firemen and white strike-breakers from engines, and by other acts of violence, really tied up the road—went farther and announced that no trains with negro firemen should pass through their respective towns. It is therefore not improbable that the strike may culminate in a demand for the complete elimination of negro firemen from the road's service; and it is even predicted that the movement will spread to every railroad in the South. As things now are, a negro is ever promoted to be an engineer. He can rise no higher than fireman, and apparently the race is now threatened with the complete loss of this occupation.

Remembering certain occurrences of recent years in the Middle West, showing plainly that a color line was drawn there in industry, we do not turn to this Southern labor trouble with any holier-than-thou objurgation. Discrimination against the negro is, we are sorry to say, a national and not a merely sectional habit. But we do venture to remind the South of the claim it has so long made that it is fair to the negro in industry, however it may hold him down politically and socially. The South has constantly declared that, whatever else the negro may have to endure in that quarter, the right to work—if necessary, side by side with the white man—is not denied him there as it is in some cases in the North. Here apparently is the beginning of such a denial, and in a very important field. We trust the South will think better of it.

There is one phase of the situation concerning which still stronger ground can be taken. The railroad demanded protection from the State for its property and employees; and this Governor SMITH failed to give, alleging that he had not force enough to guard five hundred miles of railroad. He certainly has force enough to put guards on the trains and at the stations where violence has been practised.

The Needs of the Custom-House

The big national enterprise known as the customs service, its peculiarities and its needs, are set forth elsewhere in this issue. The article simply proves that the ancient habit of swallowing camels and straining at gnats is still prevalent among us. Where so much ado is made about the tariff one would suppose that adequate provision would be made for the organization that collects the duties that the tariff calls for, but this is far from being the case. The provisions for payment of customs inspectors are almost the same as they were directly after the Civil War, when wages were very much lower than now. Five dollars a day for so much, at times, as eighteen hours' work is not likely to attract the type of men that service ought to have. The men, moreover, are apt to be overworked because there are not enough of them, and they cannot, therefore, be depended upon to do their work properly. In short, the United States government, so ready to prescribe and lay down laws for corporations, conducts its own affairs in the customs service without regard to the elementary principles of industrial ethics. The inhumanity of turning adrift without a pension old employees who have spent most of their lives in this service, seems almost barbarous. Many a railroad and industrial concern to-day would not dream of doing so, let alone a civilized government. Speaking a fortnight ago to a committee of the United States Civil Service Retirement Association, President TAFT said on this subject:

> I am strongly in favor of the merit system of appointment in all government positions. A necessary concomitant of that system, however—a logical accompaniment—is a provision for those who have become too old to render proper service to the government.

President TAFT is heartily in favor of such a civil pension system as the customs service needs, though not yet clear in his mind as to the details of it. To the other needs of the same service he is sure to be attentive when he gets around to it, and judging from what the papers report about the effect of the sugar stealings and recent notable smugglings of dress goods, both Collector LOEB and Secretary MAC VEAGH have the needs and defects of the customs service already very much on their minds, and may be trusted to keep the President stirred up about them. A commission to go into the whole matter thoroughly may be necessary, besides such immediate betterment as there is present authority to afford.

Kentucky

We regret to notice in the *Courier-Journal* that a paragraph in the WEEKLY about Kentucky has displeased Marse HENRY. He has pulverized it to the extent of about a column of reproachful rhetoric. The gist of what we said was that Kentucky was tied up too close to the whiskey-distilling business for her own good, and we embellished that opinion with remarks not all of which, we fear, were prudent. Nevertheless, they were all inspired by affectionate concern for Kentucky. Marse HENRY is fighting prohibition in Kentucky for all he is worth, and we hope he will win. State prohibition in that State would do a damage to property which would be enormous in extent and not just. We don't believe it would help the morals of the State at all; certainly not so much as a wiser regulation of the liquor traffic based on local option. The WEEKLY is opposed to State prohibition anywhere, except, perhaps, in Maine, which, possibly, is useful enough as a horrible example of triumphant prohibition to offset the mischief prohibition does there.

Looking After the Vine

The experts of the New York Agricultural Experiment Station at Geneva, New York, are spending a special appropriation of $10,000 to investigate the needs and problems of grape-growing in the Chautauqua district of New York State. It will not be a bad result of the current anti-liquor agitation if it leads in time to an increased consideration of the uses of the grape for the provision of beverages. The American people are not going to become permanent abstainers. They will continue to drink intoxicants, but it will make a great difference what sort of intoxicants they drink and how they drink them. There are much worse drinks for them than our native wines, and they may, in the course of years, develop discrimination enough to know it.

Large Thoughts in Large Type

> Some day we shall have the flying machine at a thousand miles an hour, and no more floating guns or war. And even when that day comes, civilization will be really beginning.
>
> For, remember this, there will be no REAL civilization on this earth until the thoughts of men and their real interests, AND THEIR REAL EDUCATION, shall be outside of this little planet, out in the universe among the other suns, planets, and solar systems.
>
> Little human beings of to-day, thinking of this little bit of earth only, will seem as contemptible to our descendants as that man now seems to us who thinks only of his own little back yard and the sickly geranium growing in it.—Mr. BRISBANE, in the *Evening Journal*.

When a man fetches loose we like to see him do it thoroughly. Mr. BRISBANE seems to be getting into TOLSTOI'S third period. TOLSTOI lately said that up to the age of thirty he was concerned with the pursuit of pleasure, and attained it. Losing appetite for that, he became absorbed in the effort to make the world better and increase the virtue and happiness of men. From that, in turn, he finally emerged "into a new phase of life, a new foundation of life, which must replace all others, because it contains an aspiration to the happiness of humanity, which, in turn, contains an aspiration to personal happiness." So Mr. BRISBANE seems to be getting back to an aspiration to personal happiness, for it must be happiness to have and print such very large expectations.

The Heckling of Jerome

The "heckling" party at which District-Attorney JEROME was chief guest the other evening at Cooper Union resulted in nothing more memorable than the notable contribution made to the literature of the mixed metaphor by Professor CHARLES SPRAGUE SMITH, who acted as chairman of the meeting. "Mr. JEROME," said the professor, in introducing the heckled one, "is going to stand up and *take his medicine right hot off the bat*." We felicitate the professor. The proceedings at the party made very lively reading. Mr. JEROME (as well as Mr. SMITH) appeared to great advantage. To what extent he won the hecklers we cannot tell. Mr. AMORY, we judge, he did not win, and perhaps not Mr. CROKER. Specific questions and accusations he easily met and demolished. People who voted for JEROME because they wanted an efficient district attorney, and who knew what a district attorney could do, and know what Mr. JEROME has done, are aware that they got in him such a district attorney as they voted for. But folks who voted for JEROME because they wanted a vigilance committee have been disappointed. Mr. JEROME has done no more than the law allowed, and that has not been enough to satisfy all his supporters. How far he was able to console the disappointed ones at the heckling we don't know, but he made a gallant showing.

A Correspondent Answered

MALE ANTI-SUFFRAGIST: No; do not attempt to argue with the suffragists. They have all the best arguments and will beat you hands down. If you must oppose them, fall back on the privilege of the defensive sex and say your instincts are against suffrage. It is always fair to oppose instinct to argument. Whichever sex argues learns instinct as the natural weapon of the other.

N.B.—This is confidential.

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What Women Want

Reading the papers and listening to general talk nowadays, one might be led to think that women had suddenly risen up, torn down all the ancient draperies of a past social system, seized social economy in their hands and transformed it, and then demanded that government should justify them. But that is hardly the way things happen in this orderly world. Women are really no more active than men unless necessity drives them. They are not alert enough to invent and make new social conditions, or even to stamp out old ones. Social conditions arise usually quite unexpectedly as a side issue to more contracted enterprises, and men and women both shake themselves into some sort of adjustment to them. Economic conditions robbed woman of most of the home industries, by doing in factories and by organized labor what she had been coping with single-handed in the home. Thrown out of work, she partially devoted herself, in the more easy classes, to a higher degree of culture, beautifying the home, to diversions often costlier than she could afford. In the lower and more streamened classes the change meant that woman, no longer a productive laborer in the home, must make herself one outside. Her sphere was upset and she had to find another, by vigorous adaptation and reaction upon existing conditions.

To see how wide is the difference between the way a woman spoke of her sphere seventy-five years ago and now, let us set side by side a passage from the journal of Eugénie de Guérin and a modern woman's utterance:

"Would to God that my thoughts, my spirit, had never taken their flight beyond the narrow round in which it is my lot to live. In spite of all that people say in the country, I feel that I cannot go beyond my needlework and my spinning without going too far; I feel it, I believe it; well, then, I will keep in my proper sphere; however much I am tempted, my spirit shall not be allowed to occupy itself with great matters until it occupies itself with them in heaven."

This was not only a woman of rare and exquisite powers of devotion, thought, and expression who wrote this; it was a woman of genius, the subject of literary studies by Sainte-Beuve, d'Aurevilly, Le Maître, Matthew Arnold, and how many others. Of ancient lineage and aristocratic humility, she found a vocation to her hand as she grew up in her father's house, in the necessary cooking, cleaning, teaching the servant-boy, tending the poor and the sick in the village. For all intellectual outlet she had the confessional, the mass, the lives of the saints to read, and her æsthetic delight the view from her window. And yet her life, though somewhat gray and wan, was not all colorless and sorrowful, for she had the one thing that all women want, and her life was certainly no failure and no tragedy. But to-day a different note is sounded.

"Let us," writes a modern woman in her call to action to other women—"let us demand of life that our thoughts and spirits shall take their flight beyond the narrow round to which cowardice and convention have bound us. In despite of obstacles and difficulties it has become a woman's duty to take up the responsibilities of citizenship, the protection and care of other women and children, the extension of obligations. Let us feel it, let us believe it! We have seen enough to know that the cause upon which our English cousins have staked such faith, such self-abnegation, is no ephemeral agitation, and surely heaven is lost to those who will not turn their every power to bringing it down to earth, here and now."

The item which shed the single ray of joy over Eugénie de Guérin's life is the same which serves as the battle-cry to the modern woman. We must not shirk, says the modern woman, the care of other women and children, and all the happiness that touched the life of that pale, ascetic, shut-in genius of nearly a century ago was the care of her younger brother, Maurice. She was seven years older than he and practically took him into her own keeping to rear and train, to watch and love, when he was five years old, although, like a tender mother already, she records her delight when he first took a few steps trying to walk. Her entire literary work consists of her letters to this brother, and the journal of her daily life which she kept to send to him from time to time. The sufferers of life change so little.

The same sort of women who, a century ago, thought it wicked to yearn beyond the spinning and sewing, are demanding the vote to-day. But the reason which lies beneath these varying ideas is unchanging, is the same. What women want to-day, what they have always wanted, what they will want, so far as we can see, as long as human nature is human nature, is something to take care of. From the washwoman with her half-dozen babies always underfoot and in the way, to the celebrated professor of geology, the dream is the same—something to take care of. Learning does not quench the instinct nor wealth destroy it, nor independence deaden it. A woman at the very top of one of the learned professions recently explained her economies by saying she was investing in a little farm, upon which she intended to bring up a little adopted boy and girl, adding, with infinite pathos: "The part I will have to play will be father's and not the mother's, because of my work, but it will be worth while, anyway."

No political duties or interests are going to change this instinct. Conditions have changed woman's occupations; necessarily she has changed her methods to meet the need, but she is still the caretaker, still finding her chief happiness and her chief labor in looking out for others, in protecting the rising generation. It will be the very last instinct to yield, if ever it does, to new and strange forces. The adjustment to economics is unavoidable. Women are demanding new rights because new conditions render their work futile or difficult without them, but wherever and whenever women are able to get beyond the actual needs of the body, the necessities of life, they will provide next for their happiness, and their happiness lies always in something to take care of.

Correspondence

THE PRODUCTION OF GOLD

Angels, Cal., *May 12, 1900.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—I asserted in these columns that the production of gold has not been cheapened. Kindly permit a brief reply to the dissenting opinion of Mr. W. C. Ralston, whose informing letter—so far as mill practice goes—appeared in your issue of May 1st. He says that the improving of a certain unpleasant "alone permitted the working of low grade ores at a profit which previously had been considered worthless." As to that, where is the mine to-day that could and have been worked before these "side and end liners" were added to the Altaville mortar? The Homestake mine in South Dakota, the Treadwell in Alaska, and the Yellow Aster, whose one hundred and thirty five stamps can be heard day and night from where I am writing this, were all profitable concerns working on the lowest of low grade ores years before that prop of the cheaper Cyanider school of believers was heard of. So, too, with cyaniding. We surely would not contend that the few heads of wheat picked up by the gleaner who follows in the wake of the mighty harvesting machine cheapens flour, would we? Yet an absurdity analogous to this is being given all the weight of a preponderating fact when the claim is made that the work of one gleaner, the cyanider, lessens the cost of gold production. The mass of both gold and grain is increased by these trailers, the barrel-hand and cyanide worker, but the average cost of production of the whole has been raised by their labors, not lowered. It cannot be otherwise. Energy and results are cause and effects, and we get as much of the last as we give of the first, no more. If we are a wonderfully capable people industrially—and there is no gainsaying that we are, despite the nursery antics of our legislators—the astounding changes of the past thirty years are nothing more or less than a natural sequence to our increasing mastery and greater control of more energy. This law grasped, we will not be conceding a place at the head of the column to tail-enders who are picking up trifles by the way.

Error concerning cyaniding is possible in another particular. It might be something for the mine to lean on when all else fails. Not when it is used as an auxiliary to plates and tables, and it in rarely used otherwise, and when thus applied it saves what was formerly lost in the tailing; but this adjunct has its own expenses, and the mine is doomed if the returns from the mill proper do not sustain it, the profits recovered from the tailing being too small, as a rule to more than make good the interest on the capital invested in the process. Naturally enough, too, if the gold mining industry has survived "even in the face of higher prices for all commodities, higher wages, and shorter hours of labor," Your San Francisco correspondent must, holding the views he does, give the credit of it to inventors of one kind and another. I confess to being often surprised at how wide of the mark we can all get at times. Only marvels of ingenuity could successfully meet and offset such adverse conditions as I have quoted, and we delude ourselves in magnifying into the magic transforming achievement of a Howe or an Edison what some handy man has knocked together. The mine-owners simply had a good thing. That is the whole secret of how they were able to make concessions right and left and still keep their works going. They demonstrated that a better distribution of the joint product of labor and capital is as possible as it is just, and hurts no one; and it is worth observing in this connection that many of the lions of the day will disappear for good and all when those selfsame equities of distribution and profit-sharing are more widely observed than they are at present.

Finally, why is placer-mining overlooked by those who may be confounding abundance with cheapness? This source of gold is as world-wide as hole-mining. The combined output of the latter in the United States and its possessions for a year will not reach one hundred and twenty million dollars, the amount yielded by the Bonanza Creek, Alaska, placers alone, an illuminating fact and enough in itself to show where much of our gold comes from; and in the working of these immense alluvial deposits none of these epoch making inventions, pounding stamp or potassium solvent are used, which shows, whether we believe the production of this metal has been cheapened or not, that it is too big a question to be settled by what is being done in and around and about a quartz-mill.

I am, sir,

William Greenwood.

Our correspondent confines himself to consideration of American gold mining. What of South Africa? That is where the production of gold is understood to have been most notably cheapened.—Editor.

FOUR-MILE RACES

New York City, *May 14, 1900.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—At the risk of harping upon a worn-out subject, I should like to add a few remarks endorsing Mr. Samuel Crowther's excellent reply to Mr. Inglis' article upon the dreaded fourth mile at college rowing. My experience in four-mile, two-mile, and one mile racing during my college course, was pretty complete, and it all occurred at that tender age Mr. Inglis so much deplores, as I was just twenty years old upon my graduation. My life since then has been such that I have often had occasion to thank my lucky stars I was fortunate enough to have this somewhat severe training to fit me with a healthy body and good lungs. And, judging from the appearance of numerous friends, who have had a similar training, the dreadful effects of a four-mile race are really startling. These men to-day are some of the finest specimens of all-around manhood you will find in this country, and I venture to say not one ex-oarsman of my acquaintance has ever felt any permanent bad effect from a four mile race, or would he recommend that these races be changed to a three-mile course.

I have never heard of an oarsman whose death was directly due to the exhaustion resulting from a four-mile race. Griswold's death had nothing to do with the physical strain of the race last June, although his mental condition subsequent to the race may have had an indirect connection with it. Any doctor will tell you that worry kills more men than work, and any man with a nervous temperament would be likely to feel the effects of a similar experience. As a matter of interest, I should like to mention the fact that a number of ex-oarsmen and myself visited the Yale quarters the Sunday before last year's race, and several of us commented upon the rather delicate appearance of Griswold for a stroke oar. We were told he was really much stronger than he looked, and the other members of the crew considered him capable of rowing them off their feet in a pinch. After that we thought no more about it, until the race was over.

The hardest race I ever rowed was only one mile and a quarter long. This was an inter-class regatta in which my crew was beaten, and it exhausted me so much that I was sick for an hour afterward. But we rowed again that same afternoon and won the race, which drove all exhaustion from my mind.

Provided a crew rows well and keeps within themselves—that is, distributes its strength evenly over the whole four miles—it is little more of a strain upon the oarsman to row four miles than two; and with a highly finished oars, where the boat rides smoothly on an even keel, it is more pleasure than work to row four miles. Personally, I believe the severest strain to a long race falls upon a losing crew which has gone to pieces and the members are pulling at cross-purposes with one another, when they worry themselves into an exhausted condition. This is just as likely to happen in a three-mile race as in one of four miles.

From Mr Inglis' description one would suppose only giants should row four miles. The idea that a man must be abnormally strong is not correct. That theory was exploded at Yale in their 1891 crew. It requires more grace than strength, and a knowledge of controlling the power you have so that every motion made shall count toward propelling the boat ahead instead of stopping it. I have seen a light crew row all around a big heavy one, simply because they knew how to keep the load going after once applying their power, and they were not half so tired as the heavier crew when the race was over.

The assertion that any crew can win at four miles if they do at three, is simply nonsense. Mr. Inglis cannot have seen many of our New London races during the last ten years, some of which have been anybody's race until the finish.

I am, sir,

Alexander P. Rogers.

DISSATISFIED

San Angelo, Texas, *May 10, 1900.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—Your favor of the 6th, with the issue of May 1st, just received. When you promised to publish my reply to Colonel ——'s article if I cut it to five hundred words, I supposed you meant what you said; the acutest intellect could discover no hint that you meant, "we will publish such parts of your reply as we see fit." In this country, when a man makes a deliberate promise and, with the full power to keep, breaks it, we do not consider him a fit associate for truthful and honest men, and we are not backward in telling him so; it is in deference to this custom that I am writing this letter, while regretting extremely the necessity for doing so. Colonel —— is to be congratulated on finding a congenial medium for his untruthful and slanderous stories.

I am, sir,

Penrose D. Ives.

Our absent friend does not appreciate the responsibility of editorship. He denied the accuracy of a narrative published in the Weekly, and space was afforded him to correct what seemed to him to be misstatements. What he complains of in that space was denied him to vilify the narrator. No responsible paper could safely promise him space to demonstrate the scope of his gift of objurgation.—Editor.

A PUPIL'S REMINDER

St. Louis, Mo., *May 18, 1900.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir,—How *could* you print such a book? Turning over all the credit of the Divine William to that unbelieving Sir Francis?

It will destroy the faith of the children. And we old fellows past sixty and going on eighty are growing more and more dependent on the children. We have nothing more to do now but see that our past books and acts are not forgotten by fitter survivals when we become busts and plaster.

You put your finest work-making into it, and I fear the damage is already done irretrievably. Your house itself reestablished over eighty years ago, had better think of religion.

I am, sir,

J. F. Mallinckrodt.

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Collecting Two Hundred Millions a Year at New York's Docks

INTERESTING ASPECTS OF THE CUSTOMS SERVICE AS OBSERVED AT THE COUNTRY'S CHIEF PORT

By Gregory Steele

"TWO hundred and twenty millions of dollars—a third part of the country's income—that is what the port of New York is yielding the government to-day," said a veteran customs officer, "and yet no one seems to concern himself very much about it. Take any trade or industry that brings a dollar to any section of the country and a living to a few citizens, and you will find champions in Congress defending it and fighting for it tooth and nail. But the customs service, doing an enormous work, is still greatly in need of improvement as to personnel, salaries, organization, and in many other respects. Yet who has ever heard of a Congressional committee studying the needs of the customs service?

"In a great railway or industrial corporation, improvement all along the line keeps pace—must keep pace—with the natural development of the business. That is not so in the customs service. In 1864 the pay of customs inspectors was increased by act of Congress from three dollars to four dollars a day. After that, though the tonnage kept increasing at a tremendous rate, that salary remained stationary until 1903, when five dollars a day was finally allowed inspectors."

The tonnage increase during the past half-century is illustrated by the following figures: 1853, 1,755,521 tons; 1860, 1,973,812 tons; 1870, 3,093,186 tons; 1880, 7,611,282 tons; 1890, 9,258,222 tons; 1908, 12,154,780 tons.

"Recently," continued the official, "Congress voted an increase of the pay of inspectors to six dollars a day, at the discretion of the Secretary of Commerce and Labor. But the Secretary has thus far not seen fit to allow the increase."

"All this militates against our having such a personnel as the service deserves. Good customs inspectors to-day are scarce. The right kind of a man, able, honest, pleasant, tactful, of good address, would more than bring in his own salary in duties and yet not antagonize the public. The entire classified civil service ought to contribute men to this department, for here it is that good men are particularly needed, and here is one of the points where the government employee comes into contact with the public. For the sake of both the government and the public that contact ought to be made agreeable. The department, moreover, ought to take better precautions to assure the integrity and uprightness of the inspectors. As the civil service regulations are now, almost anybody can get two men to vouch for his character. But that is not sufficient. Some better test than that should be devised in the case of the customs inspectors. Mr. William Loeb, Jr., the new collector, has a splendid chance to improve the service with respect to its personnel.

"Somebody, at all events, must study the needs and be at the pains of seeking remedial action. For instance, at present we have dock appraisers. When, say, dutiable furs or laces or clothes are found by an inspector he calls the appraiser to fix the value. That appraiser may have been, before his accession to this office, a sugar sampler, an opener, or a packer. What can we know of furs or laces? He has not the knowledge of a good clerk in a store. He ought to be an expert in his line. There are, to be sure, some real appraisers in the service, but they are in the appraiser's stores. Yet eighty per cent. of the duty collected on passengers' baggage is on clothes, furs, and the like."

One of the great disadvantages under which the force of customs employees labors in the absence of a pension fund

"The United States and Turkey are, I believe, the only civilized countries," said Surveyor Clarkson on this subject, "that do not provide pensions for customs employees. It is thus that our force is greatly impaired—by superannuation. Under the civil service law, for the sake of equity to both government and employee, there should indubitably be an old age pension. Men who devote the best years of their lives to the service, many of them Civil War veterans, should not be cast out upon the world at the end of their period of usefulness to the government.

"The men, moreover, are willing to contribute a percentage of their salaries to this purpose. A study of the subject has convinced me that the government would be amply repaid by adopting such a pension system. Young active men would then take the places of the old ones retired, and they would do twice the work of the superannuated who are simply kept on because they cannot be turned adrift. In the present force of four hundred inspectors there are eighty three over sixty years of age; fifty three aught inspectors and sixteen assistant weighers are over sixty; and perhaps ten per cent. of the clerks in the service at this port are over that age. I am working with but eighty per cent. of the force I am credited with because of impaired efficiency by old age."

In the matter of pensions the men themselves have taken action. Four years ago they established a Mutual Benefit Association, to which the sixteen hundred members of it contribute a small sum monthly. At present this association has $35,000 in the treasury, and pays a death benefit to the member's beneficiary of $300 or $600, according to the contribution.

All this force of inspectors is under the Surveyor, General James S. Clarkson, whose office is defined by the regulations as that of the outdoor executive officer of the port. During the summer the passenger traffic in this port is so heavy that Deputy Surveyor J. M. Bishop and the inspectors under him frequently work from seven o'clock in the morning until late at night. And even though they remain on duty until long past midnight the men must still report at seven the next morning. They are compelled to work every day in the year including Sundays and holidays. That probably accounts for the listlessness and apparent lack of interest on the part of the inspectors during the summer season.

Yet, if a customs inspector feels at all inclined toward the study of human nature his work must be extraordinarily interesting. Almost every passenger is something of a smuggler. To observe the shifts and evasions of passengers once they find themselves upon the pier, even though evasion be wholly unnecessary, is in itself an absorbing study. The women particularly are full of devices. One effective way of avoiding the payment of duty on gowns has been found to be the sewing on of labels of New York dressmakers. In the face of this the inspector is quite helpless. Even the dock appraiser cannot well challenge that. Some leave their servants in charge of their baggage on the pier. The inspector finds, say, a gown made in Paris. It cost, perhaps, three hundred dollars. The appraiser, to be on the safe side, puts its value at $150.

"But it cost only thirty dollars," protests the maid.

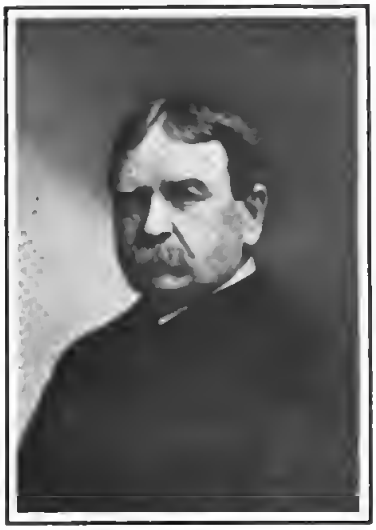
"Paquin," says the inspector, pointing at the telltale name. "I have never heard of Paquin gowns at thirty dollars. Besides, look at this lace."

"It is shabby and old," expostulates the maid.

"Old lace," cries the appraiser; "I must add twenty-five dollars."

Professor William James in his psychology, dwells on the fact that our belongings, our clothes, come to be a part of our personality and we resent their being mishandled almost as we would resent a stranger's suddenly clapping us on the back. That is the kind of agony all of us are compelled to undergo when we return to our native shore. In France I have seen young inspectors with silken mustaches bow to beauti-

An inspector searching the depths of a weary passenger's trunk



General James S. Clarkson, Surveyor of the Port of New York

Who can tell which of these women is entitled to first attention? They think they are all first

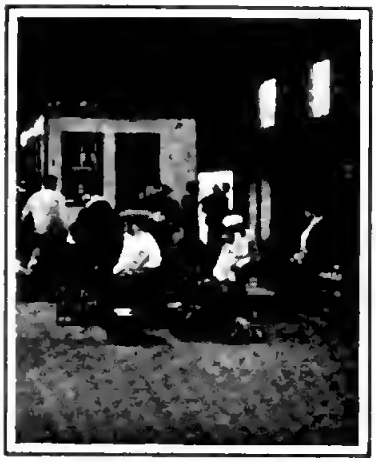
ful ladies, ask them lightly whether their trunks contained "anlar," and pass them without opening. Not so here. The thirty-two trunks with which some of our ladies return are all monotonously opened to the public gaze and the unfriendly fingers of the inspector begin to rummage and turn over the delicate finery not meant for his eyes. The lady, casting anxious glances all about as she talks, explains to the inspector in appealing tones that "what she declared is contained in these two trunks only." All that is nothing to the inspector.

"Got to examine them all," he says curtly, and goes on rummaging and turning things over. Every moment, she fears, he will bring forth some object that should not be seen by the naked eye. That is the time so many passengers turn bribers at heart. They begin to hunt darkly at lasting gratitude for the inspector's courtesy, and to ask in low tones for his name and address. The inspector, however, has grown accustomed and callous to these distress signals.

"My name," says he, "is Smith." Sometimes he mentions his address. But his ruthless fingers, nevertheless, continue their probing. That is what makes baggage inspection so much of an ordeal to travellers. And so it is bound to continue so long as customs prevail. Whether or not bribery is prevalent it is difficult to say. Certain it is that among a large number of inspectors there are very likely to be some few dishonest ones; it is equally sure that the instinct of self-preservation under this peculiar trial is apt to bring out any tendency to bribery or dishonesty that may be lurking in the bosoms of otherwise thoroughly honest people. The writer, at all events, has seen attempts at bribery on the piers, and has heard of some successful ones. Experience teaches both passengers and inspectors to adhere to rigid standards.

The most frequent source of trouble to inspectors are dressmakers. The women inspectors, if not especially employed for the dressmakers' benefit, are at least largely occupied with these ladies. Every year many dressmakers are caught smuggling laces, clothes, and costly trimmings. A favorite way is to wrap the thin stuffs about their persons. Not long ago one dressmaker, new to transatlantic travel, and therefore new to smuggling, stepped ashore in a condition so luxuriously upholstered that her figure at once challenged the eye of the inspectors. She seemed nervous and ill at ease. The experienced eye of the deputy-surveyor saw that she needed aid, so he sent her two women inspectors.

They took her into a private room and there searched her. According to one of them, this woman was a human spool wound with innumerable layers of fine lace. She was detained and brought before United States Commissioner Shields on the charge of smuggling. She began to telephone about for bail, but no bail was forthcoming, and finally the marshal was



Waiting and waiting while some one of the party is seeking an inspector

compelled to lock her up. When she heard the word "jail" she fainted. Inadvertently she gave away her age.

"Forty-five years old, and to go to jail now!" she cried. But she went.

Luckily for her, she had in her shop a very winning forewoman. This young woman finally found bail for her mistress, and came with it to the commissioner just after four o'clock, the hour when the office closes. The commissioner is very fond of his comfort, and a long life of regularity has fixed for him definite hours for taking his tea and for going to his Brooklyn home. He could not, however, resist the entreaties of the pretty forewoman.

"I shall go to the jail with you and accept bail there," he conceded. At this the marshal, in the excitement of emulation, cried,

"I'll bring the jail here to you." And the smuggling dressmaker did not sleep in jail, after all.

Few, however, are so fortunate. Generally, when they are caught for the first time their goods are confiscated and the court or the district attorney lets them off with a fine. But those who are taken in fault more than once are severely dealt with.

Another kind of smuggling of frequent occurrence is that of Sumatra tobacco wrappers. Dutch and Belgian sailors had been for years much given to this kind of traffic. Those fair-haired seamen were wont to assume an air of astonishment and injured innocence when faced by the inspectors who had found tobacco upon their persons. But so many arrests were made and so many of those sailors were brought in contact with the insides of American jails that now the illegal traffic in Sumatra tobacco is pretty well stamped out.

There is also, of course, smuggling on a much larger scale. Rich women still from time to time bring in

Waiting in turn for an inspector. There are not enough to go round

jewels and pearls of price, but this traffic is on the decrease. The reason for this is that the government has agents of the Treasury Department in all large European centres, and those agents have in their pay informants at every important jeweller's shop. In those cases the inspector's work is simply to detain and search the suspected party, for the nature and value of the goods smuggled are transmitted to the collector by cable from Europe.

Nevertheless, despite its efficiency in dealing with such cases, this port has not a force sufficient to do its work thoroughly. It covers about two hundred and fifty miles of waterfront. At some of the piers two ships can and do dock at the same time, and at the Bush Terminal docks in Brooklyn four ships are often berthed at once. All of these cargoes have to be inspected, weighed, gauged, measured, and delivered under the supervision and direction of the surveyor of customs. There are now in the service one hundred and seventeen regular assistant weighers to do this kind of work. For the gauging of spirits, wines, liquors, and beers there are eleven assistant gangers. The number of stampers is thirty-five.

Recently the surveyor has organized a force of government police to guard all dutiable merchandise on the piers during the day. Formerly the inspectors were considered as watching the piers, though they were far too busy to do this adequately. At night the piers are guarded by night inspectors. This entire force, one hundred and forty-one in all, is quite inadequate. At least two hundred are needed to guard New York's piers effectively. For the surveyor of customs is in charge of every vessel arriving from a foreign land all the time it is in this port until it receives its clearance papers, outward bound. During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, 3,522 steam and 685 sailing vessels entered at this port. The total tonnage of the steam vessels was 11,811,845 tons; of the sailing vessels, 342,935 tons.

In order to throw fear into the hearts of smugglers, actual or possible, a detective force has been organized under the direction of Special Deputy Surveyor George J. Smyth. This force is known to work in connection with both freight and passenger vessels, and has done much to prevent smuggling, as well as to recover duties. During the last nine months merchandise to the value of $150,000 has been seized in this manner. Recently, too, many frauds, such as importing silk under weight and shrinkage in the weight of sugar under the quantity invoiced, have been practically stamped out.

Take it all in all, the customs service is a vast enterprise that requires at least as much attention as a great railway or industrial corporation. During 1908 the cost of collecting the duties at the port of New York cost the government $4,650,098.12, or 8.021 for every dollar collected. Collector Loeb is now aiming to reduce even this small cost. At some of the other ports of entry the operating expense is, of course, much larger. At eastern Maryland the total receipts for the year were sixty cents, to collect which it cost the United States $2,051.31. At Albemarle, North Carolina, the cost of collecting one dollar was $496.30. New York and Boston, however, make up for these deficits. The value of the imports that passed through New York in 1908 was $688,215,938; through Boston, $93,678,716.

To the average reader, however, the chief interest of the custom-house lies in baggage inspection at the piers upon the arrival of transatlantic travellers. Let us, as the inspectors say, bring in a ship.

At seven o'clock the boarding officer, Deputy-Surveyor Bishop, and a number of inspectors and [illegible] deputy-surveyors, embark in the revenue cutter and set out from the Barge Office. After about forty minutes' steaming seaward the great hulk of, perhaps, the Adriatic looms through the morning haze, and soon the cutter is alongside. The boarding officer, the deputy-surveyor, and his men swarm up a high ladder and begin to collect the declarations of the passengers. Time was when every passenger was obliged to swear to his declaration. And, as it is difficult to remember every trifle one picks up on a foreign tour, every one used to have a vague sense of committing perjury in connection with those declarations. Since last summer, however, the passenger merely signs his name to the declaration without any oath. By the time the declarations are collected the ship was probably docked and a line of uniformed inspectors, to say nothing of a number of plain clothes appraisers, is waiting at the pier. As soon as all of a passenger's baggage has come to the pier that passenger applies at the deputy-surveyor's desk, identifies the signature of his declaration, and an inspector is assigned to his luggage. Then begins the comedy between inspector and passenger. The inspector suddenly turns flatterer and the passenger is with equal abruptness overcome with shrinking modesty. The inspector is bent upon proving that all you have is new and expensive. You in turn labor to show him that all is, if not old, shabbily cheap.

The steward carries his stewardship to the dock—for a consideration

Thus the dispute goes on until some kind of armistice is arranged: you either pay some duty or you don't, your trunks are stamped "passed," and from the Valley of Apollyon you emerge to home and friends. Of course, there is the inspector's side, too. For him also it is the Valley of Apollyon. Seldom does he find pearls there, but always much antipathy and even hatred.

"The Eagle Badge"

By William Inglis

IT was one of the busiest eras of affairs in New York who first directed the attention of this writer to *The Eagle Badge*. He is at the head of one of the greatest enterprises in America and interested in many others.

"I had a curious experience with that book," he said. "I thought it was written for the juvenile reader. Long after dinner the other evening I picked it up and read one of the middle chapters, to see how Holman Day would treat a story of boyish adventure. Before I could finish the chapter the story had got such a grip on me that I turned back to the beginning and read the whole book through. Read it. You'll like it."

Which was true prophecy. The story is compelling. Its characters are primitive men who toil in the vast woods and along the great rivers on our northern boundary. Into this stupendous primeval theatre among rugged men of crude wit and mighty brawn the hero, pale Shaia Searway, is suddenly projected from the parlours of a great city. He has got a job in a lumber crew; he longs to "make good." Simply and naturally as the unfolding of one leaf after another the adventures follow one another. But what adventures! From ditch-digger to builder of empires, there lives no true man who can witness without a thrill the sight of a man laying down his life for another. Shain, in his efforts to "make good," puts his life to peril again and again. Yet the author portrays the acts and the impulses that caused the acts so simply and at the same time so strictly that we see the drama playing itself before us. There is no sham, no preaching; only the spectacle of an ordinary human boy earnestly striving to make a man of himself.

Consider, for example, the rescue of Bill Scannell. At the head of that long, rough mile of rock and reef and boiling rapids called the "White Horse," marking the junction of the Tulandic and the Attagash rivers, was a ledge of rock on which the logs of the great lumber drive were tangled in an inextricable jam. Boss Tidd plotted the dynamite where the explosion of it would loosen the tangle but he was no longer agile enough to escape to shore and safety before the logs should come crashing down. So Bill Scannett skipped and clambered out, lit the fuse and began to scramble over the slimy timber toward the bank. Let us quote:

"At that instant came the explosion, drowning Tidd's shout of, 'He's made it!'

"They saw the upward spouting of white water, a giant geyser, before they felt the shock of the dynamite. There were white splinters and flapping bark in the yeast of the upheaval. The front of the big jam crumbled down. They heard the groan of its starting above the tumult of the waters. Logs ground their wet sides together. As they rubbed, slathering, there were yells like the cries of animals. Great timbers went up-ending in grotesque dance.

"'She'n agoin'—she'n gone!' yelled the boss, triumphantly. 'The kid has started her!'

"Drivers of the river, all of them, they had been watching mately the work of the explosive, the starting of the jam. Only one in all the crew had kept his eyes steadfastly on the youth—and that one was Shain Searway. That spectacle of 'mahin' good' was the only one that held interest for him. The vault on the pole had been too desperate a risk. The venturesome boy struck a floating log, but it was a log that had been barked by ledges. The head-boots did not 'bite.' Scannell slipped and went—swish!—into the boiling water; but before Shain voiced the cry in his throat he bobbed up. His pole was across two logs, and he had it in his clutch. But as he surged up on it, like an athlete on a horizontal bar, a herd of logs, cross piled, came battling viciously and drove the parallel logs together. Shain heard Scannell's shriek of agony above all else. His legs had been ground in that hideous vise.

"The boy on the shore did not pause for sober reflection. It was no longer tawdry ambition to 'make good' that stirred him. He saw a comrade, mutilated, going to his death after a brave deed, and the galvanic impulse of unselfish heroism moved him. His muscles seemed to work without counsel from his brain. With one leap he was in a bateau. A thrust of the pole sent him surging out into the river. He heard hoarse cries behind him, but he did not turn his head. He did not think of waiting for assistance. The sight of Scannell wedged between those logs and swirling downstream made him forget himself and all the others. He drove the bateau on, picking at the hurrying logs with his pole and forcing the craft with all the strength of his arms.

"Scannell had met disaster on the nearer side of the dissolving jam. The logs that pinned him were in the swift current that frothed about the temporary obstruction in the river. Down toward the jaws of 'The White Horse' he was being hurried. He had doubled himself over a log, helpless from his hurt.

"In that current, full of eddies, logs lay every which way as they floated. Shain loomed lance where he made rapid headway. Then crossed logs hindered him. He could no longer hear the voices on the river bank, and he was glad of it. In the swirl of his thoughts he now realized that the men had been yelling to him to come back. He did not know what they so well knew: that no riverman would brave the perils of 'The White Horse' in a bateau. Impulse rather than wisdom had ventured forth to save the Scannell boy. Boss Tidd set his teeth and decided in his soul that he had lost two men from the Allagash crew. In his heart he grieved bitterly, and in his mouth was the word 'fool' for the one in the bateau, but his eyes dimmed as he looked at him driving on like a madman.

Holman Day
AUTHOR OF "THE EAGLE BADGE"

"Where 'The White Horse' makes its first dip into the gorge they saw Shain drop his pole and lean over the side of his bateau. He was outlined for them against the tossing white of the milky flood. They could not see, but they realized that he had reached Scannell. The last glimpse they got of the rescuer he was still leaning over the side of the craft. He was lifting at something, and they wondered if he would be able to pull the injured boy on board—and then wondered what it would avail if he did; for that the bateau was doomed in the awful riot of 'The White Horse' was a fact that the onlookers accepted as they gazed into the jaws of the gorge where the bateau had disappeared.

"'If you ever run in your lives, boys, run now!' roared Boss Tidd. 'We may get what's left of 'em at the foot of the Horse. It's for the sake of their folks!'

"In his back-breaking efforts to get Scannell over the bateau's rail Shain paid so little attention to his course that he did not realize that he had entered the gorge. And when he was rushing down the torrent that poured between its ledgy cliffs he did not as yet appreciate the desperate danger he was in. The consolation of ignorance nerved him still.

"Scannell was conscious, but he was suffering so cruelly that he made no effort to help himself. He shrieked with pain when Shain at last managed to pull him over the side of the tilted craft. His legs twisted horribly as his rescuer staggered back, dragging him.

"The injured boy fainted then and lay on the bottom of the boat, happily unconscious of the horror of their down rush.

"Shain, squatting in the tossing craft, clutching the sides and staring about him, understood his danger now. Here and there, first on one side and then the other, the river roiled back its lips as they rushed on and showed its teeth of cruel ledge. Once the bateau swung so close to a rock that Shain's fingers, grasping the rail, were scraped to the knuckle bone. Ahead he saw tossing fountains of white foam beaten back by shafts of stone. He wondered, in the stupor of his thought, whether they would dodge those perils; and when the bateau had cleared them there were still others in the vista below more threatening and set more thickly.

"Once the bateau struck. It was at the foot of a down rush of clear, green water, and when the boat paused for one sickening moment the flood poured over its rail. Shain seized his pole and lifted, and they went on once more.

"Twice eddies caught them and they circled in a mist of spitting spume. It was as though the river were playing with the boat, as a cat tosses a mouse, reserving it for destructive bites.

"Then at last came a dizzying, sickening drop—a rasping over jagged ledge and a plunge into quieter water that boiled under them in great swirls and was black in its depths. The bateau was half full of water, and, kneeling in it, Shain paddled with his hands, trying to reach shore. Mighty eddies took him around and around, but he persevered stolidly, only half conscious of what he was trying to do. Many men shouting on the bank awoke him. It was as though he had been sleeping and had been having an awful dream. He stared at them. They were the men of the crew. And one of them swam out when the bateau was near shore, and, still swimming, pushed it to the bank.

"'The luck of fools and of infants!' gasped Boss Tidd, and there was moisture in his eyes that was not the moisture of the spume or the river. Shain was kneeling and holding the head of the Scannell boy out of the water. 'Both legs broken!' groaned the big boss. And he stooped and took up the boy in his strong arms, and turned him to a spot where the moss was soft and deep.

"'Cut a litter,' he commanded. 'Thatch it a foot thick with spruce feathers. We'll have this poor youngster across country to the Tantonia settlement before it's daylight again. And if one of you fellers stubs a toe while you're luggin' him, I'll swash you down the White Horse at the end of a snubbin' line.'

"He turned to Shain.

"'Buh,' he said, with a quiver in his tones, 'you done it—but do you know how you done it?'

"'No,' said the boy, brokenly.

"'Well, don't ever try to figger it, son. Get it out of your mind. It might happen to you to think of it in the night sometime, and then you'd keep the neighbors awake by hollerin'. But you've done what no human critter ever done before—and lived to talk it over. You're come through the Horse! And you went through to help a man-mate. I reckon we'll all shake hands with you on that.'

"And when that grave salute was completed, Shain Searway felt that out of the 'makin's of a man' he was near to being made."

But Shain was now only at the beginning of development. He still had far to go. Let us follow him in the battle around the counterfeiter's cabin in the deepest woods:

"The instant he was on his feet among the raspberry-bushes Shain ran for it. Again there was that hideous crawling of the skin at the back of his neck; he was expecting the bullet. He did not run straight ahead. He leaped and zigzagged, as he had seen deer retreat. He heard the report of the rifle behind him.

"A menacing click behind him punctuated the screech of the ball. The marksman was 'jacking in' a new cartridge. At this instant a rifle spoke in front of him, almost at his feet. He made two more leaps and went sprawling upon his face in the bushes. As he fell he got a glimpse of a remembered man who had stuck out a leg to trip him.

"'Stay down!' hissed the man. 'They'd have got you in another two seconds!'

"Shain crawled to the man's side. He was one of the deputies, and his face was set and rather pale.

"'As it was, though, I guess I got *him!* He dropped, and his rifle fell out of the window.' The deputy's voice trembled and there was no triumph in his air. 'It's the first man I ever killed—if I've got him. He was that one with the red beard!' The officer wiped the sweat out of his eyes. 'The first man I ever killed,' he muttered. 'It isn't a good thing to think about!'"

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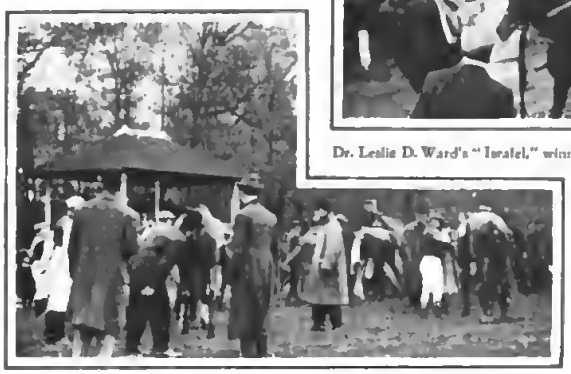
Mrs. W. L. Stevens "on the side lines"

Dr. Leslie D. Ward, Mrs. Joseph Willis, Mrs. R. H. Williams, Jr., and Mr. C. Ledyard Blair

Mrs. John Schleffelin on the club lawn

Dr. Leslie D. Ward's "Israiel," winner of the mile race for hacks and hunters



"Looking them over" in the paddock

The start of the race for the Whippany Cup, won by Mr. Fowler's "Scout"

Mr. A. A. Fowler "weighing in" after riding his hunter "Scout" to victory in the race for the Whippany Cup

Going to the post for the fifth race for hacks and hunters, which was won by Dr. Ward's "Israiel"

Over the bars in the second race for half-bred hunters, three miles over hunting country, won by Mrs. G. F. Rawlins' "Ringlet"

NEW JERSEY'S AMATEUR RACE MEET

SCENES OF A DAY AT THE WHIPPANY RIVER CLUB MEETING AT MORRISTOWN

Photographs by Edwin Levick

Twenty feet on his wishbone

Getting on to the Game

By E. W. Kemble

WITH DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

SAY! youse don't know much about dis game. I can see dat by de way yer talk. Well, I'll put yer wise if yer wants me ter, only don't youse butt in. See! I'n been comin' ter dis continuous performance all me young life, an' I knows it backwards."

A freckle-faced lad of sixteen was doing the talking. He was one of the regulars, he told me, and hadn't missed a game since the season opened; his father had a pull, as he expressed it, and he didn't have to "cough a red" to get in. To

De Twirler

sit beside him at one of the big games was a liberal education.

As the teams appeared and engaged in preliminary work he burst forth:

"Here dey come, de whole bunch. De doints is de ducks what's got on de white suits, an' dem's de Pirates what's fussed up in gray. Now den, what dey is doin' now is warmin' up ter git dere arms and legs workin' easy-like. Sure dey always do dat. When dey ain't doin' nottin' dey gits cramped up like, an' dese lads don't have nottin' else ter do but play de game. See! Dat's all dey is paid de long green fer, jes' to play de game fer all dey is wurt. Dat's de idea. See dat big lad what just lined out dat long one to centre? He's de king pin uf all de twirlers what's on de job. He gits big money, he does; nine t'ousand fer one season's work. He's a reg'lar Rockerfeller fer makin' money; he's a college bokkie. Dey's quite a bunch of dem what's done dere little turn at some college. Sure, dat's what half of dem goes ter college fer! Dat's right! Yer needn't grin me de laugh! I gits dat off de bat from one of de lads what's in de game. Ah! dere goes de gong what says, 'Play ball!' Now yer'll see de stuff. What's he puttin' on dem t'ings fer? Dat's de catcher, and dat's de pad what he's strappin' roun' his waist. If he didn't have dat on de ball would go clean t'ro' 'im fer fair. Dat wire t'ing? Dat's de mask, dat's ter keep de ball from puchin' his face in. Say, cull, if dat bunch of leather ever hit yer in de mug jest wunst you'd be pushin' shucks fer a job wid wings on yer shoulder-blades. Now dey's ready. No, dat ain't de manager what's standin' jes' back ar der catcher; dat's de empire. He's on'y good to t'ro' bottles at, dat's all. Now watch! See! One ball. . . . Two balls. . . . Gee whiz! a pop up . . . and . . nailed by yours truly on first. Dat's de stuff. Aw, say! Nottin' can't git past dat baby boy; he sure is de real t'ing. He's bin playin' on dat bag fer five years, an' say, it's a part of him, he'd be lonesome widout it.

"Come now! come! Gee! but dem Smoky City gents is slow comin' tur de bat; dey do love ter take life easy. Git on ter dr lad what's comin' ter strike! De bow legged pretzel! Oh, say! but he's de wizard! He's bin playin' de game fer over a hundred years, an' he's just as fresh at it as he was when de game wuz discovered! Kin he run wid dem legs! Well, just you keep yer lamps on him an' you'll see. . . . Ha! ha! One strike? Now look at him kick! See dat! Aw, stop yer chin music an' play ball! What er yer paid fer! He's de limit, dat duck is; he'll stop de game jus' ter see de fans git mad; he likes de fun. See him laugh? He was on'y bluffin'; he knew it was a strike, de big kid. . . . Two stri . . . an' dere she goes—a t'ree-bagger? Say! Kin he run? . . . Kin he? . . . Look at dem bandy legs scratch up de good ground, an' he is safe an' sound on bag number t'ree before de ball is on its merry way. Dat's playin' ball, no friend. Dat's what dat is. Now watch him play off as soon as de pitcher gits de ball. Sufferin' snakes! but he does worry de life out of de gent what does de twirlin' when he gits playin' off de base! Say! He kin slide twenty feet on his wishbone an' score. Sure he kin. I've seen him do it a han'red times wid me own lamps. Now den, mudder striker up. If dey gits t'ree on a base you'll see some fun. Dat duck what's at de bat now gits rattled pretty easy, but he may hit one; de game is young yet, an' it's on'y in de last innings when t'ings is close dat a lad shows what kinder stuff he's made outer. Den it calls fer yer nerve. . . . Holly gee! he's cracked de first one outer de box, an' dere she goes safe inter de hands of . . . Muffed it, yer big stuff! Oh, you dub! Go hide yer face in de long grass! Safe on first. See dat? And de big bamfat by maskin' dat easy fly lots in a run. Say! Don't dat jes' make yer feel sick fer fair! He ain't a Joint, he's a dwarf. Dis is his first season wid de home boys, an', oh, maybe he'll win out. He's young yet; let's give him a chance. He's good wid de stick. Ent say! But sort of glove-work won't go. No, no, birdie; you got to do better. Well, dat spoiled our fun. If we'd had t'ree on de bases you'd had some movin' pictures ter help t'ings along. Now then, git busy. Dis duck is out before he gits ter de plate; he couldn't hit de side of a house wid a snow-shovel. See dat? . . . T'ree . . . strikes . . . and out. Dey oughter put a tag on him and freight him back to de farm. He may be all right wid a milk-stool an' a tin pail, but he ain't on ter drops and inshoots, an' he never will be, dat's straight. Farmers ain't got no right ter butt inter a real game of ball; dey don't belong dere. . . . One run . . . an' two out. Whos up next? . . . Gee! but ain't dey slow! Say! If dis chump kin line out a good long one he kin bring in de little lad what's on second. How did he git down ter second? Why, he stole it! Dat's what dey call stealin' a base; he jist watches fer his chance, an' when de gent in de box is smokin' his dope-pipe he skedoos fer de bag an' beats de ball out. Dat's what dat lad did. One ball. . . . One strike. . . . Dat's de way. . . . He ought ter struck at dat, de wooden Indian. . . . Two strikes. . . . Dat's de way, me laddie; call strikes on him . . . Holly gee! Look at shorty try to steal third! Yer got ter get. Yer got ter get! . . . Safe! Not on yer life; he was out fer sure. Why, Stubby had de ball on him t'ree feet from de bag. Say! chase dat empire off de field! Hit him wid somet'in'

"Kin he run?"

hard; he's hum . . . Oh no, yer can't skin like dot in daylight. . . . Say! Dere's goin' ter be some fun! Dat's 'Scrappy' comin' up ter de plate now, an' he ain't no easy boss, he's de hot stuff of de Pirates.

"Now de bunch is gittin' tergedder. Yer may see a little fist-work. Dat's a new empire, and dey're goin' ter give him a few points, an' den again he may hand dem a few. . . . See! . . . Dey can't make him change his mind. . . . If dey start in ter bull-doze de empire an' he shows de whits fedder on'y wunst his name is mud, an' thick mud at dat; he might just as well t'ro' up his job. No, dey can't change dat decision. See de way he shoves out dat jaw? An'

De Catcher

he's de lad what's got de sayso. Ah, say! . . . Cut dat out! Did yer see him den? . . . He made a pass at de empire, dat fresh mug wid he red topknot! Dat game is dead. Dey use ter do dat in de old days, but it don't go ter-day. . . . Dat's what he gits for it. See? He's out of de game, an' I guess he's got a fine t'rown in! No, he can't play no more in dis game; he can pike fer de barracks and git inter his store clothes, dat's what he kin do. Dey'll put some udder duck in his place. Dere's where Mister Empire has got a strangle hold on de whole lunch; he kin fine 'em or put dem out of de game if dey don't act like real gents. Say! Listen here! Dis is a polite game, dat's what it is. It didn't use ter be. Yer didn't uster see no ladies here in de days of old. But now, jist look at dat grand stand! Jist pipe 'em off! . . . I've heard me farder say dat when he was a young fellow he used ter go to de games jist like I am doin' dis very minute, but say, de game in dose days was a sad and weary show. Dey wore whiskers on dere faces some of de rougs what played at dat time. An' such a ting as a glove wasn't heard of. Why farder says dat sometimes de game was called in de seventh inning on account of darkness and de score would be forty to forty-two—gee, jist t'ink of dat! Where do dey git de players from? From everywhere. All over de face of dis United States, in every jay town what grows, dey is sure to be a ball team, and every lad on dat team has got his eye piped on de big league teams, hopin' some day to land dere. He has Little Nemo dreams of himself, standin' in de box in front of twenty thousand fans wid big red letters stuck on de front of his manly breast, sayin' eider New Yoiks or Chicago or sumpten jes as good. An' don't yer forgit dat de big clubs ain't got dere eyes peeled fer de risin young stars—dey keeps a watch out fer de lads what show dat dey got de makins of good players—and when he gits ripe enough fur dere use dey just swoop down and grab de duck and den he becomes de real ting. What do dey do in de off season? Why dey do evryting. Some of dem owns stores of dere own, while most of dem goes back to dere quiet little home in some yap town and lives like dukes for de few months dey ain't workin. Say, but we ain't watchin' de game at all. Wese missin' a lot of good sport. Cheese it, now."

The Tobacco Comedy

FADS AND FALLACIES OF THE SMOKER

By Carl Werner

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. STROTHMANN

A GROUP of men, sitting around a table in a Broadway restaurant, were discussing tobacco.

"For my part," said one of the number, looking admiringly at the burning end of his panetela, "give me a Key West; it's the only cigar fit to smoke." Comments of this nature, heard wherever smokers congregate, would seem to justify the declaration that not one man in a million who uses tobacco has more than a vague idea of what really constitutes a good cigar.

Considering that the United States produces annually five hundred and fifty millions of pounds more tobacco than any other country, and consumes two hundred and forty millions of pounds—which is nearly two pounds per capita—more than any other country, this situation is remarkable.

Now, the mere fact that a cigar is made in Key West does not by any means make it a fine cigar. True, some of the best cigars in the world are made in Key West; but the same thing could be said truthfully of New York, of Tampa, of Chicago, of Philadelphia, and of many other cities. For instance, just now I am smoking a cigar that was manufactured on Third Avenue in the city of New York. It is made exclusively of the best grade of Havana tobacco and by Cuban workmen and in exactly the same manner as cigars are made in the city of Havana and in Key West.

Up to about the time of the Civil War there were only three kinds of cigars in existence in this country. One was the imported cigar, made in Cuba entirely of Havana tobacco, the second was known as the seed and Havana, made in this country with a Havana tobacco filler, a domestic tobacco binder (or inside wrapper), and an outside wrapper of Connecticut tobacco grown from Havana tobacco seed. The third was the cheap cigar and stogie, made entirely of domestic leaf.

Then some one conceived the idea of making a cigar in this country that would be a duplicate of the imported article. Key West was selected as the location for the experiment, mainly for its close proximity to Cuba, which would insure similar climatic conditions and make Cuban tobacco and Cuban labor easily available. From Key West, Florida, to Havana, Cuba, the distance is only ninety miles. Cubans and Spaniards who had been identified with the cigar industry in Havana then moved across the channel, bringing their workmen and their methods with them, and in a few years the little city on the coral reefs was a cigar centre. For many years practically no cigars of this class were made anywhere else on this country outside of Key West, and thus the term "Key West cigars" grew to have a distinctive meaning. Gradually, however, Cuban-style factories were opened at other points, especially Tampa, Florida, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. This much is true, however, that both Tampa and Key West produce a greater quantity of the clear Havana variety in proportion to their total output of cigars than any other American city.

There are now five kinds of cigars marketed in this country: the "imported," made in Cuba; the "clear Havana," made in the United States, exclusively of Havana tobacco, by Cuban workmen and in the Cuban method; the "seed and Havana," made by American workmen, with a Sumatra wrapper, a domestic binder, and a Havana filler; "cheap cigars," by which is meant the nickel and stogie variety, made entirely of domestic tobacco by American labor and machines; and Porto Rico cigars, made in Porto Rico, of Porto Rico and American tobaccos. About a million pounds of American leaf is shipped to Porto Rico every year.

A considerable portion of Porto Rico's annual tobacco crop comes to this country in the form of leaf tobacco, and is used in the manufacture of American cigars. But even if the Porto Ricans used every bale of their tobacco in their own factories, the crop could not furnish as many cigars as Porto Rico ships to this country. The demand for cigars from Porto Rico seems to be growing.

In fact, the consumption of cigars generally is steadily increasing in this country, and has been for the past half-century. Lately it has more than kept pace with the increase in population. In 1904 there were consumed 6,707,800,000 cigars; in 1905, 6,860,100,000; in 1906, 7,174,800,000; and in 1907, 7,500,000,000. These figures do not include the little cigars or short smokes, the growth of which in popular fancy has been even more striking. Of these there were smoked in 1904, 691,860,000; in 1905, 728,422,000; in 1906, 895,867,000; and in 1907, 1,452,633,000. Of the seven and a half billions of regular-sized cigars consumed last year, only sixty-two millions were made in Cuba.

The question is often asked, if the same kind of tobacco and the same workmanship are used for the domestic-made clear Havana as for the imported, why do we pay an extra nickel or dime on sixty-two million imported cigars every year. The Cuban manufacturer would reply that the cigars made in Cuba are better; that they are better because Havana tobacco has an affinity in the Cuban atmosphere, and that the cigars made in Cuba absorb quality from the air and the general environment. Ask the American manufacturer, and he will tell you that, as there is no prohibitive duty on tobacco entering Cuba, you are sure of getting a clear Havana cigar if it is imported, whereas this absolute assurance of the pure article is lacking

Who has not seen a purchaser of a cigar hold it horizontally under his nose?

if the cigar is made in America, where cheaper domestic tobaccos are available. Then, too, there are many people who spend money lavishly on the theory that the more they pay for an article the better it is.

Who has not seen a purchaser of a cigar hold it horizontally under his nose, close to the nostrils, and sniff at it, with what he believes to be the air of a connoisseur? No tobacco man can observe the movement without smiling. The best one can possibly get from that sniff is a faint odor of tobacco. The oldest and most experienced tobacco expert could not tell Pennsylvania from the finest Vuelta Abajo from sniffing at an unlighted cigar. Indeed, it is doubtful if he would stake his reputation as to whether it was made of tobacco at all.

Hand a cigar to an expert and ask him for an opinion, without inviting him to light it; he will use his eyes, but never his nose. He will tell you it has a Havana wrapper or a Sumatra wrapper or a Connecticut wrapper, as the case may be. If it is of a greenish, unripe cast, or has coarse veins, he will say it has a poor *wrapper*. He may also express his views on the workmanship, whether it is a carefully or a slovenly made cigar. But he will never tell you, positively, whether the cigar is good or bad or indifferent until he has smoked it. And when one considers that only about one twentieth of the tobacco in a cigar is visible to the eye, it is not difficult to understand the expert's reluctance to commit himself on an ocular test.

Spots on tobacco are no indication whatever of its quality. They are caused sometimes by rain splashing sand on the lower leaves when they are young in the field; sometimes by bacteria, as is the case with fruits, garden vegetables, and the leaves of trees. If anything, the flavor of a cigar is more likely to be impaired than improved by the spots, but really their effect is inappreciable, and no guide whatever in judging a cigar.

Men in the business appraise cigars on five counts: first, "burn"; second, aroma; third, taste or flavor; fourth, color; and fifth, workmanship. They put "burn" first advisedly. If a cigar doesn't burn freely, all the other merits combined will not save it from condemnation. By "burn" is meant the degree of combustibility. If the cigar holds its fire say three or four minutes without being puffed, and is consumed evenly on all sides, and shows no thick, black ring of carbon where the leaf meets the ash, then the burn is good; if not, the burn is poor. As to the second and third counts—aroma and taste—it is sufficient to say that if these are agreeable they are merits, and if they are either disagreeable or merely lacking, they (or their absence) are defects.

As to the fourth count, color, the good cigar must not be of a greenish cast or too light in color, as these signs indicate an insufficient cure. Cigars should be brown—rich ripe brown. The popular shade of brown is a matter of individual preference, and the popular fancy on this point is very unstable. At one time there was an overwhelming demand for extremely dark cigars. It became so general that the packers of leaf tobacco could only half supply it. To meet the exigency coloring liquids were concocted, and many of the manufacturers darkened their light tobaccos by dipping them in these concoctions. Just now the popular demand is for light to medium colors, and wrapper tobaccos of these shades bring a much higher price than the dark leaves.

The new method of tobacco culture, called "shade growing," owes its existence largely to this fancy for light and medium color cigars. The sun, shining on the tobacco plant, draws the nutritive loam the earth and the plant ripens quickly, the leaves having a tendency to be thick and gummy and not very large. To defeat these results, the progressive grower covers his field with a tent of cheese-cloth, or in some instances with a lattice-work of lathing, which protects the growing tobacco from the direct rays of the sun. Thus the ripening process is slower, causing the leaves to grow larger and thinner and less gummy; and thus they are of a lighter color when finally cured. The largeness of the leaf is an advantage, also, to the grower, because his crop will produce more tobacco of the wrapper variety, per acre, than could be obtained from a crop grown in the open sunlight.

Another striking example of the smoker's ignorance on the subject of smokes is the popular superstition that a dark-looking cigar is stronger than a lighter-colored one. Some strong cigars have dark wrappers; but the dark wrapper does not by any means indicate a strong cigar. Dark, gummy tobacco, if thoroughly cured, is the mildest kind. Of course, if dark tobacco is not thoroughly cured it will be strong; but so will

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light tobacco, for that matter. Any cigar man will bet you that the dark color is usually—though not always—a sign of a ripe, well-cured leaf, which is, therefore, milder, nine times out of ten, than the lighter-hued leaf. But when it is known that every manufacturer makes both dark and light cigars, and that he uses exactly the same blend of filler in both, and that the wrapper only constitutes a small fractional part of the cigar, it is clearly seen that the shade of the wrapper has little to do with the strength of the cigar. • Ask the dealer for a strong cigar; he hands out a dark one, and the imagination does the rest.

The fifth and last count upon which the expert farms his opinion of a cigar is the workmanship. A good cigar must be made smoothly and evenly, without any cracks or humps. It must feel firm when squeezed between the fingers, otherwise it will become spongy when half smoked; but it must not be hard, else it will not burn freely. The filler must be put in carefully, as a sprig of tobacco that does not lie exactly longitudinally will impede the "draw."

So, perhaps, the practical cigar man should be pardoned for smiling when he observes a smoker rubbing an unlighted cigar against his nose and looking wise. Naturally, the airy assurance with which many smokers will tell about the quality of a cigar after merely glancing at it is amusing from the view point of the expert, who, after devoting a lifetime to the study of tobacco, will not venture an opinion until he has burned the cigar to the butt.

English smoking mixtures are made primarily of American leaf, of which the British manufacturers import thousands of hogsheads annually. The black shreds which one can see amidst the yellow are Perique, which comes from St. James Parish, in Louisiana. For over a century the secret of curing that heavy black leaf has been confined almost exclusively to that parish, and nowhere else in the country, or in the world, can it be obtained. All the yellow in the mixture—and it's mostly yellow—is Virginia and North Carolina tobacco. The only difference between the English and American made goods is that the former contain a little more Latakia, an Oriental tobacco, and maybe a little Turkish, which are demanded by the English taste. You can buy pure Latakia and pure

There is a general impression that the snuff habit is a fading relic of Colonial times

Turkish, if you want it, at any tobacco store, and manufacture your own so-called English tobacco to your own idea. Of course, the English manufacturers have their own individual recipes for flavoring and blending, just as Americans have theirs, and if a smoker fancies the flavor of an English blend and is willing to pay the customs duty, it's his privilege to do so, but he should not forget that the mixture is almost entirely a production of American soil.

Perhaps no member of the tobacco family is more completely fettered with myths than the harmless cigarette, whose only real offence is its availability to the youthful smoker through its extreme mildness and cheapness.

There is, for example, the nicotine fiction. Repeated experiments in the college and professional laboratories show that the accumulation of the yellow stain on the cigarette-smoker's fingers and in the bowls of the pipes is not nicotine at all, but simply tar oil distilled from the tobacco in the process of burning, on the same principle as oil of coal tar or pine tar is produced—and quite as harmless. The chemists have also demonstrated that nicotine is only found to the extent of eight per cent. in the heaviest tobaccos and under two per cent. in bright Virginia and Turkish tobaccos, of which cigarettes are made, some samples of Turkish containing no trace of it at all; and, furthermore, that the nicotine is not taken into the system, anyway, but is consumed and goes off in the smoke. There may be, of course, other natural chemicals in tobacco, of narcotic tendencies, in a very slight degree; but science has long since eliminated nicotine from the question. The paper cigarettes, too, have been thoroughly analyzed and found to contain no deleterious substance whatsoever. This paper is made of clean flax and hemp, is so thin that several hundred go to the ounce, and it is acknowledged to be the acme of purity and general perfection in the paper-making art.

There is a general impression that the snuff habit is a fading relic of Colonial times, yet the consumption of snuff in the United States has been growing by leaps and bounds for the past fifty years. A half century ago there were consumed only a few hundred thousand pounds a year. In 1904 our consumption of snuff was 20,000,000 pounds; in 1905, 21,000,000 pounds; in 1906, 22,700,000 pounds; and, in 1907, 23,500,000 pounds.

An Intentionally Unattractive Craft

THE NON-MAGNETIC YACHT "CARNEGIE" WHICH IS TO BE USED TO CORRECT COMPASS DATA

For the purpose of carrying on extensive ocean surveys, to correct data, and to obtain accurate records of the magnetic variations of the compass, the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism of the Carnegie Institution at Washington, D. C., is building a vessel of a remarkable character. It is an auxiliary yacht in the construction of which practically no iron, steel, or other magnetic metal is employed. The vessel, which is to bear the name *Carnegie*, was designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow, a marine architect of New York

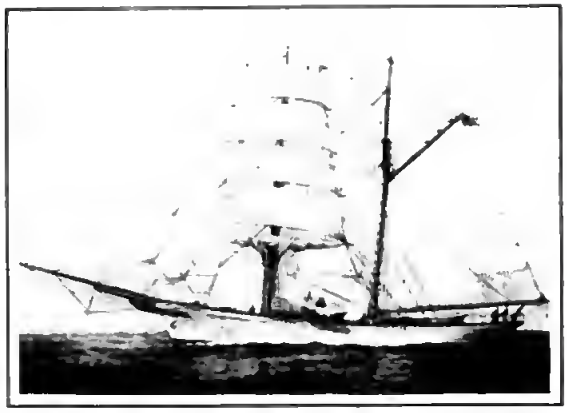
square feet of sail, and is also equipped with an auxiliary combustion engine of 150 horse-power to operate with producer gas. The vessel is unique in two particulars: she is practically non-magnetic, and she is the first sea-going craft to be propelled by an engine using producer gas.

Not an iron nail, spike, or bolt is used in the entire construction of the yacht. Locust treenails and bronze and copper bolts and spikes fasten the hull, while all furniture and joiner work here brass and copper fittings. The cooking ranges are all bronze, the cooking utensils of copper and aluminum, and the knives, forks, and spoons of Mexican silver. Windlass,

domes. By means of this arrangement, observations may be made either in the open or under shelter. The positions of all piers for the various delicate surveying instruments are so chosen as to render negligible the effect of the small amount of magnetic metals in the engine-room aft.

The 12th of June has been selected as the date for the launching of the *Carnegie*, and the vessel will be christened by Miss Dorothea L. Bauer, daughter of Dr. L. A. Bauer, Director of the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism in the Carnegie Institution. The yacht will probably be completed by the end of July and sail on her first voyage early in the fall to Hudson Bay.

Working upon the hull of the "Carnegie"



The "Carnegie" as she will appear when in commission

city, and Mr. Wallace Downey, of Brooklyn, where the yacht is being constructed, has exercised every care in the supervision of the work and the selection of materials. A special representative of the Carnegie Institution, Mr. W. J. Peters, has been constantly on duty at the ship-yard with the necessary instruments to test every piece of metal for magnetism before its acceptance.

The dimensions of the *Carnegie* are: length (over all), 155 feet 6 inches; water line, 128 feet 4 inches; moulded beam, 33 feet; depth of hold, 12 feet 9 inches; mean draught, 12 feet 7 inches. With all stores and equipment on board her displacement will be 568 tons. She is rigged in full brigantine style, carrying 12,980

anchors, capstans, winches, boat davits, chain plates, and all deck and spar fittings are of non-magnetic bronze. The only magnetic metal will be the engine rams and pistons, the producer, and the range grates, necessitated by the high temperature they encounter. Anthracite coal will be used as fuel, the bunker capacity being twenty-five tons, and giving a cruising radius of 2,000 miles under power at six knots speed. This propelling plant will be employed principally in maneuvring the vessel while making magnetic observations.

Especially interesting is the observation room located on the main deck amidships, and forward and aft of this are circular observatories with glass revolving

After this trip she will be docked and her bottom sheathed with copper, preparatory to a cruise in southern waters, as a guard against the teredo worm which is found in the tropics.

The ocean survey is to be executed under the direction of Dr. Bauer, whose immediate representative on board the *Carnegie* will be Mr. W. J. Peters, who commanded the Magnetic Survey Yacht, *Galilee*, on the Pacific Ocean in 1906–08. Four magnetic observers accompany Mr. Peters as assistants in the work. The sailing-master of the *Carnegie* will be Captain C. E. Littlefield, of New London, Connecticut, whose crew will consist of first and second officers, an engineer, six seamen, and two cooks.

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A NOTABLE PORTRAIT IN WATER-COLOR

Elizabeth Gowdy Baker's portrait of Mrs. James A. Stillman—one of the infrequent examples of successful portraiture in this medium. Mrs. Stillman, who married the son of the former president of the National City Bank, was Miss "Fifi" Potter, daughter of Mr. James Brown Potter

A Misunderstood Patriot

THE LIFE STORY OF THOMAS PAINE, THE FAMOUS REVOLUTIONARY, WHO DIED A HUNDRED YEARS AGO NEXT TUESDAY

By Henry Paradyne

T. Paine

ON Tuesday, June 8th, one hundred years will have elapsed since the death of Thomas Paine, the famous political and religious revolutionary.

It is unfortunate that Paine, who was one of the most ardent and inspiring of the Revolutionary patriots, should be known at the present day among large numbers of our population mainly as the stock "horrible example" of atheist whose deathbed was made fearful by visions of eternal torture. Paine's attitude toward revealed religion was that of an age in which the flighty Criticism had not become almost a pulpit platitude, when no compromise was possible between belief in the verbal inspiration of Scripture and the fashionable Deistic-atheism of the elect. Yet even in those days Paine's anti-religious polemics were disregarded for the sake of his patriotic inspiration.

Thomas Paine was born at Thetford, Norfolk, England, on January 29, 1737, of Quaker parentage. He learned the staymaker's trade, went on a privateering cruise, came back, and preached as a Dissenting minister. In 1762 he became an excise man, but was discharged in 1774 for the second time on account of laxness in the performance of his duties. In the fall of that year he emigrated to America, bearing a letter from Benjamin Franklin to Richard Bache, of Philadelphia, who introduced him to Robert Aitkin. Paine found employment as an editor for eighteen months, being placed in charge of Aitkin's *Pennsylvania Magazine, or American Monthly Museum*. In that publication appeared his "Serious Thoughts," which advocated the abolition of slavery. On January 9, 1776, he published his famous pamphlet, *Common Sense*, said to have been suggested by Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, in which he advocated the independence of the Colonies. It opened with the often-quoted words, "These are the times that try men's souls," and its vigorous and incisive appeal created remarkable enthusiasm. "Government, even in its best estate, is a necessary evil," wrote Paine, and there was no warrant or reason for "the distinction of men into kings and subjects." A single extract will indicate the character of the work:

"The nearer any government approaches to a republic, the less business there is for a king: in England a king hath little more to do than to make war and give away places. Arms must decide the contest; the appeal was the choice of the king, and the continent hath escaped the challenge. The sun never shone on a cause of greater worth. 'Tis not the affair of a city, a county, a province, or a kingdom, but of a continent—of at least one-eighth part of the habitable globe. 'Tis not the concern of a day, a year, or an age; posterity are involved in it even to the end of time. . . . Freedom hath been hunted round the globe: Asia and Africa hath long expelled her; Europe regards her like a stranger; and England hath given her warning to depart. O receive the fugitive, and prepare an asylum for mankind."

The effect of *Common Sense* was instantaneous. One hundred thousand copies were struck from the press; the Legislature of Pennsylvania voted £2,500 to the author; Washington himself wrote an appreciative letter concerning the pamphlet.

In the fall of the year 1776 Paine enlisted in the Continental Army, and was for a while aide-de-camp on the staff of General Greene. In December of the same year he began the publication of a series of sixteen pamphlets entitled *The Crisis*, which appeared at intervals until the close of the war and had considerable political influence. In January, 1777, Paine was appointed secretary to the commission sent by Congress to treat with the Indians at Easton, Pennsylvania, and the following April he was elected secretary to the Congressional Committee of Foreign Affairs. He was compelled to resign, two years later, for having imprudently given to the world a diplomatic secret which embroiled the Colonies and their French ally, and shortly afterward became clerk to the Pennsylvania Assembly. In 1781 he went to France with Colonel Laurens to obtain a loan, an errand in which he was successful. The following year, at the suggestion of Washington, Congress granted Paine $800, and subsequently he received $3,000 from the same source on account of his services during the war, £500 from Pennsylvania, and a tract of 300 acres at New Rochelle from the State of New York.

Paine's next exploit was the construction of the model for an iron bridge, with which he sailed for Europe in 1787, visiting France and England. The model was set up on Paddington Green and attracted enormous crowds. The bridge was ultimately constructed and set up across the Weir, at Sunderland, being the first of its kind to be erected. Paine was licensed in Paris and in London—in the latter city by the partisans of Burke and Fox, who had bitterly opposed the British government in its policy toward the American Colonies. But Paine quarrelled with Burke upon the appearance of the English statesman's *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, which assailed the new order of conditions across the Channel, and answered him in his most famous work, the *Rights of Man*, which had an immense sale. The preface to the American edition was written by Thomas Jefferson. The British government brought suit against Paine for his attack upon the Constitution, and, in his absence, passed sentence of outlawry upon him. But Paine had already gone to France, where he was received with wild acclamations, and he was elected to a seat in the French National Convention by Pas-de-Calais, although he was ignorant of French and was forced to have translations of the speeches read for him. He assisted in framing the French Constitution in 1793. But the moderate party, the Girondists, with whom he was associated, fell from power and, having opposed the execution of Louis XVI., Paine was arrested by the Jacobins, narrowly escaped the guillotine, and was committed for ten months to the prison of the Luxembourg. While there he completed the second part of his *Age of Reason*. He was released in 1794, upon a change in the government, through the intercession of James Monroe, then American minister to France. He was restored to his seat in the Convention, and sat until its adjournment in 1795.

After an absence from the United States of fifteen years Paine returned to America in 1802. He was conveyed to Baltimore in a government vessel, and received with honor and banqueting. But the publication of his *Age of Reason*, with its attacks upon revealed religion, had won for him the enmity of the more fervidly religious portion of the community. He took up his residence at Bordentown, New Jersey, and subsequently moved to New Rochelle and to New York City, dying there on June 8, 1809. Although born a Quaker, the members of that community denied his request that his remains should be interred in one of their cemeteries, and he was buried upon the farm which the State of New York had presented to him at New Rochelle. In 1819 his body was removed to England by William Cobbett. A monument was erected near the spot of his burial at New Rochelle in 1839, and is owned by that city. A few years ago it was found necessary to replace the base, which had been mutilated by relic-hunters, and the monument was removed about 150 feet down to the bottom of the hill on which it formerly stood. The house in which Paine lived, the property of the Huguenot Association of New Rochelle, was lately removed also, to be near the statue, whose proximity is shown in the photograph.

The monument to Thomas Paine at New Rochelle, erected in 1839

In 1875 a memorial building to Thomas Paine was erected in Boston, having over the entrance the inscription, "Paine Memorial Building and Home of the Boston *Investigator*."

Paine's forcible and direct writings had a powerful appeal to the people of his own time, and his versatility is shown by the variety of subjects which came within his ken. His entire life was spent in revolutionary movements, from the early days, when he championed the cause of the English excisemen who desired an increase in their salaries, to his attack—perhaps the least justifiable—upon Washington, in 1796, when he accused the great leader of treachery to his country. Perhaps the noblest episode in his career was when he championed the deposed King of France, and pleaded that the man who had sent troops to aid the Colonies in their war against England should not be sent to the scaffold, although he knew that by this fruitless advocacy of Louis he was imperilling his own life with the Jacobin leaders. "As France has been the first of European nations to abolish royalty," said Paine, "let us also be the first to abolish the punishment of death." Paine's attack upon the Bible was unscholarly, coming long before the more subtle sapping of religious respects through the work of Darwin and of the German critics. Nevertheless, his services to the cause of American independence were of the highest rank.

The house at New Rochelle in which Paine lived, recently moved to its new position, showing the monument in the background

Across a Desert in a Motor

THE RECORD OF A JOURNEY THROUGH SYRIA TO BAGDAD

By David Forbes, Jr.

I

The caravanserai at Meskeneh, showing the population gathered around the automobile

I ARRIVED in Alexandretta (Syria) on November 13th. The car had already been there about a month, and had been thoroughly tested by a series of runs over the pass to Beylan and Antioch. The 13th was devoted to final touches and collecting odds and ends, such as ropes, picks, shovels, hammers, etc., for which special lockers had been provided when the car was built. The morning of the 14th, after a night of heavy rain, found us (e. c., the driver and a native mechanic) ready for the start, and by seven o'clock we were on our way up the long tenacile gradient leading to the top of the Beylan Pass.

Under ordinary circumstances this part would offer no difficulties, though the gradient in places is from 1 in 10 to 1 in 15, but the road is not well

Mule-litters in which women journey

metalled; in parts the metal has been either driven in or washed away, the consequence being that those points which happen to be on a steep gradient are difficult to surmount and somewhat dangerous, as a bad skid of the car might send one plunging down hundreds of feet. We only found real difficulty at one point of the ascent, and there the mechanic and I got out and pushed, the little assistance thus rendered carrying us over the trouble. Before reaching the village of Beylan there is a simply double curve at right angles which has to be taken carefully, but thereafter to the watershed all is easy going. We had seen heavy clouds gathering behind us all the way up, and, just after passing the summit, the rain came down in torrents, but the hood was got up in time, and we were soon moving down and round a series of devil's elbows that would be hard to match. The run from Alexandretta to Top Boghaz took exactly two hours, and thereafter to Kruk Khan was, I think, the worst bit of road between Alexandretta and Bagdad. In places whole chunks had been torn out, leaving huge slimy holes of black mud. Through all this we simply crawled at lowest speed, but even so the wheels skidded and slipped from side to side, and it was with the utmost care that we could keep on the road. Fortunately, the rain-storm had blown over, and we could see better what we were doing. Nevertheless, in trying to avoid a large hole, the wheels skidded, and before we knew what was happening the car had slipped into the middle of a muddy field. Here we seemed to have come to a standstill, for the more we drove the engine and pushed the more the wheels skidded. We wound ropes round the driving wheels, and in that way shook myself toward the road, but on to it the car would not go. Fortunately some Turks happened to pass, and volunteered their services, one old fellow being particularly willing, while making rude remarks about the useless mess of machines brought in by the Constitution. However, they all put their shoulders to the back of the car with right good will, and little by little the wheels got a grip, and we were back on the road again, but with a good hour lost. The old Turk was mightily pleased with himself, and left us with the parting remark, "We see how strong is Islam," with which I was only too happy to concur.

The next few miles were heavy going, and with a few passable bits through fields—not the made roads—it is all bad to Hamam. From Hamam to Aleppo the road is fairly good, and we did that stretch in three and one-half hours. Some miles outside Aleppo two friends who had heard of our coming met us and got into the car. The road was good, and, to give an Arab a taste of what a motor-car can do, we let her out. At this, one of our visitors, a big, fat Arab, got into a terrible state of nervous excitement, jumped up, waved his hands about, and shouted in his extremity of fear and nervousness. He does not want to invest in a motor-car that exceeds twelve miles per hour. It was curious to watch the expressions of the people on the coming of the car: some were so unconcerned that they might have been in the habit of seeing cars pass daily; others were scared to death and took to their heels and sprinted for all they were worth; others, and they were the majority, stood stock-still, their faces showing first amazement and inquisitiveness, then gradually opening out into a broad, amiable smile of satisfaction and pleasure. Happiness seemed to spread over their whole countenances as we moved past them.

We spent Sunday, the 15th, in Aleppo. I called on the Governor-General, who is a man of the new school, full of energy for the betterment of his country, and most anxious to find means of improving the communications between the various towns in his vilayet. On my telling him of my intention of trying to reach Bagdad by car he was most interested, and at once began questioning me as to the possibility of having a motor-car service between the outlying towns and villages under his government. If I got through to Bagdad he would be convinced that motor-cars would be a boon to the government, and he would at once begin to agitate for their adoption for passengers and post. In this way such things are done in Turkey. I can imagine a break-down in the desert and the Turkish driver doing his best to tie up the damaged engine with rotten pieces of string.

We left Aleppo at dawn of the 16th. The night had been stormy and wet, and I expected the roads to be heavy; but apparently rain is quickly absorbed, and we suffered no inconvenience. Shortly after leaving Aleppo we missed the main track and found ourselves upon some very rocky ground, thanks to the wisdom of our all-knowing cook, who had been added to our party at Aleppo, and who was to act also as a guide as far as Hamam on the Euphrates. This man's stock of knowledge was marvellous—never at a loss to answer a question, and never right when his knowledge was put to the test. But the discovering of his fallibility never daunted him, and he was just as ready with his information on the next opportunity. We finally emerged from the rocks without damage, and thereafter all was plain sailing till nearing Derbaffer. Here there are two insignificant-looking hills close together, with little water, but rather perpendicular banks. The first appeared to offer no difficulty, and we tried to take it at an angle, but a back wheel sank in up to the axle, and out of that it would not budge. We stopped the engine, jacked the back wheel up, and then tried to start the engine again, but the starting-handle had been thrown out of alignment and would not catch. This looked serious, but a village of beehive-shaped huts was close at hand, from which the inhabitants had swarmed on our approach, and from whom we hoped to get willing help if required. People were ploughing in the fields around us, and plenty of idle cattle were standing about the village, but help us they would not, nor had us their cattle. We then tried jacking up the near fore wheel, which brought the car straight, and, once we had the engine going, there was little time lost till we were over both hurdles and well on our way. Three hours had been lost in that little ditch, but the road onward was magnificent, with a most delightful surface, and in two hours we reached Meskeneh, where we had our first glimpse of the Euphrates.

This run from Derbaffer to Meskeneh was my first experience of what motoring under perfect conditions is like, but we were to have more of it before reaching Bagdad. The surface was so fine and even that there was absolutely no vibration, and I could sit and write as comfortably as upon an ocean liner in a calm sea. As we run up to the door of the caravanserai at Meskeneh the whole population flocked around us, and I stepped ahead to get a photograph. As I did so a man rushed out from the door in a most excited way, slapping his legs and muttering in Russian: "The devil take it! The devil take it! What machine is this?" How he came there I know not, but he was the only Russian in the place, as he informed me, and had been there three years, and had never heard of motor-cars in the part of Russia he came from. I had a friendly sort of feeling toward him and gave him a ride for a couple of miles on our departure, very much to his gratification. For a short distance after leaving Meskeneh the road is not so good, but it improves, and continues excellent right up to Hamam, which we reached toward sunset.

As one leaves Meskeneh, the scene that opens out is magnificent. The broad Euphrates winds majestically through a broad expanse of tamarisk bush, between sheer white cliffs, crowned on every promontory with either a minaret-like watch-tower, or old castle, crumbling in ruins and telling of well-guarded highways in the good old times of Haroun al Raschid. In these days the caravans are each guarded by a few Turkish police, and we passed many on our way, some of the travellers in modern-looking carriages.

A traveller in the desert

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some in "prairie schooners," others on horseback, and some, presumably women and children, in litters balanced on the backs of mules. These were all well guarded. We trusted to our speed and to the terror inspired by the unknown.

The khan, or inn, at Hamam is like all others on the route, and one description will suffice: a square courtyard bounded by a mud wall on three sides, the fourth being formed by a line of low rooms with a gateway in the centre. The rooms are quite unfurnished, with plain mud floors and unwhitewashed walls: no windows, but a roughly made wooden shutter, and we badly made a door, both of which admit almost as much air as if they were non-existent. I had expected moderately mild weather, but by morning it was freezing hard, and, having come unprepared for such cold, we felt it bitterly. We were glad to be up and about by sunrise, and made all preparations to leave, but the engine would not start, due presumably to the severe cold, and it was quite an hour after we were ready that we got it going. Every morning after this we encountered the same difficulty, but overcame it by tying a rope to the starting handle and putting a couple of men on to it, to assist the man turning the handle. This worked like a charm, and after this discovery we could always start within five minutes.

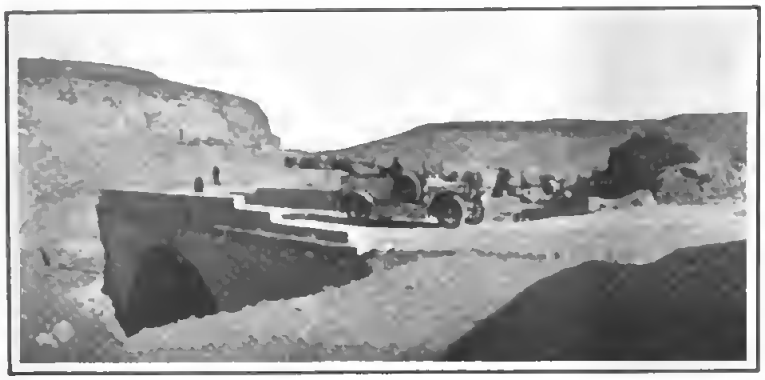
After leaving Hamam (Tuesday, the 17th) the road is good for some distance, save a rather sheer wall about five miles out, approached through a narrow cutting between rocks, which the car only managed to scrape through. Thereafter the road is stony and rolling for some little time, and then we enter on a flat and, at first sight, apparently good bit of country, but very bumpy, and here and there the bumps are hidden by soft sand, making the going very uncertain. This is followed by a long stretch of very soft sand through a dense thicket of tamarisk bush. There is only room for the car to squeeze through, and no means of getting round the worst parts. We had hardly entered on this when the car stuck fast, and the more we drove the deeper sank the wheels. The only thing to be done was to jack up the wheels, we dug away the sand, jacked up the car, cut down and piled tamarisk bush under it, and made another start. Again we stuck, and the same process had to be gone through. This happened again and again, and it began to look as if we would never get out of that quicksand. However, we investigated the road ahead of us, saw there were only a couple of hundred yards of really soft sand, so made one more effort, cut down enough tamarisk bush to pave the whole distance, and then successfully ran the car straight on to harder ground. We had, however, lost five hours, and felt rather done up with our exertions, so sat down and had a meal.

While we were working at the car half a dozen desert Arabs, armed to the teeth with modern rifles and cartridges, came on us, and stood watching us curiously till the car was extracted. We found that they belonged to the Anizé tribe, and that the main body had passed south a couple of weeks before. We had been bothered all the morning by what we thought was an air lock in the petrol feed-pipe, and, before starting again, made a thorough investigation of all the connections, and found that a small valve with a gauze filter which we did not know of had got choked with dirt. This same gauze filter was to cause us many a stoppage before we reached Bagdad, for, by some means or other, sand had found its way into our petrol tanks, and every few hours we had to disconnect the pipes and clean the filter. As we neared Bagdad the trouble became worse, and the filter would not clean, ultimately necessitating our tearing holes in the gauze. After a rest we made another start, and now the road became wet and slimy, so much so that the steering gear had practically no control, and, though we moved forward, the car swung from side to side in a most alarming manner, and, as the river was close at hand, there was an element of danger in our movement. However, we were moving away from the river, while here and there the road became better as the bush got thinner, and when we emerged in sight of Sakkin shortly after two o'clock the last of the mud had been left behind us.

This part of the road between Hamam and Sakkin is almost impracticable for a motor-car, and must be terribly hard work for the goat carriages which pass this way. I cannot conceive any reason for making that the regular route, unless it be scarcity of water on the desert behind. I learned afterward that there is a way round by the desert, and, had I known the difficulties of the river road, most certainly would have attempted it.

The crowd around the car at Deir

At Sakkin we ran into a motley crowd of Bulgarian and Tartar Mohammedans returning from a pilgrimage to Kerbelah. I had half thought of passing the night there, as the next stage was a long one, but the crowd filled the khan to overflowing, and Ilkenius looked such a fierce, fanatical lot that I decided to press on. A desert nomad who professed to know the way like a book volunteered as guide, and by three o'clock we were off at our best pace. For about twenty miles the road is good, though after rain it would in all probability be soft and marshy. This we covered in good time, and well before sunset were climbing a rocky hill which has to be taken slowly and carefully, as sharp, pointed rocks project in the most awkward places, and are difficult to avoid. We had got over this, had reached a good bit of road, and were congratulating ourselves that we would be in sight of Tibni before dark, when the petrol feed again choked, and darkness was settling down before it was put right. For a short distance the road stood out clear and distinct under our head-lights, but, as it began to get rocky again, it became more and more difficult to follow, and finally was quite invisible. We each took a lamp and went ahead to investigate, but within a few steps were looking down a steep and rocky gorge. In the darkness it seemed to us that there was a possibility of passing the car through, although the gradient was tremendously steep, but no other choice appeared open to us. We determined to make the attempt, and, two men leading with lamps, came creeping slowly down with all brakes hard on. The car came down safely, and then we discovered a sharp right-angular turn which, in the darkness, looked absolutely hopeless. There was, however, no going back, and we had to make the best of a bad job. We got the engine reversed, and with blocks of stone backed up the fore wheels at every inch gained.



The only piece of made road between Aleppo and Bagdad

Little by little we got the car round, and, after several attempts, took the turn, missing by half a wheel's breadth a fall of eight or ten feet into the gorge. Having got over this difficulty, we had again to find the track. This was more difficult than we had expected, and our guide was useless. He beguiled the time by relating blood-curdling stories of robber bands descending on benighted travellers, and was astonished that we were not grateful. After nearly an hour's wandering we again found the road, and thereafter it was good going right up to Tibni. Close to the inn there is a wash to cross, rendered difficult by the steepness of the opposite bank. A high-powered car should find no difficulty in tackling it. A bridge in process of construction, which will render the approach easy, is now close on nine o'clock when we arrived, weary and hungry. I had shot two partridges of the red-legged variety, but of a dusty bronze hue, and much better eating than the Anatolian variety, on the way to Sakkin, and these proved a delicacy when done to a turn by Mogbranis, who, though hopeless as a complete encyclopædia, was incomparable as a traveling cook.

We took things easy on the morning of the 18th, for which later on we were rather sorry, as the road from Tibni to Deir swarms with game. We could not afford to waste much time, but thought it well to provide for one evening meal, and I shot a small gray-legged partridge not much larger than a quail with black markings over the eyes, a couple of red-legged partridges, and a francolin. All, with the exception of the francolin, were of the dusty bronze hue which I had noticed as being peculiar to the birds of that part, and made them practically invisible against the bronze-colored cliffs that here fringe the Euphrates.

The road from Tibni to Deir is comparatively good, but shortly after leaving Tibni it is soft mud, through the bush beneath the cliffs, gives the impression that after wet weather it would be impassable. On this section, however, we found no difficulty, and, to our surprise, shortly before reaching Deir, we came on a stretch of exceedingly well-made road—the only stretch on the whole journey from Aleppo. We were moving forward over some rocky ground into what looked like a nasty gorge, when on a sudden a beautifully made little bit of road, with a bridge spanning the gorge, sprang into our view. The pavement on the opposite side was still unfinished, but, on topping the ridge, we saw the road running ahead of us right into the town of Deir. At the entrance to the town a vegetable gardener had built an irrigation channel over the road, which, though carriages could cross, was impossible for us, and it had to be demolished before we could proceed.

As we ran into Deir we created a tremendous flutter, and the population gathered behind us in swarms. Our guide took us straight to a khan, where our reserve supply of petrol was stored, and had the gateway closed before the crowd came up. Only a few got in with us, but these behind were not to be denied admission, and, before we realized what had happened, the gateway was driven in and we were the centre of a shouting, excited mob, without power to move out of the car. After half an hour or so, when they had all felt the wheels, broken a lamp, and stolen all the grease-cup lids, the pressure diminished somewhat, and we were able to take out lunch. Just then a police officer turned up with a request from the Governor to call on him, but before going I got the police to clear the courtyard, and saw a start made in filling the petrol tanks. The Governor appeared to be almost as excited as the populace, and as sooner were the necessary salutations over than he had a piece of paper and pen out and was making most minute inquiries and notes as to conditions of the roads. Like his confrère at Aleppo, he is keen on a motor-car service, and looked on me as the most likely person to forward the desire of his heart. When I got back the tanks were full again and everything in readiness for a start, but the crowd had gathered once more. They climbed on the back of the car, on to the steps, and even on the bonnet. I had invited the chief engineer of the province and a police officer to run out some little distance with us, but even their authority was unavailing, and when we started down the street every spare inch of the car was covered. As we quickened speed they rapidly dropped off, but one man still held on till we were well in the open and going full speed, when he too jumped. I did not know this till we showed up to let the engineer and his companion down, when, on looking back over the stretch of the desert just crossed, we could see a disconsolate looking figure crouching on the ground in the same position it had fallen in, and apparently still trying to grasp the fact that a shock is attached to jumping from a motor-car going thirty miles an hour. We left the policeman to console with him, and went on our way.

From Deir to Mesadia the road is good, and we covered the stretch in two hours. I had intended doing another stage that day, but the delay in Deir had made that impossible. As, however, there was still a good hour or more of daylight, we diverted our course to inspect the ruins of a majestic looking old castle, or fortress, which tops the cliffs between Mesadia and the desert. From a distance the old castle looks most picturesque, but does not stand close inspection so well, crumbling mud bricks not giving the same impression of strength and romance as ruins of Greek or Roman workmanship. Before entering Mesadia some irrigation channels caused trouble and required care in crossing, and the entrance gateway of the inn was so narrow that the car could only scrape through.

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WHAT WE HAVE ALL

DRAWN BY JAMES M

. WISHED FOR ONCE .

ONTGOMERY FLAGG

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PINNING THE TAIL ON THE DONKEY

BEGINNING RIGHT

"YOUR folks must be mighty exceptionally fond of eggplant," remarked the grocer's clerk to the deacon's son when the two met after the church services one Sunday. "Your father ordered two dozen of 'em yesterday."

"Oh, that's easily explained. You see, dad's been reading about the latest methods of chicken-raising, and he decided to try the business. Although the books advised beginners to purchase adult fowls, dad decided it was better to start with the eggplant."

THE MODERN KIND

"These are naked days of progress in all lines," observes a New York woman. "I had advertised for a French maid. The chic, trim young Gallic person who first applied took my fancy for a moment or so, but when our negotiations touched upon the question of salary my illusion was dissipated. Producing a highly chased silver case from her coat pocket, she proffered me a cigarette, saying:

"'Do, please, madam, take a smoke! It's so much easier to discuss these little matters while enjoying a cigarette!'"

LAWS, BY AND IN

"I THINK," said the old bachelor to Mr. Newlywed, "that every household should have a set of laws, and if these are not abided by, a penalty should be inflicted."

"Well, you ought to live at my house," was the young man's reply. "We have a set of laws which imperil your very life if you disobey them."

"Indeed? What are they?"

"Why, mother-in-law and father-in-law," replied Mr. Newlywed.

A GASTRONOMIC LAY

MARY had a little lamb,
For she was tired of beef
And carving it afforded her
A little ha-a relief.

J. ADAIR STRAWSON.

LOCAL ITEMS FROM THE "HAYTOWN CLARION"

THE post-office was broken into the other night, and three pounds of raisins, two postal-cards, a corn-cob pipe, and a quart of kerosene oil were embezzled by parties unknown.

Abner Dillbecker, of the Freshman Class of Freshton College, was heard on the village square shortly after midnight last Thursday. Abner's voice and clothes have grown much louder since he went to Freshton.

The Riverview will open for the summer season next Monday. Among other extensive improvements, the able and alert management of the Riverview have put a new fly screen into the dining-room window.

Hiram Peabody, of Haytown Corners, having remarked that our jokes are not as fresh as they might be, we rise to remark that the same might be said of the eggs with which Hiram paid his overdue subscription. Come again, Hi. Constructive criticism is always welcome.

The Surprise Party at Bill Wiggley's, which promised to be one of the most recherché affairs of the year, was, we regret to say, not a success. Bill, in his capacity of Sheriff, arresting the whole party for disorderly conduct.

Jim Baxter's barn is to be painted next week, the contract having been let to the Old Squaw Medicine and Cureall Company of Massachusetts. We understand that the roof will be decorated with a life size bust of Mrs. Amanda Gassaway, inventor of the Old Squaw Remedies, in various colors. It will add much to the artistic beauty of Haytown.

Owing to the beginning of the summer season, the Nepenthe Culture Confederation of Haytown will hold no more meetings until fall, most of the officers and members of this flourishing organization having decided to take in washing during the coming months.

Town-detective Jimsonberry was robbed of his official badge while taking a nap on Zeb Webster's piazza last Sunday afternoon. He promises two dollars and complete immunity to whoever took it, if he will return it in time for him to wear it at the County Convention at Hicksville.

THE LOST CAR

SEATED one day in the tonneau,
I was timid and ill at ease;
For I heard a sort of rumbling,
And a kind of a warning wheeze.

I know not what struck my chauffeur,
Nor what he had struck, nor whom,—
But I heard a bombilation
Like the sound of the crack of Doom!

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the crash of a reading sky!
And I lay on the burning asphalt
With the motor across my thigh.

It quieted cries and moaning,
Like a man who scolds his wife;
It seemed an impending smash up
That would speedily end my life.

It linked all my breaks and bruises
Into one perfect pain;
And it rumbled and whizzed and guggled,
As if it would come again.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly.
The reason for that great sound,
That came from the soul of the motor,
As it threw me on the ground.

It may be a first class earthquake
Could bring such a sound to pass;
And it may be that only in nightmares
I shall hear that noise again.

CAROLYN WELLS.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I HAVE DRAWN HERE THE PICTURE OF A LUSCIOUS BARTLETT PEAR; NOW—

WITH A FEW MORE LINES WE HAVE PROFESSOR BARTLETT WITH A LUSCIOUS NOSE"

BACK TO NATURE

An attaché of the American Embassy at London tells of a large party, among whom was an elderly Scotch professor, who were shooting on the moors in Perthshire when it suddenly began to rain. There was no shelter in the neighborhood, and as the rain fell too fast to permit shooting, the sportsmen made, as they thought, the best of their misfortune by sitting down and getting drenched.

The professor, however, as soon as the shower began, wandered off, and was not seen during the hour the rain fell. When it ceased he reappeared, and to the surprise of all there was not a drop of rain on his clothes. The wet sportsmen were annoyed no well as surprised, thinking he had discovered a place of shelter. But the professor was reticent, and it was with difficulty that at last they persuaded him to disclose his method of keeping dry.

"Directly the rain came on," said he, with dignity, "I stripped and sat on my clothes till it ceased."

CHANGED THE DATE

During the late campaign a Democratic meeting was held in one of the inland cities, and it was proposed to have a barbecue. The committee to which the matter was referred reported favorably and set the date for Friday, a week later. Upon this announcement an excited Irishman hopped on to his seat and yelled out:

"Misther Prisidint! Hould on there! I'd have yez to understhand, sur, that the great holt av the Democratic parthy don't ate mate on a Friday!"

He couldn't have put an undeniable fact in a more pointed and concise way. That barbecue was not held on a Friday.

E PLURIBUS

With Myrtle, Daphne, and Babette,
With fair Perilla and Juncelle,
With Chloe and Guinea sweet,
And Guinevere and Marguerite,
My heart is sore beset!
On all of them my glances rest,
Nor can I say which I love best.

Hence unto thee I turn at last,
And at thy feet my heart I cast.
My fortune, fame, and name, and hand,
I place, dear Prue, at thy command.
The charms of all those maids divine
Are all included, Prue, in thine.

'Tis only thus, that I can see,
That I can wed the triple three
Without committing bigamy.

CARLYLE SMITH.

NOT SO BAD AS SHE IS PAINTED

"But why," he pleaded, passionately—"why will you not marry me?"

"I cannot, Count," the girl said, simply. "I love you with all my heart and soul, villain though you are, and I despise that muck-headed college boy the author has designed for my husband, but it shall never be said that Vera Putoffski was untrue to her plighted word."

"You have given your word?"

"I have, Guscagni. Yes, I gave it last night."

"But to whom?"

"The author. It was a matter of bargain and sale, but it is binding."

A gleam of hope flashed in the eye of Count Rascagni.

"But the consideration, sweetheart—a contract without consideration is void. Was there any consideration?"

"Yes," she murmured, a tear trickling down her fair cheek. "I give myself to Harold Milkinsop in consideration of the author's promise to place my face in right colors on the cover of the book!"

And Rascagni realized then, with all the bitterness of disappointed love, that his suit was hopeless, and he went out into the night so broken that he had to pawn it.

ACCOUNTING FOR IT

Heretofore heads of the government departments sometimes make a few "personal" promotions upon the eve of their departure, and a clerk in the Department of Agriculture, believing that Secretary Wilson would go the way of the rest of the Roosevelt Cabinet, ventured to approach him with a little plea for special recognition.

"I have been in the department since the time you were first made Secretary, sir—" the clerk began.

"I know it—I know it," the Secretary said, waving him away. "Every one knows I am a very patient and considerate man!"

JUNE

TIPS

The Bell-boy was so very nice I really thought that I
Should give the lad a little tip when parting day came by;
So when the hour sad arrived I called him in to me
And said, "My son, take my advice—go long on P.Q.D."

If he had gone and done it then
He'd now be ranked with moneyed men—
A Captain he of Industry
Had he but ta'en that tip from me!

The Chambermaid was also good, and did her work right well.
She kept my rooms well swept up and was quick to mind the bell.
And so I tipped her, too. Said I, "Ah, Katie, put your cash
On Third Debenture Bonds Preferred of Antiseptic Hash!"

If she had done what she was told
She'd now be rolling in her gold—
A Duchess or Marquise, maybe,
Had she but ta'en that tip from me!

The Waiter in the café who had served me through my stay
Was really quite upset when told that I was going away.
And so I thought before I went a tip for him was fair.
"Henri," said I, "put all you've got in U. S. Heated Air."

If he had done it he'd have been
A leader in the world of tin—
A millionaire to-day he'd be
Had he but ta'en that tip from me!

But do you know that, one and all, they spurned me when I spoke?
The Porter broadly smiled at first and thought it was a joke
But when they found it was not so, they were so indiscreet
They tipped the Cabman, and he tipped me over in the street!

'Tis funny how this old world trips
Along unmindful of its tips!
Four people offered Fortune's crown
Would have preferred one dollar down!

GASTON Y. BANKE.

THE USES OF ROMANCE

Matty Hynes' Pig

By George A. Birmingham

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER NEWELL

THE inhabitants of the Island of Inishbee, which lies off the coast of Connacht, objected to paying the rate levied on their lands, quite lawfully, by the county authorities. The sum was not large. A moderately rich man would have written a check for the whole of it without hesitation. It amounted in all to £2 7s 4d. There were three families on Inishbee, and the amount due by them varied from £1 15s 1d, payable by Thomas Geraghty, to 3s 2d, the share of the poorest of his two cousins. It was not the ruinous amount of the impost which led to the strike against payment. The Geraghtys took their stand on a principle, or rather on two principles. In the first place, they were free islanders, and objected to paying anything, rate, rent, or tax, to anybody. In the second place, they maintained, with great justice, that they derived no benefit whatever from the way in which the county rates were spent. Roads and bridges were repaired elsewhere. There were no roads or bridges on their island. Workhouses were kept open for the reception of the indigent. No paupers went to them from Inishbee. The salaries of dispensary doctors were paid that the poor might be cured of their diseases. None of the Geraghtys of Inishbee were ever ill. The fourteen young Geraghtys who rejoiced the hearts of three pairs of parents had all struggled into the world without medical assistance. The people on the mainland might levy rates on themselves if they liked, and squander the money on useless luxuries. The three families on Inishbee got on very well without roads, workhouses, or doctors, and saw no reason why they should pay for what they neither had nor wanted.

Matty Hynes took quite a different view of the matter. It was his business to collect the rates. He had, ultimately, to pay over the whole sum levied into the banking account of the County Council. If he failed to collect the contribution due by any particular householder he suffered the loss himself. When the people of Inishbee refused to pay, Matty Hynes was £2 7s 4d poorer than he ought to have been. He disliked losing the money. He disliked still more the feeling that the three families of Geraghtys were robbing him. He, too, waiving the consideration of the smallness of the sum in dispute, took his stand on principle. The money was due, and what is due must, if society is to survive, be paid. He put this view of the matter before the Geraghtys, but they were not affected by it. Their position remained unchanged.

The law provides the rate-collector with a weapon against defaulters. It allows him to seize their property and sell it by public auction, satisfying his claim out of the proceeds of the sale. The Geraghtys owned property. They had on their island four bullocks, a cow, two sows, and seven small pigs. Matty Hynes, driven at last to extremities, resolved to seize some or all of these animals. He knew that the Geraghtys would offer all the resistance in their power, so he called on the police officer of the locality and demanded his assistance.

Mr. Benson, the District Inspector of Police, was a young man with the feelings of a gentleman, and a natural dislike for tax-collectors. He was a sportsman, and rather admired the stand made by the Geraghtys. But he was also an officer, pledged to the maintenance of law and order. He felt himself forced to accede to the request made by Matty Hynes.

"I suppose," he said, with a note of sarcasm in his voice, "that four constables and the sergeant will be enough to overawe the Geraghtys?"

"They will, surely," said Matty Hynes, adding as an after thought, "if so be we had them there."

Mr. Benson was new to the west of Ireland. There seemed to him no reason why the men should not be taken to Inishbee in a boat. The island was only two miles distant from the mainland. He said as much to Matty Hynes.

"You might take them in a boat," said Matty, "if so be you had the boat."

There were five boats in the little harbor at Ballymore; stout fishing-boats, each of them able to carry four constables, a sergeant, Mr. Benson, Matty Hynes, and a couple of bailiffs. They belonged to men who were continually grumbling about the difficulty of earning money. It seemed obvious to Mr. Benson that any one of them would be glad to hire his boat for a reasonable sum. Matty Hynes was an older man than Mr. Benson, and had spent his whole life in Connacht. He was not sure that any boat would be available.

Mr. Benson, prompt in action as befits a man in his profession, walked down to the harbor. He found the whole five boat-owners leaning over a wall. They were studying the sky with a view to being able to foretell the weather. They were also smoking pipes. Mr. Benson greeted them cheerily.

"Boys," he said, "will any of you hire me a boat for a day?"

There was a stir of surprise and pleasurable anticipation among the men. The hiring of a boat is a very rare thing in Ballymore.

"If it's for the coal-fish that your Honor's going out," said Peter Reilly, the oldest of the fishermen, "the tide will be right to-morrow afternoon."

"I've no time for fishing," said Mr. Benson. "I want to go out to Inishbee."

"You might do that," said Peter Reilly, "if you had the wind. But there's no wind. You'd need four men to row that length."

"I'll have the police," said Mr. Benson.

The fishermen looked at one another doubtfully. No man in Ireland cares to be mixed up with the police if he can help it.

"Is it a still you're after?" said Peter Reilly. "For if it is—"

Everybody sympathizes with the illicit distiller. The trade is highly beneficial to a public which appreciates cheap spirits. Mr. Benson had knowledge enough of the minds of the people to protest at once that he had no intention of seizing a still. Peter Reilly looked round his friends with a slow, searching gaze. His eyes left them and rested on Mr. Benson. Then passing Mr. Benson, they surveyed the road which led to the harbor. Matty Hynes stood about fifty yards up the road, watching for Benson. Peter Reilly saw him and understood at once what the boat was wanted for.

"If it's to seize the Geraghtys' beasts," he said, "that you're wanting to go to Inishbee, you'll get no boat."

"And why not?" said Mr. Benson.

"Because they'd have it smashed to bits on you with the stones they'd be pelting into her. Believe you me, your Honor, them Geraghtys in Inishbee is terrible wild. Thomas is the worst of them. He'd think very little of knocking a hole the size of your head in a boat if he had it in his mind that she was after him to be doing harm. It 'll be better for you to leave them fellows alone. What's the loss of the money to Matty Hynes? He can afford it. We'd be willing to oblige your Honor in the matter of a day's fishing or the like, but as for giving out a boat to Matty Hynes, and getting her hammered into bits by them playboys beyond in Inishbee, it's what we wouldn't do."

There was a murmur of assent from the other fishermen. Peter Reilly had given expression to their feelings. Mr. Benson left the quay and walked up toward the town. On the way he met Matty Hynes.

"Did you get the boat?" said Matty.

"I did not."

"I was thinking you wouldn't. They're a poor-spirited lot, them fellows that owns the boats."

"I wish you and your rate were at the bottom of the sea together," said Mr. Benson. "What do you want to make all this fuss for over a matter of a couple of pounds?"

"It's yourself that 'll have to help me to get it," said Matty, "whether you like it or not."

"I know that," said Mr. Benson.

"Without we was to swim," said Matty, meditatively, "I know of no way we'll get the police and the bailiffs out to Inishbee except the one. We'd be hard set to swim there," he added, "seeing it's a good two miles. And when it came in swimming back with maybe a couple of bullocks along with us—"

"Talk sense," said Mr. Benson, "and tell me what you want me to do now."

"I don't see what there is to do," said Matty, "barring a gunboat."

Mr. Benson started, and meditated a flat rejection of a proposal hardly less absurd to his mind than the idea of swimming. Then he recollected that on other occasions, in other places along the western Irish coast, the ships of his Majesty's navy had been employed on similar errands. He went home and wrote a letter to his superior officer. That gentleman, in turn, wrote to some one else. Many letters passed between the police authorities in Dublin Castle, the Local Government Board, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, and the Admiralty. The whole correspondence, when collected, tied, and submitted to the Lord Lieutenant, made an imposing bundle of foolscap.

Three weeks later H. M. gunboat *Curlew* steamed out of Queenstown Harbor. Lieutenant Eckersley, who commanded her, was in a very bad temper. He did not want to voyage round the coasts of Kerry and battle his way northward through the Atlantic. He wanted to stay in Queenstown and take part in a lawn-tennis tournament which he had helped to organize. He disliked the prospect of feeling his way to an unknown anchorage off the town of Ballymore. The Connacht coast has a bad reputation among sailors. There are hidden rocks in unexpected places, tides which sweep violently along, and an almost total absence of buoys, lights, and other aids to navigation. The crew of the *Curlew* shared their commander's irritation. Every man of them had his own ties in Queenstown. There were agreeable young women there. It seemed unlikely that there would be any young women in Ballymore. If they had known the name of Matty Hynes these men would have cursed him. They had never heard of him, and so they cursed Mr. Benson, who was not really to blame. Curiously enough, neither they nor Lieutenant Eckersley cursed the people of Inishbee. It was left in the gunboat that these unhappy islanders were the victims of official fussiness. So were the sailors. Their common sufferings created a bond of sympathy between them.

At about seven o'clock on a very fine evening the *Curlew* cast anchor outside Ballymore Harbor. Inishbee lay to the west, a low black patch against the setting sun. Lieutenant Eckersley surveyed it through his glasses and sighed. Then he turned and surveyed the town. It looked exceedingly uninteresting. He sighed again. A fishing-boat stole out of the harbor, her brown sail loomed out to catch the easterly breeze. She was followed by another and then another. All five fishing-boats left the harbor. This was a very unusual thing: for the Ballymore fishermen seldom fish, except in the early spring when the mackerel visit the coast. Lieutenant Eckersley knew enough of the ways of Connacht fishermen to feel surprised at the appearance of the fleet. He remarked on it an hour later when he visited Mr. Benson. Then he got to business.

"What time do you and your party intend to start to-morrow?" he asked.

"The earlier the better," said Mr. Benson. "All I want is to get the job over."

"Eight o'clock?"

"Very well. I'll have my men at the quay at eight."

"You quite understand, of course," said Lieutenant Eckersley, "that I and my men take no part in the proceedings. We're simply there as spectators."

"For the matter of that," said Mr. Benson, "I and my men don't, either. We look on, unless we're obliged to afford protection to the rate-collector and the bailiffs."

"Oh," said Lieutenant Eckersley, "I thought you police—"

"You were wrong, then," said Mr. Benson.

He fell strongly on the subject of the dignity of the Royal Irish Constabulary, and was inclined to resent the tone taken by the naval officer. Lieutenant Eckersley said no more at the time; but later in the evening, speaking to one of his subordinates, he referred to Mr. Benson and his men as "beastly bobbies." So it happened that the party which next morning on the deck of the *Curlew* was not a comfortably assorted one. Lieutenant Eckersley and his officers held aloof from Mr. Benson. The sailors showed by their manner that they regarded the police as their inferiors. The police stood as far as possible apart from Matty Hynes, who were no uniform of any kind. Matty Hynes, on his part, asserted his dignity by refusing to speak to the two bailiffs whom he had brought with him.

Inishbee, when the gunboat reached it, presented a curiously deserted appearance. There was not a man, woman, or child to be seen. No smoke issued from

"Is it a still you're after?" said Peter Reilly. "For if it is—"

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the chimneys of the three cottages. Neither the cow nor a single one of the four bullocks was visible in the fields. Lieutenant Eckersley was so far moved by the unusual appearance of desolation that he crossed the deck and spoke to Mr. Benson.

"Do you want to land?" he asked. "There doesn't appear to be man or beast on the island."

Mr. Benson told the sergeant to summon Matty Hynes. Matty, pulling his pipe in his pocket, joined the two officers.

"Do you want to land?" asked Mr. Benson. "There doesn't seem to me to be anything for you to seize."

"Unless you propose to carry off the island itself," said Lieutenant Eckersley.

"They have them hid on me," said Matty Hynes. "Hell to their souls! but they have them hid in some hole or other. I'll land, of course. Them Geraghtys is beyond anything for their tricks. They'd steal the coat off your back and you looking at them."

Lieutenant Eckersley gave an order, and two boats were lowered. He himself, moved by curiosity, went in one of them, accompanied by Mr. Benson and three of the police. The other two police, Matty Hynes, and the bailiffs, were landed by the second boat.

"Now," said Mr. Benson, "off with you, Matty, and find your cattle."

"I'll not go a step," said Matty Hynes, "without you and the police along with me. I'd be in dread of them Geraghtys. They might be waiting somewhere unknown to me with sticks and stones and all sorts ready in their hands, or maybe worse. My life wouldn't be safe among them."

"I think I'll come, too," said Lieutenant Eckersley, lighting a cigarette.

The possibility of a skirmish between the police and a force of ambushed Geraghtys excited him. The party proceeded cautiously toward the nearest cottage. Three of the police marched in front with their carbines in their hands. Matty Hynes and the bailiffs followed them. Then came Mr. Benson and the remaining police. Lieutenant Eckersley, with his cigarette, followed about five yards behind. The house was empty. So was the pigsty which stood beside it. Matty Hynes and the bailiffs examined the whole premises carefully.

"They'll be waiting for me beyond," he said, "wherever it is they have the beasts hid, and I'll trouble you, Mr. Benson, to see that no harm comes to me and the bailiffs. They're murdering villains, them Geraghtys. I wouldn't trust them not to have some kind of a trap laid for us."

The little army proceeded in the same order to the second house. Here the search was more successful. Matty Hynes came upon a small pig which was rooting cheerfully in the manure heap before the door.

"You may seize that fellow, anyway," said Matty. "We'll get the rest of the beasts further on."

One of the bailiffs made a grab at the pig and missed it. It was a small and active pig. It ran to the far end of the manure heap and then stopped and looked at the bailiff.

"Catch it, can't you?" said Matty Hynes.

Both bailiffs tried, but the pig escaped again. It was accustomed to being chased by the Geraghty children, and thoroughly understood the game. It

Lieutenant Eckersley had no spirit for self-assertion

grunted with delight as it eluded the bailiffs. Mr. Benson, Lieutenant Eckersley, and the police grinned.

"You may leave him alone," said Matty Hynes, "I wouldn't be bothered taking the like of him. I'll go on till I find where they have the cattle hid."

The third and largest house was Thomas Geraghty's. A voice issued from the door as the party approached it.

"Mind yourselves now," said Matty Hynes. "They'll be out for blood this day."

The police grasped their carbines. Mr. Benson straightened himself. Lieutenant Eckersley lit a fresh cigarette. Matty Hynes approached the door cautiously. A long speech uttered in a shrill, quavering shriek greeted him.

"What's that?" said Lieutenant Eckersley. "It sounds to me like a woman's voice."

"She's talking Irish," said Mr. Benson. "What's she saying, Matty?"

"So far as she's got up to now," said Matty, "she's done nothing but curse, but I'm just after asking her where they have the cattle hid."

"Who is she?" said Mr. Benson.

"She's Thomas Geraghty's mother," said Matty, "that's been bedridden these ten years, and hasn't the right use of her legs."

She had, apparently, the full use of her tongue. Lieutenant Eckersley, who was standing near the door, ventured the opinion that she was still cursing.

"She is not," said Matty, "but she's telling me that every beast on the island was took ashore last night and left in Peter Reilly's field, the way I wouldn't be able to get at them."

"I wouldn't be surprised," said Mr. Benson, "if she was telling you the truth."

"Ask her," said Lieutenant Eckersley, "if it was the fishing-boats from Ballymore that landed the cattle for them last night."

"If it was," said Matty Hynes, "she'd have more sense than to tell me."

"In any case," said Mr. Benson, "we may as well be going home."

"I'll take the young pig that's beyond with me, anyway," said Matty Hynes.

The pig, feasting apparently to his powers of escape, had scorned to conceal himself. He was still rooting in the manure heap when the party returned to his home. This time Matty Hynes made careful plans for his capture. He and the two bailiffs approached the manure heap from three different directions and closed in slowly on their prey. The pig, with contempt in his eye, waited until they were quite near him, and then bolted unexpectedly past Matty Hynes. He had, the night before, successfully evaded capture when chased by all the fishermen from Ballymore, the three Geraghtys, and the fourteen children. He felt perfectly confident of being able to escape from Matty Hynes and the two bailiffs. But Matty was a crafty and determined man. Perhaps, also, the pig was overconfident. After a chase which lasted half an hour, he was hemmed into a corner between his sty and the wall of the house. There seemed no way of escape. Every rush for freedom ended in failure, and the rushes got shorter each time, as the bailiffs and Matty closed in. Lieutenant Eckersley, greatly excited, followed Matty closely, and peered over his shoulder to see the end. Matty stooped and grasped the pig round the neck. Then an unexpected thing happened. The pig made a furious rush between Matty's legs. He clung to its neck, but he tottered backward, tripped over Lieutenant Eckersley, and fell, still clinging tightly to the pig. Lieutenant Eckersley also fell.

He fell, still clinging tightly to the pig. Lieutenant Eckersley also fell

The double accident happened in a particularly dirty corner of the yard in front of the cottage. When Lieutenant Eckersley got up his beautiful uniform was covered with mud from the collar of his coat to the bottom of his trousers. He swore. Mr. Benson grinned feebly. He did not want to grin, but he did. The police sergeant giggled and then choked. The other members of the force also giggled. Lieutenant Eckersley swore again. Matty Hynes, on the other hand, got up in a very good temper. He was not wearing a beautiful uniform, and he had the pig safe. The police sergeant, repenting of his giggle, pulled a handful of straw out of the thatch of the cottage, and set to work to wipe the mud off Lieutenant Eckersley.

"I'm ready to go home now, any time," said Matty Hynes, hugging the pig. "If I can't get a decent price for him I'll buy him in myself and keep him till he's fat."

"If you think," said Lieutenant Eckersley, "that I'm going to have the *Carlow* into a cattle-boat to carry your filthy pigs, you're making a big mistake."

"It's joking you are," said Matty Hynes.

"I'll soon show you whether I'm joking. You can either leave that damned pig behind you, or stay with him yourself, for you'll not bring him on board my boat."

Matty Hynes looked helplessly at Mr. Benson.

"I'm here," said Lieutenant Eckersley, "to bring you and your bailiffs to this island, and then fetch you home again. There isn't a word in my orders about carrying pigs. It's against all the regulations, and I won't do it."

"He has you there, Matty," said Mr. Benson. "You may just as well drop that pig."

On the way home Lieutenant Eckersley, having changed his uniform and regained his self-respect, asked a question of Mr. Benson.

"Would you mind telling me," he said, "how much money the people of that island actually owe? It can't be much, to judge by the look of the place."

"Two pounds seven shillings fourpence," said Mr. Benson.

"What?"

"Two pounds seven shillings fourpence," said Mr. Benson, slowly and distinctly.

"Well, I'm hanged! Do you mean to tell me—? I've steamed all the way from Queenstown—the coal alone—your five men—you—me—one of his Majesty's ships—and—"

"And the price of a new uniform for you," said Mr. Benson.

"All for the sake of two pounds seven shillings fourpence."

"And in the end we didn't get it," said Mr. Benson, "though we'd have cleared half the money, anyhow, if you would have let Matty Hynes bring the pig he caught. It wouldn't have done you any harm. He'd have nursed it in his arms the whole way like a baby."

"Two pounds seven shillings fourpence!" said Lieutenant Eckersley.

Mr. Benson saw his opportunity for taking revenge for the snubs he had suffered in the morning.

"Of course you naval men are bound to keep up your dignity," he said. "But even if the pig had been let run loose about your cabin he wouldn't have made more of a mess than that uniform of yours. I almost fancy I can smell it from here."

But Lieutenant Eckersley had no spirit left for self assertion.

"Two pounds seven shillings fourpence," he murmured. "Good Lord!"

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The Children's Century

THE LIFE OF CHICAGO SCHOOL CHILDREN STIMULATED THROUGH GOOD BOOKS AND READING

By Helene Louise Dickey

Librarian Chicago Normal School

A SIGNIFICANT social and educational movement of the last century was the growth and interest in child life and child study. We have now reached the children's century. The present might be termed an age of child study. We must know the child in school and in society. We have the school child, the library child, and the home child, the little soul responding and developing in these environments.

We hear a great deal about reforms in education—a great pedagogical demand. Can this not be traced to the development of the parent as well as to the education of the teacher? The child study organizations in college, university, and normal schools are supplemented by Parents' School Clubs, League of Parents' Clubs, Congress of Mothers (in which the fathers are deeply interested). The school, the library, and the home are all working along the same lines to develop the child, the coming citizen, for a broad and useful life. A well-known sociologist has said that the greatest success of social reform lies in the work for children. If the children of the present are taught aright the coming generation will tend in the same direction and by unconscious evolution good will be wrought.

The appearance of Hughes' *Dickens as an Educator* suggests the importance of *literature* as a source of pedagogy. Modern pedagogy puts the child in the midst of us; literature offers one of many ways to study the child. We see the child through keen eyes and great minds.

Dickens, Victor Hugo, Holmes, and Alcott have described childhood and adolescence. Then we have such excellent studies as *Tom Brown's School Days*, *Captains Courageous*, *Being a Boy*, *The Story of a Bad Boy*, and books of an autobiographical character like *The Mill on the Floss*, *David Copperfield*, and *The One I Knew Best of All*. Wordsworth has his *Alice Fell* and *Lucy Grey*. Goldsmith amused himself with the child in *The Vicar of Wakefield* and delighted us with the *Renowned History of Goody Two Shoes*.

From the enjoyment of the child in literature we pass on to our association with the child in real life. We have the child in the schools, and all the educators connected with our system of education are earnestly striving for the best administration for the young.

Students in the Normal School library comparing different versions of myths and folklore

Chicago has been growing so rapidly and so much has been needed for school buildings and supplying most urgent demands that no large amount of money has been available for school libraries. The Chicago Board of Education annually spends several thousand dollars in supplementary reading for the schools. Each school is allowed to select books from a supplementary reading list provided by the board to an amount in proportion to the number of pupils in the school. Each new school receives one hundred dollars for a library, and additions to the library, in most cases, are made by money obtained through entertainments given by the school children.

Library books are selected from a library list made by a committee appointed by the Superintendent. The available funds for the purchase of these books is an appropriation made by the Board of Education from year to year.

Samples of books on the library and supplementary reading lists are at the Board of Education rooms forming a reference library for the teachers to consult when purchasing for their schools. Most of these have been contributed by the publishers.

In an annual school report of the committee on finance a statement of expenditures to September, 1908, gives as an appropriement for school libraries $15,000. In 1908 library books were purchased with special funds like the Bass, Carpenter, Howland, Kosminski, Newberry, Normal, Moseley Book Fund, the Scammon fund, and the like to the amount of $1,161.62.

Miss Helene Louise Dickey, Librarian of the Chicago Normal School

I have observed that the question of good reading material in the schools and the influence of "the book" is a vital one to our teachers. In the Normal Extension classes given for the teachers of the city several classes are studying children's literature and books, and others are making an earnest study of new story-telling ways of introducing books to children.

Normal School Library Pictures.—Mr. Hosic at the head of the English department of the Chicago Normal School and his able assistants have several classes of students in the study of children's literature, where such educational material and ethnic monuments as Homer, the Nibelungen tales, and the Arthurian legends are studied and the embryo teachers are taught, "Where the world is young there youth belongs and is at home," and that the great classics of the race are the children's, as is all literature, by simple birthright. A syllabus recently published by Mr. Hosic, which has grown out of his experience and labor with many teachers, is a guide in English to the teachers in our elementary schools which I believe will fill a long-felt want.

Kindergarten Pictures.—In many of the schools of the city, beginning with the kindergarten, the child is introduced to good literature under the spell of the story teller's art. *Hoop, Mother Goose Rhymes and Tales*, *Little Red Hen and a Grain of Wheat*, *The Little Gray Pony*, and *Hen Little Chicks* became a *Knight* are favorites in the kindergarten.

In considering school literature, I find in the Chicago schools a great variety of work. At the Forestville school emphasis is placed on music, literature, and art. Miss Holbrook, the principal, has the children read real literature from the first grade. Beginning with the Hiawatha Primer in the first grade, literature and art form a basis for all work. Among the younger children fairy stories are read and short stories told. These are often retold by the children. They memorize short poems and begin dramatization, which is carried all through the grades. In the lower grades they begin building a vocabulary. The ear is trained by music and reading aloud and story-telling, but with this is associated memory and expression through the hand. The use of the dictionary is taught, beginning with the third grade. Miss Holbrook says it is natural for children to write poetry, says they write better verse than prose. "They think in numbers, as is the case in race development." As an example note the following written by a little third-grader.

> "Once the sweet and fresh spring dew
> Fell on a pretty violet blue,
> And said, 'Wake up, sweet violet dear,
> 'Tis time to bloom, for Spring is near.'"

The following was written by a boy in the eighth grade in celebrating Lincoln's birthday (same school):

> "ABRAHAM LINCOLN
>
> "One hundred years have passed away
> Since on a dreary winter day
> God gave the world a noble man,
> A great and brave American.
> His deeds are known from pole to pole,
> Deeds speaking of a fine, brave soul.
> His words like sweet perfume of flowers
> Revive the heart in weary hours.
> And like a beacon clear and bright
> Transform all darkness into light.
> What joy to think we now may be
> The champions of liberty;
> And like this noble hero grand
> Give struggling men a helping hand."

The eighth grade of this school have dramatized *Silas Marner* and *Comus*. They read *L'Allegro*, *Saul*, and *Browning's Ballads* and plays of Shakespeare.

The upper grades have room libraries of about three hundred volumes. Book reviews are written once a month. A long review on *Henry the Navigator* ends with, "I like the story because it is told in an interesting way." Another one on *Joan of Arc* ends, "I like the book because it is so interesting and shows how a kind and religious person can accomplish great things, no matter how poor that person may be."

Pyle's *Men of Iron*, "I like this story very much because it tells the way in which England was raised and for the story itself."

"I enjoyed reading *Little Men* very much: the boy I liked best was Dan the black sheep. He was very bad, but his friendship for Nat, a quiet musical boy, was like that of Damon and Pythias."

In another school, where one of the rooms has started a circulating library for home reading, one boy says: "I think our library will have a fine collection of books when it is well started. The books will be only the best and yet most interesting, I hope. We have planned to have it the same as a big one on a small scale. We will have a committee to read to it as in a large one, and we can only keep books two weeks."

These children in writing about the books they have read and liked best, their own home reading, seem to be very fond of Louisa Alcott, *The Little Colonel* books, Cooper, Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, and Thompson Seton. Girls as well as boys like books "with excitement in them." One little girl says, "Although I have read a great many books, I always put books that are adventuresome at the head." This girl has read Henty and Alger. These children were seventh-grade pupils, twelve and thirteen years old.

These thoughts are repeated in several: "I like books that keep me in suspense." "I like to have the most interesting part till the last and then have it turn out different from what I thought it would." "A book is much more interesting to me if I do not know what is coming." One says, "If a book has an interesting title I always want to read it." Many say they like books that carry on conversation.

One boy says: "I like books that have plenty of dash and energy in them. Some boys like books of fairies

A happy hour in the kindergarten with picture-books and story-telling

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Some of the seventh-grade pupils who wrote opinions of the books they had read

and goblins, but I like them not. James Otis also writes some good books. I do not like Alger's books because they are all on the same principle. They start with a boy that is poor and he gets rich and lives happily ever after. Of all these books I like Cooper's books the best."

A little girl says: "I like books whose characters seem real and life-like, being neither goody-goody nor silliatus. I think Louisa Alcott's books are especially interesting for that reason. I like Mrs. Meade's books and the *English Orphans* by Mrs. Holmes. I think one reason Alger's books are not liked so well is because his books are all on the same order and his heroes are always boys without faults, which is impossible for even a boy. I do not read many books now, but more short stories. I like to figure out stories myself, but have never tried very hard, so do not know what I can do. I have read and enjoyed the following: *English Orphans; Street Girl Graduate; Helen's Babies; Old-Fashioned Girl; Lost in the Cañon; Ned in the Woods; The Boy Trapper.*"

Another little girl says: "I have read many boys' stories as well as girls', but I have found none I like as Alger's books in boys' stories, for they do not have such awful adventures and tales. Books such as *Lavender and Old Lace*, by Myrtle Reed; *The Little Colonel Series*, by Johnson; *Little Women*, by Louisa Alcott, I like best. I like books of a great deal of conversation in them and very few descriptions."

A boy writes: "I like books that the writer does not boast of his favorite country such as Henty does. Some writers only write of victories. Some writers make a practice of placing the characters in the enemies' hands, thus sometimes taking some interest out of the story. I like sometimes some history in a story, when there is a victory the reason for it. When there is a defeat the reason for it."

One boy "likes Napoleon Bonaparte or *The Deerfoot Series* or something that has thrilling adventures in the story, but I'd rather be out doing something. I like the war stories also because, after you get through reading them, it does you some good."

Another says: "Books on the Western order I like, and some Indian stories and many other kinds. I have read many of Cooper's books which are very interesting. He has written some books which have one of the principal characters in several volumes, but under a different name. Some of Dickens' books are good, but others I don't like so well. Alger's books, after you have read one or two of them, are about all the same, so they are not very interesting."

In one of the city schools libraries are distributed through the rooms, each teacher conducting the library to suit herself. Some give out the books weekly and some set apart a reading time in school hours. In one room the last half-hour in the morning, which, according to the programme, is the study hour, is taken for this purpose. Each pupil selects his book with the understanding that he must finish it, and quiet reading follows. Sometime in the week, perhaps at a ten-minute opening exercise, perhaps at the English time, the books are discussed. From this reading it is noticed that there is a vast improvement in grasp of thought, command of language, and in the children's descriptive as well as observational powers.

At the Thomas Brenan School the eighth grades, for some years, have had a Thomas Brenan Literary Society. This is conducted under rules and regulations as is usual in club-work. The dues are one cent a week, and the money so raised is expended for books. Debates, talks on literary subjects and on books, have grown so popular with the children in this school that a second literary club has been formed in lower grades and is called the Thomas Brenan Junior Literary Club.

In a school in the Ghetto district they give the children in the fifth and sixth grades the King Arthur stories, Pyle's *Robin Hood*, *Greek* and *Norse Myths*, Spyri's *Heidi*, *Story of Roland*, and stories from the *Jungle Books*. Of these books the children like best the King Arthur stories and *Robin Hood*. The *Jungle Books* are not popular with them. *Fifty Famous Stories* is a book well liked and eagerly read. *Pinocchio* was read to them and very much enjoyed.

Below are some of the expressions used to tell how they feel about these stories:

King Arthur.—"I like the adventures. I like the skill of Lancelot in the tournaments."

Pinocchio.—They like "the fun," sadness, mischief.

Old Greek Stories.—"We like the *words*, the *strange* tales. They are unusual."

Little Black Sambo.—"A lot of fun."

At the Libby School a story-telling plan based on reading out pictures is most interesting and must be very helpful to children. The stories are the children's choice and are selected from history, nature study, and literature. The work is carried on through all the grades, beginning with the second. The stories are dramatized and children pose for various parts. The

James F. Hosic, Professor of English in the Chicago Normal School

settings are first made in large paper and used to decorate the walls of the rooms.

The story of Columbus has been told in a series of pictures showing Columbus as a lad in Italy; Columbus appealing to Isabella; the *Santa Maria*, *Nina*, and *Pinta* at sea; a sailor sighting land; the landing in America; Columbus at court on his return (with Indians); a triumphal procession. Afterward the children wrote the story and told it to other children of the school step by step.

Silas Marner was dramatized by the eighth grade and illustrated with pictures of Marner's cottage; Eppie toddling to the hearth; Dunstan stealing the gold; Dunstan taking one fence too many; Eppie trying to catch the light; the home of Eppie.

In Chicago there has been no regularly stipulated amount of money spent for high-school libraries, but

Distributing new books to a third-grade class

there have been appropriations from time to time. The eighteen high schools of the city all have libraries, some small, others larger. The library-work is usually in charge of a teacher of literature or history. The library facilities for these schools are most decidedly inadequate for the needs of the classes.

At the Wendell Phillips High School there is a very attractive library with about two thousand volumes made up of fiction, essays, poetical works, history, and science. Standard novels are drawn from the library for home reading. Scott, Dickens, Stevenson, Kipling's *Boy's Work* and *Jungle Books*, and Hughes' *Tom Brown* are favorites.

The elementary schools, as well as the high schools, need more books. In some parts of the city children come from homes where there are no books. Where teachers are studying Colby's *Literature and Life in School*, MacClintock's *Literature in the Elementary Schools*, Chubb's *The Teaching of English*, Bryant's *How to Tell Stories to Children*, and then enter schools where there are few books—aside from text-books, is it not asking them "to make bricks without straw"? And the *child*. Do we expect a child to learn to play well or sing well just from lessons in music? No, we expect him to practise music. If we had mere *good reminiscence story-books* in the schools for home reading, for the child to practise reading, he would soon learn to get thought from the printed pages; and if he could read about the things talked of in school, he would not get such misconceptions as "the hottest climate is found under the creator" or attempt to describe the "elementary canal."

The way to *learn* to read is *to read*. The way to learn to love literature is to love literature.

I make a plea for more books—for intellectual enjoyment for the child. An intellectual *good time*, such as only books can give.

The time has passed when children's cravings for reading can be satisfied with Josephus and Plutarch's *Lives*. With the five-cent theatre on every corner and the automobile craze, the future trend is to a "no-time-to-read" age. This can be counteracted by giving *children* a love for books and reading.

While developing the child's love for reading I would not neglect any educational factor in his life. I would unfold his inmost possibilities and work for his unending progress, co-operating with definite activities; more with the dynamic trend of the day: the child-caring work in every form.

Mr. Roosevelt's White House conference on children, from which will probably develop a child-study bureau as a part of the work of the Interior Department; the Russell Sage Foundation work, one phase of which is playground extension; a request for an additional employee under the United States Bureau of Education with a $4,000 salary, "expert in the welfare of children"; the child-labor organizations; the bill which has recently passed the English Parliament providing for the physical welfare of children, all emphasize my belief that this may be termed the Children's Century.

To a Child Swinging

By Francis Medhurst

Low down behind the moss-grown cave
The westering sun declines,
Up yonder in the paling sky,
A single planet shines,
And the evening breeze in music
Comes sighing through the pines.

The warm dusk of the gloaming hour
Steals underneath the tree,
And shadows all about your hair
As you swing silently.
Now back into the deeper shade,
Now out again to me

Then how upon the breathing air
Fall your first notes of song
The sweet hushed music to me steals,
Beyond me, and along
I'p through the starry vault of heaven,
Where listening spirits throng

The very breeze more softly blows
About you as you sing.
The waving branches o'er your head
Sway to you as you swing.
The listening spirits name you now
Their song-bird of the spring.

Ah! little maiden, young and fair,
How pure you are and true!
What magic bare your simple songs
To thrill me as they do?
And what a gulf of wasted years
Lies between me and you!

Old recollections throng me round
Of days forever fled.
Old vanished hopes return once more
That I have mourned as dead.
I am again a happy child
Whose heart has never bled.

Athwart the sky the crescent moon
Climbs on from star to star,
Whose golden beats in rapture deep
Lean downward from afar.
My heart on earth beats silent time
To each melodious bar—
The fantasies of a fairer life
In some new avatar.

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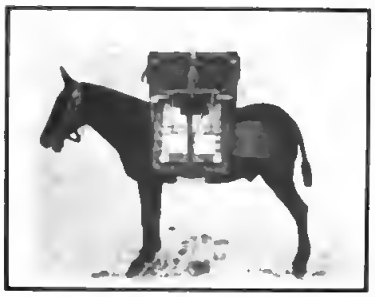
Drawn by Angus Peter Macdonald

THAT NEW PLACE IN THE COUNTRY

A One-man Field Wireless Service

By Newton Forest



The complete outfit mounted on a pack-mule

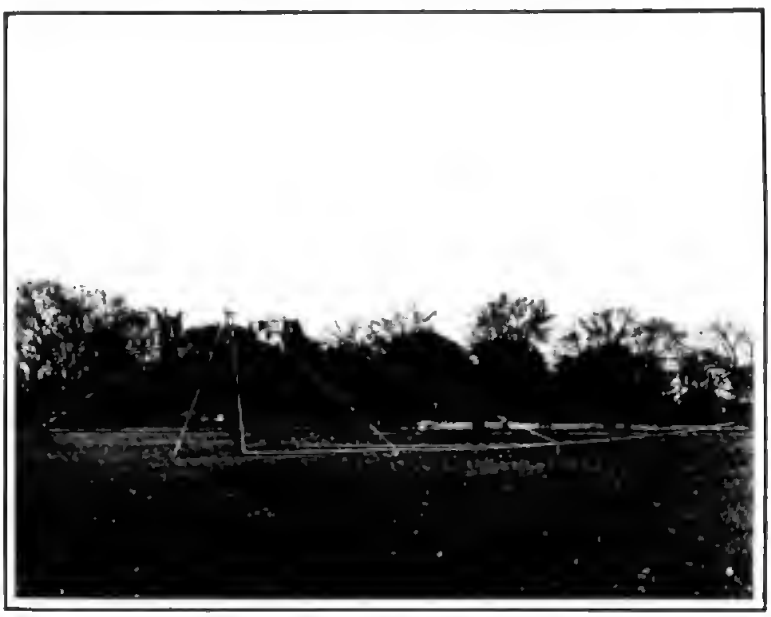
Even since Marconi startled the world by sending messages across both sea and land without the aid of poles and wires the War and Navy Departments have assigned officers to study the science and to develop new inventions, and to-day our Army and Navy are among the first in the art of wireless communication.

While the Navy is bending its efforts toward perfecting wireless communication between its ships, the Army is making vast strides in its wireless outfit for field use in time of war. One of the most valuable productions of the United States Signal Corps is the new portable wireless telegraph station, which can be carried on a mule's back and operated by one man. Such an outfit, sent out with a scouting-party, will enable it to keep in constant communication with the main body. The outfit is extremely compact, and is supplied with power from two storage batteries. The batteries have an actual output of ten hours' sending. It would seem that campaigning would afford slight means of having a battery recharged, but the portable generator and gasoline-engine solve this problem. This portable generator is of two horse-power, and is used to send messages from headquarters when not engaged in the charging of batteries.

The antenna for the portable wireless stations are carried on a sixty-foot pole. This pole is in ten sections, and is joined together when in use in the same way that one would put together a bamboo fishing-rod. It has been fully demonstrated that communication between one of these portable stations and one of the large stationary stations can be maintained over a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles. Such communication in time of war would, of course, be of inestimable value.

Receiving a wireless communication

The wireless apparatus in working order



How one man can set up the sixty-foot pole unaided

The London Cabby

By Sydney Brooks

LORD ROSEBERY, felicitous and opportune as usual, addressed a letter to the *Daily Mail*, a short time ago, which greatly moved the West End of London. His communication was in effect an appeal on behalf of the London "cabby," now being crushed out of existence by the coming of the taxicab. Lord Rosebery showed his good sense in addressing this appeal to the *Daily Mail*. The *Daily Mail* has a circulation, I suppose, of anywhere between a million and a million and a half a day: it is pre-eminently the national paper of the masses; and its proprietors, editors, and managers have shown again and again an extraordinary genius for rousing public enthusiasm on behalf of patriotic and sentimental causes. When, therefore, the *Daily Mail*, acting on Lord Rosebery's appeal, announced its intention of opening a "Cabby Fund," the response was certain to be instantaneous and immense. It asked for $25,000. Within a week it had received over $30,000, and the money, as I write, is still pouring in. It has come from Londoners of all ranks and conditions, in sums ranging from a few pence to $1,000. Noblemen, statesmen, tradesmen, sportsmen, the heads of the Church, soldiers, bankers, city magnates, political, social, and sporting clubs (waiving on this occasion a strict rule), leading actors and authors, and hundreds of less distinguished men and women, have all contributed. It seems as though London had suddenly awakened to some sense of all it owes the cabby and of all its affection for him.

The money is being wisely spent. A committee consisting of the Duke of Rutland, Lord Rosebery, the secretary of the Cabmen's Benevolent Association, and the manager of the *Daily Mail*, has been formed to distribute it. The younger cabbies are being furnished gratis with opportunities for learning how to drive the taxicab and the private car, and are being assisted financially until they have mastered the art. Many almost desperate cases of destitution have been discovered among the older men, and these are being helped directly; but seven-tenths of the sum raised is being skilfully devoted to finding fresh employment—the only form of relief worth anything. It is an admirable enterprise and the cabbies show much gratitude as they can by sporting on their whips Lord Rosebery's racing colors.

Nor can there be any question that the fund is genuinely and urgently needed. The cabby is doomed. "London's gondola" is on the verge of supersession. The "Hackleman Joe" of yesterday, the dashing, cabish, jocular hansom-driver of romance, has already all but vanished, and in his place is an anxious, hungry man, growing weekly a little seedier, and earning often enough not more than fifty cents a day by sixteen hours in the streets. Six years ago there was one motor-cab on the streets of London: to-day there are over three thousand. Six years ago seven thousand five hundred hansoms tempted the mayfarer: to-day there are only four thousand seven hundred within the four-mile radius, and most of them are there simply because their drivers have nothing else to do and their owners cannot sell them. The letters that have poured into the *Daily Mail* office from the cabbies themselves tell the tale of a dying industry. Some of them are written from the workhouse, others are accompanied by notices to quit, distraint orders, and bundles of pawn tickets.

It is painful for a Londoner to contemplate the passing of the hansom, the one distinctive vehicle and, on the whole, a very comfortable one, that this metropolis possessed. But it is still more painful to contemplate the passing of the hansom's driver. "Cabby," as Lord Rosebery says, is a good fellow. Take him for all in all he is a miracle of honesty and politeness and a wonderfully sure whip. He has need to be. Nobody could live an hour in these bursting overthronged streets if he had not the knack of handling the ribbons with the sureness of a master. The London cabby is pretty severely tested before he gets his license. He has to satisfy the police that he knows how to drive, and, what is far harder, how to find his way about London. He must also furnish a full account of his life for the previous six years, a list of all the places at which he has lived, and a testimonial and recommendation from two householders. All his statements are verified, and a man who finally succeeds in obtaining his license may pride himself on a certificate that is really worth having. The best proof of its value is that there is never any difficulty in recovering an article that has been lost in a hansom. Directly the cabby finds it he takes it to the "lost-property" office at police headquarters, where it may be reclaimed by the owner for a consideration, in which, of course, the cabby has his share. If only it had been a cabby who picked up the Duchess of Buccleuch's jewels at King Edward's coronation, she would have been wearing them again within a week.

But what one most deplores in the gradual squeezing out of the cabby is the loss of the human element. Horseflesh encourages humanity. The motor-cab of the future will be more comfortable than the hansom of to-day, as well as safer, but the chauffeur of 1910 will have none of the appealingness of the cabby of 1909. You have only to look at the chauffeur type of face to see that the soul of the man is being slowly sterilized. A chauffeur with bandinage and repartee about him is unthinkable. He is simply a mechanical device. There is just as much difference between him and the exuberant animalism of the cabby as there is between a hand organ and Paderewski. The common affections and emotions are atrophied in him. His talk is of the machine shop; his outlook on life is that of a slightly travelled plumber; all he knows of Piccos is that there is a new garage there. As for tipping such a monstrosity, one would as soon think of tipping a penny in the slot machine.

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England's Suffragette Martyr

There has been a storm in London over the rejection by this year's Royal Academy of the portrait of Miss Christabel Pankhurst, the celebrated English suffragette leader. The painting is by Miss Ethel Wright, of London, and was subscribed for by Miss Pankhurst's enthusiastic admirers. Miss Wright was selected to paint the picture not only on account of her skill with the brush, but because she has been actively associated with the suffragette movement. This artist visited America several years ago, and while here painted a number of portraits for the Calumet Club and of New York society people. For years no other painting by Miss Wright has been barred from the exhibition by the Royal Academicians, and therefore the suffragettes are especially indignant over the exclusion of their leader's portrait.

Miss Christabel Pankhurst, England's Suffragette leader

The Gentler View

"THE NEED OF SELF-EXPRESSION"

By Florida Pier

It is, apparently, not realized by the careless mind how terrifying an age this is for some women. Glorious, unshackling, and other trumpeting words are so frequently in the ear that the consternation with which a minority of women regard the future is in the more noticeable striking off of chains heartlessly lost sight of. The shrinking, amiable, but panic-stricken few are most anxious not to fall behind the procession; they want quite hectically to keep step with the other marchers, and their enthusiasm is only matched by their surprise at the choice of destination. By all means, take us along with you, say the ladies who did not know that they had never had their rights; only, do the leaders of the parade feel entirely sure they will like the locality they are making for? No one in the present agitation feels really sure of anything; least of all of any intimate satisfaction. We, the onlookers, can only cheer, a little anxiously, and hope, if in nothing more than the interests of drama, that there will be no retreating. The pace makers having whirled long since out of sight, the straggling rear van rightfully interests us. We have learned from our observations that the most fearsome bugaboo to the agitated toil of the procession is—"self-expression." They allow themselves to be dragged toward toward indefinite varied dooms with a good deal of reckless courage, but the thing which in their secret hearts they feel is going to heel them over hopelessly is—"self-expression." Women of vast activities and competent manner have come to them and said: "What every woman feels the need of is self-expression. I am sure you long for it, too." Well, are they to be traitors to their sisters? Are they to long for any less than any one else, or prevent others from getting what they want by saying it is not a universal need? Certainly not. When the minority is asked by a member of the vast majority if they do not crave "self-expression" they contract their brows, look as persecuted as they at the moment can manage, and say: "Ah! Don't we?" Then when they are left to themselves, with the invigorating eye of the advanced woman blissfully removed, they shiver in their backward shoes and murmur in their hearts: "Oh, what shall we do when we get 'self-expression'? What if, after fighting for it, we do not have anything to express? Every one will be watching us after the row and rumpus we have made, and if we don't express something astounding—" But the possibilities following such an "if" are more than even an advancing woman can bear to dwell on.

Her sisters for blocks around are longing actively to express themselves, and it stands to reason that if they all want this thing they all have a use for it, which leads directly to the terrible question, What are they going to express? It is as though they each contained a bomb, and at the long awaited moment would go off with devastating results. One covers one's ears, ducks, prepares to be startled, and the strain of waiting is uncomfortably wearing. At the same time, if it is normal, right, and indicative of the period to be bulging with explosives that clamor to make themselves heard, picture the chagrin and alarm felt by the women who feel nothing but calm, not to say scanty content, within them. They drink the dregs of ignominy. It is a small matter what you have inside—the important thing is to have it surge and rumble ominously. If you fancy for the eighth of a second that you can contain it with ease, ah! then you are not fit to share the coming freedom!

Exposure to the quivering minority seems inevitable. The present noise, for very reason of its being so universal, prophesies disquietingly an audience of great size, all agog, and determined to know what the uproar was about. Women are demanding so much attention that there seems an awful possibility of their getting a ten minute investigation; and if it comes a number of ladies are going to want most heartily to fly to some unenlightened desert until a loss of interest in their sex, on the part of the world at large, is reflexedly brought about. The belief in reserve funds which thus cry for self-expression implies has its awe-inspiring side. Even those who feel the need most keenly, going so far as to say that the inch of "self-expression" ires at the bottom of woman's restless unhappiness, are unsatisfactorily hazy about what is to be exposed and the varying forms it will take. We believe, and our optimism is surely shared by most men—or else why has a revolt not already taken place?—that the "self-expression" is not to be merely verbal. It is a crass mind that for a moment conceived such a possibility. Undreamt-of things are to be shown us, and, while we wait, tremendously impatient to see the wealth that now lies concealed in our sisters and our cousins and our aunts, a twinge of envy is felt by the minority. Realizing their paucity, they could cry for very vexation to think of how many times they have overdrawn their bank account, expressing more than they felt, puffing out to gassy outlines an undersized idea found in their well-emptied selves. What need have they of "self-expression" when they have expressed not only themselves and the various peoples they have from time to time thought they were, but their favorite authors, as well as their more amiable friends? The gift of self-expression in such a state of things takes on the air of a ghastly practical joke, and the only way to save one's face is to get in new stores hurriedly, while, according to the eloquent majority, women are denied—the thing that has been mentioned so often.

Just as men were established for good and all when that convulsing rumor got about that they were the stronger sex, a tale we have all said the last word on, so women may be given an extraordinary boost by this fascinating theory that they have unuttered secrets concealed about them. Whether they were mysteries before or not—and a traitor or two, here and there, has cried out that they never were—they received genuine assistance from the fallacy, and now if they can keep up the game is put to it for a choice of words; invention has been discarded and assumption is cavilled at; claim of being prevented by men from doing, being something not hitherto imagined, there is no reason, as far as we can see, why they may not rise to giddy heights. The splendid bravado of their making these claims demands a doffing of all appreciative caps, for if these things have never been allowed to come out, how can the ladies be quite sure they are there? It is knowing that this doubt must exist in their own minds and seeing them take the chance in spite of it that excites us and bids us bow to such gallant gamblers. If one claims so much one must have information denied to ordinary mortals. Some woman has told her fellow women what she individually hopes to exhibit, and it is this that has implanted in the breasts of the others their present sureness—the sureness we admire and that brings a chill to the frightened minority who gibber behind their brave front: "If we have anything, will it be different from anything we have ever had before? And if so, why so? And in that case, why did we not find it long ago? Knowing so little about it makes us a trifle suspicious of it. There does not seem any way of telling whether we are going to want to express it; perhaps it won't be anything that any nice woman— But nice women are a relic of barbarism, so—so— Oh, we wish it would hurry up and happen! This suspense is more than we can bear."

Wireless Electric Lighting

A remarkable exhibition of the power of a wireless current of electricity was witnessed by thousands of persons in Omaha, Nebraska, during the recent Electrical Show in that city. The auditorium in which the show was being held was lighted by four thousand incandescent lamps, and, after the regular current had been turned off, those same bulbs were illuminated for four hours by a wireless current sent from the government station at Fort Omaha, five miles distant.

The experiment was made by Dr. Frederich Millener, a wireless expert of the Union Pacific Railroad, who has been at work for more than a year on a system for the distant control of electric lighting, and this was his first public test. A patent on this new discovery has not yet been secured, and for this reason Dr. Millener is unwilling to explain the construction of his apparatus until his invention shall have been protected by law.

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Centennial of a Great School

Bird's-eye View of Lawrenceville School and Campus, Lawrenceville, N. J.

AN event to take place in the near future draws special attention just now to one of our great American Preparatory Schools, Lawrenceville. This event is her approaching centennial anniversary, to be celebrated in June, 1910. Her past, long for America, is the best guarantee of her future. Lawrenceville is not an experiment. The school was organized in 1810, by the Rev. Isaac V. Brown. Like the founders of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, the Phillips Academies, and other institutions, his leading motive was undoubtedly religious. The location was probably influenced to some extent by the proximity of Princeton, and by the beauty, seclusion, and healthfulness which Lawrenceville has never lost. The climate is excellent. Fevers, malarial and other diseases due to local conditions, are almost unknown. Situated in a stretch of pastoral scenery, luxuriantly verdant, it borders on the two recently built trolley lines, about midway between Princeton and Trenton, New Jersey. There is still no railway nearer than four miles. It is calmly removed from the undesirable contacts of city life, yet is within an hour or two of the metropolitan centres of New York and Philadelphia.

Mr. Brown was succeeded about 1830 by Alexander H. Phillips. In 1837 Dr. Samuel M. Hamill (for some three years thereafter associated with his brother) came to the school, and from 1840 to 1879 was sole principal and proprietor. A great work was done under Dr. Hamill, whose like-minded son Hugh has been for years, until his recent death, a trustee of the school.

In 1879 the residuary legatees of the late John C. Green, a New York merchant, born and educated in Lawrenceville, purchased the school property, developed and transformed the grounds upon the plans of Frederick Law Olmsted, landscape gardener, and J. F. R. Cross, sanitary engineer, and began the erection under Messrs. Peabody & Stearns, as architects, of the many admirable buildings now in use. They endowed the institution, and secured, as the first headmaster of the remodelled school, the Rev. Dr. James C. Mackenzie, who was succeeded by the Rev. Dr S. J. McPherson in 1909. It thus appears that the school has had but five heads in the succession of ninety-nine years, and all but one of these seem to have been clergymen. The life of the school has been continuous throughout its epochs, and the members alike of the so-called "old school" and of the modern school are true Lawrentians with reciprocal affection and a common allegiance to their alma mater.

Under the control of the board of trustees, led by Henry W. Green, the president, the policy of the school is purposely generously liberal. The board proceeds on the theory that nothing desirable is too good for the boys. It has, with the purchase of recent years, nearly three hundred acres of land. There are large, graded fields for golf, tennis, baseball, football, and track athletics. The drainage and sewage systems, and the heating, ventilating, and plumbing of the school buildings have been arranged upon the most approved principles of modern sanitary science. All the buildings and the main grounds of the school are lighted by electricity. The school's equipment of every kind and description is maintained at the highest possible state of efficiency, it being the purpose of the trustees to surround the boys with every desirable material advantage. While the school is relatively expensive, every boy receives in cash values much more than it costs him, and no boy pays his way any more than does a student in an endowed college. The school is not owned, but administered in trust by the board. It never keeps pens, as in successful private or proprietary schools, that any one receives a dollar of the surplus. After salaries and expenses are met, every cent goes into improvements for the school or its equipment.

Lawrenceville recognizes that the vital point in its welfare and usefulness is found in its teaching staff. No other school in the country seems to pay out so much money or to take greater pains in securing the best masters. For the annual enrolment of somewhat less than four hundred boys there are, all told, about forty of these leaders. The school is justly proud of its present teachers, as well as of its former teachers, who are now to be found in colleges and in many other schools. Discipline is largely a matter of personal relations and especially of personal influence. With such a body of teachers and boys in Lawrenceville, discipline is simplified and reduced to its lowest terms. No "cases" appears to occur which does not lead any teacher involved to cross-examine himself as to his own share of responsibility or fault.

It is impossible within the limits of this article to give the briefest summary of Lawrenceville's achievements as a school. These, no doubt, will be recited with some fulness at the celebration of her centennial. But, taken as a whole, perhaps the crowning triumph in the internal organization of Lawrenceville is its rounded completeness and balance. While her leaders are far from satisfied, the school appears to be at no point angular or over-developed. No one phase is given disproportionate prominence. The minute part is remembered as well as the salient feature. The great as educational matters depends largely upon the little, for education is a delicate as well as a portentous thing. Parents are particularly careful as to how their sons shall be trained, as they have an undoubted right to be, and boys have their views and their ideals, and it is their right to see that these are noticed and considered. The best friends and most loyal sons of Lawrenceville would by no means claim that she is perfect. Indeed, as knowing and loving her best, they seem to be her keenest and kindest and best critics. They feel that if there were nothing to criticise now, there would be little to hope for in the next century, and that the next hundred years should be one of growth, evolution, and finer adaptations. But it seems to the writer, after many inquiries, to be singularly true that carping critics of her are either uninformed or else under the stress of some vagary or grievance. The great body of her sons appear to be enthusiastic and devoted. Meanwhile her work, as is fitting, is done quietly and without ostentation. Its results are best measured by the record of her sons in the colleges, and, far more, by their lives and achievements over the country and the world.

An interesting recent event is the publication of a book of Lawrenceville stories, entitled *The Etcetera Box*, by Mr. Owen Johnson, '95. As a pupil in the school some fifteen years ago, Mr. Johnson was a part of what he saw; but he saw a rather different Lawrenceville from that of to-day. He writes vividly, with cleverness and skill. In one respect, at least, his book is superior to *Tom Brown at Rugby*, for his pictures are full of humor, although of an exaggerated sort. His boys are irrepressible, good-hearted, strenuous, and very much alive. He does not aim to point a moral, for Mr. Johnson is a novelist and dramatic writer, and he knows that to be interesting he must allow for perspective. The result is that, as in Kipling's *Stalky & Co.* and Ian MacLaren's *Young Barbarians*, his characters are highly composite of fictions, and far more quick witted and audacious than the thinly disguised originals ever appeared to those who knew them. Of course, many of the incidents, like current jokes, are of reverend antiquity, but they are related with gusto and vitalized with fresh touches of local color. Few of the stories describe anything but boyish pranks. The finest and strongest qualities of school boy life in Lawrenceville rarely fall within the real purpose of Mr. Johnson's book.

Yet these stories, with their scarlet thread of fact, may well cause the authorities of Lawrenceville to study curiously the life of the school. For while the teachers recognize that education in the narrower sense of the training of intellect, and specifically the preparation for college, is the outstanding purpose of the school, yet the life which the boys lead there is vital even for that preparation. These boys are at school during the plastic, impressionable period of their youth, when their future is moulded and their character takes its set for the college period and for life.

Lawrenceville insists upon the above familiar truths as primary and organic. For one thing, she does not frown upon the play element, but, on the contrary, welcomes it within reasonable limits as wholesome and essential. A teacher who lacks the sense of humor seldom remains long in the school. This play instinct belongs to all stages of human life, which without it would become stale and unhealthy. But it belongs pre-eminently to youth. The boy who does not effervesce is an anomaly, almost a monstrosity, and as he grows older is likely to become dry, hard, and unlovely. Every true teacher and parent looks with calmness and sympathy upon his boy's exuberance. His one concern is to prevent its intrusion into incongruous relations. Even its occasional expansion into excesses, as in the practical joke, will not throw him into consternation. He will remember when he was a boy himself.

For this reason, among others, Lawrenceville believes in sports. Every growing boy should go to bed at night in a condition of agreeable physical fatigue. Any one that has known American school and college life for the past thirty or forty years must be conscious of the physical and moral benefits which the increasing organization of gymnastic and athletic sports has conferred upon the great body of students. In a few cases there will be excess, and attention will be thereby diverted from the true purpose of institutions of learning. There will be in these things, as in others, incidental injuries, but the excellent general effect is obvious to all that study the subject intelligently and without prejudice. If there is less of the "pale cast of thought," there is more of the red blood of health and energy.

All the older masters of Lawrenceville have observed the improvement in the *morale* of the school, especially during the winter season, which was formerly the annual period of trial and apprehension, since the admirable new gymnasium, the largest and best among American schools, was opened a few years ago. Exercise and play in it keep idle hands busy in free hours and sustain interest in the dull season. Gymnastics, basket ball, swimming, boxing, wrestling, and indoor track work give variety for all tastes. Every boy is required to be present four times a week, while on the weekly half holidays every boy chooses his own sport. A fine exhibition in the spring closes the season. Taken in connection with the games and contests of the fall and spring terms, the gymnasium affords a continuous line of exercise and games for the entire school year, and safeguards not only the vigor of the boys, but the discipline of the school throughout.

Memorial Hall

That the true purpose of play may not be missed, the health of the boys and the nature and extent of their games are as carefully supervised as their studies. The school has a competent physician, with a board of consultants. There is a well equipped infirmary, with one trained nurse always in residence and assistants within call. The gymnasium alone has four instructors. Football, baseball, golf, track and field sports have their respective "coaches" and instructors. Indeed, little if anything is left undone to prepare the boys for the competitive struggle of life.

Lawrenceville offers training in social life and keeps it under regulation. The modified English

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house system, while imposing heavy tasks upon the house-masters, seems best for the pupils. Until the boys enter the fifth, or highest, form, the house spirit largely preoccupies them and prevents that over-development of class spirit which often leads to jealousy, if not to conflict, between forms. They have also the advantage of close association with house-masters at the table and during study-hour, and, if the masters are wise and sympathetic, this often leads to lifelong friendships. The boys are also under the care and influence, tell not the discipline, of the senior house masters' wives, who are the choicest spirits in Lawrenceville. The groups are smaller then in dormitories, and the small houses, accommodating from seven to eighteen boys, are set apart for the youngest, who need the most constant supervision.

In the fifth form the boys are in modified dormitories, where they have larger "privileges," more independence, closer class affiliations, and a much greater degree of self-government, all of which are intended to train them for the fuller freedom of college and the world. The system is almost ideal in theory, and works better and better in practice. Visitors at Lawrenceville frequently remark on the gentlemanly demeanor of the boys.

It is the steady endeavor of Lawrenceville to develop manly boys. But this is not sought by the mere preaching of manliness. Preaching alone will not accomplish the desired end, and if dwelt upon too persistently, may even hinder it. Manliness presupposes some degree of maturity, and roots itself in that normal boyishness which must precede it. It comes partly by a wearing process, partly by natural evolution, and partly by such judicious training as develops a sense of self-reliance, responsibility, and the etiquette of the Golden Rule. This sixth sense, so far as it can be taught at all, is taught mainly by the example of true men and by association with other boys who are becoming true men. Therefore, Lawrenceville is careful to select choice men for teachers and choice boys for pupils. Impurious boys are not retained. Yet Lawrenceville acknowledges her responsibility for those boys who are once accepted. There are some inevitable failures, but the great majority reward and delight hard-working masters.

Moral training, it need not be said, is in the foreground. The Decalogue has not been re-enacted as a part of the school rules; it is taken for granted as already existing and as a part of the true habit of human nature. Its application as a matter considered with reasonableness, patience, and sympathy, is at once difficult, interesting, and vital.

As the great sanctum and motive of a moral life, the religion of Christ is given its supreme place. The school is undenominational, comprehensive, and tolerant. No boy's particular sectarian views or traditional tenets are disturbed; the beliefs and life common to the great Christian denominations are emphasized as the unifying essentials. Jesus is reverently proclaimed as the sufficient Example, Master, and Saviour. Brief evening prayers are held in every house. Daily morning prayers and Sunday services are conducted in the beautiful Edith Memorial Chapel. Distinguished clergymen, suitable to boys, supplement the preaching of the head-master and other masters. The Bible is taught weekly throughout the course of five years. The school acts upon the belief that in order to become the best type of father, man, or citizen, every boy should be a sincere Christian.

And Lawrenceville is ambitious that all her sons should be high-minded, unselfish, competent citizens; and, indeed, that, after enjoying exceptional advantages of education, they be required to show cause if they fail to become strong leaders of good citizenship. It believes that in a republic like ours the training of citizens is an imperative duty of every home and school. Unless pains be taken to sophisticate them, boys will always be democratic. They tolerate no privileged classes among their number, and merit, as they understand it, they make the gateway of preferment. By deliberate choice, Lawrenceville is a democratic school. No boy is distinguished merely because there are many dollars behind him. Her pupils are a picked body, representing some thirty-six States and Territories, broadly representative of the whole United States. She observes national holidays; she takes care to have her boys see and hear great Americans; she affords opportunity, as other good schools do, for the study in outline of history and of the doctrines and administration of republican government. To an unusual extent, also, she adds to the college-preparatory courses of English special training in public address, reading, declaiming, prepared and extemporaneous speaking and debating. Her two teachers of elocution have no such foolish notion as that they can create orators, but they do train boys to express themselves while standing before a company, and to have something of that power to think and speak in public assemblies which they have in private talk.

It is a recognized fact that the great schools of this country have attained distinction because of the impress upon them of the character of their head. In Dr. McPherson, known throughout the country by reason of his great work in Chicago as pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Lawrenceville has a rare leader. The knowledge of life man and of his work, gained by close association, and long held by leading men in Church and State, as well as in school and college circles, has served to strengthen the belief that the highest service the head of a secondary institution can render its members is found not alone in executive power, in school management, or in great erudition—nor yet in magnetic personal influence—but rather in an unwearying patience and sympathy with young life and a daily exemplification of positive Christian character. Such an influence, in a great school must tell mightily for the development of the manliness and intelligent citizenship so desirable in its graduates. ⁂

Finance

GOLD EXPORTS AND SECURITY PRICES

By Franklin Escher

NOT so long ago, when the gold standard was less firmly established than it is now, the shipping out of the country of a great quantity of gold used to be an event of national importance. It is yet, though in a different sense. We could ship away twice the amount of gold we have but since the year began without threatening the integrity of the currency, but as for the effect on money and business, that is a different thing. It is not usually the apparent influences which are most important. The fact that the money market has remained unaffected by the loss of the $50,000,000 in gold which we have so far this year shipped away does not in the least alter the fact that by the present great gold outflow there is being created a condition which is bound later to have a most important effect on the security market.

Security prices proverbially discount conditions far in advance, which makes it well worth while for the investor to look into this question of the situation being developed by the great outpour of our gold. Briefly summed up, this situation is that, on account of the increase in bank-note circulation and the loss of our favorable trade balance, the interior banks' idle funds deposited in New York are being largely transferred abroad in the shape of gold exports. Gold which belongs here and which ought to be kept here is being continually shipped away to Europe. Later in the year, if we need it urgently enough, it will come back, but only upon the expression of our urgent need in the kind of money market conditions which usually prove as severe a drag on the financial markets.

There is a connection, then, between gold exports and security prices, and the subject becomes one of decided practical interest to the investor present and prospective. What has happened to our foreign trade, he asks, that gold should be going abroad in such quantity, and what of this increase in the bank note circulation about which there is so much talk? What has it to do with the gold-export movement and the creation of conditions likely to make trouble later on?

So far as our foreign trade is concerned, in its bearing on the gold outflow there is nothing at all complicated or obscure. Avoiding unnecessary and confusing statistics, the plain facts are that imports have been increasing and exports decreasing at such a rate as to practically wipe out the balance of trade in our favor. Imports in April were the largest, with one exception, in our history; exports were the smallest in recent years. The combination resulted in a reduction of the balance in our favor, for the month, to less than $1,000,000.

That the amount of merchandise rushed in last month should have reached record-breaking figures is a plain indication of what the country at large thinks of the probability of a downward revision of the tariff. Here, evidently, is no willingness to take chances with what may be done to the schedules, but, rather, a plain disposition to take advantage of the rates as they stand now. Importers may be wrong in their estimates as to what will be done with the schedules, but the fact remains that, on the very eve of the tariff revision, dutiable merchandise is being rushed into the country at an almost unprecedented rate.

As to the falling off in exports, that is easily enough accounted for by the exploits of the wheat manipulators in Chicago. The classified report of exports for April is not yet available, but enough is known about the practical cessation of our export trade in wheat and flour to make it certain that it was the falling off in shipments of these commodities which was entirely responsible for April's bad showing. Cotton, it appears, is now to be taken in hand by another band of philanthropists, and put to a price where we will retain most of *that* crop for our own use. The outlook for our export trade can hardly be said to be bright.

In view of the fact that we are a debtor nation to the extent of several billions of dollars and that we need a big balance of trade in our favor each year just to pay the interest on foreign money invested here, this loss of our export surplus is a pretty serious matter. Already it has resulted in our shipping away a very large amount of gold, a particularly unfortunate feature of the situation being that the gold, as soon as it has been shipped, has been replaced by new issues of bank notes. The loss of half a hundred million dollars of the precious metal has thus taken place since the year began almost without attracting attention.

And this wholly unreasonable and unnecessary flood of national bank-notes never been turned out of the presses, the amount of gold exported would have been very much less than it is. Physical pain, we are told, is by no means the unmitigated evil that Robert Ingersoll used to call it, but, rather, is a valuable warning against trespass on the laws of nature. Similarly, dangerously high interest rates warn against too free trenching on gold reserves. The heavy gold exports would have made themselves felt long ago, and would automatically have changed the conditions making them possible, had it not been for the increase in the bank-note circulation which has steadily weighed down interest rates, thus preventing the gold shipments from exerting their natural and normal effect.

It is the falling off to such to nothing in our trade balance, then, which is responsible for the necessity of our sending money to Europe, and it is the increase in bank-note circulation which has made the remittances take the form of gold. Both influences remain fully operative—the foreign trade statement for May is expected to be no more favorable than that for April or March, and the grinding out of bank-notes goes merrily on.

That is the situation now—the interior's idle money banked in New York and then shipped away to Europe in the form of gold exports. But now suppose anything should occur to make the interior banks want to recall their Eastern deposits—suppose, for instance, that the trade revival shortly reaches a point where the inland banks begin to need their money and start to get it back? A readjustment will certainly be in order. How can it be effected?

Wholesale calling of loans by the New York banks will naturally be the first step in the process. As is always the case when the interior banks its funds in New York, the money soon enough finds its way into loans. The banks here pay their inland correspondents interest on the money, and on the deposit must be made to pay its board. Even though one or one and a half per cent. is the best rate the New York banks can get on the loan that rate is better than nothing and the money is put out just the same. Before 1907, in times like these, almost any kind of collateral would do. That, fortunately, has been changed. Loans have been made with the utmost freedom—pressed on the borrower, in fact—but the collateral has had to be "right."

To whatever extent the rise in stock prices has been brought about by genuine investment purchases, it will hardly be disputed that borrowed money has also played a most important part. In the inevitable process of readjustment brought about by the shipping away of our gold, it has come about that many of these loans will have to be called.

If there were no way of replacing these loans, securities speculatively carried would be certain to suffer severely. But, fortunately, there are ways in which these loans can be replaced—two ways. In the first place, all the banks here have large deposits with their correspondents on the other side which they can recall, and, in the second place, Europe stands ready and able to lend us very great sums of money—when we get ready to pay for it.

The process of replacing loans with money now on deposit in European centres will commence just as soon as money rates here get up to a point which makes it worth while for the American banker to bring his deposit home. There is no possible way to tell how much money the banks have on deposit in London and Berlin, but indications are not wanting that the sum is greater than it has been in many years. Not that there is any particularly attractive field abroad just now for loaning money, but simply because slack trade and excessive bank-note issues here at home have made it almost impossible to lend money profitably. Ever since the middle of last year there has been a steady stream of American bank money flowing into the European centres, and accumulations there to the credit of our bankers are very large. Where a foreign exchange banker two or three years ago used to carry a balance of £50,000 with his foreign correspondent, he is now carrying half again or twice that amount.

Here is a factor of the greatest potential importance. Banked on the other side there is this great sum of money to our credit, money which in reality represents largely the deposits of the inland banks in New York banking institutions. In order to put that balance to our credit in Europe we had to send out a good deal of gold. That gold is gone, and it will take a high money market here to get back the deposit in the form in which it was sent. But even though we may not be able easily to get back our gold, we can draw on our foreign balances and use the proceeds to replace the domestic loans which will have to be called.

The second way in which the called loans can be replaced is through out-and-out borrowing operations from the foreign bankers. Europe ordinarily keeps a running loan in this market which at times runs up to half a billion dollars, but ever since the middle of 1907 we have borrowed very little from the foreign bankers, and the total of our indebtedness now is down to a very low point. In Europe, on the other hand, the supply of idle capital is enormous, and the foreign bankers would welcome the opportunity to make us large loans at fair rates. The process seems, indeed, to have begun already, and bids fair to continue on an increasingly large scale. That the commencement of the foreign demand for cash will be marked by large calling of loans is regarded as a foregone conclusion, and the replacement of those loans with money borrowed from abroad is the logical working out of the process.

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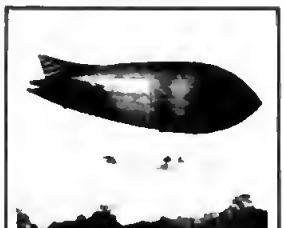
The Perils of Deep Breathing

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the deep-breathing cult has held us all in its bondage. Many there are who have preferred to continue breathing in the natural, old-fashioned way inherited from their ancestors rather than to torture their respiratory systems with forced indraughts of air. Some, indeed, have secretly doubted the necessity of the new process.

Now comes a champion to take up the cudgels on behalf of shallow breathers in the person of Dr. Edward Willard Watson, who, writing in the May issue of *Medical Notes and Queries*, challenges the deep breathers and all their school.

"There are some occasions when we all breathe deeply, without remembering the advice of the culturist," he writes, "as when climbing and wrestling and chopping wood and running Marathon races, and also when we awake and realize that there is a burglar down stairs; in all these situations we are apt to breathe deeply without instructions, but when we do it designedly, in cold blood, and too often, we may not realize it now, but we may be laying the foundations of asthma and dilated heart in the years to come." The intimate inter relation of the heart's action and the respiration, due to the fact that by each breath quantities of dark, venous blood are transformed into pure, bright, arterial blood, makes the deliberate interference with normal breathing a matter of serious moment. It is analogous to the overdevelopment of the muscular system through the medium of athletic exercises. "To develop all or keep all developed to the highest point of efficiency," continues the author, "makes such a drain on our central source of impulse that we are like generals fortifying a threatened town with walls and all the devices of military engineering, but forgetting to provide a supply of food and water."



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King Edward's Shadow

THAT King Edward has no objection to being photographed in groups, especially in those which show the women of a house party, is sufficiently evident from the frequent reproductions of such photographs in English illustrated papers. On the other hand, his Majesty's aversion to being snapped when enjoying the comparative privacy of a holiday is known to the professional photographer. Hence, happening at Biarritz recently to meet the King walking with a woman, an operator tactfully applied himself to the obliteration of the female form and figure, leaving but a shadowy substance in its stead. Yet more interest has been aroused by the publication of this photograph than by any recently taken of the King. Everybody wants to know who the lady was.

THE Public Service Commission, Second District, State of New York, which requires the railroad companies operating within the State to furnish detailed information relative to detentions of trains, has issued its report for March, 1909, and the Erie Railroad leads all other lines for punctuality with a percentage of 98. The company operated 7393 trains, of which 327 were late at terminals, giving the average minutes late per train run of nine-tenths of a minute.

In addition to this record, the company's own statistics show that within the last four and one-half years the company has operated 475,000 passenger trains without a single fatality to a passenger, a record that probably has never been equalled by a line of similar size. The Erie carries an average of 25,000,000 people a year.

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To Save the Sturgeon

NOTWITHSTANDING the great expense that the Fish Commission have been put to, they have been unsuccessful in their efforts to secure the spawn of the sturgeon—a food fish which is nearly extinct in this country.

Until a few years ago the rivers and bays of the Middle Atlantic States contained great quantities of sturgeon, but because of the inadequate laws for their protection the reckless manner of fishing for them has almost resulted in their extermination.

It is now planned to secure a large quantity of the sturgeon fry from the River Danube, which grow to an enormous size and weight, fish of from six hundred to eight hundred pounds being frequently caught.

These fish are particularly valuable because they are not a season fish like shad, but run in the waters of their habitat throughout the entire year.

The food value of the fish cannot be properly estimated. Aside from the great supply of meat food produced, an 800-pound fish will give about 150 pounds of caviar, which is one of the greatest delicacies in the European market. Fresh caviar readily sells for from $7 to $10 a pound.

In years gone by, Philadelphia was the greatest sturgeon fish-market in this country, many large catches being made down the Delaware River. In fact, so great was this industry that boats went out for nothing else than sturgeon.

Through the arrangements made by former Minister Knowles there will be shipped from Roumania a large number of twenty gallon cans containing millions of young sturgeon. After these young fish have arrived in New York, they will be taken to the nearest hatchery and there cared for until they have recovered from their long voyage and are in condition to be turned into the Hudson, Delaware, Potomac, and Susquehanna rivers.

A Train for Dogs

A NEW feature in special railroad trains was the experiment recently tried on the line between London and Manchester at the time of the great dog-show in the latter city. This train was made up of coaches especially equipped with kennels, so that the valuable canines might enjoy all the comforts of home, and not become unduly excited and get out of condition during their enforced journey. Each animal was provided with a straw mattress and a pannikin of water while they travelled in vans that were steam-heated.

The through trip from London to Manchester lasted five hours, and a few stops were made at way stations where other dogs, bound for the show, were taken aboard. A light luncheon was served en route, which consisted principally of dog-biscuit, with slight portions of cooked meat scraps and bread. Filtered water, only, was allowed these pampered pets.

Accomodations for the owners of the dogs were arranged for on the train, and they were allowed to walk through the kennel cars and see that their prospective prize-winners were entirely comfortable. This new system of conveyance is greatly appreciated by fanciers, who frequently have hesitated to send a valuable but delicate dog any considerable distance by rail under the ordinary conditions of transportation.

Smuggling by Aeroplane

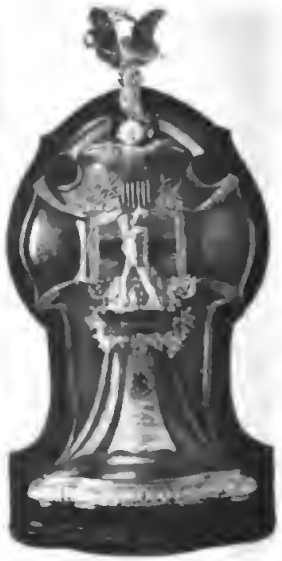
NOT content with frightening herself into a state of mild hysteria through a fear of armed invasion, England proceeds to cross another bridge long before there is any necessity for so doing by beginning to speculate on the probable abolition of the custom-house when air-ships shall have introduced aerial smuggling. This latest agitation is promoted by Maj. F. B. Baden Powell, of the British Army, who believes that within a very few years aeroplanes will become extremely common. Guards along the coast or frontier would then be of no avail as customs collectors, because any unscrupulous persons who owned flying-machines could bring dutiable articles into the interior of a country entirely without the knowledge of the officials.

At present the consideration must be taken into account that the heavier than air machine is incapable of carrying more than one or two hundred pounds, in addition to the weight of the operator, and this fact would seriously limit the amount of freight that could be carried, but even though grain, coal, and similar weighty and bulky products were too cumbersome to be handled, there yet remain any number of lighter commodities which should pay the smuggler a handsome profit. The highest tariff paid on any import into the United Kingdom is that on saccharine—14 cents an ounce. Cigars come second with a duty of $1.45 per pound. Other dutiable articles suitable for aeroplane transportation are liquors, tea, coffee, dried fruits, chloroform, collodion, ether, and blacking. With such a variety to choose from, the only thing that appears to be lacking is the smuggler.

A Trophy in Memory of Old Tom Morris

THE Western Golf Association of America is the recipient of a handsome trophy, the gift of Mr. Peter Dawson, of Glasgow, Scotland, which is intended as a tribute to the memory of "Old Tom Morris—A Golfer and a Man." The trophy is of silver and copper, and the most effective feature in the design is a model of "Old Tom" driving, with a chased panel background representing a view of St. Andrews.

The terms under which the trophy is to be competed for are unique. Each of the one hundred and thirty clubs in the Western Association selects a team of eight men who are to play over their own



The "Tom Morris" Golf Trophy

course on June 16th, the anniversary of Morris' birthday. They play against "par"—"par" being reckoned according to distance only, without any consideration of the topography of the various links. All local ground rules are suspended, each contestant plays from scratch, and the competition must be finished in one day. The team making the best score against "par" is declared the winner. These rules were necessitated because the distances between the different clubs in the association are so great as to prevent the holding of a single match at some central point.

The Passing of "Methuselah"

VISITORS at the zoological gardens in London are mourning the loss of its oldest inhabitant, who recently passed away at the exceedingly advanced age of two hundred and fifty years. This was the giant land tortoise "Methuselah," which had always been one of the greatest attractions among the exhibits and seldom failed to have a crowd about its enclosure.

"Methuselah" always hibernated during the winter months, sleeping quietly in a favorite corner of the tortoise house and never giving a sign of life until the warmth of the spring weather aroused him. For this reason the exact time of his death will never be known, because he never awoke from his last sleep, and probably had been dead several days before his keeper discovered the sad fact.

Attendants at the zoo now remember that "Methuselah" was nearly two months later last fall in entering upon his hibernation period than had customarily been the case during his previous years of residence there. They now feel certain that the old tortoise had a premonition that his approaching sleep was to be the last, and that he strove to ward it off as long as possible.

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Making a Volcano Cook

At the very edge of the great crater of the volcano of Kilauea, on the island of Hawaii, about two hundred miles from Honolulu, is located one of the most novel ranches in the world. Its owner is an American, and he is making a profitable business from the sordid occupation of raising swine, but the remarkable feature in these farming operations is the manner of feeding the stock.

Covering the slopes of this crater mountain and entirely surrounding the ranch is a dense forest, a greater part of whose thick undergrowth is composed of giant tree ferns. That variety of vegetation often rises to a height of fifty feet, with a cerebral feathery foliage and stems frequently a foot or more in diameter. The hard shell-like covering to these trunks encloses a fibrous mass consisting principally of a pulp rich in starches and sugars. Experiments demonstrated that after thoroughly steaming or cooking this pulp it becomes soft and is greedily eaten by the hogs, but the method of preparing the fodder was too expensive for practical purposes. However, the natural resources of Hawaii solved the problem.

The hardened lava coating, which extends for a considerable distance on every side of the active central pit of the volcano, is cracked in many places, allowing steam to escape continually. Yankee ingenuity recognized the value of these phenomena, and above several of the fissures gridirons were erected and cord-wood lengths of fern trunks piled upon them. The effectiveness of this primitive steam cooker was immediately apparent, and in the course of one or two days the toughened fern became tender under this treatment. A single stroke with an axe then sufficed to split open each stem and laid bare the nutritious pulp, which the swine eagerly devoured.

A Stimulus to Aeronautics

Have you the knowledge to "describe the progress of aerial navigation and the best means to encourage it?" If so, you are eligible to compete for the prize of five thousand dollars which King Leopold of Belgium has offered to the author of the best essay or work relative to that subject. The merits of the writings submitted are to be decided upon by seven judges—three Belgians and four foreigners, none of whom will be allowed to enter the competition.

The conditions of the contest are very simple, no restrictions being placed upon the range of the subject. No new edition of any work already in print will be considered unless thorough alterations and additions to it have been made. If certain portions only of any work on that subject have already been published it may yet be permitted to compete, provided that the remainder of said work shall be published during the allotted time—from now until March 1, 1911. The competition is open to all nationalities, and the articles submitted must be in the hands of the Minister of Science and Arts in Brussels before the above date. It is understood that the winning manuscript must be published the next year following the one in which the prize will be awarded. The contestants may write in any of the following languages: French, English, Flemish, German, Italian, Spanish, or Portuguese.

Capturing a Wild Swan

The steamer *Avalon* had a novel experience one night recently while moving up Chesapeake Bay to her pier at Baltimore. When off Thomas Point the lookout's attention was attracted by a great whirring and fluttering above the ship, and, peering out into the darkness, he distinguished a flock of large birds which circled around and then lit in the water a short distance from the steamer. The searchlight was turned on the water-fowl, and they were discovered to be a flock of about one hundred wild swans riding gracefully on the water. The intense glare of the bright rays appeared to frighten the birds, and they suddenly arose and skimmed over the pilot-house of the boat—that is, all but one of them. This swan, probably blinded by the light, crashed against one of the staterooms and dropped to the deck stunned. However, it revived immediately, for when a deckhand seized the great bird it perched him severely and gave some hard blows with its powerful wings. Finally its wings were pinioned and it was thrust into an improvised coop until Baltimore was reached. After being on exhibition at the steamship company's office, the swan was presented to the zoo at Druid Hill Park, where it has been much admired because of its great size. From tip to tip the wings measured eighty nine inches.

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The New York Sun says:

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The Detroit Journal says:

"The book's great strength, the artistry of its technique, and the cleverness of the character drawing . . . make a deep impression on account of its unusually fine qualities. The author of 'The Inner Shrine' shoold be prood of it."

The Baltimore News says:

"It is well to remember that the title rings like the coin cast by Mrs. Whartun; that Mrs. Deland has an unexpected way of manifesting herself recently; that W. J. Locke is quite capable of masquerading; that Booth Tarkington. . . . In fact, you never can tell, you never can tell!"

The New York Times says:

"The author of 'The Inner Shrine' has the story-teller's instinct. The dialogue is particularly clever."

The Brooklyn Eagle says:

"It is sincerely to be hoped that it is the work of a new hand; that this year of literary grace has seen the rising of a new fictional star. We have the assurance in the work itself that it is a star of the first magnitude. . . . The most surprising novel of the year."

The Detroit Free Press says:

"Whoever the author, the book is vivid, alive, ahundant in insight and dramatic situations."

The Richmond Despatch says:

"The book is clean and wholesome in tone and will doubtless prove une of the popular successes of the year."

The Chicago Record-Herald says:

"Sure to be one of the most widely read novels of the summer. . . . Many of the scenes tingle with an almost unaccountable vibrancy of emotion. There is not a superfluous sentence in the whole story."

The New York Press says:

"Every now and then the unexpected happens and we get a really first rate novel. Soch a one is 'The Inner Shrine.' Every one who reads it will enjoy it from beginning to end. . . . It will be discussed more widely than any story uf the season."

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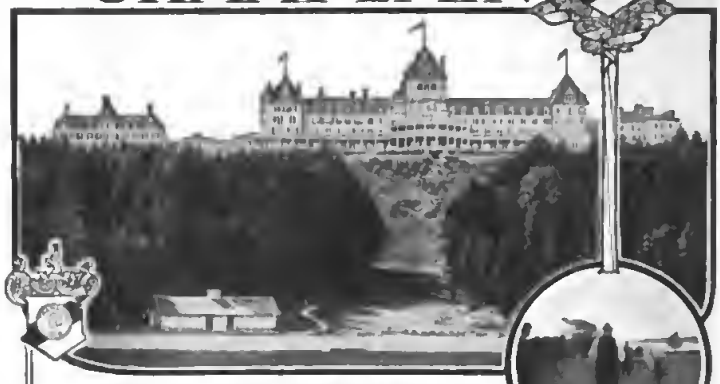

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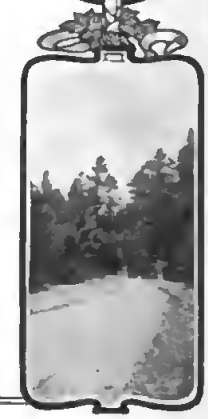

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EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

NINA B. MASON.

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"It is sincerely to be hoped that it is the work of a new hand; that this year of literary grace has seen the rise of a new fictional star. We have the assurance in the work itself that it is a star of the first magnitude. . . . The most surprising novel of the year."

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. LIII. New York, June 12, 1909 No. 2738

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THERE ARE OTHER GAMES BESIDES Ggolf

During his recent sojourn in Pittsburg, President Taft, as guest of honor of the Western Associated Yale Clubs, pitched two balls to start a game between the local Yale nine and a team of visiting Yale men. It is recorded that neither of the balls pitched by the President crossed the plate except on a bound

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Vol. LIII. No. 2738

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY

THIRTY-SIX PAGES

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 12, 1909

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Comment

The German Report on Wages

Nothing could be more in character than the Senate Finance Committee's treatment of the German government's statement concerning wages in Germany. Early in April, our State Department turned this material over to the committee. Time and again since then, questions concerning wages in particular industries in Germany have been asked in the Senate, and in some instances members of the committee have undertaken to answer them. In at least one instance, as we pointed out last week, the answer was egregiously wrong. Yet not once did the committee breathe an intimation that it had this mass of material in its possession. Opposition Senators finally discovered the fact, not improbably from Mr. MONTAGUE LESSLER, who supplied Senator STONE with the figures to correct Senator SMOOT's errors concerning the wages of German razor-makers. Only after the President had stated the facts in response to the Senate's inquiry did Senator ALDRICH admit them. He did not, in fact, admit them even then. Here is his language: "It is a report of certain boards of trade in Germany, transmitting anonymous statements of German exporters in answer to testimony taken before the House Committee. It is the first time in the history of the country, I assume, when a foreign government has undertaken to send through diplomatic channels to the United States anonymous testimony of manufacturers to answer statements made before a committee of Congress." And later he called the document "impertinent." This was as incorrect as it was ill-tempered. The German government had undertaken nothing of its own motion, but had responded to a request of ours; and it had not transmitted any anonymous statements. They were signed, and the names had been erased by the State Department in the copy sent to the committee because of a request that they be not made public. Moreover, the impression is easily derived from this and other language of Senator ALDRICH that the document has not a thoroughly official character; and this also is false. It came straight from the German government, through the correct diplomatic channels; and the German boards of trade, unlike ours, are thoroughly official bodies, charged with the responsibility for precisely such information as they have here compiled.

A High-handed Procedure

The thing is not negligible. The behavior of the committee, and particularly of Senator ALDRICH, was indefensible. It was discourteous to the German government, which had gone to the trouble to prepare and transmit the statement. It was discourteous to the President and the State Department, the prime movers in the whole matter. It was discourteous to the Senate, which had so many times sought in vain for precisely the kind of information contained in the document. Discourtesy is not, indeed, a strong enough word. It may not be the right word at all. There are only too many reasons to suspect that Senator ALDRICH and his closer following have meant all along to suppress or ignore such information as would enable the Senate to compare for itself the actual cost of production in various lines in this country and abroad. That is to say, there is only too good reason to believe that the Senate leader has deliberately intended that the Senate shall not be allowed to frame the tariff bill according to the promises of his party's platform and of its candidate for President. For both the platform and the President's speeches set forth as plainly as words could that the difference between the cost of production in this country and abroad, plus a reasonable profit to the American producer, should be the limit of the duties imposed. The final outrage of the committee's conduct, therefore—not in this incident only, but from first to last—is its contemptuous treatment of the public to which that platform and those speeches were addressed, and which, on the basis of both, granted the Republican party a new lease of power.

What Is the Response?

For our own part, we do not pretend to be anything but indignant at such treatment. We were indignant when, after the election of 1896, which the Republicans won by the help of thousands of Independents and Democrats, practically all tariff-reformers, given solely on the issue of free silver, they immediately used their power to pile up the high duties in the DINGLEY bill. We are more indignant now because this second imposition threatens to be consummated in flat violation of distinct party pledges. But it is not merely our own indignation which persuades us that this time ALDRICH and his following are going too far. We realize the force of the demand of business men that Congress do quickly whatever it is going to do. We understand that the country, tired of the unrest caused by the agitation over insurance and then over railroads, desires peace. But we are of those who hold that there is in most Americans such a thing as a sense of right and wrong, which cannot be disregarded with impunity. Here is what one American—one of the last men in the world to be governed by a mere sudden impulse, a distinctly quiet American, no sorehead, but busy and successful and high up in his profession, and moreover of entirely Republican antecedents—writes in a private letter: "My own feeling about Washington and the Republican party just now is one of intense disgust. . . . If my present mood holds, I shall never vote the Republican ticket again—under any circumstances—and I hope that there are enough others in my own frame of mind to make an overturn at the next Congressional election. Really, it makes me sick, and if *protection* is going to play any part in seducing the South into joining the Republicans, I shall be sorry. The corrupting influence of tariff favors seems to have troubled quite far enough.—But let us be cheerful!" This may seem violent. We ourselves would not yet go quite so far. But we believe that this is the mood of thousands. If any Democrat, if any independent, if any tariff-reformer of whatever description, wishes to measure his own sense of outrage, let him consider how he would have felt and what he would have done if, during the campaign last autumn, he had been vouchsafed a vision of the ALDRICH bill as it stands to-day.

The President's Responsibility

There can be no denying that with every day's progress of the bill toward its passage the issue is brought more and more plainly up to the President. We wish he might be spared the necessity of facing it, as he must. There is no more unpleasant predicament for any President than to find himself compelled either to break with the majority of his party in Congress or with his own convictions and past utterances. The President has no more sincere admirer and well-wisher in the country than HARPER'S WEEKLY. But we must confess our fear not only that he may have to make this choice, but that every day he delays to speak his mind he may be making the choice more difficult and the results, whichever way he chooses, more unpleasant. How unpleasant they may be if he chooses rightly and conscientiously, CLEVELAND'S break with his party, for conscience' sake, sufficiently displays. We simply refuse to consider that he may make his choice otherwise than conscientiously. We are willing also to suppose that he may have his reasons for hoping something from the last stage of the making of the bill. In a word, we refuse to deny him the confidence he has in so many ways so richly deserved. But the responsibility cannot be lifted from his shoulders. If the bill becomes law in anything like its present shape, the disappointment and indignation of the best men in this country will be visited—and should be visited—not on Congress alone for what it will have done, but on the President as well for what he will so conspicuously have left undone. This is the word of sincerest friendship, not of criticism.

A Senator We Like

"But let us be cheerful." Our correspondent is right. Senator GORE shall help us. We have not been able to approve of many things that have come out of Oklahoma recently. There is Governor HASKELL, for instance, and the scheme for a government guarantee of bank deposits. But Senator GORE is different. We can forgive a good deal to the State that contributes so thoroughgoing a Democrat to the Democratic party, which strikes us just now as decidedly short on Democracy, and contributes also to the national councils so excellent and pleasing a debater. His speeches are brief, but that is not their only merit; they possess a rare quality—a kind of sarcasm which both stings and amuses. Read, for instance, his speech advocating a duty on bananas, which, though spoken at least half in jest, contains a lot of very true words. The only depressing thing about it is that it couldn't, in the present state of affairs, be taken seriously. For such a proposal, considered both as a plan to raise revenue and as a blow at a monopoly, might well be advocated seriously enough. We feel, moreover, a special kindness for Senator GORE for the way he unhorsed Senator GALLINGER of New Hampshire in an earlier debate. The latter was indulging in some particularly bigoted high-protectionism at the time, but that was not the only cause of our gratification when Senator GORE set the Senate laughing at him. We confess that GALLINGER never appealed to our affections—not even before we read "Mr. Crewe's Career" and began to take an interest in New Hampshire politics.

And Another We Don't Like

We wish we could think as well of another Senator who hails from Senator GORE's quarter of the Union, and who has been even more prominent of late; but we can't. Senator BAILEY of Texas is also a strong debater—and quite a handsome man to boot. But he is not strengthening his party or doing it credit. Neither is he strengthening the causes he advocates, particularly the income tax. We dislike bullying and rowdyism, and so, we trust, does the Senate and the country. The Texas Senator has repeatedly been guilty of both. It is a pity his party associates ever permitted him to come forward as the special champion of the income-tax proposal. He has mismanaged it so badly as to divide its supporters. There are not wanting those who seriously charge that this has been by design, and that BAILEY has actually been knowingly playing into ALDRICH hands. We should hate to believe that such a thing could be true of any Senator, even the worst. But assaulting a reporter was a poor way to repel the charge. If one is curious in political scandals, a comparison of the *Records* for April 1st and May 29th, taken in connection with the extraordinary difficulty Senators have had in getting information from the Finance Committee about the relative cost of production of different articles here and abroad, may serve to indicate how such a charge came to be made. On the first occasion, ALDRICH having protested his readiness to give out any information in the committee's hands, BAILEY objected to circulating more *ex parte* statements. On the second occasion, having been meanwhile several times accused of being too thick with the Senate's autocrat, he joined in the demand for more light. The Senate tariff-reformers and advocates of an income tax have, we think, a right to demand from Senator BAILEY henceforth a large contribution of silence and decent behavior.

The Morals of High Protection

Some time or other—soon, maybe—it will come home to the American people that high protection has an ethical side which deserves their attention. That side of it was put forward in few words the other day by Senator DOLLIVER, when he said in a speech in the Senate:

> As the result of my observations upon the different tariffs of the world (and I do not pretend to be wise or deeply read about this matter), I find that wherever there is a protective tariff it has built up a system of morality of its own, and I never found that its rules of morals were in accord with any other rules of morals, religious or secular, ever framed in this world. It has built up a system of morality in this country that not only is wicked, but it allows to be done by authority of law what the man who does it would never do in his private capacity as a citizen. It per-

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mits a man not only to covet his neighbor's goods, but to take them away from him by force of law. When we consider that we collected a little over $300,000,000 last year, and the people of this country pay in taxation to these protected interests $2,100,000,000, I think it is about time we are considering whether we are not taxing the American people a little too far.

Senator DOLLIVER has done a great deal to help the country to see high protection as it really is. Whenever the country does see it so, revision downward will become a moral issue of a sort that the American voter can understand.

The Georgia Race Strike

It is not easy for any one sincerely concerned for the negro race to find encouragement in what has been called the new strike on the Georgia Railway. As we write, none of the points submitted to arbitration have been decided. But in the preliminary agreement under which the road resumed operations practically all the points at issue that were decided at all were decided in favor of the striking white firemen—that is to say, against the negroes. The ten white firemen who had been deprived of regular runs and put on the "extra" list were restored to their places, their negro successors being ousted. Such other preference to negroes as had made a part of the original trouble was likewise withdrawn. What is still worse, in any large view of the incident, the striking whites cause in the end to the position which seems at first to have been taken only by their sympathizers, and demanded that the road cease altogether from employing negro firemen. This demand, it is true, the road positively refused, and one of the two main questions left to arbitration is that of the percentage of negro firemen it shall be permitted to employ—the other being, whether negroes shall be permitted to hold such seniority to white men as they may earn by long and good service. Here is what may prove, as has been conjectured and feared, the entering of the wedge that shall prize the negro entirely out of this occupation, not on this particular railroad only, but on all Southern railroads—perhaps even on all the railroads in the country whose firemen are organized into unions. It is idle to blink the grave menace to the negro's industrial future which the episode discloses.

The Hopeful View

Consolation can be extracted from it only by considering certain somewhat ameliorating side lights. It should be remembered that, contrary to the general impression, this is by no means the first instance of the exclusion, or attempted exclusion, of the negro from particular occupations. The first experiments with negro labor in cotton-mills having been unsuccessful, that field has been practically given over to white labor, and any attempt of negroes to enter it now, in a way to compete with whites, would doubtless be repelled. White barbers are plentiful and increasing in the Southern towns and cities, where negroes formerly had almost a monopoly of this employment. There are other instances. It should also be recalled that the striking white firemen did not at first base their demands chiefly, if at all, on the racial difference. They pointed out that, as the negroes receive less pay than they do, they were being underbidden, and that negroes who could not rise to be engineers were by the rule of seniority obstructing the road of promotion and preventing the rapid training of white men who could. Although these grievances arose incidentally from the fact of a difference of race, they were rather economic than racial.

But the chief amelioration of the discouragement the episode contains is offered by the amount and the kind of resistance which the demands of the strikers and their sympathizers provoked. The road stood by its negro employees resolutely; and a strong protest—not, we fear, strong enough to prevail as yet, but bold and firm, and full of hope for the future—came from the best people of the South, as represented by the better part of the Southern press. One excellent and very influential Southern newspaper, for instance, after pointing out that Southern sentiment is the real arbiter in all such questions, and after a luminous forecast of the ills the South will bring upon itself by forcing the negro to the wall industrially, makes this solemn appeal:

> Those Southern people who feel any true Southern affection for the negro race, who consult the South's best interests, who have any conscience within them, or who fear the wrath of a just God—all such Southern people must hope that the conflict which has had its first conspicuous outbreak in Georgia may never become cruel.

Justice is the health of the state, and the growth of such a sentiment as this, demanding justice for the negro, among Southern white people themselves, will help him more than all other agencies combined. Evidently such a sentiment exists, and is growing. Let us trust that the arbitrators of this particular dispute will find it strong enough to support them in refusing absolutely to consent, directly or indirectly, that negroes shall be deprived of their right to earn their bread by faithful service in locomotive cabs.

The Colleges

Tariff or no tariff, it is impossible not to talk about the colleges in June. That topic is now under brisk discussion, and will continue so to be for a fortnight to come. Last week was anniversary week at St. Paul's School at Concord, New Hampshire. The proceedings closed with a luncheon, at which one of the speakers was President WOODROW WILSON, of Princeton. The papers report him as saying:

> I believe in athletics. I believe in all those things which relax energy, that the faculties may be at their best when the energies are not relaxed, but only so far do I believe in these diversions. When the lad leaves school he should cease to be an athlete. The modern world is an exacting one and the things it exacts are mostly intellectual.
>
> A danger surrounding our modern education is the danger of wealth. I am sorry for the lad who is going to inherit money. I fear that the kind of men who are to share in shaping the future are not largely exemplified in schools and colleges.
>
> So far as the colleges go, the side-shows have swallowed up the circus and we to the main tent do not know what is going on. And I do not know that I want to continue under these conditions as a ringmaster. There are more honest occupations than teaching if you cannot teach.
>
> When once we have the gracious assistance of fathers and mothers we shall educate their sons. Given that assistance, in a generation we will change the entire character of American education. And it must be changed. Schools like this one and universities like Princeton must pass out of existence unless they adapt themselves to modern life.

We are not so sure as Dr. WILSON is that the things the modern world exacts are mostly intellectual, or that even now the colleges do not minister fairly well to the modern world's demands. But evidently things that Dr. WILSON aspires to have the colleges furnish to the modern world are mainly intellectual, and for his part he does not care to bother with purveying too large a proportion of things of another sort. Awhile ago he confessed that he did not care to make it his chief occupation to be president of a country club, and now he says there are more honest occupations than teaching if you cannot teach. Temerarious man! "The side-shows have swallowed up the circus." The side-shows are the student organizations, social and athletic. The circus is the educational machine. The complaint of nearly all the leading educators in the older universities is the one that Dr. WILSON has put into penetrating words. It is not that the scholastic machine is not patronized or that it does not work, but that the dominating interest of students, and of parents also, is the side-shows.

Not Excited by Scholarship

It seems impossible to get the right students excited about scholarship. Its immediate rewards and returns in the colleges which Dr. WILSON knows best and sees most of are not much valued or respected. What is the reason? It is not far to seek. Scholarship is not much valued or respected in the American world from which these colleges are recruited. Its rewards look small to most observers when measured up against the rewards of activities into which scholarship does not enter. We agree with Dr. WILSON that "a danger surrounding our modern education is a danger of wealth," but, as we see it, it is not all, or chiefly, a danger from students who have too much money. It seems to us to be largely a danger connected with the dependence of the colleges upon a constant stream of gifts and tuition fees to enable them to meet the demands of their expanded fields and maintain due attractions for the students they wish to win. The big colleges nowadays have to be run too much like department stores. They compete for business, especially in the West. They have to see that advertisement is not neglected; they must constantly add to their plants, and make annual provision for the increased revenue that their growth demands. The graduates who can meet these needs and provide the sinews of war inevitably loom up biggest in the college family. Most of them are admirable men, and as a class they are a wonder of the contemporary world, so liberal they are in their gifts to "education" and so indefatigable in their labors for it. But those admired men, on whom the colleges rely, are seldom scholars: they are men of affairs. Is it surprising that the admired men within the colleges should be of the same type—not scholars, but men of affairs? In college, as out of it, the most conspicuous figures are those who are concerned with the more material or social side of things, in organization, administration, material enlargement, and sport. They succeed in competitions for what is most valued; they have power to dispense benefits. They are too busy to find overmuch with scholarship. Just as AUTEUS said he had not time to make money, so these effectual souls may declare that they have not time to be scholars.

Mr. Lowell's Aspiration

As long as the colleges need, as they now seem to need, this type of provider, they will doubtless pay the price of their necessities. Mr. LOWELL, the new President of Harvard, yearns heartily to boost scholarship. He feels that there is much less excitement about it among his young men than there should be, and he has some hopes and some plans for improving its status. In a recent address, since printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*, he expounds the value of competition and his desire to get it working for the benefit of scholarship. He wants to see in his university the best minds competing for the highest distinctions in scholarship as they have done so long at Oxford and Cambridge. He seems aware that at present the incentive is not sufficient to attract the best Harvard minds to these severe competitions, but he is earnest in his purpose to make them sufficient if he can.

It is a handsome purpose, and we wish him success in it. Competition certainly owes something to scholarship, for it has cost it dear. Competition in athletics has exalted athletics; competition between social organizations has split most of our colleges up into little social groups that restrict fellowship and curdle democracy; competition between the colleges themselves has exalted the benefactor and business man at the cost of the scholar, and made business ideals irrepressibly predominant. If now competition can be made to do something for scholarship, it will be a measure of reparation that is considerably overdue.

Competition and Scholarship

Our neighbor the *Sun* winds up a discourse on Mr. LOWELL'S speech by adjuring him "not to lay his hand upon that comfortable, that idyllic commonwealth, the college, and try to introduce this infernal nonsense of intellectual competition." It declares that we Americans are a long-suffering people, but that we "don't want brains in our colleges or our rulers." But it adds:

> If, however, Mr. LOWELL persists in his wrongheadedness, perhaps some day he may come across an eccentric Fairy Godfather who will say to him: "How much does your college get in term fees? I will capitalize that income. How many men are graduated from your college every year? Is it 400 or 600 odd, or what? Well, let 'em go to the devil! Turn out twenty, turn out two, but let 'em know something; let 'em be scholars." Would that help Mr. LOWELL'S plan or dream?

Somehow we see back of this lawless and iconoclastic suggestion the germ of the same unwelcome thought that has intruded itself into our own faculties—that the competition of our universities for numbers and wide influence is, directly, and still more in its indirect efforts, antagonistic to scholarship.

We have one other awful thought. So far as there is trouble with our colleges or they seem in some degree to fail in their mission, the trouble is not with the students, who are what their parents and masters make them, nor much with the faculties, who do their best under the circumstances they are in, but mainly with the graduates, most of whom love to be amused and get vast entertainment out of their colleges, and love to make them amusing places, and great according to their own ideas of greatness. It is too bad about the graduates. No doubt if only they could all be deported our universities would have a chance.

Meanwhile the universities are not in such a desperate case as one might think. More boys learn more in them to-day than they did thirty years ago—it would be easy to get testimony as to that. Their greatest need, as we see it, is inspiration. Inspiring teachers can get a chance to teach even now, for when the sheep won't learn, sometimes the goats will. But inspiration is scarce. Organization, means, and diligent hired men can be provided, but in what market can a college buy inspiration—where find the man with vision, the inspiring teacher?

A Fiftieth Anniversary

"And yet," said the poet, as he pushed back his chair from the table and lighted his cigar—"and yet there is a garden still in the world where all the men and the women are poets, where pastoral feasts and open air dinners are the order of the day, where men live like patriarchs, governing their vast estates and hordes of happy laborers, and where everybody sings." As the diners had been busy, through the last courses, laying Poetry out in her coffin, lowering her into the earth, and then bemoaning and bewailing the fate of those who had outlived her, there was a moment of suspense while we waited to hear what the poet had to say. "I spent a winter there once," he said. "I remember the trip I made to Avignon hunting for MISTRAL. I chose the book shop, which was also the post office and the publisher's establishment, as the best place to inquire. Yes, there I was told where to find MISTRAL, and also ROUMANILLE, who the lady in the shop told me was her husband, and also FÉLIX GRAS, who was her uncle; and then this lady, who combined the functions of postmistress, bookseller, and publisher, added, 'And I too, Monsieur, I am a poet.'"

Any one who has seen even a picture of the lovely Madame ROUMANILLE might know that she was a poet in a land of poets. The American poet who revived this scene set one to looking back, to remembering, to yearning over the little land of pure poetry, where only last week, as it happened, there was a great celebration of the fiftieth birthday of one of its greatest poems, MISTRAL'S *Mireille*.

In reading of Provence, the still existent garden where springs of living poetry jet, one gets two types of scenery. At the highest delta, where the Durance, the swiftest and most joyous river in all of France, flows into the Rhone, at Avignon and all about, there are fertile valleys, gardens, parks, and vineyards sloping down to the very edge of the river. In the distance the horizon is broken by the dimly outlined Alps, and close little foot-hills, promontories, rocks, and valleys are blue from early dawn till vespers—sometimes light blue, sometimes dark blue, but changing into waves on the sea. All the charm of the nearer hills are cincture with silvery olive trees, and their rocks stand out in bold brown and gray ledges.

Farther down, where one reaches Aigues Mortes, where the little Rhone, parting from the larger, makes a second small delta, one gets wide stretches of burnt, waste lands, great swamps and marshes, and shades where the sea comes in; and everywhere, everywhere the glitter of wide, shallow sea, and in the cars sounds the ascending music of the frogs.

But it is in the garden country six or eight miles from St. Remy that MISTRAL, the greatest poet of Provence, was born; and he still lives there, in a little house that turns its back to the village street and looks out on the other side over stretches of garden and vineyard and fertile valley. In his Memoires, MISTRAL tells us a lovely story of his father's courtship. The old man was a veritable patriarch, wealthy, owning, overseeing all the labor of the great estate the *Mas du Juve*, and every Sunday, after vespers, setting down in his big memorandum book his business dealings, his expenses, his accounts, the record of the weather, and his reflections upon life. In his whole life he had but three books—the Bible and the *Imitation* for Sundays, and *Don Quixote*, which served for rainy afternoons. One day, when he was a widower fifty-three years old, with grown children, he was out in the field watching the harvesters, and he noticed, among the gleaners who followed, a young and beautiful girl who hung back as if half ashamed. He approached her and asked, "Mignonne, who are you and what is your name?" And she replied, "Sire, I am the daughter of ETIENNE POULINET, the Mayor of Maillane, and my name is DELAIDE."

"What!" said the proprietor. "What does the daughter of the Mayor gleaning in my fields?"

"Sire," she replied again, "we are a large family—six daughters and two sons, and our father, though he has some property, when we ask him for something wherewith to deck ourselves a little, says, 'Little ones who need adornment must earn it,' and so I came here to glean." And six months later the beautiful DELAIDE became the wife of the rich proprietor and two years later the mother of FREDERIC MISTRAL.

It is all like a bit of a pastoral from the Hebrew Scriptures. Surely it was the spot of all others upon earth for a poet to be born. And that MISTRAL was born a poet one may derive from the exquisite story he tells us of the iris flowers. Behind the great house where he spent his childhood there ran a little stream that fed the big well, and this water, the poet says, was his first natural history book. Here he studied tadpoles and carp and water flies, and fished, too, with an old canvas bag tied to a long reed. But above all things, he adored the golden irises that bloomed on the edge of the water or spring. Once, when he was still in petticoats, he remembers that, having tired of rolling in the hay, he made his way down to the stream, and there were the swamp flags in full bloom and his baby hands itched to get them. And so he went down very gently and carefully to the edge of the water and bent over and reached out and, *patatras!* he was up to his neck in the stream, struggling and crying. Then his mother came running and pulled him out, and gave him a tap or two and sent him on in front of her dripping like a little duck, to the house. "And don't let me find you in the stream again, little good-for-nothing." "But I was getting flags," wailed the four-year old. "Flags, indeed, and all the time flags and more and more flags, and forgetting, too, that there is a big, bad serpent hidden in the grass that eats little birds and naughty children!" And so the embryo poet was undressed and dried and rubbed down, and for lack of any other he was put into his Sunday dress and sandals and sent out to play with many warnings. And with every intention of good behavior he began to chase butterflies, and one big white one led him right back to the stream; and there were the great, taunting yellow flags, standing up proudly in the middle of the water and making such a show of themselves that none could have resisted. And so once more he set his little feet carefully, very carefully, on the edge, and he leaned over most cautiously, and ah! *ma foi!* he was up to his ears in the water, and the bullfrogs were ogling him, and he looked for the serpent to dart at him. And then the good mother came running and pulled him out, black with mud from head to foot, and gave him a sounding smack or two and sent him on in front to the house. "And will you go back there again, you little pig-headed one! And will you try to drown yourself and spoil all your clothes and kill your poor mother with fears!" And once more he was taken in and undressed and rubbed dry and made clean, and his *fete* day dress was put on him. In his old age the poet still remembers that gorgeous dress. "Ah, but a gallant dress it was!" he cries, "with stripes of black velvet and gold embroidery on a blue ground." "And now," said his mother, "be a good boy and go out and watch the chickens and see that they don't fly away." And he went out; but one chicken got to chasing a grasshopper and he followed the chicken, and there again he stood by the stream, and there were still the golden flags nodding and mirroring themselves in the water. "And then," writes the old poet—"then there came upon me a desire; ah! but an excessive, a passionate, a delirious desire, and I forgot my two plunges into the stream," and so, holding on to a twig of a bush, he leaned far over and stretched out the other hand, and splash! he was over in the water, screaming! And the farm people came running and crying: "The little imp is in again! Now your mother will spank you," and as they got him out his mother came running too, weeping and crying aloud: "No, I will never, never strike him again! It is an accident, and the child is not like other children! Holy Virgin, you know he is not like others, for he is always after the flowers, and he loses his toys in the wheat while he gathers the wild ones; and now he throws himself three times into the stream! Ah, Holy Mother, do not take him! Thank God he is alive!" "And so," continues the poet, "we went home hand in hand, both of us weeping, and once more he was undressed and rubbed dry and laid in his crib to rest, and fell asleep.

"And do you know what I dreamed? *Parole!* I dreamed of the Fay Esterel! For to a lovely little rivulet, which went serpentining round and round the house, limpid, transparent, azure, where they grew in sweet, tall tufts with their green sword leaves and golden heads, and lovely water nadders with blue silk wings sat on them and smiled and nodded, and I—I swam out quite naked in the laughing waters and gathered headfuls and handfuls, and the more I gathered the more they bloomed, and then a voice called 'FREDERIC! FREDERIC!' and I woke up, and there were the golden flowers, great bunches of them, on the pillow." And he piously adds, "Himself, the master, the patriarch, my lord father, had set aside his labor and gone out and gathered the flowers I wanted, and the mistress, my beautiful mother, had laid them all on my bed."

Thus it is when a poet is born in a poet's land! Later, it was the same way at school. When he was caught making Provençal verses instead of writing his Latin theme, and the papers were carried up by the usher to the head master, this one replied, "But we must not disturb a poet at his task," and the younger master returned the papers to the boy, right glad at heart for him; and later he took him out to walk and recited his own Provençal verses to him, for the young master was none other than ROUMANILLE, and when he had recited, the boy said, "This is the dawn for which my soul has waited ere it would dower in the light." Even so are the words set down, for this is a poet's country and poetry is in the air and thus the great poet grew in the sunshine.

Now that he is an octogenarian, his country is celebrating the fiftieth birthday of his first great poem, *Mireille*, written in Provençal and describing the people, the customs, the manner of life, in that country. In the fifty years the poet has published but seven or eight books, two or three pastorals, a dictionary of the language, a drama, and a volume of lyrics—"little detached pieces blown to me on the wind of emotion or imagination"—and his Memoires. The poem, *Mireille*, took eight years to write. It is said to contain almost every type of the poet's landolls, and it celebrates the loves of "Mireille" (a name he caught from an old song his mother used to sing at her spinning), the daughter of the rich proprietor, and the wandering basket-maker, Vincent. The father forbidding the marriage, Mireille makes a pilgrimage down the Rhone to the church of Les Saintes Maries, the chief shrine of the country. Here Lazarus, with Mary his sister, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, took shelter in the first Christian persecutions, and their relics are still contained in shrine and many are the miracles worked there to this day. Poor little Mireille, however, dies there in front of the altar from the fatigues and dangers of her journey just as the maddened lover and forgiving parents arrive in pursuit. She dies, but only, indeed, after having seen a vision of the three Maries, who assure her of the vanity of earthly loves and promise to take her into heaven.

This poet, so careless of earthly fame as to write in a dialect almost unknown, has had from the beginning unprecedented fame. In 1905 he received the NOBEL prize and gave it entire to buy an old palace wherein to house the Museum of Arles. At his own request the statue which a grateful land wished raised to him is not to be set in place till after his death, but the spot where it is to be is pointed out to travellers. Now, in his seventy-ninth year, his earthly fame must seem to him the least of the wonderful acquisitions of his beautiful life, and the best that is must be shining across the borders of eternity.

Nearly fifty years ago LAMARTINE wrote of him:

"I have good news to-day! A great epic poet is born! The West can no longer bring them forth, but the South can still produce them. It is a certain virtue in the cannabiac! This time it is an Homeric poet . . . a poet twenty-five years old who in a single jet sends up in pure, melodious waves a pastoral epic wherein the descriptive scenes of the Odyssey, and the innocent, passionate scenes of Daphnis and Chloe of Longus, together with the sanctity and melancholy of Christianity, are sung with the grace of Longus and the simple majesty of the blind man of Chios. Is it a marvel? Well, I hold the miracle in my hand. What do I say? It is already in my memory, and soon it will be on the lips of all France."

Well, a poet should always be born in a poet's land.

Correspondence

COMPLAINT FROM OKLAHOMA

MEDMORE, OKLA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Is it not singular, in this era of the "square deal" and "fair play," that Oklahoma, the youngest State, should enact a registration and election law, the sole object of which is to perpetuate the majority party? If this interests HARPER'S a copy of the bill can be obtained from the Republican State Chairman in Guthrie, Oklahoma, together with a memorandum pointing out the malair and infamous features of this law. The parties opposed in the Democratic are invoking a referendum on this law. This lends additional interest. The excuse, negro domination, used in the extreme South, does not apply in Oklahoma, where only seven per cent. are colored.

I am, sir,
D. D. VANCOUSBED.

STOCKINGS AND GLOVES

BAY ORLEANS LA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Permit a woman to intrude long enough to say a few words to A. C. Neilson, who has a letter in HARPER'S WEEKLY of May 8th anent the tax on women's stockings and gloves.

It is possible that A. C. Neilson does not know what Mr. Payne undoubtedly does—viz., that American stockings and gloves are manufactured in Germany in American owned factories by pauper labor, when are used with American clothes.

A. C. Neilson, with the best possible intentions, is fighting on the wrong side.

I am, sir,
A. WOMAN.

Permit us to doubt the "pauper labor."—EDITOR.

To H. R. H. Juliana Lou

The little Crown Princess of Holland has been christened Juliana Louise Emma Marie Wilhelmina.—*Public despatch.*

The Holland folk are tickled much
Because they've got a Princess Dutch—
A brand new blue eyed baby girl
To keep their loyal hearts awhirl;
As heiress for their little throne
That they can call their very own,
Who soon will rule them as she likes
As little Princess of the Dikes.
And for her name
This very same
Is christened by her subjects true
As Juliana, Juliana, Juliana Lou!
O Juliana Lou,
We doff our caps to you!
A Princess fair,
You truly are,
O Juliana Lou!

Some day you'll come into your place
As ruler of the Holland race,
And as a Queen, serenely calm,
You'll rule o'er giddy Amsterdam,
And Rotterdam,
And Potterdam,
And all the other dams there be
Along the beauteous damson sea;
And as you walk your regal ways
May all your suntee be Hollandaise,
And may you never use a crutch
Because somebody's beat the Dutch;
But rule serene.
A happy Queen
Your days all through—
O Juliana, Juliana, Juliana Lou!
O Juliana Lou,
We doff our caps to you,
A Dutch-treat pair
You truly are,
O Juliana Lou!

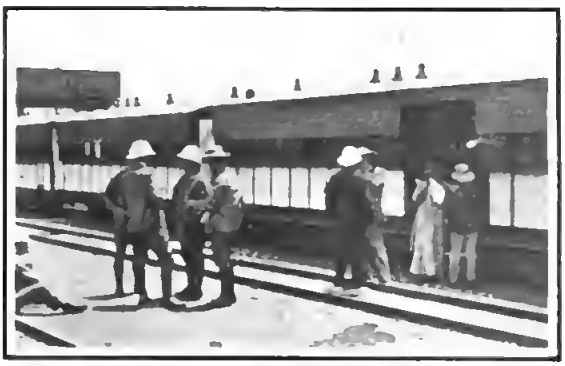
J. K. B.

Mr. F. C. Selous, the noted African hunter, Mr. Roosevelt, and Lieutenant-Governor Jackson, of the East African Protectorate (left to right) at Mackarkas Road

Mr. Roosevelt discussing a question of transportation at Mackinnon Road. The woman is Mrs. Jackson, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor

Kermit Roosevelt, official photographer of the expedition, taking a picture of the porters at Kapiti. Mr. Roosevelt may be seen at the left of the photograph, evidently interested in the proceedings

The caravan of two hundred and fifty porters being inspected by Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Cunninghame, his guide, at Kapiti, where the actual hunting trip was begun



The big-game hunting party at Simba, where a brief halt was made. Mr. Roosevelt stands in the centre of the group at the left

Mr. Roosevelt (extreme left), Mr. Selous (third from left), and their party riding into the Kapiti hunting country

The "head boys," who are in immediate command of the porters of the hunting caravan, being inspected by Mr. Roosevelt preparatory to the advance into the lion country in East Africa

MR. ROOSEVELT IN THE LION COUNTRY

Man's Humanity to Man

By Frank Marshall White

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN F. BATHA

In this position, his rigid body across the gap between the tracks, he clung

SOMETIME like two hundred feet above the level of the East River two men were working on the top of the Manhattan tower of the Queensboro Bridge one day not long before the great structure was completed. Ten feet below them halt a dozen more workmen were engaged, and further down in the unfinished framework, at various distances apart, others, perhaps twoscore in all, toiled each at his own particular task. They were all of a high physical and mental type, as men must necessarily be who work at bridge construction or in the erection of our modern skyscrapers. A stupid workman, or one lacking in bodily strength or in nerve, has no place among the clear-eyed and sure-footed craftsmen who handle steel and iron high in air, under conditions whereby a misstep means a certain and terrible death.

A strut or brace (being a steel beam of several tons weight), in the grasp of a huge derrick was lowered on the day in question to its proper position in the structure of the tower top, the business of the two men working there being to guide it into place. Before the great weight of steel, on this occasion, could be securely fastened after the derrick had lowered its grip, it began to slip, for a reason that has not been explained, and the utmost efforts of the two failed to prevent its sliding toward the edge of the open space below. There was no danger to them, for they needed only to stand out of the way and watch it plunge downward. The men at work below were in imminent peril, however, for, should the mass of steel fall, it could not fail to carry many of them down with it.

There was no time for consultation with each other on the part of the two workmen at the top of the tower, nor even for reflection. It would be only a matter of the fraction of a second for the steel beam to acquire such momentum that no effort of theirs could prevent its going over. Shouting to the others below, the two men above seized the ponderous strut, and, by almost superhuman exertion, succeeded in deflecting it so that it caught on the projecting arm of a girder that was securely riveted in the structure. As they guided it toward this temporary encasement, each man saw that one of his hands must be caught between it and the girder-arm upon which it was necessary to rest it until it could be got under control, unless they chose to allow it to fall. There was plenty of time to let go, but the lives of the workers below were dependent upon those above holding on.

"I'll stick if you do," gasped one of the brave fellows, as they strained every muscle of their stalwart bodies against the terrible weight.

The other nodded, and the two held on grimly until their comrades could swarm up the ladders and again attach the derrick grips to the mighty beam, and in the mean time a hand of each of the heroes was ground off at the wrist.

More than a hundred feet above the pavement on a giant skyscraper now in course of construction an air-pressure engine was in use. Through an accident an iron plate fell upon the pipe, in which the pressure was one hundred and twenty-five pounds to the square inch, and severed it, leaving one end thrashing and writhing about, the air issuing from it with terrible force. Ten or a dozen men were working on the iron girders near the broken pipe, each one of them in deadly peril; for, if the air current had struck any one of them, it would have knocked him out into space, and its throes might turn the blast in any direction. The only way to avert the danger was to turn off the pressure, but in order to do so it was necessary to pass the twisting cylinder and the rushing air-blast that was throwing it about. Whether he realized the hazard or not will never be known, but one workman deliberately ran to the danger spot to stop the engine, reaching the contorting muzzle of the severed pipe just in time to get the full force of the blast against his breast. He was picked up in the street with nearly every bone in his body broken.

Another workman swung himself to the other end

On another building that is not yet completed, only the other day a great steel beam was being brought up to a dizzy height by hoisting apparatus. As it passed a girder on which several men were at work, the beam turned just enough out of its course to push one of them off. The men monkeys who build the modern Babels are accustomed to think and act quickly, however, and this one turned in a flash and seized the beam as it touched him, swinging out on its extreme end over the street. The big piece of steel had been perfectly balanced, but the weight of the man was sufficient to move the end to which he clung slowly down, and it would have been impossible for him to retain his grasp after it had been deflected beyond a certain angle. Another workman on the same girder took in the situation as it occurred, and, with the return movement of the big beam, swung himself to the other end of it from that to which his fellow craftsman hung, balancing it again, and was lifted with him out over eternity. The engineer was signalled the next second, however, and the beam was hurriedly lowered to the ground, where both men arrived safely.

In Medway, Kentucky, last April, a workman in a brewery had occasion to go into a vault to repair a gas making machine. While he was at work on it an escape of gas occurred, and he was overcome. A fellow workman, who, incidentally, was an enemy of the other, went down into the vault to get him out. The vault was entered by a manhole just big enough to admit a man's body, the bottom being reached by a narrow, horizontal iron ladder. There was no rope at hand, and no time to lose. Only stopping to tie a handkerchief over his mouth and nose, the rescuer went down into the vault and brought the senseless man to the top of the ladder, where other workmen attempted to lift him out, but, being unable to do so,

The rescuer brought the senseless man to the top of the ladder

they had to let him drop. The rescuer, almost overcome by his exertions, came out of the noxious vault only long enough to get a breath of pure air, and then went back after his enemy, getting him to the manhole once more, where the others were again forced to drop him. The hero made a third attempt, which was successful, and he himself dropped unconscious beside the man he had rescued.

Last autumn there was an explosion of gas in a small coal mine near Edwardsville, Pennsylvania, in which four men were at work. Of these four, three were disabled by their injuries, the other effecting his escape with a broken arm, but unaware of the plight of his comrades. On reaching the top of the ninety-foot slope, at the bottom of which the catastrophe had occurred, and finding that his fellow workmen did not appear from the gloomy depth, there being no one to send to their assistance within a considerable distance, this hero went back after them himself, in spite of his broken arm and although deadly black damp was gathering and the shaken roof of the slope was threatening every moment to fall in. He found the three men, each of them so badly hurt as to be absolutely helpless; and, while the black damp grew continually denser and the peril of the shaking roof greater, he dragged them one after the other to a place of safety.

Not long ago a big man and a little man were carrying a riveting machine along a stretch of the Chicago elevated railroad that was undergoing repairs, high enough above the street to make a fall almost certainly fatal. The big man, who weighed two hundred pounds and was walking ahead of the other, stumbled and fell over the side of the track near a switch, at a point where the tracks were about four feet apart. He clutched at the framework of the structure as he went down, delaying his fall just long enough for the little man, who weighed one hundred and thirty pounds, but was extremely muscular and wiry, to seize

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him by a leg. To prevent both dropping into the street, the wiry little man, with both hands occupied, fell across the gap between the trucks, coming down on his face with such force as to break his jaw, but, nevertheless, getting his chin over a cleat on the wood-work by pure luck, and managing to hold with his feet to the track on which he had originally stood. In this position, his rigid body across the gap between the trucks sustaining the weight of the two-hundred-pound man, to whose leg he still clung while the other hung head downward, the little man, in spite of the excruciating pain of his broken jaw, remained until fellow workmen came to the rescue.

In the province of Chihuahua, in Mexico, one day last summer, a freight train was lying on a siding at a wayside station in the middle of a village of some thousand inhabitants. The conductor and engineer, with their crew, were at dinner in the station hotel when one of the cars caught fire, the villagers immediately flocking to the scene. The railroad men sprang from the table in consternation, for they knew what the villagers did not—that there was enough dynamite on the train to level the village and exterminate its inhabitants, and that it might be exploded at any moment. There was a hurried consultation among the men, when the conductor noticed that the engineer was missing, and came to the natural conclusion that he had put the first law of nature into operation and bolted, in order to be as far as possible from the explosion when it should occur. Before pursuing that course himself the conductor, while his men dispersed and sought the horizon, rushed to the villagers who surrounded the burning train and bade them flee for their lives. While he was frantically endeavoring to make the bewildered natives understand the situation, the train suddenly pulled out of the station, and he saw the engineer waving farewell to him from the cab of the engine. It was a final farewell, for the dynamite exploded a quarter of a mile down the track, and not one relic of the hero who had saved the village was found.

These few incidents, among thousands that are constantly occurring and never heard of, serve to give an idea of the every-day heroism of the daring men who work at the more perilous tasks, and there are as striking, if fewer, instances of bravery in all the occupations into which the element of danger enters. Probably the most hazardous work in any of the trades is that of the housesmiths and bridgemen, as the men monkeys who make their livelihood on slender footing high in air call themselves. As an illustration it may be mentioned that, according to figures furnished by the "Housesmiths" and Bridgemen's Union, the construction of the Queensboro Bridge cost the lives of 55 men, with a list of others injured that it was impossible for them to keep any track of. The Chicago Bridgemen and Structural Ironworkers' Union reported last year that out of a total membership of 1,388 men, 147 had been killed and injured—34 killed, 13 totally disabled, and 100 less seriously hurt—and that 26 had been killed, an equal number permanently disabled, and 80 subjected to minor injuries in 1907. It was formerly estimated that a skyscraper cost a human life for each floor, but that is not true nowadays, though 20 men lost their lives during the construction of a famous hotel that has been recently opened. There have been comparatively few deaths involved in the erection of the two tallest buildings in the world, the Metropolitan and Singer towers.

If bravery were a matter of degree, it might be interesting to compare the value essential in the instance of the soldier storming a battery, in that of the policemen who puts himself in the path of a runaway horse, in that of the fireman who braves flame and smoke in the discharge of his duty, and in that of the dim Bludsoes on waterways and railroads who die at their posts to save their passengers, with that of the humble working man who, at a moment's notice and without dramatic stimulus or the chance of reward, offers up his life, undergoes cruel injury, or takes a deadly risk for others of his kind.

Artillery Against Air-craft

By Newton Forest

DURING all ages nations have vied with one another in the inventions of weapons of offence and defence in order that peace may be had between them. But in modern times this test of ingenuity has been more pronounced. First it would be the armor that would resist the ram of projectile hurled against it, then it would be the shell that conquered the armor plate, and so the fight goes on. We have great battleships, but we have smaller and swifter vessels to keep an eye on them, and we have torpedo-boats to destroy them. But no sooner were the torpedo-boats launched than the outfitting of a craft—the torpedo-boat destroyer—was begun to take care of them. And so it comes on down the line, until we reach the very latest weapon of defence—the air-ship gun.

Like every other weapon of offence, the air ship—and hardly before it has settled in our midst—has been followed by a weapon of defence against its attacks. This modern dog of war was designed and manufactured by the Krupp works at Essen, and has been placed at the disposal of the German War Office, by which its adoption is most certain. The new invention is made from the Krupp crucible nickel steel, which accounts in a large measure for the high reputation of the Krupp ordnance. For a given calibre Krupp can be expected to produce a lighter gun and one capable of withstanding greater pressure, which means a greater muzzle velocity and striking energy. This fact was demonstrated some few years ago when these works produced a field-gun after American specifications which afforded a greater effective shrapnel range of less weight than the type of American gun. Therefore, this new air-ship destroyer has a maximum shrapnel range with a minimum weight, both of which are considered most essential in reckoning with a fast-flying aeroplane.

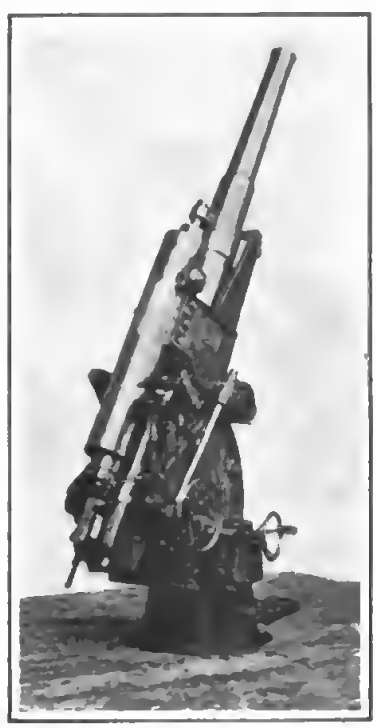
Of course in the defence against aerial attack, the firing of the gun must necessarily be of the high-angle kind; and the weapon must be capable of rapid training of a wide arc. All of these conditions are met by the new invention, one of which is mobile for operation in the field, and the other designed for a fixed position either on fortifications or on board ship, or, as the inventor says, it might also be used on a heavy auto truck. The field-piece is of two-and-one-half-inch calibre, and fires a nine-pound shell with a velocity of 2,000 feet per second. The gun is mounted to slide on a chassis, in which is contained the spring-recoil mechanism. The chassis is pivoted near the breech of the gun, and elevation is secured by means of a large vertical hand-operated screw. The methods adopted for traversing the gun, which can be moved through a radius of three hundred and sixty degrees, are most ingenious. A large pin passes through the trail of the gun-carriage into a fixed shoe which is driven into the ground. The two wheels of the carriage are attached in a pivotal way near the front of the carriage, and by means of a hand-wheel and suitable gear they may be swung around in front of the gun until their axles are radial to the fixed trail pin mentioned above. By this ingenious arrangement the entire gun carriage can be easily and quickly traversed through a complete circle. But this is not all; the gun itself, by means of a system of swivel bearings which permit of a rapid change independently of the carriage, may be traversed so as to be aimed at any point within a circle.

A novel feature of this new gun is the means adopted which enables the gunner to follow the course of the fired projectile. The shells used are so designed that they are ignited at the moment the gun is discharged, and the slow-combustion material with which they are filled burns slowly and emits much smoke. This smoke leaves a trail through the air similar to that of a skyrocket, which marks the exact line of flight of the projectile. This enables the gun-pointer to see at a glance whether he has overshot or undershot his target, and to adjust his gun accordingly. This type of shell is designed particularly for use against balloons or dirigible air-craft. Such a shell passing through the gas-bag of a dirigible would ignite the gas, and the consequent disastrous explosion would follow.

But for defence against the fast-flying aeroplane some other destructive missile must be hurled, and for this purpose it is believed that a shell of shrapnel will be used. Of course the gun-pointer could be guided as to his range by the bursting of such a shell. To stop the flight of a fleeting aeroplane with a single shot from a cannon would require greater skill than that necessary to stop a flying pigeon with a rifle. But to wreck the craft with a shrapnel-shell might be compared with the ease with which a bird in flight is brought down with a shot-gun, notwithstanding the fact that the air-craft of the future will probably travel at the rate of a mile a minute.

Not only is the German government considering seriously the adoption of this new gun as a part of its field and coast artillery, but the British government also is considering certain inventions devised for the same purpose. The War Department at Washington, too, has not lost sight of the fact that in the future the air-craft is a thing to be reckoned with, and it is also devising plans for attacking the future engines of war. For the purpose of obtaining a gun which can shoot at aerial craft without having the recoil drive the gun into the ground, experiments are soon to be made at the Sandy Hook proving grounds. Though there are many other difficulties to overcome, the recoil is the first and has been deemed the most important, because the information cannot be obtained until a gun carriage can be made which has provisions for the recoil. A model of a gun-carriage which will prevent a gun from being smashed at each firing has been perfected, but what the result will be with the real carriage in operation remains to be seen.

The balloons and air ships have made it necessary for artillerymen to work out a new set of mathematical tables for firing at air-craft, but it remains for actual tests, such as will be conducted at Sandy Hook, to demonstrate the accuracy of their work. There is no time when actual war is in progress, to do that kind of work. The experiments at Sandy Hook will be carried on with guns of the field battery type, because it is believed that if the recoil feature can be overcome with the portable gun it would be an easy matter to conquer it on the stationary type.



Guns that have been devised for repulsing attacks by air-ships

THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH REPRESENTS A TWELVE-POUNDER, FOR USE ON BATTLESHIPS AND FORTIFICATIONS, WHILE THE LOWER ONE IS A FIELD-GUN WHICH MAY SWING IN A CIRCLE AROUND A TRAIL PIVOT

Norway's Leader of Women

A PEN-PICTURE OF GINA KROG, WHO ORGANIZED THE SUCCESSFUL WOMAN-SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT IN HER COUNTRY TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO

By Hanna Astrup Larsen

NORWEGIANS like to say that, while new ideas may originate in the great outside world, they blossom and bear their earliest fruit in the small countries. In a State no larger than Norway reforms may be inaugurated without setting in motion the ponderous machinery that would be required in England or in the United States. One dominant personality wired with a great thought may send a vibrant thrill from the centre of the nation to its remotest corner. Gina Krog, the leader of the equal-suffrage movement in Norway, is such a force, and her success has been unparalleled in the history of the women's campaigns. Her countrywomen will celebrate, on the 28th of June this year, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first organized movement for bettering their position. In the autumn they will cast their first parliamentary ballot, and Norway becomes the only free and sovereign nation in the world to give its women practically the same political rights as those of men. A slight restriction in the form of a property clause still hedges about the woman's vote, but this will probably soon be removed and the suffrage will be universal for both sexes.

Some of the greenbriers that had held women behind stone walls were shattered before Miss Krog's time, and in others there were large-sized cracks. But it was her voice that first called on her countrymen to bring bricks and mortar for a new structure; her hand laid the foundations; she worked with the hammer and the trowel, and now she is ready to let the flag fly from the steeple. At present she is in this country to attend the International Council of Women in Toronto. She travels with a subvention granted her by the Storthing, the best proof of how she has won and merely expresses, but whole-hearted co-operation from her people.

Miss Krog is a sturdy woman and gives the impression of great physical and mental vigor. There is something majestic in her presence. Her eyes flash when she tells of some good fight that has been won or of one yet to be begun. In the warm clasp of her hands, the sweetness of her voice, and the humorous smile that hovers about her lips just within call, though rarely breaking quite through the seriousness, we read much of the reason why she has been able to run counter to her world without antagonizing it. Intuitively we know why she has won in twenty-five years what Englishwomen have strained after in vain for twice that length of time and American women for almost three times as long. Other great leaders have had the same gracious qualities, but in the mass of a larger nation their individuality could not make itself felt to the same extent. In the case of Miss Krog it has leavened the whole army of her followers and been a subtle influence to disarm the most rabid of her opponents.

She is stern in her judgments, but there is always a deep pity not only for the one that suffers, but also for the one that unwittingly or in weakness inflicts wrong. She is absolutely fearless in stating the truth as she sees it, but the barb is often deftly tipped with humor. Her hearers laugh with her—never at her—and she has them in the hollow of her hand. Then her voice deepens, her manner grows tense, and in a few words full of a sombre, restrained passion she makes her appeal for the cause that is her life. She is a little brusque in her impatience of those that join the ranks, now that it is fashionable and reap the benefits after shirking the labor. "But, after all"—she smiles—"they missed the best part of it. There is no joy like fighting for a cause."

Of herself she says: "I think I was born a suffragist. I began by fighting with the boys about who was more to blame, Adam or Eve. As I grew up, I saw more and more how unfairly women were treated. Of course I was influenced by Camilla Collett and Susan B. Anthony, but only in this way: that it helped me to hear them say what I had already understood. Even John Stuart Mill did not make any real difference; everything he said seemed so self-evident."

The feminine divinity described by the poets in the middle of the last century was a cross between the Arcadian shepherdess and the "elegant female." She was monotonously blond, for that was considered the most feminine type of beauty. She wore sprigged muslin with a cluster of forget-me-nots on her bosom and a medallion with a lock of hair in it around her neck. She read little except verses that tinkled with

Miss Gina Krog

the approved sentiments, for much knowledge was not serenely. As a certain one among their own poetesses has said in advice to young maidens,

> "Seek not to know the names of stars . . .
> Nor things that sleep beneath the sod."

Of course she never knew the state of her own heart, and when her lover began his declaration she always "started with exquisite surprise," though by the time he had finished—declarations must have been long in those days—she had usually recovered sufficiently to murmur a timid "Yes." In due course of time they were married and had twelve children, and the divinity kept the house. The poets left her there.

Camilla Collett first dared to write that the fair nonentity owned a heart quite human, beating with tumultuous passion or smarting from a thousand wounds inflicted by a careless masculine brutality from which there was no redress. She even hinted that the maiden's blushing "Yes" often veiled a sheer panic lest the only eligible man in her narrow circle should escape her; for—poor little divinity!—what else was there in her life? A scandalized society called Mrs. Collett a "hysterical female." Aasta Hansteen, a fiery, eccentric little woman, the original of Lona Hessel in *Pillars of Society*, came after her; she was made the butt of such coarse ridicule that she had to go and hide away in America. But the men writers were taking up the subjects first broached by the women. Ibsen had shown what a degrading position many wives occupied in apparently respectable homes. Still no one offered any solution.

The new day came with Gina Krog. She pointed to the conditions revealed in the new fire-brand books, hooked her countrymen in the face, and said: "These things being so, what are you going to do about it?" More than that, she told them what in her judgment should be done to give women larger opportunities and make them no longer dependent upon their emotional life, in which, as matters stood, they were paupers living on the crumbs thrown them by men. Strangest of all, the country listened. It was not used to being instructed by a girl. It was considered quite heinous at that time for a woman to speak in public at all. Up to that time Miss Krog had been known chiefly for the beauty and grace that made her a favorite in society. Yet she had even then the qualities that made an old-fashioned lady say to her daughters: "Wherever Gina Krog leads you may all safely follow."

A series of newspaper articles written by her crystallized the relentless theories of the day into that society for the promotion of the cause of women which celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary this summer. It was a large body, consisting of both men and women, and it indulged in only the mildest hug-distance flirtation with the suffrage question. Yet it caused a sensation all over the country. The mere fact that woman should have any distinct cause at all was quite revolutionary. There was a little club consisting of the half-dozen women students, and they discussed "everything in heaven and earth, but chiefly the woman question." A three-volume history of the suffrage movement in the United States inscribed to Miss Anthony's writing to "The women of Norway" had been received and was eagerly read. From these sources Gina Krog was gathering material for the greater fight to come.

In the autumn of 1885 she delivered the first lecture advocating votes for women ever heard in Norway. Shortly afterward an equal suffrage society was formed, consisting of twelve women, with Miss Krog as the president. The enthusiasm of many soon effervesced itself away. In the dark days, when it was time for the heavy leaden and the long pull, the leader often felt herself almost alone. But the cause advanced. The government gave women admittance to the professional schools, and by adding the school of domestic science conducted by the suffrage association acknowledged housework as one of the professions entitled to state support just as much as law and medicine. Considerable progress has been made toward the ideal of equal pay for equal work. Women may serve on juries and act as foremen. They serve on the boards of directors of schools, hospitals and asylums, and as factory inspectors. They may be appointed to many of the offices under the government. The suffrage has been given them gradually; they voted first in church matters, then in the municipality, and both obtained the parliamentary ballot carrying with it eligibility to the Storthing, or national legislative assembly. New societies have been formed, and Miss Krog is now president of the National Council of Women, which includes a great many organizations of various character and is itself a part of the international body. Last year she was the official representative of the Norwegian government to the convention of the International Suffrage Alliance in Amsterdam. For a number of years she has edited and published the review *Nylaende* (Fresh Fields).

The Plans for a United States Aerial Navy

THE United States has taken its first step toward the use of air ships in time of war. This step was publicly proclaimed through the issuance by Secretary of War Dickinson to Major George O. Squier, of the Signal Corps, of instructions to prepare a complete set of plans for the protection of the American seaboard by means of dirigible balloons and other aerial craft. This new aeronautic auxiliary army is intended to become a part of our Signal Corps service, and to be classed as an addition to the coast defence.

The recent achievement of the Zeppelin balloon has influenced the War Department to set forth its plans for the consideration of Congress and the country at large. The demonstration of the ability of the German dirigible to make a protracted flight of many hours' duration and to cover nine hundred miles in her course should arouse the United States to a realization of the progress that has been made in aerial navigation. It is in anticipation of favorable action on the part of Congress that Major Squier has been authorized to draw up his plans for a dirigible coast patrol. Appropriations for aeronautical funds for our army have hitherto been exceedingly slight, because it was claimed that the art of flying was still in the experimental stage, but now such objections are removed and the willing co-operation of Congress in this new venture is expected.

Although the plans ordered of Major Squier have not yet been technically outlined, the general line to be carried out has been decided upon. The entire Atlantic coast from Passamaquoddy Bay, Maine, to the Florida Keys, a distance of fifteen hundred miles, is to be separated into elliptical areas approximately two hundred and fifty miles in length. At the centres of these divisions will be located aerial stations and supply depots—probably two or three balloon houses to be grouped together. As far as possible these stations would be located in the vicinity of coast fortifications, so that the two could work in conjunction and afford mutual protection.

Seven stations along the Atlantic coast could keep a close watch upon that seaboard. Portland, Maine, with its extensive fortifications, would probably be selected as the station farthest north. Newport, Rhode Island, would furnish another location, and from that centre Boston Harbor, Portsmouth, Cape Cod, Buzzards Bay, and west to the entrance of Long Island Sound could be patrolled. A station at Sandy Hook, protected by Fort Hancock, would command Long Island, New York Harbor, the Jersey coast, and the approaches to Philadelphia. Since New York City would certainly be a point of attack for any hostile fleet, a station would probably be erected at Cape May in order to relieve the one at Sandy Hook from going too far from its base. Chesapeake Bay and the ports of Norfolk and Baltimore could be guarded by a station at Newport News, while the rest of the coast would be protected by posts at Charleston, South Carolina, and at Key West, Florida.

The dirigibles necessary for reliable work would have envelopes at least two hundred feet in length, twice as long as the present United States Dirigible No. 1, which really is nothing more than an experimental type. If it should prove advisable, a small fleet of aeroplanes might be maintained to act as couriers between the stations or to make quick flights when carrying important orders in haste.

These new coast defence plans must provide for a carefully arranged system of signalling by night between the air ships and the stations and coast fortifications. Undoubtedly vertical search lights will be used for this purpose, and will serve to locate the various batteries and the balloon houses.

If the proposal of the War Department receives the sanction of Congress—and of course the adoption of the entire plan rests with that body—the Signal Corps will ask for an appropriation to make a chart of the air currents along the coast. Most authorities believe that these currents bear a fixed relation to one another, and therefore, once this determined, the navigation of air ships would be greatly simplified. The captain of a dirigible could then choose the most favorable course as easily as a steamer picks its channel.

There is no denying the fact that the establishment of an aerial coast patrol would necessitate a great expenditure at first, and a large annual appropriation. The stations would have to be equipped with plants for the manufacture of hydrogen gas, and possess complete repair-shops, storehouses, and living-quarters. Nevertheless, if war should come and this country be open to the attack of an enemy's fleet, an aerial defence system might prove the best investment that could possibly have been made.

The Influence of Capitals

By Sydney Brooks

LONDON CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY"

Illustrations by J. A. Williams

A COUNTRY searching for a capital is a quaint, an agitating, but scarcely a unique spectacle. Most nations, indeed, are spared its anxieties; chance has solved the problem for them, and the task of deliberate selection has been obviated by the unmuddered play of events. The phenomenon of a nation without a capital is, in fact, quite a modern one, and history, perhaps, has oftener exhibited the contrary case of a capital without a nation. Sometimes the whims of rulers settle the question with offhand regality and no suspicion of its fatefulness. A Peter the Great, for instance, suddenly forsakes Moscow and decrees that a new capital is to arise on the banks of the Neva. A Philip II., turning his back on Lisbon, on Seville, on Salamanca and Toledo, builds the Escurial at Madrid. But the normal thing is for the evolution of a capital either to precede or unconsciously to keep pace with the evolution of nationality, and the general run of mankind accepts the resultant as unreflectingly in the one case as in the other.

When, however, a number of separate States, each more or less equal in population, wealth, and importance, and revolving around no common and dominant centre, agree to form a single political whole, they usually find the question of a capital one of the most crucial and contentious that they are called upon to solve. Germany escaped the problem because of the overwhelming strength of Prussia and the admitted supremacy of Berlin. When Italy became united the pre-eminent claims of Rome to be the official headquarters of the new kingdom were beyond challenge or dispute. But with Australia and South Africa, as with the United States, the case has been very different. Australia achieved Federation several years ago, but only recently succeeded, if indeed it did succeed, in deciding upon the site of the future Federal capital. For the best part of a decade the continent has been kept on a ferment by the jealousies of the constituent states and the vreatries of the big cities like Sydney and Melbourne; and the upshot of it all is that the Australasian capital will arise somewhere in the outer solitudes.

South Africa began feeling her way toward unity in the closing months of 1908. She found at once that there was no impediment more thorny and stubborn than that of the choice of a capital. The men from the Cape would not listen to any other city but Cape Town. The men from the Transvaal were equally insistent on Pretoria; and round the two chief protagonists hovered the men from the Orange River Colony, blindly suggesting Bloemfontein as a compromise. For months the kettle raged, embittered by the passions, loyalties, and greed of a tenacious particularism. The states of South Africa, one and all, declined to get married before they knew where they were to set up housekeeping, and the question of domicile soon became for them more vexed and delicate than the question whether they were to be united at all. In the end, as the only way of breaking the deadlock, it was decided to erect three separate establishments. The United States of South Africa will have a triple capital—an administrative one in Pretoria, a legislative one a thousand miles away in Cape Town, and a judicial one in Bloemfontein.

It must give Americans a sense of considerable dearness to observe with what curious carefulness their own experiences have been duplicated in the Antipodes and South Africa. The forces and emotions that have stirred the latest-born democracies are the same forces and emotions that one hundred and twenty years ago moved Americans to fix the seat of the Federal government on a stretch of swampy woodland, far away from the real life of the nation. Then, as now, every State was willing that the capital should be erected within its own, but not within its neighbor's boundaries. Then, as now, every city and village was prepared to be the capital itself, but would not countenance for a moment the claims of any rival. Other influences were at work, too. The founders of the American Commonwealth distrusted the people almost as fervently as they distrusted George III., and they were ready to do anything rather than expose the national legislature to the risk of being overawed by "the mob." Others, again, were obsessed with the idea that the purity of politics could only be kept at a high level by planting the capital in some remote, sylvan, and thoroughly aboriginal spot. But, above all things, it was as the result of a compromise, which was itself the result of a process of exhaustion, that Washington came into being.

Few cities have had a stranger birth. Washington was the lawmaking and administrative centre of the United States for many years before it had houses or population. It was the capital of a great country before it was a city, before it even existed, when it was nothing, literally nothing, but swamp and scrub. When the Government "moved in" in 1800 there were only the President's mansion, two wings, one of them incomplete, of the national legislature, a tavern and half a dozen wooden shanties to receive them. The streets were indicated by felled trees; the nearest lodgings were three miles away; and the members of Congress, flung down on this desolate and chaotic village, began to pine for the fleshpots of Philadelphia. Even after the Civil War, even as late as the early seventies, Washington was three parts mud, with wooden sidewalks, pigs rooting within half a block of the White House, and negroes squatting everywhere. It is only within the last thirty years that Americans have taken the trouble to be proud of their capital and have set themselves to convert it from a city of magnificent intentions into a city of magnificent realities.

To this day, and for as far into the future as one can pierce, Washington bears and will continue to bear the marks of the primeval influences that shaped it. It betrays them physically when, in half an hour's drive from its faultless pavements, one finds oneself ankle-deep in mud. It betrays them in being the largest negro city in the world. It betrays them, again, in the impression the visitor receives of its being at once the most and the least American city in America. It is the most American because there, if anywhere, one feels one is assisting at the great composite panorama of American life. The city is a national reservoir fed by unnumbered tributaries. It is the clearing-house for the humanity of the entire continent. Underneath the Rotunda of the House of Congress you will assuredly, sooner or later, meet every American you have ever known. Washington, alone on the American continent, approaches the European display of "show-places" and offers the same easy target to the tripper; and this, while not necessarily enhancing its attractions, adds immensely to the comprehensiveness of its summing-up and makes it beyond all rivals a distillation of the whole country. A capital in which you can always find some one who can tell you at first hand what is going on, what is being said and felt, in any part of the country over which it presides, is a capital with an indisputable title to be considered representative; and it is in this title which Washington, at any rate during the months when Congress is sitting, may legitimately prefer.

Even as late as the early seventies Washington was three parts mud, with pigs rooting within half a block of the White House

But the proviso is significant. It is only when Congress is in session that Washington achieves its representative effect. Take away the legislators and their camp followers and families, and the sightseers, and it becomes a mere wilderness of hotels, government offices, and boarding-houses. What, in other words, gives Washington at times its air of being a condensation of America is the vastness and variety of its floating population. But you cannot compress a society out of a floating population, hotels, and boarding houses, and the real Washington, the part that counts, is like some small and exquisite piece of embroidery overweighted with a fringe that is neither small nor exquisite. The social structure of the American capital is that of a mansion whose vestibule is spacious and easy of access, but whose inner sanctums are closely guarded; and it is when he reaches these penetralia that the European visitor becomes conscious of something singularly un-American in the atmosphere and company.

He finds there an American community doing un-American things, leading an un-American life, a society that has escaped the dollar mark, that neither talks business nor thinks it, that makes the ideals of Chicago and New York its laughing-stock, and deliberately isolates itself for the cultivation of the lighter amenities. There is a graciousness, a benignity, a leisureliness about the ordering of existence in Washington that he finds nowhere else in America, and something that captivates him as a central prize in the galloping existence of the country, a flavor and distinction stamped by the quality that separates French literature from the literature of all other lands—the quality, above all things, of agreeableness. Washington society has its own standard of values, lives for conversation and entertainment, is never on parade, takes commerce and all its banalities for granted, dispenses hospitality with the delightful ease, assurance, and finish that only cultivation brings, and plays at the problems and embellishments of a democratic court with unfailing zest. But all this, while it differentiates life in Washington from life in any other American city, investing it, indeed, by comparison with a quasi-regal atmosphere, does not make Washington in any vital sense a capital. The place the beautiful city on the banks of the Potomac occupies among her sisters is one of distinction, but not one of authority. Except, indeed, officially, one hardly thinks of Washington as the capital of the United States, so egregiously is it dwarfed in wealth, size, and commercial and political importance by other cities. It lies, and to a great extent must always lie, in a backwater, apart from the central stream of national life and beyond the possibilities of such leadership as one associates with Paris and London. It radiates next to nothing. It has no commerce and no manufactures and no influence over the arts and letters of the American people. Neither in politics nor in finance nor in social prestige can it ever become to America what Rome is to Italy or Berlin to Germany. The day is infinitely distant, and in all probability will never come at all, when every American artist, author, dramatist, and musician will turn instinctively toward Washington. So far as one can see, its fate is to remain forever what it is now, the chief administrative and legislative foundry of the country, set round a small, secluded, and attractive social framework.

If America supplies the supreme instance of one type of capital, England furnishes, in London, its precise opposite. London is all that Washington is, and far, far more. It is not only the biggest capital in the world, but the most comprehensive. None other, with the doubtful exception of Paris, absorbs so much of the life around it. When the Washington "season" opens, America remains unmoved or, at the most, is mildly interested. When the London "season" opens, the English provinces become a mere suburb of the sprawling metropolis, and the event takes on a national sweep. I might almost say a Continental sweep. Paris no longer pretends to the social supremacy of Europe. It lost it when the Second Empire fell, and when Republicanism arrived to destroy the salon and to sectionalize that brilliant society which was once the admiration and the despair of Europe. London without an effort and almost unconsciously has captured the prize, its gorgeousness, fatness, and cosmopolitan tone. London to-day outrivals the Paris of the third Napoleon. It dominates the social world of Europe as New York dominates the social world of America.

Most of all does London dominate England. It is the centre of society, the seat of Royalty, the scene of the thousand and one ceremonies and festivities that go with a Court, the capital of the Kingdom, the capital and the heartbottome of the Empire, the headquarters of finance and law, the home of the national legislature, the court of judgment on the drama, letters, fashions, music, and art, and an irresistible magnet for every kind of ambition and distinction. If it ever took the trouble to boast of anything, it might well boast of the richness and variety of the life and opportunities it has to offer. London answers to all moods, to all desires, to all natures. No one ever compasses the whole of it, yet nobody need ever feel isolated. It amalgamates all elements and takes an ear of corn from every harvest. The career is fully open to talent, and to all kinds of talent, and the social resultant is a marvellous, an incomparable blend. Those who have once been initiated into its spirit of easy-goingness and tolerant

equability, its large atmosphere, can live nowhere else without missing more than they find. One feels oneself there at the centre of things, right at the heart of all that is happening. New York is a little world to itself, and neither quite American nor quite European; but London is the world itself compressed into a few square miles.

And better than all this, for the lover of London, are the smoothness and mellowness of its social tone, the way it never "entusses" or gets excited or asks questions, the way it takes everything for granted, its repose, its cool and settled outlook, its tranquil immobility. The London code is an spurious as any society's must be which has agreed that tolerance is the king of social gifts; and London, itself, has all the vices and all the charms. It is as wicked and cold-blooded as it is resplendent and fascinating. Its heart, if it has one, is sheathed in callousness and fenced round with disdain for little things, with indifference to the non-essentials of social intercourse, with wide forgiving humors, with a contemptuous freedom from fussiness and conventions. Beyond all cities it knows and teaches the art of life.

Mr. Henry James once asked whether the English could really be said to deserve London. If to suffer for it and through it is to establish a title to its possession and enjoyment, then they do. London's account with England is not all gain on either side. The metropolis is not only too big for itself—so big, indeed, that it has no civic consciousness or sense of a corporate life or local pride—but it is too big for England. It more than dominates the country; it drains, impoverishes, debauches it. "Sick of prey, yet howling on for more," it lantras upon the national life like a vampire. It is not merely the capital of the Kingdom, but its incubus and tyrant. To one great department of thought and activity, it is true, its calm absolutism does not extend. London is no politician. There is no city in which it is so hard to start a "movement." Its political opinions are the opinions of clubland and the West End. The great forces that have shaken England in the past have almost without exception been generated in the provinces. I doubt, indeed, whether it would be possible to point to a single political movement of real consequence and say, "This had its birth in London," or, "But for London and the power and support of London this would never have succeeded."

A Peter the Great decrees that a new capital is to arise on the banks of the Neva

The Stuarts, who dreaded and tried to limit its physical growth, seeing in the Lord Mayor a not impossible rival of the future, would be amazed to learn that a London, swollen a hundredfold beyond the village of their days, was so far from being a political peril as to be incapable of and indifferent to the first qualities of political leadership. It is too huge, too languid, accommodating, and good-humored, to be an English Paris. Manchester and Birmingham have each in turn set the country in a blaze, but London discounts everything and originates nothing. It is the last city in Great Britain to set the Thames on fire. It has neither the compactness nor the uniformity nor the manageableness essential to a community that aspires to gather itself into a single thunderbolt. To London politics are a social diversion. It gossips of them but does not guide them, and only influences them—but there its influence is considerable—through the channels of society. Local government is perhaps in any case too highly developed in Great Britain to admit of London's reaching and holding a real potent ascendency. But even if that were not so, its size and inertia, its comfortable unworrying attitude toward life and its concentration upon society, would be a fatal handicap; as well as the subtle influences of differentiation that tend to make it less a condensation of England than an amorphous by-product. London becomes, if anything, less representative of the political thought of the nation with every year that passes. It is usually only in times of war or of some great emergency, when the national energy in all other directions is more or less suspended, that London becomes even partially synonymous with England and epitomizes and focusses its militant, unflinching spirit.

In this Paris is its physical antithesis. There is a well-known passage in which Arthur Young, in the crisis of the Revolution, describes how he found himself at Moulins, the capital of the Bourbonnais, on the great post-road to Italy; how he went into the best coffee-house and discovered a newspaper to be as unprocurable as an elephant; how there was nobody to tell him, because nobody knew or troubled to inquire, whether Lafayette or Mirabeau or Louis XVI. were on the throne. Could such a people as this, he cries, ever have made a revolution or become free? "Never in a thousand years. The enlightened mob of Paris have done the whole." It was the plain truth then: it is scarcely less than the plain truth now. Put all you please on the other side—increase of intelligence, of habits of local self-government, of development of communications, and so on—it remains the fact that Paris, at any crisis, is still the head, the heart, the conscience of France, and at all times wields a political influence over her far more complete, more active and more acknowledged than London even pretends to exercise over England. This is so even though Parisian ascendency is not the absolute and controlling fact it was a hundred years ago, and even though the future promises to diminish it still further.

But apart from politics the two capitals stand relatively on much the same level, exercising over the intellect and achievements of their respective hinterlands an almost identical influence. Every Englishman who writes or paints turns toward London as instinctively as Daudet turned toward Paris. In music, too, it is just the same. London is the only city in the Kingdom where the higher kind of symphonic and operatic music can be persistently cultivated on a large scale. Plays, books, fashions, dinners, all wait expectant on the London verdict or the London lead. The bourse radius is as flagrant a monopolist as the boulevards themselves. Practically all the distinctions and all the creative and critical power of England and France are heaped together in those two cities. There, and there almost alone, do Englishmen and Frenchmen find the kind of atmosphere and intercourse, the opportunities for the sympathetic clash of mind with mind, the stimulus and the environment that make for productivity and flash.

Is a capital of such magnetic and exhausting authority an advantage or otherwise? Is it better for a nation that it should possess one dominating centre like London or Paris, or a collection of more or less equal cities such as exist in the United States? Is a nation better or worse off for escaping the toll which these huge agglomerations exact upon the social health, the intellectual alertness and the political virility of the people? Which does more to improve and increase the quantity and quality of national civilization—concentration at one point or dispersion over several, one supreme and overpowering city or a number of smaller ones? To these questions, if indeed they were ever present to her mind, South Africa has returned but a dubious answer, while the Australians have definitely decided that, whatever the advantages of a real capital, they are not worth a political struggle. The Australian capital of the future will rise, therefore, somewhere in the wilds, and will never be anything but a technical capital, a mere factitious collection of government buildings, lagging far behind other Australian cities in wealth, numbers, trade, and influence, and of less vital and tangible moment to the country than is even Berne to Switzerland or Madrid to Spain.

Mr. Bryce has declared that one of the most interesting experiments in the United States is the unconscious effort that is being made to offset the absence of a single predominant capital by the multiplication all over the country of small centres of light and leading. Which dispensation will produce the best intellectual results he thinks it too early to determine. In politics, he argues, America has lost something in having no city of undisputed primacy to look to, even while she has gained more in escaping thereby the pernicious influence of society on the national legislature. But he hesitates to prophesy whether the "dispersed geniuses" of the United States will be able to accomplish more or less than the concentrated geniuses of cities like London and Paris.

London is the court of judgment on the drama, letters, fashions, music, and art

Goethe, who lived when German sectionalism was at its worst, penned an admiringly envious panegyric of Paris, "where the highest talents of a great kingdom are all assembled in a single spot, and by daily intercourse, strife, and emulation mutually instruct and advance each other." As much might truthfully be said of London. It virtually takes to itself all that is best having in English life. On the other hand it inevitably leaves the rest of the country somewhat bare. The ideal relations between a capital and its hinterland can, perhaps, only be evolved under the Federal system. Such a system generates a healthy local rivalry and pride; it lessens the chances of any one city coming to be regarded as the final authority on every point of politics, art, literature, and social customs; and it encourages each town and State to equip itself with all the accessories that might fit it for the vacant leadership. The competition of the small German states and the opportunities they opened to composers of travelling round a dozen capitals, each with its own orchestra and opera, have undoubtedly been very real influences in the development of German music. Again, the "note" of America, of Kansas City just as much as of New York, is mental alertness and curiosity. There is no section of the country, or at any rate no fairly populous section, that lacks the quickening call of intellectual brightness, stimulus, and exhilaration. It may not always work with the best effect, but it is there just the same; and it is half the secret of American success that it should be there. No doubt also it exists in the English provinces, but to nothing like the same degree. It is neither so extensive nor so intensive, and what there is of it operates more sluggishly.

One of the reasons of this difference is, I think, that England is, and America is not, buggared and overawed by an immense metropolis. The intent wide-awakeness that one encounters all over America has some at least of its roots in local patriotism—a patriotism that functifies in universities, art galleries, museums, technical schools, and in a pervasive determination on the part of the citizens to make their own town and their own State better than their neighbors', the same sort of patriotism that inspired Pericles' tribute to Athens and raised the Italian cities of the Middle Ages, though small and isolated, to the highest power of artistic and intellectual expression. But patriotism of this kind has little chance of flourishing in the shade and propinquity of umbrageous London. There are, indeed, not more than two or three cities in the English provinces that are at pains to be proud of themselves. England pays for the delights and the exaggeration of London in the comparative barrenness and stagnation of life outside the County Council's radius. She pays in the dearth of cities that are well suffering, that have stately public traditions and a dignified and ardent public life, and that labor to become in all things complete in themselves. There is a stimulating rush of blood to the head purchased by the impoverishment of other and not less vital parts; the few gain, the many lose; to live away from the metropolis seems like an irksome sentence of banishment; the country is drained that the capital may dragoon it.

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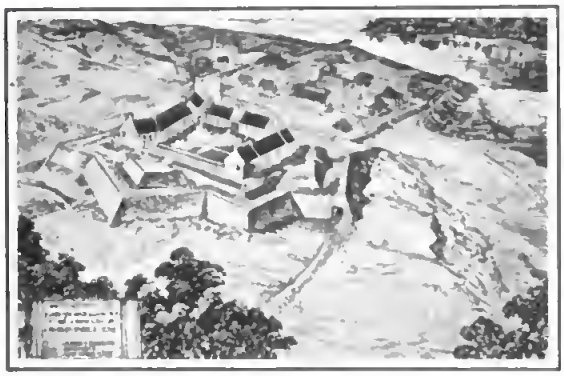
The ruins of Fort Ticonderoga, near Lake Champlain, before the work of restoration began

Mrs. S. H. P. Pell, at whose instance the historic fort is being restored

The old Pell mansion on the lake shore, below the fort, which has also been rebuilt



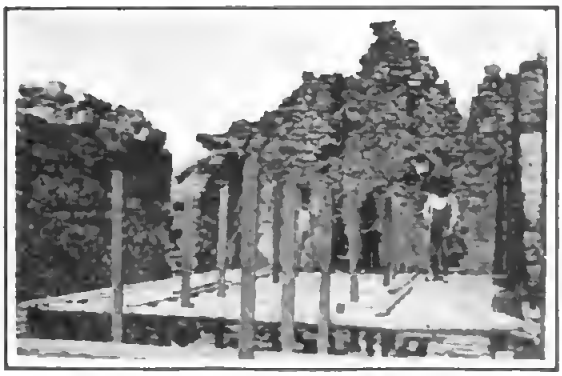
As the fortifications of old Fort Ticonderoga will appear after the work of restoration is completed

The stairs in the centre of the picture are those which Ethan Allen ascended, gaining entrance through the door at the extreme left

A. C. Bossom, the architect, of New York (standing second from the right), explaining the plans for restoration

A general view of the work of reconstruction, showing the flags of England, France, and the United States floating above the contractor's office

Members of the New York Champlain Tercentenary Commission inspecting the work of rebuilding the West Barracks



Laying the floor beams of the West Barracks, where Ethan Allen issued his famous demand of surrender

RESTORING AN HISTORIC FORT

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MISS NANETTE COMSTOCK IN TRAGEDY

THIS POPULAR ACTRESS TAKES A PROMINENT PART IN THE PRODUCTION OF PORTER EMERSON BROWN'S DRAMA, "A FOOL THERE WAS," AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE, NEW YORK

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A Socrates For Chicago

By Charles de Kay

THE new Federal Building in Chicago, which combines post office and Federal court house, is about to have for the decoration of one of the court-rooms a mural painting by William B. Van Ingen, representing Socrates and some friends discussing the nature of justice. The artist won the commission, of which this particular frieze is a part, by engaging in a competition with a dozen painters, the judges being Mr. J. Knox Taylor, superintending architect of the Treasury, and his staff of assistants.

Although the face of Socrates has come down to us in sculpture of a date later than his age, which expresses very clearly the rough-hewn features of the man, the painter has not taken advantage of the likeness, but deliberately placed Socrates in the foreground with his back turned. He has before him the terrace on which the conversation is held—a terrace that commands a landscape suggestive of the isles of Greece, but not of Athens, nor the suburb of Athens where Plato, Xenophon, Alcibiades, and other admirers of the "wisest man in Greece," as the oracle of Delphi characterized him, were wont to foregather for serious or flippant talk. Avoiding the realism that might have introduced the Acropolis in the background, the artist has generalized and sought a landscape and seascape effect to express the placidity of a classic scene.

"Why do I not reproduce the well-known features of Socrates? Because I am not concerned so much with the incident of a chat between the wise man and his friends as with the fact that three or more persons of the age we call classic are deliberating on justice, a subject of the first importance in all ages. An Attican landscape and the personalities of the deliberants are secondary matters; if I were to make them prominent by realism the result would be a historical picture. Now what *I* want is a general impression: what *I* aim for in a decoration proper to a court-room."

Mr. Van Ingen does not specify, as one may readily guess, the identity of the two listeners, for if he is careful not to obtrude the personality of the most important figure, still less would he be likely to label the others with the names of those who most frequented the society of Socrates. These islands are not Salamis or Ægina or little Psittaleia which are seen from Athens, but imaginary lofts covered with trees and arranged so as to form by their varied masses a design or pattern fitted for the interior they decorate.

The white marble of the court-room is to be relieved of its glare by pleasant spaces of wainscot and hay, and the spirit refreshed by the blues and greens of the background, the eyes pleased by the richer tones of the draperies. There is in this conception of a few significant though unspecified figures on a terrace with balustrade overlooking a placid sea a hint of the influence exerted upon modern art by the art of Japan.

Although Mr. Van Ingen has visited Japan and yields to none in his admiration for her art, he considers himself indebted most of all to a couple of American painters. And first to his early master Thomas Eakins, but in later years to John La Farge. One is an uncompromising realist who in his pictures and portraits drives actuality to the verge of brutality—a very Bonnat for adherence to facts, however painful. The other is the great colorist who in later life turned to mural painting and stained glass with the splendid results we know.

And yet one sees little trace of Eakins or La Farge in Van Ingen's mural work. He himself is wont to say that when in perplexity about a matter he finds three sources of inspiration or of comparison, as the case may be—Japanese art, Central Park, and Puvis de Chavannes! A queer trio, as one must own. Certainly he does not follow Puvis de Chavannes in his color-scheme or palette, but it may well be that for the structural design of a wall painting to be placed in an interior that really belongs to the Franco-Italian renaissance no better standard could be sought than the murals of Puvis.

"In composing mural work do I settle the pattern or the arrangement that expresses the subject first? There is no rule—sometimes one, sometimes the other. I cannot imagine proceeding in such matters by schedule; much must be left to chance. The color-scheme might come first. Perhaps that is a weakness in me and may explain why one of my competitors in this work for Chicago, after discussing with me the question of mural painting for some hours, informed me with a good deal of commiseration that I was "not a mural painter at all." The fact that the commission fell to me soon after, in all likelihood, has not changed his opinion. So you see that the best of us are in the dark as in what constitutes true mural work.

"Take Puvis, Sargent, and Abbey in the Boston Library. Could any three men work in ways more distinctly different one from the other? After twenty years of work I have come to the conclusion that there is not one way only of doing mural work; there are not two ways or three. Certain general principles have to be followed, and in the Italian painters we possess examples that so far have not been surpassed. But those principles do not stand in the way when a painter wishes to express his own individuality. He must realize, for example, that the problem for the wall painter is entirely different from that of the easel painter, and understand how difficult it is for a man who paints portraits and the ordinary pictures of the art-market to change his point of view, his methods, and habits of composition and execution when large spaces are to be covered. Wall-painting is the art of carrying out the architecture of the room decorated, and, of course, in the crude way of direct imitation, painting false beams and false panels to create an illusion of architectural effect, but in the subtler way of reinforcing the interior by another yet harmonious art. The mural painter who tries to make his work more important than the architect's misses the mark. The effort to sing too loud ruins the concert."

THE DIMINUTIVE HEIR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS

THE LITTLE BOY IN THE CENTRE OF THE PHOTOGRAPH WILL SOME DAY INHERIT THE ANXIETIES AND FEARS WHICH NOW BURDEN HIS FATHER, WHO STANDS AT HIS RIGHT TALKING WITH THE CZARINA

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Across a Desert in a Motor

A JOURNEY THROUGH MESOPOTAMIA TO BAGDAD

By David Forbes, Jr.

II

A river view at Bagdad, showing the skin boats used by the Arabs

We left Meyadin at dawn on the 19th, with the owner of our inn, who could not be denied a ride, standing on the step. The going is splendid from the very start and gave us the opportunity of showing off the paces of the car, to the great consternation of the innkeeper, who, in a couple of minutes, was screaming with terror and praying as with chattering teeth to be allowed to get down. For the first fifteen miles or so the road is good, and then we entered a stretch of soft sand, with runnels of water—frozen solid that morning. This was hard going, and at one point we had to dismount and shove. Thereafter to the old fortress named Salahiyeh the ground is hard and good.

We ran into Salahiyeh just as the sun began to give some signs of warmth, and much perplexed a big gray wolf prowling among the ruins. From the rains down to the village the road is winding, but good till the village is passed, and then there begins a series of irrigation channels which cannot be crossed, and a way round through the fields had to be found. These little difficulties surmounted, we had a splendid run right on to Gheiam, six hours from Meyadin. From Gheiam onward till Anah is reached the road is rough with innumerable wadis. Most of them can be taken at a run, but the gradients are stiff, and at some points must have been nearly one in one. They caused us not the slightest trouble, and even the approach to Anah, which looks forbidding, being steep, winding, and narrow, was taken without the least difficulty. One enters the town beneath overhanging cliffs, with only room for the motor-car to squeeze between the rocks and mud walls of the village houses.

The street itself, which must exceed six miles in length, was so narrow that it looked as if we could not pass; the barest space exists, and just after dark we ran up to the door of the caravanserai, but found it impossible to enter, and we had to leave the car standing in the street. What would have happened had any carriage passed that way I do not know, for there appeared to be no sidings and no way round; but traffic is limited, and we met no vehicle at any description during that night or the following day. Before reaching Anah we passed through a country teeming with gazelle and partridge, and I shot four partridges and two francolin. I never saw such large coveys of small, gray-legged partridges; each covey seemed to have at least twenty birds, and some double that number. I only remarked this species between Hannam and Anah, but presume they are scattered all over the Syrian desert. Gazelle are plentiful, and again and again we raced them singly and in herds.

I had telegraphed to Anah to have boats ready against our arrival to ferry the car across the Euphrates, but in true Arab fashion nothing had been done, and we had to set to work to find boats. We were promised them for early next morning, and that without fail we should be over the river by midday. On Friday, the 20th, we were up betimes, and were ready to move by seven o'clock. We waited, by no means patiently, till about ten o'clock, when two glorified matchboxes made their appearance, and we were informed that these were the boats on which the car had to cross. It looked risky, but there was nothing for it, and, while the two were being lashed together, and three trunks laid across, I went off to inspect Anah, which we had entered too late to see properly.

Soldiers who ferried the car across the Euphrates

Anah itself is practically one long street, lying between the hills and river, most beautifully situated, and presented a more truly ideal Oriental appearance than any place I had yet seen. Palm trees flourish, and the banks and islands, thanks to the palms, look rich and fertile. From end to end one walks under the shade of waving palm trees, and the cliffs, palms, and river make a scene which of its kind could hardly be surpassed.

Some progress had been made when I returned, and, having made a beginning, it was not long until the ferry was ready. Then I learned that the water was too shallow at this point, and that the nearest practicable spot was an hour's journey down. We had hardly moved off from the khan door when an irrigation channel intercepted us. This had to be demolished, the owners looking quietly on and making no remonstrance. This one passed, another cropped up, and again followed the same performance, our picks and shovels coming in most usefully. We must have torn up at least a couple of dozen before reaching the outskirts of the town. The most surprising thing to me was that no one raised his voice in remonstrance, and, of the crowds that followed, all seemed willing to lend a hand at demolishing their own waterways.

Once clear of the town, the road skirts hills bare of all irrigation, and, in spite of the time lost, we reached the allotted spot long before the boats and men could arrive by river. The man who had contracted to take us over had most vague ideas as to where the car could go, and also as to its weight, his idea being to bring the boats inshore and then lift the car on board. When he had realized the hopelessness of such a project, and the necessity of some inclined plane, he started building a pier at the point chosen, but with only five men he found out, at the end of an hour's hard work, that this would be a big undertaking, and wanted far more men than could be found there to finish it that night. The scheme was then rejected, and off he went down-stream, coming back after a long delay with stories of an ideal spot half an hour's distance off. All work on the pier was therefore abandoned and down-stream we went. The sun was now low on the horizon, and I had given up all hopes of crossing that night, so sat patiently on the bank listening to the weird sounds of the creaking water wheels and the blended, monotonous chants of the sahias singing to their horses as they raise the water for irrigating the fields. The horse moves down an inclined plane to the song of his driver and the creaking of the rope. Then follows silence as he walks back to drop the skin in the river, and again as the strain comes on the horse the same chant rises, and again all is silence. On a quiet evening, such as that on which I sat on a bank of the Euphrates, the sounds in the distance are exactly like those of a flight of geese and most weird and uncanny.

As the sun disappeared below the horizon, the boats hove in sight, and, only waiting to see them moored, we drove back to the outskirts of Anah, where we encamped in the open for the night. Some villagers offered us their huts to sleep in, but inspection sufficed, and we preferred the bare ground and the open sky. We engaged a watchman to stand guard over us, who, immediately we lay down, commenced a dirge which he intended keeping up all night. We soon put a stop to that, but, as he said he would fall asleep unless he sang, we had to do without a watchman. It was bitterly cold and freezing hard, and glad we were when morning broke and we could move on. We had suffered all along from the intense cold at night even under cover, but this was the climax and made us consider ways and means of keeping ourselves warm. Our desert guide was the one to point the way, and showed us the next night that, by digging trenches in the sand to fit our bodies, one could remain snug and warm if adequately covered. The dryness of the atmosphere combined with the cold affected us in another way, making our lips crack and bleed profusely, and during the night, though our bodies were warm, the state of our lips prevented sound sleep.

We found here some soldiers on their way from Bagdad to Deir, and enlisted them in our service; and had most vague ideas as to where the car could go, and also as to its weight, his idea being to bring the boats inshore and then lift the car on board. When he had realized the hopelessness of such a project, and the necessity of some inclined plane, he started building a pier at the point chosen, but with only five men he found out, at the end of an hour's hard work, that this would be a big undertaking, and wanted far more men than could be found there to finish it that night. The scheme was then rejected, and off he went down-stream, coming back after a long delay with stories of an ideal spot half an hour's distance off. All work on the pier was therefore abandoned and down-stream we went. The sun was now low on the horizon, and I had given up all hopes of crossing that night, so sat patiently on the bank listening to the weird sounds of the creaking water wheels and the blended, monotonous chants of the sahias singing to their horses as they raise the water for irrigating the fields. The horse moves down an inclined plane to the song of his driver and the creaking of the rope. Then follows silence as he walks back to drop the skin in the river, and again as the strain comes on the horse the same chant rises, and again all is silence. On a quiet evening, such as that on which I sat on a bank of the Euphrates, the sounds in the distance are exactly like those of a flight of geese and most weird and uncanny.

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The brakes lost their hold and she raced back into the river

The guide who was credited with twelve murders

lucky for us that we did, for without their help we might still be on the wrong side of the Euphrates. One man, who might have been a corporal, took charge of the whole business, collected workmen, and, better still, put life into them. He had men down at the boat by sunrise, almost as soon as the car, and, with the soldiers to back us, we were not long in overcoming all difficulties, and the car was aboard. Our baggage and workmen followed, all tumbled in a heap forward to balance the craft, and the boatmen set to work to shove off. This was more difficult than expected, as the weight of the car had made the boat on one side take the ground badly. By lifting and shoving she moved at last, and then such a shouting and yelling arose from the rowers and boatmen that I thought something was seriously wrong and got most anxious. It was, however, only their way of doing things, but it took me some seconds to realize that we were not sinking, or that the car was not slipping off.

My analeties, however, were not yet over. The river is two hundred yards wide, and before we got halfway over one of the craft began to take water badly. Then the yells and screams of the boatmen as they recognized what had happened began in earnest, but they pulled with a will, and ran us aground some yards from the shore in three feet of water. Things looked black, but the soldier was indefatigable; he pressganged all the men for a mile around, and set them to work carrying stones and brushwood to build a pier. This was a long job, for stones and brushwood are scarce in the desert. They did their best, and by midday had made a respectable pier with sacks of straw, grass, bottles, stones, and cane, and were ready. At first everything went well, and the car backed on to the pier most beautifully. All seemed going like a summer's day, when, as the front wheels dropped off, one slid sideways into deep water, the clutch jammed against the sacks of straw, and again we were stuck. There was nothing for it but to build an auxiliary pier under the fore wheel, and jack the car up until the clutch cleared the sacks of straw. The job seemed never ending, but at last we were clear, and with all the men pulling and the engine going for all it was worth, the car came off like a bird. We backed her as far as possible into the river bank, and dug away until the front wheels were almost clear of the water. Little by little we got the head turned, fortunately one of the driving wheels skidding so much that the head turned in the right direction to allow our running down the riverside without entering the water. We yoked the men by a rope to the front axle, and, with every one pulling, made a rush for an opening in the steep and overhanging bank. There she stuck and the driver got out to inspect, when suddenly the brakes lost their hold, and before we knew what had happened, she had raced back deep into the river. I thought the car was gone, and my heart went into my shoes, but fortunately the men held on to the ropes, the bottom was good, and no water got into the carburetor. We pulled her out, enlarged the opening in the bank, got the engine going, and, with a rush and mighty pull, got her through. We collected our belongings, paid the men—and they were good fellows all, well worthy of their "backshish"—and, amidst exclamations of good will, we wished them au revoir, and were off and away across the stony ridges that led to the uninhabited desert of Mesopotamia.

As we disappeared beyond the river, we disturbed a herd of wild pig, which, headed by a big tusker, ran alongside of us within easy gunshot for about ten minutes; they then doubled back and were soon lost to sight, giving us practically the last glimpse of any kind of life for the next forty-eight hours. For an hour or more the stony ridges continued, and then we crossed a level plain of hard soil, delightful going. This gave our Bedouin guide, who met us at Anah, his first taste of what a motor-car can do, and he was in ecstasies, shouting and jumping and waving his gun, and calling on us to go faster. He entered fully into the spirit of the thing, and was a motor fiend from that time on and never satisfied with humdrum speed. This man was simply wonderful as a guide; without compass or any kind of landmark noticeable by us he took us across the desert as truly as if his course had been marked out. It must be understood that this desert is rarely crossed, and only when necessity drives a man to escape there from the clutches of his enemies. Our guide had often practised robbery and was credited with having in his time murdered twelve men—hence his knowledge. In other ways he was remarkable, and he first of all attracted my attention at Anah, after we had finished our evening meal, by seizing a mutton bone and gnawing it like a dog. He had a magnificent set of teeth and was never happier than when he could find some bones for dessert. I have seen him take a couple of carcasses of well picked partridges and crunch them up as if they were the most exquisite chocolate. To pick bones was his delight, but he considered our cheese and canned foods tasteless and unpleasant, and would not look at them after a first attempt.

An hour of excellent going and we reached what by the way of courtesy goes in these parts by the name of a well—a stagnant pool of greenish water at which our guide drank and we only watered the engine. Though the sun was setting, we decided to make a few more miles, but had barely got started when we ran on to a stretch of crystallized gypsum, and, before we knew, one of the back tires was slashed right across and, perforce, there we were fixed for the night.

Here we discovered that our bread had been stolen by the workmen at the river, and all that we had left was a very small piece of native unleavened bread, some canned tongue, and a lump of cheese. Canned tongue and cheese are not at all bad when one is hungry, and we found them a good stand-by during the next two days.

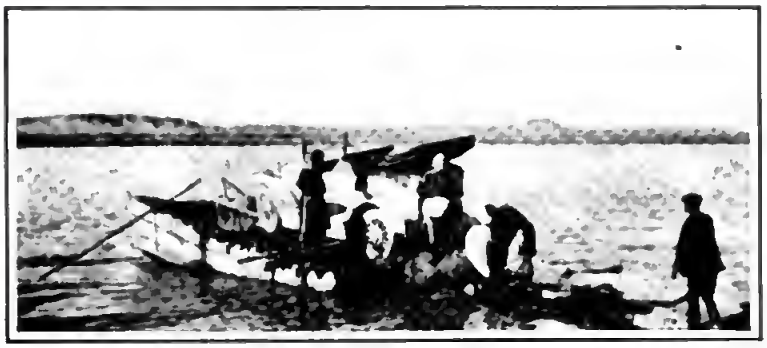
It was twelve next day (the 22d) before we got away. The new cover was hard to put on, and when once it was, and we made a move, within the first half-dozen yards the tube burst, making another delay. Our run that day was thus cut very short, and, as for three hours we were running over crystallized gypsum, we had to get most circumspectly, watching every foot of the ground ahead to avoid sharp points, and our progress was slow. Once over the gypsum, we found hard pebbly ground, good going, mostly, but here and there rather soft, making the wheels skid badly. In spite of this we were making good progress, and had just decided to camp for the night when the tube burst again. I noticed that the tires were extremely hot, due, presumably, to the continuous skidding, and I think that this must have affected the tube.

We had wished to reach Halwat Wells that night, as our supply of Euphrates water for drinking purposes was nearly finished, and the engine supply was running low. It had been on the boil a good part of the five hours' run that day, and needed replenishing. However, we were off by eight o'clock next morning, and reached Halaul Wells by nine, where we found a good supply of rather better-looking water than the last wells produced. Here we filled our water-skins and engine, and started off on the finest run of the whole trip. For at least eighty miles the ground is hard and level, with only here and there breaks of soft sand. The desert swarms with gazelle, and again and again we raced them. We were on rather higher ground than that which they were feeding on, and when we disturbed them they at once made for the ridges from which we cut them off, the consequence being that when we raced them we had them at a disadvantage, and, but for the soft pieces of sand, we could easily have caught them. We all but caught up one bunch of four. They started a long way below us, going directly parallel. They looked a likely lot, and we determined to try and catch them. By the time they had crossed us, they had had a long run, the ground was good and we were going well. Several times we were almost within gunshot, and at last on a long level stretch it looked as if we had them at our mercy. We were gaining on them foot by foot. They were almost done, with their tongues hanging out, when we struck a patch of very soft sand, and, before we got over, they were miles distant. No more exhilarating sport can be found than coursing gazelles in a motor car, and I by the suggestion before any Arab chief of sporting proclivities who may live on the confines of that desert. It would yield him almost as great sport as stalking the wives and camels of his nearest neighbors.

Toward afternoon of this day signs of human habitation began to show in the distance; here and there appeared flocks of sheep and the distant smoke of camp fires. Toward two o'clock we ran into a herd of donkeys and goats being watered at a hanksish well. Here we stopped, and the donkeys at once formed an admiring circle with their ears extended forward, whilst their guardians stood afar off, muttering to themselves, "We pray God, what is this?" but near to us they would not venture. Hereafter we had a good deal of soft sand, and then dried marsh land, very hard going, and only to be taken slowly. We were now, however, in an inhabited country, and every few miles we passed large encampments of Arabs with their flocks and herds. We skirted some very close by, but, though we were tied to a slow pace by the nature of the ground, all stood at a respectful distance, and whenever we seemed to be approaching a woman or child they took to their heels and ran as if the devil was after them.

We had got over the worst part of the ground, and were within sight of the gardens of Kazimain, when a tube burst. We put in another, but had hardly started when that also went. Darkness had by this time come on, and, though we had reached the Kazimain road, it was only an indistinct track. The tube that had burst was our last reserve, so, to save time, we stuffed the cover full of grass, and felt our way toward Bagdad. The sordid streets of which we entered in the darkness and almost unnoticed. Our supply of petrol had been getting low and suddenly gave out as we approached the bridge that spans the Tigris. There we left the car in charge of the mechanic and a policeman till the following morning, when we had her trundled into a carriage-shed. A day later, when I went to see how the car looked, I found the narrow street crowded with a seething mass of excited Arabs and the proprietor of the place charging for admission. It seems that the word had gone round Bagdad that the "chetain de fer" had arrived, and the whole Arab population had decided to see it, and were paying willingly for the privilege.

I had intended returning from Bagdad by the car to Aleppo, or perhaps Damascus, but we had used up so much petrol, in all one hundred and thirty-six gallons, that the arrival of a sufficient supply for the return journey would have entailed a stay of some weeks, and also, most unfortunately, Mr. Watt, who drove my car, fell ill with typhoid fever shortly after our arrival in Bagdad. He had evidently caught the disease by drinking bad water on the journey, and I was compelled to leave him in charge of friends there and return by river steamer to Basrah, and from there home by steamer via Bombay.



Mounting the car upon the ferry-boat on which the passage was made

Love's Requiem

By Marian Osborne

Love, thou art sad and strangely pale,—
  Love, art thou dead?
Without a tear, a prayer, a wail,
  A farewell said?
Gone all thine ancient fire
And passionate desire
  That followed where I led.

How can I in Earth's bosom cold
  Dig thee a tomb?
That shall in one embrace enfold
  All of life's gloom?
For at thy side will lie
Dear hopes gone swiftly by,
  Buds that did never bloom.

Rest, rest thee, Love, within my heart—
  Living, though dead;
For thee a sanctuary apart,
  A bridal bed.
Fragrant of spices rare,
Of rosemary and lavender;
  Ashes that once burnt red.

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THE FIRST

DRAWN BY JAMES

GRAY HAIR

MONTGOMERY FLAGG

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THE HEART OF THE WOODS

TO BE PAID IN FULL

OR THE DILEMMA OF CYRIL EVERSLEIGH

IT was night. It usually was at that hour, for it was 9 P.M. The moon was shining listlessly over a lazy sea, its scarcely perceptible wavelets lapping the somnolent shores dreamily. Some distance from where they sat some one was strumming lightly upon a guitar, and now and then there floated across the moorland a sweet tenor voice that fell upon their ears enthrallingly:

E billikens non è vero—
E gracious el di vero,
It spiglosa far ni spero,

Who does not know those beautiful lyric strains! Who has not thrilled with ecstasy as even under less romantic conditions he has sat and listened to those lines! Ah, Bustamente di Napoli, thou wert indeed a poet with the heart of song; and yet as they struck into his soul Cyril Eversleigh shuddered and moved closer to the girl. She had known all day that there was something that warried him, and three times she found herself on the verge of asking him what it was, but had refrained from a mere sense of pride.

"I shall win his full confidence," she assured herself, "and if he does not tell me his troubles now he will later—for I love him!"

And now the moment had come. She felt it. And she was ready with her rich, creamy, womanly sympathy to show herself indeed his very soul mate.

"Ethel," he whispered, tremulously.

"Yes, Cyril?" she answered, simply.

"Have you—have you—"

He hesitated.

"Go on," she said, herself drawing even closer to the money lover at her side.

"Have you eight dollars that you can spare?"

He blurted out the words as though they were painful to him.

"I think so, Cyril," she said, handing him her little hand bag, inside of which was a chain bag containing a purse. "I think there are thirteen dollars there."

He buried his face in his hands for an instant, and then with a great sigh of relief he cried, hoarsely:

"Thank Heaven—I am saved. Do you recognize that voice, Ethel?"

"Yes," she said. "The flat on the upper G is unmistakable. It is the voice of Roger de Verdain."

"Your former *fiancé*," said Cyril.

"Yes," she said, languidly, as though the subject hardly interested her.

"Do you know why he is here, Ethel?" asked Cyril.

"No, Cyril, I do not," the girl answered, looking him full in the face, and so frankly that he could not have doubted that she spoke the truth.

"Well, I will tell you," sighed Cyril. "There must be no secrets between us. I bought our engagement ring from Roger de Verdain."

"I know," she said. "It was the one I returned to him. I was glad to have it back—from you."

"I paid him forty dollars for it on the instalment plan—eight dollars a month for five months—" he ran on, his face turned away from her.

"Well, dear, and what of that?" she asked.

"That is all," he said, falteringly, "except that he has come to collect the last instalment—and you, dear heart, have saved me!"

She looked at the ring, its beautiful stones shimmering in the moonlight, and sighed contentedly.

"Why should I not, dear?" she murmured. "What is eight dollars when I have a ring that is easily worth ten for security?"

And then Cyril Eversleigh knew that he had chosen well. Ethel Vanderbosk was indeed the woman for a poor man's bride. To-morrow Roger de Verdain would be paid in full.

THE BENDS

On a tree grew apples green—
Little Willie, greeting them
With a grin, came on the scene,
And was beat on eating them.

J. ADAIR STRAWSON.

SUMMER RESORTS

TO LET AT Newport. A Cottage for a young couple of moderate means; fifty-seven rooms; thirty baths; onyx dining-room; two breakfast-rooms; lunch-room; tea-room; card room; palm room; eight drawing-rooms; Louis Quinze ball-room; billiard-room, and bowling alley; stables for sixty horses; garage accommodating twenty cars; electric lights and gas; running water, hot and cold; conservatory and music room; private casino on grounds; can be cared for by fifty servants under capable housekeeper. Rent $10,000 a month; apply C. Q. D., Newport, R. I.

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Mosquitoes a Specialty. Hot Bread Sundays.
Hard Wood Beds in Every Room.
Antique Furniture Throughout—House Thoroughly Renovated in 1802. Barber Shop in Village.
Fresh Liver Daily From Our Own Livery.
Telephone Next Door.
For terms apply.....Hank Stivers.
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Sands Beach . . . New Jersey.
Swept by Ocean Breezes. All the Comforts of Away From Home.
Only Ten Miles From the Ocean, Never Chilly.
Bathing Free on Saturdays.
Fresh Fish at Every Meal. Patronized by Best Families.
Lobsters a Specialty.
Golf Links in Back Yard of Hotel.
"The Gritty House Golf Links is the best three-hole course in America. I never saw such hazards.
—Sandy Mac Taylor."
Write for Booklet.
Thomas Gritty———Sands Beach———New Jersey.

"BE THESE YOR CHILDREN, MARM? OR IS THIS A PICNIC?"
"THE KIDS IS MINE—SEE? BUT TAIN'T NO PICNIC."

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OUTDONE

"YES, sir," said old man Braggard, "an soon as I see them birds I went into the house and took down the old blunderbuss and pegged at 'em, an', by Garry! I brought down thutty birds to one shot. Can ye beat that?"

"Ya-as," drawled Uncle Si Peavey. "Ye know Bill Wiggins' frog-pond?"

"Yes," said old man Braggard. "What of it?"

"Wa-al, I went down there the other night after sundown to shoot a couple o' bullfrogs with my old shotgun," said Uncle Si. "There was five thousand of 'em settin' on them there lily-pads, and I just lifted that there gun to my shoulder and let her go."

"S'pose ye did," said old man Braggard. "How does that affect my bird story?"

"Beats it all holler," retorted Uncle Si. "The minnit my gun went off the hull derned five thousand bullfrogs croaked."

MAUDE AND HER GARDEN

"Come into the garden, Maude," sang he,
For he was much given to poetree;
And then Maude came, and since that time
He speaks in prose and forsakes all rhyme—
For Maude looked around that garden fair
And kept him working ten hours there.
She made him pull forty pecks of weeds,
She made him plant all her cabbage seeds.
She made him hoe
Row after row
Of 'tater hills—two dozen or so.

She made him hitch up the garden hose
And water an acre of sweet-pea blows.
She made him take
Her brand-new rake
And scrape till his spine bade fair to break.
Despite his moans
And his awful groans,
She made him gather five barrels of stones,
And squirt the patent old spouting-machine
That kills off the bugs with Paris Green.
She made him fix
Seven dozen sticks
With netting to keep out the neighbor's chicks,
And mend the leak in the fountain pipe,
And taste a tomato that wasn't ripe.

She made him push the lawn-roller about
Till his face freckled up like a speckled trout.
She made him prune
Half the afternoon
Till he cursed the Poet that wrote that rune.
She made him dig
Like a hungry pig
A hole so deep, so wide and big,
That an elephant might have been planted there,
While she lounged the job from a swinging chair.
She made him tinker the garden walk,
And snip the dead wood from a hemlock tall.

She made him mow all the nice lush lawn,
And lay out the lines for ten rows of corn.
She made him paint all the lattice-work,
And fill up the holes where the woodchucks lurk,
And finished by using his brand-new clo'es
To hang on a pole far to scare off crows.
And that is the why that I can't rehearse
The words that he speaks when he hears that verse?

HORACE DOOM GARRITT.

SOME SPORTING NOTES

THE fishing season being now on, the early worm catches the hook.

Planked shad are now running plentifully in most of the cafés and hotel restaurants.

If you want a nice fresh perch, canary-bird cages can be had at reasonable rates at the department stores.

Khaki coats are all right for duck-hunters, but if you go out after kangaroos it is well to have a jumper along.

A man up in Maine has invented a meter which placed on the tips of a fisherman registers the amount of hot air he puts into his fish stories.

The hopeless shad reported as caught in the Hudson River below Poughkeepsie last week, turns out upon investigation to have been an old hot-water bag, and not a fish at all.

A movement is on foot among the sportsmen of Oklahoma to have the shooting of clams with buckshot prohibited, not by a mere game law made to be violated, but by a constitutional inhibition against so cruel a practice.

The demand for liquid bait in Maine, Georgia, and other Prohibition States has grown so large that three bait distilleries have been started in the North Carolina mountains to supply it by the gallon instead of in quart measures as heretofore.

A Connecticut farmer through whose property a trout-stream has run for some years has diverted the course of the stream so that it runs through his cellar, thus enabling him to fish from the cellar-stairs without going out-of-doors, while an ingeniously arranged wire-netting at the point of issue from the house catches all the speckled beauties that either do not bite or in some wise manage to get away.

ISAAC WALTON HUCKLEBERRY,
Sporting Editor.

THE TELLER OF TALES

THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY

THE JOY OF IT

Perhaps the view is quite unusual,
But I enjoy a lover's quarrel.
To fall into a round of spats
Like two Kilkenny tabby-cats
To me is quite a joyous thing.
Not that I care for quarrelling,
Or drinking from a bitter cup—
But 'tis so blissful making up!

BLAKESLEY GRAY.

A DELICATE QUESTION

A PROMINENT church worker of Baltimore was delivering one Sabbath a talk to a class comprising pupils who lived in a rather squalid section of the town.

The good man touched upon the quality of untruthfulness; and, at one point in his address, he said:

"I want every little boy who has never told a lie to raise his hand."

Not a hand went up; but a lad in the rear rose to ask a question.

"What is it, my boy?"

"Well, sir, what I want to ask is, is it a lie if nobody ever knows?"

Polak Joe's Finish

By Jack Fletcher Cobb

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GERRIT A. BENEKER

IT was early morning and still dark when Polak Joe arrived at the foundry, a long, dingy brick and steel building that squatted close to the canal bank. Silent, gloomy, it loomed up in the darkness, the very reborn of its brick walls hushed by the knowledge that men shaved, cursed, and died within from the awful heat and gases coming from its moulds.

Joe made his way through the foundry, by instinct avoiding the open moulds and circling the pits and fire-holes—silent traps of death in the darkness. The hot, acrid gases from the steaming ovens made him cough, his breath came in short gasps, and a sharp pain gripped at his chest. He cursed and snarled at this evidence that all the ventilators were closed. He halted alongside one of the heavy steel columns that supported the roof. Reaching up, he grasped a chain that ran up out of sight into the darkness. He jerked it savagely; there was the sound of moving rusty squeaking hinge joints, a rattle of sheet iron, a glimpse of the open sky that was quickly shut off by the cloud of dust and smoke that rushed through the ventilator. He opened several vents; then made his way to the cupolas—huge, pipe like tubes of steel, lined with fire-brick, running up through the roof in the centre of the foundry. He took out a miner's coal oil lamp from a corner. It blazed up at the touch of a match, giving out a heavy, rank odor, the fitful red blaze lighting up the repulsive face of the man.

At the first glance this heavy-bodied fellow seemed shorter than he really was, the deception helped by the enormous breadth of his hulking shoulders, from which dangled long, thick, ape-like arms. His head was small and peculiarly shaped. From the shoulders to the top, neck and head presented one flat, straight line. From the base of the skull the head slanted up to the brund, deep forehead, which, in turn, sloped down to the wicked and monkey like little brown eyes, separated by a long, flat nose. The widely distended nostrils almost touched the thick lipped and mouthopen mouth. The hair on this curiously shaped head grew straight out, thick, unmanbable tufts. Joe's feet were large and flat, the short legs thick and heavy to support the enormous body. When he moved he walked with a swinging, sidewise motion, turning half around as he lifted each foot forward.

Smoking torch in hand, Polak Joe climbed the ladder to the cupola charging-floor. This was a square, low-ceiled, box-like room, covered on two sides with heavy sheet iron. Another side was pierced by a number of windows set in the brick wall their glassless frames staring out upon the piles of pig-iron in the yard below. Opposite this wall were the cupolas. The charging doors were open, and the torrid gases from the previous day's heat came pouring out of the doors and filling the charging room with sulphurous fumes. Coming up the ladder directly in front of one of the cupolas, Joe received the full force of the gas. He gasped and choked, a sharp and tightening pain gripped his heart, his little eyes bulged, his long, ape-like arms thrust out spasmodically as he pitched forward unconsciously, his face rasped by the rugged metal floor.

Joe's little eyes softened as he turned and patted the foreman's shoulder

The current of cool air sucked from the lower half of the windows blew downward and revived him. He rolled over on his back, a feeling of faint, deadly sickness at the pit of his stomach. Dimly through his numbed brain he recalled the words of the foundry doctor who had warned him of the gases: "Joe, some day the gas is going to get you, and then—goodby!"

"Good by?" yes; that's what the doctor said. Did he mean that the gas would kill? Well, what if it did? He didn't care.

Joe got to his hands and knees, and crawled over to a corner. Thrusting his hand back of a row of empty scrap-boxes, he drew forth a dust-covered beer-bottle, half filled with villainous whiskey. He tilted the bottle to his bloody lips, mashed by the fall, and let half the fiery whiskey run down his throat. The alcohol bit into the open wounds of his lips, but the pain didn't seem to bother him. The stimulant caused a flush to mount his face, and brought a glowing brightness to the washed filth eyes.

Two hours later, when Welch, the cupola tender, arrived at the foundry, the heavy iron doors were up, the sand bottom was tamped into place, and Polak Joe, stripped to the waist, the perspiration rolling from his hairy chest, was heaving huge forkfuls of coke into the cupola.

Welch was a hot-headed Irishman whose one eye gleamed balefully. He had a short and irascible temper. He glared at the big, knotty muscles that flowed and rippled on Joe's shoulders and arms as he worked. Welch was an unusually strong man himself, but, getting the worst of repeated trials of strength, had developed and nursed a revengeful jealousy against Joe and never failed to take advantage of an opportunity to torment or abuse him. One of his pet diversions was to come quietly up behind and load steadily at the back of Joe's head. This never failed to work the Polak into such a frenzy that he would crouch, animal like, and curse and snarl at his tormentor. That with his superior strength he could easily have beaten Welch in a fight he knew, but the idea of attacking him never entered his mind. He knew nothing about fighting with fists.

Welch gave vent to his vicious humor now. Coming up the ladder quietly, he stood half through the trap-door, his hands resting on the edge, and stared steadily at the perspiring back. A minute passed. Joe became nervous, and missing the cupola door, struck the edge with his fork, spilling the coke. Instinctively he felt the glare of the one eye behind him. His nerves ran riot, his muscles stiffened; as if against his will he dropped the fork and whirled about, crouching. Welch laughed and dodged down through the trap. As his head disappeared through the opening Joe's manner changed. He picked up the fork, and with a swift, noiseless, catlike spring stood over the ladder, the steel-tined fork raised aloft like a spear.

Barely in time he checked his impulse. Fright, then wonderment, showed in his eyes. Slowly he lowered the fork, and pressed his right hand upon his breast, where he could feel his heart pounding hammer-like under the perspiring flesh. He shuffled over to a window, and, leaning out, drew great lungfuls of air into his aching chest. Soon the pain left him, and—as if the relief were a signal—up through the trap-door came the coarse, brutal voice of Welch in a stream of foul abuse and profanity. He damned the Polak to hurry with his work. Joe forgot his pain and answered back in kind, sputtering out the curses with spasmodic jerks of his lips. Welch was the first to stop, silenced by the cold deadliness of the blasphemy that poured in a steady stream from above. He shivered and went about his work, awed. Joe had never answered him like that before.

The men avoided each other that morning. Joe had recourse several times to the bottle, going across once to Sweeney's to have it refilled. His drinking didn't interfere with his work beyond causing him to hurl the pigs of iron into the flame-choked furnaces with animal ferocity, as he thought of Welch.

At five minutes to eleven o'clock an accident to the blower shut off the wind from the cupola, and quiet reigned in the smoke-filled foundry. The slim, long-armed steel cranes stood silent sentinels over the pits. The moulders gathered about the cupola in little groups to talk, crack jokes, and gibe one another. Polak Joe, leaning out of a window between the two cupolas, could hear and see all that passed below. Directly under him were several of the foundry foremen and Welch. Their talk gradually drifted from the commonplace to an argument that centred between Welch and one of the foremen.

"I tell you," said the cupola tender, "that every man has the same chance to succeed. It makes no difference what kind of a start he has: he can get up if he wants to."

The young foreman answered slowly and thoughtfully: "No; you're wrong. Right here, for instance, is a case—Polak Joe. Do you mean to tell me that he has the same chance, or ever has had the chance, that any one of us here has?"

"Hell!" snarled Welch. "He's no man. He's nothing but a damned animal."

"No, Welch," said the foreman. "Joe's all right. He'll do whatever he's taught. But, boys," the foreman continued sadly, "poor Joe was made wrong in the first place, and you and I cannot rectify the fault."

As the foreman finished speaking there came a short puff of wind from the cupola towers, followed quickly by a throbbing roar as the full force of the blast went on again.

Joe slipped back from the opening, unseen. Standing in front of the furnace, he repeated to himself over and over, "Nothing but an animal." His glance travelled from his misshapen leaf to the long, dangling arms. He noticed for the first time his enormous, claw-like hands. He slowly shook his queer head from side to side. Then his ears caught the sound of some one coming up the ladder, and a moment later, when the young foreman stood in the charging-room, Joe was stolidly throwing the limestone flux into the furnace.

"Well, Joe," he called cheerily, "how goes it?"

Joe's little eyes softened and gleamed as he turned and patted the foreman's shoulder with his huge and hairy hand. "My frien'; my frien'!" he mumbled, and showed his big, ferocious white teeth in a smile of gentle gratitude. The foreman's keen eyes noted Joe's pale face and bloody lips as he sniffed the gas-laden air. His quick glance measured the ceiling and its rafters.

"Joe," he said, "I'll put a couple of fans in here in a few days, and meantime you be careful of the gas."

As the foreman went down the ladder, Joe watched him and softly repeated, "My frien'!" Yet even his friend believed him different from other men.

It was after three o'clock when Joe made his way from the foundry across to Sweeney's. Sweeney's saloon was the centre of a row of box-like houses built by a lumberman to rent to the foundry workers. A short bar ran across one side of the front room, behind which Sweeney, a short, thick-necked, bullet-headed man, working in his shirt sleeves, handed out huge schooners of beer to the thirsty iron workers, or slid along the bar a bottle of his villainous whiskey.

Polak Joe came in and lounged against the bar, a sullen, brutal, repulsive creature. Unconsciously the other men drew away from him. He motioned to Sweeney, who shoved out the whiskey bottle. Joe took two drinks and followed them with a big schooner of beer. Then he lounged back against the wall, his little ape-like eyes following each man as he came in, drank, and went out again. None spoke to him or invited him to drink: this he mentally noticed in his own analysis of himself. He had several more drinks before Welch came in.

The cupola tender stooped as he came through the door. His huge six feet of muscle and bone filled the room, and his voice was harsh and rasping as he banged his dinner bucket on to the bar and demanded a drink. Sweeney glanced at him from under his eyebrows, then quietly slipped a short piece of lead pipe up his sleeve before serving the drink. As Welch tossed off the whiskey, his eye caught sight of Polak Joe's reflection in the dirty mirror back of the bar. He set his glass back on the bar and turned slowly around and looked at Joe. For a moment they glared at each other, then slowly Welch shifted his glance, descending over the misshapen face past the throat until his eye rested on the hairy chest exposed by Joe's open shirt. A sneering grin played about his mouth, which presently flew open in a scornful laugh.

As Welch shifted his look to his chest, Joe became uneasy, nervous, a flush crept slowly over his face;

his hands twitched. Then, as Welch laughed, the demons of hell seemed to be let loose in his brain. Snarling, he crouched and spcang for his tormentor. Quick as he was, Welch was quicker. He sidestepped. His clenched fist travelled up from his hip in a sweeping and well timed blow; his shoulders hunched forward, the whole weight and force of his body landing fairly on Joe's chin. The Polak's body seemed to pause in the air for the fraction of a second, then crumpled an to the floor, a small trickle of blood oozing out of his mouth and staining the sawdust. Welch looked at the fallen man, curled his lips in a sneer, turned to the bar, tossed off another drink, and walked out.

Sweeney dragged the unconscious man out-of-doors, propped him against the side of the house and left him. It was well on into the night when Polak Joe came to his senses, an awful pain in his head. Staggering into the saloon, he drank several glasses of whiskey. As he raised the last glass to his lips he caught sight of his swollen and bruised features reflected in the bar mirror. At the recollection of Welch's blow his face was distorted, the whiskey glass was crushed in his hand, he flung himself out into the night, a raging madman with murder in his heart. All through the night he walked and cursed. Near morning he came back and stood on the canal bridge near the foundry. As he stood leaning over and looking at the reflected points of light from the stars in the sluggish, flowing waters of the canal, a thought came to him that grew, enlarged, and brought with it peace to his raging soul. He went at once into the foundry yard, and, searching among the piles of pig-iron, after some time found what he wanted.

When Joe deposited his find an the floor in the cupola charging room the flaring miner's torch held in his hand showed a large pig of iron heavily coated with rust. He looked about him, then selecting a corner, carefully concealed it under a pile of scrap. Several times that morning when sure he was unobserved Joe uncovered the pig-iron and patting it, crooned to it lovingly an a mother to her babe. Contrary to his usual custom, he drank nothing that morning. It was a hot, close day, the air hanging heavy and sultry in the foundry.

At ten o'clock the middle pit gang shoved the huge truck ladle under the cupola spout. The middle pit was casting thirty-inch pipe, and this necessitated the use of a fifteen ton ladle, taking two taps from the cupola to fill it. As Welch tapped the second time the stream flowed fair, then stopped. Angrily he sent the needle-pointed steel bar into the breast hole, giving it a furious twist. This cleared the hole, and allowed the stream to flow; but in his anger and haste he had torn part of the brenst out, and this necessitated trimming before the tap-hole would hold the stopping-plug. Welch passed his hand over his sweaty forehead, cursed his luck, picked up a short, chisel-pointed bar of iron and stepped up on a box at one side of the tap-hole. This raised him over the spout, his back to the ladle of molten iron. The steel cupola formed a wall in front of him. If anything should happen to the ladle he would be caught like an animal in a trap.

As Welch stepped up on the box there came one of those unaccountable moments in the foundry when, as if at a given signal, all the machinery and noise stilled and was quiet.

A harsh, demoniac laugh caused Welch to look up. His face went deadly white. The sweat froze and dried on his scorched skin. Head thrown back, the iron bar in his hands, he posed, held fascinated by what he saw. Again the discordant, demoniac laugh rang through the foundry, penetrating the still near like a trumpet call. Men whirled in the direction of the cupola, and stood transfixed at what they saw.

In the window between the cupolas stood Polak Joe, his long ape-like arms and hairy claws swinging the rusty pig of iron above Welch and the ladle of molten iron. As the full sense of what he intended to do came to them men groaned; others cursed under their breath. The more timid among them sought the shelter of the cranes and flasks, peering out from behind them at the impending tragedy. Well they knew that once that rusty pig of iron was hurled into the ladle of liquid metal it would blow the molten iron into the air with the force of dynamite. Away down at the canal end of the foundry the huge wheels of the mud-mixer rumbled and swished softly, making the second coat for the loam cores.

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" rang the cackling laugh of Polak Joe again. "Ho! ho! Welch! How you like ge to belt with dam ape—hey? Ha! ha! ha!"

The laugh more than the words drove chill fear like a knife into the very heart of Welch. Now the stream of iron was flowing slower. The ladle was nearly full. Along the edge of the stream appeared a dark, molasses-colored streak; the slag was flowing through the tap hole. This caught Polak Joe's eye. He straightened himself, swinging the pig of iron above his head to the limit of his arms; his little eyes blazed with the lust of murder; a wolfish snarl burst from his swollen lips. Men caught their breaths; Welch seemed to shrink within himself.

A moment's pause; then the young foreman, running toward the cupola, cried: "Don't do it, Joe!"

The fierce light died in Polak Joe's eyes; he twisted half around in the direction of the voice; a sharp pain plucked at his heart; his feet slipped; he lost his balance, dropping the pig of iron. It turned over once and struck Welch on the head, and as, crashing his skull with a sound like the crunkling of stiff paper squeezed in the hand.

Polak Joe fell forward and plunged into the ladle of molten iron feet first; a scream burst from his throat. Then followed a puff of dark smoke and an odor of burning flesh, turning men sick . . . a pair of heavy shoes burned and sizzled on top of the molten iron, throwing out bright, flashy sparks of flame.

Polak Joe had finished.

Head thrown back, the iron bar in his hands, he posed

A Comic Opera by Amateurs

"Narragansett Pier," the new musical comedy written by van Tassel Sutphen and set to music by J. Sebastian Matthews, was recently produced at the Lyceum Theatre, in Morristown, New Jersey, by an amateur cast. Two performances were given for the benefit of the Organ Fund of St. Peter's Church, in Morristown. The inanity of summer engagements at the seashore and the bartering of foreign titles for American gold are the opera's themes.

A scene from "Narragansett Pier," by van Tassel Sutphen and J. S. Matthews, performed recently by amateurs at Morristown, New Jersey

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A Nine-year-old Warrior

THE PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE YOUNGEST UNION SOLDIER IN THE CIVIL WAR, HIS BATTLES, HIS BOYISH PRANKS, AND HIS EXPERIENCE AS FIRST "MAN" TO ENTER VICKSBURG AFTER THE SIEGE

By C. Perry Byam

NUMEROUS have been the claimants for the distinction of having been the youngest soldier of the Rebellion, ranging in point of age from ten to fourteen years. While I very consistently could have done so, yet I have never, personally, taken the trouble to dispute any of these claims, believing that at some time the proper authorities would settle the question definitely.

It appears from the record that, in the year 1885, my name was certified up to the Pension Bureau by the War Department, as being that of a person who had been honorably discharged from the military service of the United States government, by reason of disability incurred while in the line of duty as a volunteer soldier of the Rebellion. The publication of a news item, founded upon information furnished by the Bureau of Pensions forty-one years later, was taken up by the Associated Press, and through that medium widely published, following which letters in great numbers were received by me from veterans of the Civil War, from various sources, extending in scope of territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific, including the Dominion of Canada.

In most of these letters I was asked many questions concerning my service, and in nearly all of them a request was made for a photograph of the "Little Drummer." I decided at the time to adopt the plan I am now pursuing, and through the medium of this publication at some time to answer collectively all the various persons and the many questions put to me, accompanying the answer with a picture of the drummer.

With reference to the various inquiries regarding myself, I believe I can more fully meet the wishes usually expressed by giving a brief synopsis of my family history up to and including the Rebellion, in addition to an account of my personal military experience. My mother was born in New York State and was of Scotch origin. My father, although of American ancestry dating back to the year 1636, was himself born in the Province of Ontario, Canada, where my two brothers and one sister were also born. In the year 1851 my father emigrated with his family to Illinois, settling first in Cook County, near Chicago, but soon moved to a small town in Kane County, where, or in the vicinity of which, he taught school and studied law during the autumn and winter of 1851 and the succeeding fall of 1852. On October 22d of the latter year I was born. While I do not remember the name of this town, I do distinctly recall that my older brothers and sister annoyed my infancy with the information that I was born in "Henpeck," which seems to have been a nickname

C. Perry Byam, from a tintype taken after his discharge from the Army, when he was eleven years old

applied in the place of my birth, and which was rendered all the more poignant to me by reason of its proper name having been, to my mind, quite aristocratic; although, as stated, I do not recall it.

Early in the month of November succeeding my birth, my father mounted his only horse, and with his chief capital, consisting of a stout heart and a couple of law books, crossed the States of Illinois and Iowa to the northern border of the latter State, where he established himself and began the practice of law. He had left my mother and four children in Kane County, under the care of her brother, Legrand Baldwin, who had accompanied the family from Canada. Early in the spring of 1853 my uncle Legrand, taking the family in a tanner-wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen, following the route my father had traversed, joined him in the then comparative wilderness of Winneshiek County, Iowa. Here my first recollections begin. I distinctly recall the stage-coach, with its four horses, which passed within sight of our home, incidentally inspiring my earliest ambition, which was to become a stage-driver.

This desire, however, later paled into insignificance in the presence of a loftier aim which took possession of me, which was brought about in this manner: In about the year 1858 I was taken by my father, with the other members of the family, to attend a Fourth-of-July celebration at West Union, in Fayette County, Iowa, where for the first time I heard martial music. The sound of the drum entranced me. All notion of attaining the dignity of stage-driver was at once and forever effaced from my mind, and in its place arose an ardent desire to become a drummer. So persistent was I in this that finally, in about the year 1860, while we were living in Mt. Vernon, Iowa, they gave me a drum. Guided by the instructions of a drummer of the neighborhood, I soon became very proficient, and in the troubled days just preceding the war I was in great demand as a drummer at all public gatherings, greatly to my own personal vanity and the undisguised envy of all my boy associates. But later, in my first uniform rap and short waterproof cape, marching with my drum at the head of a column of torch-bearing "Wideawakes," I felt, indeed, there was nothing more to be desired in fame.

From the first news of the firing upon Fort Sumter, my ambition centred itself in the one desire to become a soldier. No war Governor of the period was troubled with more anxiety or employed more actively at this time than myself. This, indeed, was my busy season. Early and late I could be found where I was most in the way, volunteering much sage advice, and industriously drumming upon the slightest provocation. Finally my tenacious persistence was rewarded, and I was permitted to enlist. Then followed a season of the most harrowing doubt. Would I pass muster?

The day arrived; I stood expectantly in the ranks, receiving in great seriousness the jocular advice of my older comrades. One counselled me to stand out of sight immediately behind my drum, and thus get passed; another advised that I stand on a sheet of paper and by that means increase my height, with many other suggestions of a like nature. My turn came at last; my name was called, and answered to by myself with an outward assumption of great confidence, but with many secret misgivings. The mustering officer, however, without seeming to notice me, checked off my name, and, passing on, left me, to my unbounded joy, a real soldier. This occurred on August 22d, 1862, when I was exactly nine years and ten months old. It is a fact that by no possible chance could I have been enrolled as a volunteer but for the one circumstance of my father having been an officer of high rank, although I was certain at the time that I had passed the muster on my own merits as a drummer. Of the ten drummers forming our regimental drum corps, nine were boys of seventeen and under. The tenth, a boyish little man past thirty, was the only one of their number who excelled me in drumming.

As drummer of Company "D," Twenty-fourth Regiment of Iowa Volunteer Infantry, I participated in the White River expedition, resulting in the capture of Duvall's Bluff and Arkansas Post. I was also in the unsuccessful expedition through the Yazoo Pass, and served under Grant through the campaign ending in the siege and capture of Vicksburg.

In our early Southern camps I was ever on the alert seeking opportunities to drum; was conspicuous with my drum in all parades and reviews; promptly in line at all military funerals; and upon every occasion of alarm, with sudden call to arms, I was among the first to beat the "long roll" and the last to leave off. There is no doubt whatever but that if the Rebellion could have been put down by drumming, the call for additional troops after my enrolment would have been entirely superfluous.

Our first winter, that of 1862–63, for the most part was spent encamped on the rising ground back of the city of Helena, Arkansas. It was, as I recall it, a wet, raw season throughout; but our regiment was drilled regularly, and strict discipline maintained. While I do not believe that this latter regulation, in its operation, fully reached me, yet I recall that I was frequently threatened with the penalties of the guard-house, and in this connection incidentally discovered, to my astonishment, that I did not outrank my captain.

My willingness to drum (during seasonable hours) was established beyond any question of doubt. But when, in regular order, it devolved on me to rise at six o'clock and go forth in the cold dark morn to beat the drummer's call for reveille, it invariably resulted in a season of undisturbed quiet and repose for the entire camp. I was punished for this. When next assigned to this duty, I went to bed resolved this time to unfailingly perform it, and full of the thought of my resolution, finally went to sleep. In time I suddenly awoke, sprang up on the instant, ready for service. I did not know the hour. In fact, the question of the exact time was a matter of no consideration to me. I simply knew that I had been asleep and was then awake, and all precedents unvaryingly pointed to the circumstance that when this occurred it was ample time for all to arise. So without a moment's hesitation I seized my drum, marched quickly to the centre of the parade, and presently, loud and clear on the dark still air, rang forth the drummer's call for reveille.

Coming out of my warm bed into the cold and darkness chilled both myself and all desire for further drumming. So, instead of waiting and participating in the final act for which the call was given, I hurried back to my tent and bed. The drummers soon came forth, and I clearly heard their remarks of wonderment as to what had become of "Perry," and, snug in my bunk, soon heard them continuing the reveille. Next came the footfalls and growls of the men, reluctantly forming into line. Then the many roll calls

Mr. Byam, from a photograph taken two years ago, when the Civil War veteran was fifty-six years old

throughout camp began, but scarcely had commenced when there smote upon my ear, in clarion tones, the sound of an officer's voice (which I knew quite well) demanding to know, in the name of something most inflammable, the meaning of "this insane comedy at two o'clock in the night."

I do not recall what punishment I received for this (which is evidence in itself that it was not severe); but I do distinctly remember that I was never again assigned to the duty of beating the drummer's call for reveille.

I will tightly pass over the expedition up White River, in which we early experienced a collision with another steamer, resulting in many wakeful hours for me, for I seemed to believe thereafter that the safety of our regiment devolved upon my watchfulness alone. This, and the circumstance of a few stray shots and occasional volleys fired at us, from the wooded banks of the river by guerrillas, in all of consequence that I remember. All that I distinctly recall of our expedition through the swift waters of the Yazoo Pass is a terrifying vision of the projecting branches of trees which continually menaced us as we literally tore our way onward, knocking down our steamer's smokestacks, sweeping off her guard rails, and rending her upper decks until she was finally reduced to the mere wreck of her former grandeur. Returning from this expedition, we were soon thereafter placed on board transports which conveyed us down the Mississippi River to Milliken's Bend, Louisiana. From this point we took up our line of march *en route* to the rear of Vicksburg.

Although not fully recovered from the effects of typhoid fever (undergone a few months earlier), I marched with the troops from Milliken's Bend to Perkins' Landing, Louisiana. Shortly after reaching this latter point I became so seriously ill that I could not further accompany the advance. Here I was left behind in charge of Private Zarah V. Eleberry, of Company "H," Twenty-fourth Iowa. This stout-hearted soldier was well chosen for the duty, and right ably he acquitted himself. He soon fought his way onward with me, always in the van of every forward movement, and many times carrying me in his arms for long distances, until finally he brought me in safety to our regiment, at the rear of Vicksburg.

During the investment of Vicksburg, drummers were in little or no demand, and a laxity in discipline prevailed among them. So far as I was personally concerned, with returning health I reached a stage where I was reliable only in my absolute unreliability. Being

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very resourceful, I rarely suffered the want of good fare. I was perfectly familiar with all the public entrances to the commissary department, and privately knew of several secret but safe exits. In this department I once entered, bodily, a barrel containing a few inches in depth of sauerkraut (being our regiment's portion of a supply sent the troops by a society of Northern ladies), and, perfectly screened therein from view, ate my fill of the raw material, while a quarrel of considerable magnitude, touching its distribution, was progressing in the immediate vicinity.

When hard pressed, or under suspicion, I had recourse to an old colored man who had long been an officer's cook, who ever received me in great good-fellowship, and with a "Is you hongry, honey?" would unfailingly produce something nice for me to eat. On one of these occasions, early in our acquaintance, he sang for me his only song. It gained my highest approval, and from that day forth became part of the entertainment, and was regarded by me as a classical gem. These are the words:

"I hung my jawbone
On de fence,
An' I hain't seen
My jawbone sence;
Good ole jawbone!
Tad-el loo-oo-oo!"

I viewed the circumstance of the jawbone as a reality, and, suggested by comparison with the instrument wielded by the redoubtable Samson, conceived it to have been a weapon at one time possessed by the old negro, but lost through his having carelessly left it hanging "on de fence."

Aside from occasional sickness, my chief and practically only suffering worth mentioning was due to lack of proper clothing. The smallest military cap was the only article that fitted me perfectly. I wore a number thirteen shoe (in children's sizes), and any garment issued by the government contained material sufficient for several of me. All foraging parties were strictly enjoined to look out for wearing apparel for me, especially shoes. For a considerable time I was forced to go barefoot; I rarely possessed a shirt, and my clothing for a long period was reduced to a single pair of ragged trousers and short jacket that buttoned up to the neck.

Regarded from my view-point, the greatest hardship to which I was subjected arose from what I considered the equivocal friendship of a certain set of officers, whose system of espionage continually conflicted with my own private arrangements. More especially pronounced was my loathing of their attentions when, upon occasion of the disappearance of any trifling luxury or small article of military adornment, they would invariably cross-examine me in a most aggravating manner, which was rendered all the more embarrassing to me by reason of their expressed views being usually secretly shared by myself.

Conspicuous among these gallant souls, second only to my brother, our Adjutant, in vigilant watchfulness over my welfare, was our Chief Surgeon, Dr. John M. Witherwax, a man then past sixty. He was really the bane of my life. It seemed utterly impossible to successfully deceive him. It was he who detected me in not taking his medicine, through the trivial circumstance of my having poured out too much of the remedy, in a secret attempt to give the bottle an appearance of having been used; which act of mine had passed my brother unchallenged. At times, thereafter, when, feeling indisposed, I had sought the seclusion of quiet places, he would come upon me at the most unexpected moments, eye me narrowly, seize me, and drag me off to his tent, where he would examine me critically—and then dose me with the most noxious drugs. I was bitter and resentful. I frequently destroyed him utterly, using most barbarous methods—in my dreams of revenge.

The drug old doctor has long since passed to the other shore, but in looking back across the intervening years I can clearly discern that while he was at times severe with me in word of command, yet he was withal a most gentle, kindly soul, imbued with a courage that soared scornfully above all personal fear, and was beloved by all men, among whom, without irreverence, he was familiarly known as "Old Waxy."

In the capacity of orderly, I was one day sent out with despatches to General Grant's headquarters. I did not see the General on this occasion, but for the first time encountered his son, who I remember expressed great admiration for the dapple-gray Shetland pony I rode. He was a boy somewhat older and larger than myself, and very much cleaner, and wore the uniform and insignia of the rank of a Captain of infantry, and was the only person I ever met in my whole military career who I felt in my soul outranked me. This was the son, I am aware, who is now a Major-General of the United States Army—a person of not nearly so much consequence as formerly.

About this same period, I recall I had for some time entertained a strong dislike for General Grant. At least I then thought so, but can now see that it was merely commiseration. I pitied him for his lack of knowledge in the art of constructing fortifications. I then knew of methods of construction far superior to anything that had been taught him at West Point. His forts at Vicksburg were for the most part formed in the same manner—with a front and two side parapets, but entirely open at the rear; and in case of assault from this latter direction, the garrison would have been subjected to great exposure in climbing over the top of the front parapet when seeking the shelter of the farther side. Whereas, if they had been built in a solid circular form, the garrison, without the slightest exposure, could have readily circled their works upon the approach of an enemy from any given direction, always keeping the same between themselves and the foe. All of which I one day demonstrated to my own complete and perfect satisfaction, in a most strenuous exploit, wherein there figured a barrel filled with sand, a condemned Enfield rifle, a rusty old sabre, a Derringer pistol, and a negro boy of thirteen armed with a stout stick. The rifle and pistol were on the field, but masked.

The colored boy garrisoned the barrel with the stick. I first attempted to carry his works by assault with the sabre. This effort the garrison easily repulsed, beating a veritable tattoo about my head, and finally disarming me at one severe blow—driving me back in great disorder. After the dispersion of the galaxy of stars which obstructed my vision, I approached my batteries and regularly besieged the position. At sight of the rifle and pistol, the colored boy, who entertained a wholesome dread of either end of firearms, promptly offered to capitulate; but as he had nothing to represent a white flag, I flatly refused his surrender. Despite his protests, I kept him for hours "circling his works," in mortal fear, until finally there swooped down upon me a young, lithe lieutenant, supported by a big, bearded Captain of infantry (whose servant the colored boy was), who instantly and most effectively raised the siege. As I was being ignominiously dragged from the field, I was still further humiliated by the sarcasms of a dialogue indulged in between the two officers, enlarging upon my character—or rather the total absence of the same—rendered with a freedom of language that was entirely devoid of the slightest element of politeness. All the plaint the colored boy vouchsafed was directed at me in these words: "*Dar now*, Massa Perry, I done tol' you so *fust*."

Many and varied were my exciting experiences during the siege of Vicksburg, and of their number I vividly recall the incident of the first shell that screamed over me. It was very close, and, having nothing of importance to detain me, I turned and flew in the same direction it had taken. I say "flew" understandingly—being certain at the time that I had passed the shell, for, upon suddenly slowing down, it again passed me. Envious persons meanly insinuated that it was another shell, but I stood stoutly by my own convictions and my record as a sprinter.

On the crest of the hill which sheltered our camp was located a battery of heavy siege-guns, where I spent much time, enjoying the privilege of "pulling off" these heavy guns after they had been charged and sighted. This must have been a very annoying battery, for the Confederate sharpshooters were continually "plugging away" at it; and one day, without the slightest regard for my presence, the enemy dropped a long conical shell right into the works, unreasonably close to me. In striking, it tore up the earth, throwing it all over me, made one mighty bound, and then lay exposed in all its fearsome naked ness. It was a percussion shell and, of course, would have exploded when it struck, if at all; but shells in any locus or condition were always very disconcerting to me.

Without waiting for an explanation of any kind respecting this one, I tore off down the hill at a rate of speed that would have done credit to an antelope, covered with dirt if not with glory. I frequently viewed this feat from a distance, but was never stimulated with sufficient interest to approach it again.

Toward the close of the siege, as great was my desire to be in the van when the inevitable surrender took place, I spent much of my time in the rifle-pits, where, with a borrowed musket and ammunition, I would load and fire with the man for hours at a time. Being one day in the trenches accidentally but completely exposed to the enemy, at short range, I was fired upon simultaneously by more men, I imagined, than ever before took a shot at a single individual. This brings me to my last exploit, and chiefest, and one which is well known to many men still living. This was no less an achievement than my prematurely entering the enemy's works, on the morning of July 3, 1863, slightly in advance of the surrender. Not at all cast down by being held prisoner for a short hour, I was soon out and loudly boasting of having been "the first man" to enter Vicksburg.

With the close of the siege, my part in warfare ended; for upon going into camp near the river, after the surrender, I was soon taken violently ill. I was honorably discharged on July 26, 1863, on a surgeon's certificate of disability, carried on board a Mississippi River transport in an unconscious condition, and sent North.

At this point, in order to forestall any inquiry which might hereafter be made, I will add that I was unable at the time to determine, with any degree of accuracy, just how much earlier the Rebellion might have been suppressed had I been longer spared to the service.

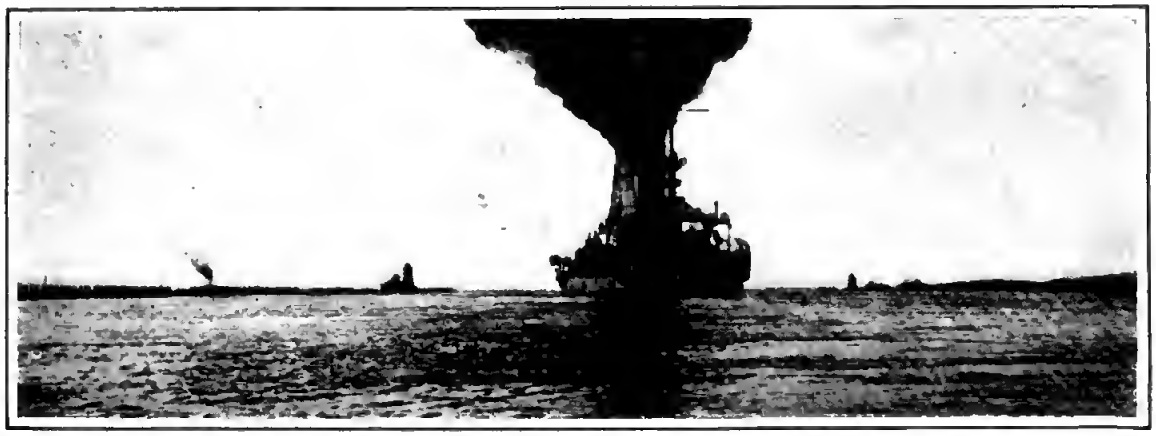
My eldest brother, Charles L. Byam, of Huntington Park, California, was the first of the family to volunteer, going out as a private in the Sixth Iowa Infantry early in 1861, at the age of fifteen years and seven months. He was seriously wounded at the battle of Shiloh, and discharged, but when sufficiently recovered to walk he re-entered the service and became a First Lieutenant before he had reached the age of seventeen. Upon the official roster of his regiment, opposite his name, I have read these words: "Promoted for gallantry upon the field of battle."

My father, Eber C. Byam (deceased), entered the service in the spring of 1862, as a Colonel of Volunteers. He participated in several battles, personally leading his regiment in the final charge at Champion's Hill, retiring from the army only when sickness and injury disqualified him for further service.

My second brother, William W. Byam, of Chicago, Illinois, enlisted in 1862, when fourteen years of age, and like myself was mustered into the service as a drummer, serving as such through the war, being lastly under Sherman, with whose veteran army he finished his military career in the "Grand Review" at Washington, at the close of the Rebellion.

My sister Frances (next older than myself) died of diphtheria in 1863, in the fourteenth year of her age, and my mother followed her to the grave a week later. She was only in her thirty-seventh year, but the mother of three sons, all of whom, together with their father, were serving in the army at the time of her death. This was bitterly illustrative of the irony of fate: in that the father and sons should all survive the carnage of war, whilst the mother and daughter who grieved for them should perish—in a haven of supposed safety.

My mother I can but dimly recall, in just a faint, uncertain, shadowy form. Recollection of my sister is also indistinct; but as a certain, though acute assurance of the love she bore for me, I have a lime-worn and tear-stained likeness of myself, which I gave her at parting. The picture still shows the small figure, in uniform, of the drummer; but the features are entirely kissed away.



THE FIRST BATTLESHIP TO VOYAGE UP THE MISSISSIPPI

THE BATTLESHIP "MISSISSIPPI" ENTERING THE SOUTH PASS OF THE "FATHER OF WATERS" ON HER MEMORABLE JOURNEY OF 330 MILES UP THE RIVER TO NATCHEZ

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THE NEW OFFICE BOY

The Gentler View

PANORAMAS, ETC.

By Florida Pier

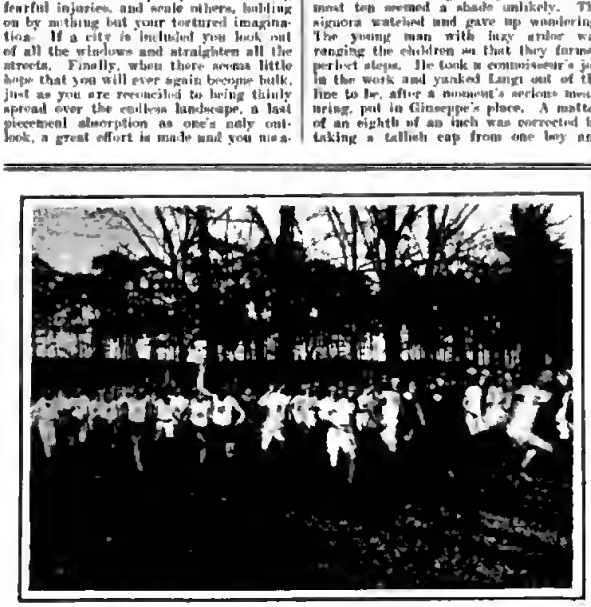
Stavinn quietly in one's room, with a busy back turned to the windows, panoramas seem things easily avoided. It is possible, or so the housed person happily feels, to skirt panoramas, to turn one's head away, to do any number of rescuing things if panoramas happen to affect one unpleasantly. But once out in the open, they assault you on every side. Considering their size, it is amazing how many there are, almost all countries giving them room without visible inconvenience. With a tightening of the throat islands are sadly beloved, islands so small that "views" are out of the question. Islands just able to hold detail and nothing a whit bigger. The weakness for panoramas must be very general, or if we of this generation have outgrown the lilting, then our grandfathers liked to a discouraging degree a comprehensive view. The knowledge of their tastes has spread into the still corners of the world and buffets and saddens us when we least expect it. A child with a hot, crushed flower in its hand and a head heavy with shyness will before your eyes become electrified with an idea. It runs up the road, stops, beckons infinitesimally, and you follow aflutter with guesses, willing to go anywhere as long as this perfect bit trots before you. It turns a corner, and another, plods up a hill, making sure all you by throwing enthralling glances over its shoulder. The tad obviously has a treasure, perhaps never before shown to a strange eye. You alone out of all the world have been chosen to inspect and share this baby's secret. Beyond a doubt, it is a rabbit, a tiny white one. You will be allowed to give it a leaf, and in return it will wrinkle its nose for you. Your steps quicken and—one scarcely has the heart to write it—that child issues on to a terrace, climbs upon the iron bench placed with a sickening knowledge of the ways of mankind, and waits for the "Oh!" with which you should properly greet the panorama lying before you.

It is a moment for all the fortitude one can summon. You have been tricked, fooled, slapped in your most sensitive dislike; and so much by this smugly smiling little wretch as by the countless people who have by their liking called panoramas into being. You look at the hated extensiveness, because what else is one to do with one's eyes? A panorama is as large a thing that it is a question of that or one's boots. And once having succumbed to looking, unhappiness suffuses you and the exhausting process has begun. Your eyes are sluice-gates, and through them every last scrap of you scurries forth to be lost in that undisciplined panorama. Every distressing little hill is climbed, every dip and rise of the land covered. Up and down the banks of the river you race, unable to find a ford, and you at last pull yourself over by a bridge that possibly exists behind a clump of trees. They look as though they had something. You fall over some precipices, sustaining fearful injuries, and scale others, bubbling on by nothing but your tortured imagination. If a city is included you look out of all the windows and straighten all the streets. Finally, when there seems little hope that you will ever again become bulk, just as you are reconciled to being thinly spread over the endless landscape, a last piecemeal absorption as one's only outlook, a great effort is made and you massage to reunite. You come together like a thousand pieces of repairing quicksilver, and, once having rescued yourself from the disintegration attendant on panoramas, you turn and run to where your vision is comfortably stopped fifty feet away and your loosely woven self is confined within livable bounds.

The only comfort to be got out of such a catastrophe is the thought of the surprise, on the part of that treacherous child, when no penny was forthcoming. You may have in this way saved future travellers of trusting dispositions. That little girl may of her acquired wisdom in time teach her sons, so that when they are brisk young guides (though these are instinctively suspected and never followed without a clear idea of their intentions); and, later, when they are brooding old men who on beckoning give you the impression that if followed to a quiet corner stores of homely knowledge will be droomed forth, and between you all mistakes of the past and present may be corrected, even at these two periods, when the desire to show *bella cintra* is so strong upon the blindest men, they will remember their mother's childish experience and desist.

This is a pleasant thought, and on such slight provocation one revives a little, and feels strong enough to again emerge from the house and run that ever present risk of another panorama.

It was raining, and the American signora turned into the nearest church with the fixing hope that it might contain a chair and be otherwise lacking in points of interest. She was reduced to the state of shrunkened shuffling which proves, when one is a well regulated being, that one has just done a museum and has succeeded in living through it. The signora was acutely thinking that it must have been in the fifth gallery where she lost her sense of beauty, her interest in life and desire to be educated going at the rughth. She sighed with gratitude at having come out with her legs intact and sat down suddenly on the door sill of the cloister. It may be as well to say here that she never saw the interior of the church and will not, for a reasonably long time, forget the cloister. Directly in front of her stood a row of Italian young sters varying from the size that toddles and falls for no reason at all on its round face to the size that calls after one to the street and makes faces at its letters. Before them stood a young man with a cigarette in his mouth and a critical light in his eye. A slap stick was stuck under his arm, and when he turned it was tweacked by the giggling boys. The signora wondered if she was watching a school or a military drill. There were no chairs or desks, there was nothing but the slap-stick and the rain dropping into the cloister wall. Perhaps the group before her was a band of insurgents preparing for civil war, the slap-stick being used as a blind. Yet insurgents aged two and at most ten seemed a shade unlikely. The signora watched and gave up wondering. The young man with lazy ardor was ranging the children so that they formed perfect steps. He took a connoisseur's joy in the work and yanked Luigi out of the line to be, after a moment's serious measuring, put in Giuseppe's place. A matter of an eighth of an inch was corrected by taking a tallish cap from one boy and putting it on the head of his shortish neighbor. One child's cowlick was forcibly made to lie down, as it spoiled the symmetry; and just as perfection was about to be attained the third boy from the end became unaccountably shorter. His place in the line was changed. He became still shorter. The slap-stick came down on his shoulders, and he grew fully four inches. This caused a general to-do, and everybody wanted to know what he meant by it. He explained that he really was tall, but he was very tired and his knees bent wholly without his consent. Every one was shocked at such duplicity, but as he began to cry he was at once appointed lieutenant and took his place at the young man's side. That settled it, the signora now knew they were insurgents and trembled for the safety of Italy. Stentorian orders at this point being issued, they broke into companies of four, wheeled, went once around the cloisters, and returned to their former positions. In soft chirps they sang out numbers and got along very nicely until it was the turn of a round young person, who had, apparently, been eating the ink bottle. His face and hands were a brilliant blue-black, and when he smiled his tongue was in harmony. Instead, however, of his singing out three, which he knew perfectly to be his number, such was his imitative nature that he sang out what every one else did, and was silent when his turn came, thus threatening to upset the entire regiment. He was remonstrated with, given another chance, and again he went wrong. The young man allowed his cigarette to go out in the excitement, but the baby only smiled his inky smile. When it was explained to him that there meant he was to fall into the third line he nodded happily, and when with much losing of stippers (it did not seem right that insurgents should wear bedroom slippers to drill, so lacking in proper fierceness) three fairly straight lines were formed there was that small scamp holding his big brother, the lieutenant, firmly by the hand and indifferent to the fact that his place in the third line was empty. Every one shrugged his shoulders—it was the first thing they had done in unison—and started on a second turn around the cloister. By this time the signora felt as at home, almost a member of the guilty band, that she ventured to bow to the passing regiment. Some giggled, one winked, a few looked sternly away, and half a dozen raised their caps. With absolute ferocity the lieutenant ordered a halt. The signora vaguely felt that she was the cause of it. Then, with astonishing eloquence, the lieutenant pointed out the iniquity of soldiers bowing to their lady friends while on duty. The young man was on the other side of the cloister rolling a fresh cigarette, as no help was to be expected from him. The signora was in the hands of the lieutenant. He ignored her coldly, but his anger lashed the offending regiment. It was plain that he longed for the slap stick. Heads began to be hung, and as all drooped except that of the inky baby, who placidly licked his blackened cheeks, a pair of bare brown feet crossed the sill, and before any one knew what was happening the lieutenant's ears were being boxed. The avenging woman—it was a woman—carried a harvest-knife stuck into her belt at the back, and her head was bound in a pink handkerchief. When she had finished with the lieutenant she delivered herself frankly to the young man, after which she turned to the boy, who so frequently stepped out of his slippers, and commanded him to take off his cap to the signora. Was it not her own daughter and his mother who did the signora's washing? Was he to grow up an ingrate? Rather should he be removed from a school where such manners were taught? (Then it was a school; yet one might be pardoned for having failed to recognize it.) The young man—one might as well give him his title and call him the schoolmaster—was most sorry; he had not known of the connection. He would have all the boys bow next time round. He brought about sudden order, started off his pupils at a trot. With the aid of the slap-stick had every man jack take off his cap to the signora, did it himself, gained a grim nod from the old woman with the harvest knife, and when the signora, feeling rather red and fearing future developments, rose to go the school was playing ring around the rosy about the cloister well, and the young school master was putting a rose in his buttonhole.



CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING IN GERMANY

A RACE WAS RECENTLY HELD NEAR BERLIN IN WHICH SEVEN HUNDRED RUNNERS PARTICIPATED

A City of Salt

The town of Wieliczka, in the province of Galicia, Austria, is famous for its salt mines, which are more than a thousand years old, and have been laid out as an underground city, with streets, houses, and monuments. These mines are in the form of an oval, twenty-two miles long, and at the greatest width a half a mile. There are twenty two miles of mining railways running through the galleries, whose aggregate length is nearly sixty-five miles.

Many tourists visit Wieliczka each year in order to see the wonderful city of salt, and a large corps of guides is maintained, because the regulations require one guide to every three visitors who make the underground trip. St. Anthony's Chapel is one of the most interesting features in the caverns, for it was hewn from a single piece of rock salt some two hundred years ago by an unknown miner. It has an altar ornamented with twisted columns and statues of kneeling monks, while above it is the crucifixion and a statue of the Virgin. Religious ceremonies were formerly conducted here, but of recent years these have been transferred to the chapel of St. Cunegund, which was opened in 1896. The latter is one hundred and fifty feet long, forty-five feet broad, and thirty feet in height, containing a pulpit, altars, and chandeliers, all beautifully carved in salt.

In addition to a hall for dancing, which is ornamented with glittering chandeliers of crystal salt carved in the year 1814, at the time of the visit of the Czar, there are many other great rooms decorated with the sparkling salt crystals, and a wonderful cavern called the Crown Prince Rudolph Grotto. This contains a subterranean lake, which mirrors perfectly the lights and white statuary of the grotto with a splendor that is unimaginable.

PURE MILK FOR BABY

Necessary milk conditions was first started by Gail Borden in the early fifties. The best systems to-day are largely based on his methods, but none are so thorough and so rigidly enforced as the Borden system. For over fifty years the EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK has proved its claim as the best food for infants. ★

THE BEST ALL-ROUND FAMILY LINIMENT is "BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA." 25 cents a bottle. ★

Use BROWN'S Camphorated, Superfine DENTIFRICE for the teeth. Delicious. 25 cents per Jar. ★

ADVERTISEMENTS.

OVER THE FENCE

Neighbor Says Something.

The front yard fence is a famous council place on pleasant days—maybe to chat with some one along the street, or for friendly gossip with next door neighbor. Sometimes it is only small talk, but other times neighbor has something really good to offer.

An old resident of Baird, Texas, got some mighty good advice this way once. He says:

"Drinking coffee left me nearly dead with dyspepsia, kidney disease, and bowel trouble, with constant pains in my stomach, back, and side, and so weak I could scarcely walk.

"One day I was chatting with one of my neighbors about my trouble, and told her I believed coffee hurt me. Neighbor said she knew lots of people to whom coffee was poison, and she pleaded with me to quit it and give Postum a trial. I did not take her advice right away, but tried a change of climate, which did not do me any good. Then I dropped coffee and took up Postum.

"My improvement began immediately, and I got better every day. I used Postum.

"My bowels became regular, and in two weeks all my pains were gone. Now I am well and strong, and can eat anything I want to without distress. All of this is due to my having quit coffee, and to the use of Postum regularly.

"My son, who was troubled with indigestion, thought that if Postum helped me so, it might help him. It did, too, and he is now well and strong again.

"We like Postum as well as we ever liked the coffee, and use it altogether in my family in place of coffee, and all keep well." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Hott?
Tired?
Thirsty?
Coca-Cola
Is Cooling—Refreshing
Thirst Quenching
5c.
Everywhere

Finance

MR. HARRIMAN'S OPINIONS

By Franklin Escher

SOME remarkable changes have taken place since the panic. Two years ago hardly as much surprise would have been caused by the great Sphinx of Egypt's breaking its age-long silence as by Mr. Harriman's calling the newspaper men around him and discussing freely with them his views on the general situation and the particular properties in which he is interested. Yet that is exactly what has happened several times during the past two years, and what happened last week on the day before Mr. Harriman sailed for his long vacation. Assembling twenty-three representatives of the press at his Fifth Avenue home, Mr. Harriman, with the utmost frankness and good nature and in answer to a running fire of questions, expressed his views on the situation in general and on a number of subjects in particular.

When Mr. Harriman talks, his words are worth listening to. He is in a position to know—one of the features of Harriman administration is the perfection of the organization for collecting news and gauging public sentiment. The head of the system is in constant touch with conditions in every section into which the lines extend, and that comprises the greater part of the country. On matters of pure theory, as for instance what caused the panic, there may be good reasons for differing from Mr. Harriman's views, but when it comes down to actual conditions, what he has to say is not only of interest but of the very greatest value.

The crops, according to Mr. Harriman, are the all-important factor in the situation, and the industrial recovery will progress in proportion as the crops are successful. "I think we are in a substantial basis," he said, "and all that it needs to keep us on the top of the wave is for the farmer to continue his liberal development and production. The liberal expenditures on the part of the farmers and their agricultural development are, to my mind, the important factors in the national situation. If we have favorable weather and large crops we shall have correspondingly happy times—you might say that we shall probably have a great burst of speculation and a rise in prices of everything."

While not expressing a definite opinion as to how the crops would come out, Mr. Harriman said a number of things which seemed to indicate that he was entirely satisfied with the outlook. Full realization on the part of the farmers that they must be liberal in their policy toward their land, he declared, was largely responsible for the business improvement which has already taken place. "I noticed on my recent trip West," he said, "that our roads were shipping more coopers than ever before in their history. There are now more acres in cultivation than ever before."

Scrapers and other agricultural machinery being manufactured and hauled into the crop regions; a big tonnage of wheat and corn hauled out by the railroads; a return flow into the agricultural sections of manufactured products purchased with the crop money—these are some of the more apparent points of contact between good crops and good times. The influence is immediate. The harvesting of the winter-wheat crop in Texas is under way now. The authoritative statement that there are more acres in cultivation than ever before is decidedly reassuring.

Looking at the question of business recovery from another view point, and bearing in mind that what is to come depends largely on what has passed, Mr. Harriman's views on the causes of the panic are highly illuminating. Recovery from a real illness and recovery from a fright are two very different things. If, as Mr. Harriman declares, the panic was purely a matter of sentiment, the present recovery is going to be a very different thing from the protracted periods following other panics which did have deep underlying causes. What Mr. Harriman thinks of the panic of 1907 can best be told in his own words. "That 'panic' was not made by speculation—it was purely sentiment. It was not exactly a panic—it was worse; it was a disaster. It was directly caused by the extraordinary court decision of Judge Landis—there is no doubt about that. There was some distrust that hadn't been recovered from, caused by the reaction of the spring months, but it wasn't until the Landis decision came along that it became serious. That decision is what frightened people into withdrawing money from circulation. I don't mean to say that money would have been plentiful, but there would have been enough money to go around for business purposes. I know what I am talking about, for I went through it all."

Opinions differ widely as to what might be called the "depth" of the recent panic, a number of economists ascribing it to causes from which complete recovery could hardly be expected in the short space of time which has passed. If, on the other hand, the panic was nothing but a matter of sentiment—the fear of something which never happened—it is hard to see why the recovery should necessarily be dragged out over a long period of time. Mr. Harriman's idea is that there was never any real reason for such a reaction as took place—that it was a manifestation of public sentiment disturbed and frightened by the apparent hostility of the government toward corporate interests. "Now," he says, "people are beginning to get back their courage. They have been submerged in hysteria, not knowing whom to trust and keeping everybody under suspicion. But people are returning to the old-fashioned idea that they can have some confidence in the other fellow. Suspicions are narrowing—it is courage and confidence that make for progress."

However economists may disagree with Mr. Harriman's flat statement that it was the Landis decision which was the direct cause of the panic, no one who was in close touch with affairs at that time will belittle the extent to which the situation was made acute by the general mistrust of existing institutions. Certainly, one of the best signs of the times is the extent to which that very prevalent idea of the general unsoundness of things has given way to a feeling of renewed confidence in American institutions and the men in charge of them. The feeling is all-pervasive. It is best of the way in which the country's commercial structure stood up under the stress of the panic, and it has been strengthened and deepened in the public mind by the realization that, under the present sane and conservative administration, legitimately conducted business has nothing to fear.

It was this change in sentiment, evidently, which Mr. Harriman had in mind when he spoke of the causes which may bring about the next serious period of shrinkage. Sentiment, he declared, would play no part next time; what will count will be a crop failure or a "change in natural conditions." We have got over being frightened. It will take something real to bring about a recurrence of the conditions of 1907.

Turning from this optimistic discussion of the general situation, Mr. Harriman expressed his views on several subjects of the greatest interest to investors in general, and about which there has been much uncertain talk. The new Hill-Harriman agreement, it seems, by which the Union Pacific is to use jointly with the Hill roads one hundred and thirty-five miles of the track leading into Tacoma, has "no string attached to it," and does not mean that the Union Pacific will not go ahead with whatever other extension operations it pleases to undertake. The agreement, however, says Mr. Harriman, is an excellent example of the advantages of co-operation as against the competition which would result were two or three expensive new lines to be built through the same territory. Granted that the passenger pays the same rate, the service under existing conditions is bound to be much better. From the railroads' point of view, on the other hand, cost of conducting transportation is greatly reduced, while the avoiding of the unnecessary investment of capital puts the railroad in a position to spend money somewhere else where it is more needed.

Concerning the building activities of the Southern Pacific Railroad in Mexico, Mr. Harriman declared that the project did not carry further southward than Guadalajara, where connection is to be made with the Mexican Central, and that his object, indeed, in building lines into Mexico was to develop territory rather than to make more through connections. The north-and-south Harriman system running from Puget Sound down into Mexico, he pointed out, is in itself a line of very fair length. Having put that line through, it would now be entirely in accord with Harriman policy to develop the territory from which the traffic is expected to originate.

The third one of his properties on which Mr. Harriman gave specific information was the Pacific Mail. These steamers, he declared, were being run at a large loss each year, but while opportunities to sell had not been wanting, he could not bring himself to recommend to the directors that the American flag be hauled down and the ships turned over to a foreign company. This patriotic view, it appears, costs from $400,000 to $500,000 a year to entertain, and with but a slight chance that Congress will put through a subsidy bill and make it possible to run the boats at a profit.

With the air so full of deals and rumors of deals to come, Mr. Harriman's positive declaration that he will not go on the Missouri Pacific board is of great interest to investors. "Mr. Gould has done me the honor of declaring that he would welcome me on the board of the Missouri Pacific," he said, "and personally I would take a great pleasure in being associated with him in the management of that system, but as conditions are now it is impossible." Just what the conditions are, he did not say. In any case, the positive statement that he will not join the Goulds ought to dispose of a number of fancy deal rumors which have been going the rounds, and some of which have obtained credence in pretty good quarters.

Expressing his views on the limiting of fortunes, Mr. Harriman, as might be expected, declared himself strongly opposed to anything which would tend to put a check on industry and enterprise. Money, he declared, is nothing in itself, but is the evidence of industry coupled with capacity. If anything were done in the way of limiting fortunes, something ought to be done in the way of limiting the lowering of the rate of return. And just here Mr. Harriman expressed a view which has already caused wide-spread discussion and which should furnish food for thought for those who have become enamored of the new theories as to the effects of increasing gold production. "There is no doubt that the tendency of earnings is downward," he said. "Fifty years from now a return of five per cent. may be considered as great an ten per cent is now."

On several of these various matters which Mr. Harriman was pleased to discuss before he sailed for Europe, opinions widely divergent from those expressed by him are held by many people of intelligence, but the views of a man with Mr. Harriman's opportunities for observation are bound in themselves to carry weight. Where the question is of some definite economic point there exists, perhaps, the greatest chance for reasonable difference of opinion, but where the question is of actual business conditions, it must be admitted that there are few men in the country in a position to speak with the same degree of authority. And Mr. Harriman is optimistic, unreservedly so. Everything he said points clearly to a belief on his part that the "panic of 1907" was an extraordinary psychological demonstration rather than an economic upheaval—after which a long period of rest and recovery would be necessary. His diagnosis is a bad case of fright, calling for a prescription far different than if the patient had been really sick. It takes a little time, too, it is true, to get over a bad case of "nerves," but if Mr. Harriman's is the right view of the case, there should be nothing in the way of a complete recovery, and within a comparatively short length of time.

What will happen to bond prices when money rates go up?—that is the question being asked by thousands of holders of bonds all over the country who refuse to delude themselves into the belief that present money-market ease can last indefinitely.

The higher the grade of a bond the more its price is influenced by the rate for money, for which reason it is becoming decidedly a question of whether it would not perhaps be better to transfer holdings of highest-grade bonds into bonds less dependent upon the money market. At the end of a long period of money ease, when reviving industry is making heavy demands upon capital, it is not at all unusual to see the price of the very best first-mortgage bonds declining, while the price of second-class bonds is still steadily going up.

The reason is simply that when business capital is idle a good deal of it finds its way into the best of bonds, and so, when the money is again in demand, the bonds have to be sold. Second grade bonds, on the other hand, are affected rather by business conditions than by the money market. Rising rates for money do their price little good, it is true, but where the rising rates for money reflect a bettering business situation, this latter consideration is apt to outweigh the other. For this reason a business situation improving at the expense of the money market favors the price of second-class bonds as against the best issues, and strongly raises the question in the investor's mind as to whether it would not be better to switch over into good bonds of the second class.

It is coming to be recognized that it will not be long before the government will have to issue more bonds, and that in order to dispose of them the rate of interest they bear will have to be raised above two per cent. "It would not be possible to sell to individual investors a considerable amount of bonds of this character at par," said Senator Aldrich, in submitting to the Senate the Tariff Bill now under discussion, "but bonds redeemable at the pleasure of the government after a few years could undoubtedly be sold at a rate not exceeding three per cent., and the necessary authority should be given in this bill for such issue."

A great deal has been said concerning how the raising of the rate to three per cent. will hurt the market price of the $731,000,000 of two per cent. bonds now outstanding, but the banks which hold most of these bonds are not at all worried as to the outcome. Good faith and good policy on the part of the government require that the price of the outstanding "twos" be supported, which can easily enough be done by not extending to the new bonds a certain privilege now enjoyed by the old. Circulation based on the old twos is taxed only one-half per cent. per annum, as against a tax of one per cent. on circulation based on all other bonds. This distinction in favor of the old bonds ought to be enough to keep up their price. If it turns out that it isn't, the tax on circulation based on the old bonds will probably be reduced to one-quarter per cent. per annum, which, while providing more than enough revenue, ought to result in keeping up the price of the bonds.

The deal in May wheat having been brought to so successful a consummation, operations, it appears, are to be extended to the July and other options. There is a legend in Wall Street that a man once plunged into the speculative market, made a big fortune, took away his money, and never speculated again. Some queer things have happened in Wall Street, but seldom anything so strange as that.

It is not what stocks are actually earning, but what they are going to earn, which makes them sell high. Present earnings of the United States Steel Corporation would hardly warrant a record price for the stock, but the outlook for big business and the increased capacity for handling it introduces a new factor into the situation. One of the big steel men is reported recently to have said that if the new plant at Gary were handled as proposed for $50,000,000, earnings of that plant alone would pay the interest on the bonds and the dividend on the common stock of the whole company. That statement may be over-optimistic, but it is a certainty that the United States Steel Corporation, running at capacity in 1910, will be able to earn many more millions net than it was capable of earning in 1906. All of which has a most direct bearing on the market value of the unincreased share capital.

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The Tricks of Wireless in Japan

One of the most extraordinary incidents since the inauguration of wireless telegraphy has recently occurred in connection with the utilization of Marconi's great achievement in Japan. About two o'clock on a Sunday morning a few weeks ago the operators of the wireless telegraph station at Choshi in southern Japan were aroused by perturbation of the instruments. The men were soon in place, and the message recorded filled them with dismay. It was presumably an urgent message from some unknown steamer in mid-Pacific, announcing disaster and pleading for immediate assistance. The operators could do nothing till they knew the name of the ship and her whereabouts on the sea, and for this information they called in vain. To their frantic and repeated appeals the only reply was, "V. A. W. B. D. U.," which, according to the universal code, the Japanese interpreted to mean: "Boiler explosion! Send help!" This being the only information available, it was duly transmitted to the head office of the Marine Disaster Relief Association in Tokio.

From there the demand went back to the Choshi station for the name of the ship and her latitude and longitude; but nothing could be known more than the urgent calls for help, to which Japan was powerless to respond. Needless to say, there was a sensation in shipping and domestic circles. All over the Empire flashed the sad news of a ship in a sinking condition and the impossibility of rendering aid. The telegraph offices were besieged by shipowners and agents, and the shipping offices by those who had friends at sea. Nothing, however, could be known further than that a ship equipped with wireless telegraph apparatus was foundering, and that her appeals for help were of a nature that rendered them useless. Some concluded that in the confusion of the accident and the impending wreck there had been time merely to throw out at a venture a signal of distress, which had been caught by the Choshi station. It is impossible adequately to depict the awful sensation of a whole nation receiving weird and pathetic appeals from unknown victims of the sea and the only possible answer a sigh of despair. Nor were things made clear until several days later, when the British Far Eastern squadron arrived in port and revealed the fact that about 150 miles off the Choshi coast they had been engaging in wireless telegraph signal practice; and then it became evident that it was a message caught from the manœuvres of the British ships that the Choshi operators had been reporting to Tokio.

MIAMI'S ONE-HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY

THE OLD MAIN BUILDING OF MIAMI UNIVERSITY AT OXFORD, OHIO. THIS BUILDING STANDS IN THE CENTRE OF THE CAMPUS, WHERE A CENTENNIAL OF THE FOUNDING OF THE UNIVERSITY WILL BE HELD ON JUNE 10TH

A Four-year-old "Joy-Rider"

In the town of Lincoln, England, lives the youngest chauffeur in the British Isles and, probably, in the entire world. This youngster is just four years of age, and therefore possesses no license permitting him to drive an automobile; but he evidently considers himself fully competent to hold such a position. As evidence of this ability he recently gave an impromptu exhibition on the streets of Lincoln and proved that his observation of the ways of the chauffeur was fairly accurate.

While playing in front of his home one day last month this young hopeful espied an unoccupied motor-car standing at the curb a few doors farther down the block and chugging away with its engine still running. The temptation was too great to be resisted, and a few moments later our four-year old had climbed into the car and was fumbling with the levers. Suddenly the throttle was opened, and with a jerk the machine started down the street, the diminutive chauffeur joyfully clinging to the steering wheel. By some miraculous good fortune the car kept on a straight course, only knocking aside one milk-cart and narrowly missing several pedestrians who expected the approaching automobile to pass the crossings at reduced speed. All might have been well and the car have run until its gasoline had been exhausted had not a druggist's shop stood directly in the way of the High Street turning. The youthful "joy rider" saw the impending collision and had the foresight to jump before the crash came. The druggist's shop got decidedly the worst of the encounter, its front being demolished and the entire stock of medicine-bottles shattered, but the automobile was only slightly injured. When the owner of the car and the crowd of townspeople who had followed in pursuit arrived upon the scene the machine's engine was still running and the child chauffeur was sitting on the curb nursing a few scratches.

Shady Streets of Dutch Cities

The average Dutch town is an attractive place in the summer months, since practically every street and canal is bordered with shade trees which shut out the glare of the sun and offer cool and inviting avenues for the exploration of the tourist. The banks of these canals are generally terraced in two levels—the lower one for warehouses and the upper for shops or dwellings; but each elevation is planted with trees.

At last a city is an exceedingly poor location for tree culture. Narrow streets with tall buildings exclude the life giving sunlight; asphalt or closely paved walks prevent the necessary moisture from sinking into the ground and nourishing the thirsty roots; and leakage from the gas-mains is a deadly poison to the growth of all vegetation. For this reason care should be exercised in the selection of the variety of tree for street-planting in order to get the best results. In Holland, time has demonstrated that the elm and linden should be placed in the first rank, for there are many examples of these species in Dutch towns which have withstood the ravages of more than two centuries. The elm appears to be the hardier of these two trees and will live under most adverse conditions.

The Dutch municipalities expend large sums each year for the preservation of their shade trees, but the results amply justify the cost of maintenance. In the past year the city of Utrecht taxed each inhabitant twenty-one cents for its trees (two and one-half Dutch cents equalling an American cent), and The Hague spent twenty-eight cents for the same purpose.

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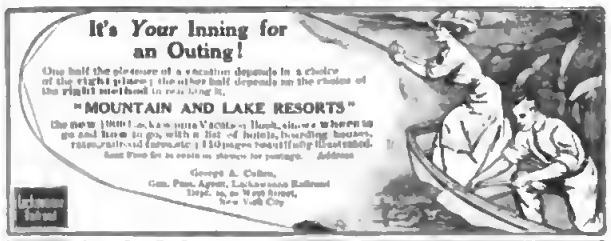

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Safety in Railroad Travel

THERE were 1,934 fewer fatalities to passengers and employees in railway accidents in the United States during the year 1908 than in 1907. This reduction cannot be attributed to a decline in the number of passengers exposed to the risks of travel, for the increase in the number carried one mile to every one killed in the fiscal years 1906-07, 1907-08, and the calendar year 1908, was, respectively, 87,606,230, 179,035,330, and 235,294,117. Also the decrease in the number of trainmen employed by the railroads between June, 1907, and June, 1908, was only fifteen per cent. as compared with a decrease in fatalities among these employees of fifty-one per cent. Apparently a new era of safety in railway travel has begun, but such an assumption is only partly correct. It is the result of the abnormal conditions existing in the railroad industry since the panic of October, 1907.

The period of business depression which followed the panic caused a recession of six per cent. in our freight traffic, and, incidentally, a decrease in fatalities of seventy per cent. This lessening in the freight traffic took the strain off every department of the service, and consequently regulations were observed more closely. Safety devices and methods of operation were practically the same in 1906-07, 1907, and 1908, and therefore had no bearing upon the results. There was a great diminution in the number of accidents due to carelessness and negligence on the part of the victims, such as falling from cars while getting on or off, or from coming in contact with structures above or beside the tracks. The reduction in employees in 1908 reached a total of more than 221,000, and this tended to weed out the inefficient men and to retain those most deserving of responsible positions. It is from such changes caused by the late panic that we have reaped, temporarily, a comparative immunity from fatal railroad accidents.

A Metropolitan golf champion

MISS JULIA B. MIX, OF ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY, WON THE WOMEN'S 1909 METROPOLITAN CHAMPIONSHIP OVER THE COURSE AT NASSAU, WINNING FROM THE TITLE-HOLDER, MISS BISHOP, IN THE FINAL ROUND

Howard Pyle's First Success

HOWARD PYLE, the distinguished illustrator, recently gave this interesting account of his first successful venture as an artist to Mr. James B. Morrow, who quotes the painter in the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*:

"I had been in New York for a year and a half, perhaps, when I painted my first important picture. It was made in black and white and called *The Wreck in the Offing*. A crew of a life-saving station were in a room playing cards by the light of a lantern. The door burst open and a man in oilskins, streaming with spray and rain, told the news of the disaster. I spent weeks on that picture. When it was finished five cents was the total sum of my remaining cash resources. I knew the idea was worth $15, even if the picture were rejected. But I neglected to consider that the art editor might be absent. It was a shock, therefore, when I found that he had gone home for the day. However, I left the picture.

"Walking back to my studio, miles away, I stopped to see Frederick Church who was always kind to young artists, but I could not bring myself to the point of letting him know that I was penniless. I told the young men who shared my studio that I was ill and had lost my appetite. But when they had gone to the restaurant I searched my old clothing and found half a dollar; it paid for my dinner that night, my breakfast next morning and my car fare back to Harper's.

"My nerves were on edge when at last I faced the art editor. My picture, big as a house, was standing on his desk. I felt sure, the minute I saw it, that it had been declined. 'Mr. Harper,' the art editor said, 'has looked at your picture and likes it. Indeed, he intends to give it a double page in the WEEKLY.'

"Since that eventful morning," Mr. Pyle continued, "my ways have been in pleasant places. I was paid $75 for *The Wreck in the Offing*, and the first thing I did was to take a friend to Delmonico's for luncheon. I want to add that I thought I foresaw the time when illustrating would be a very important part of art life in this country. I never lost confidence in my early judgment, and I am glad I have lived to see American illustrating a dignified and major factor in our national art evolution."

"Why did you leave New York and come back to Wilmington?"

"I found the diversions in New York too many and attractive for sustained and serious effort. When I made up my mind to move I didn't linger, but packed my effects and bought a ticket."

"How do you work and when do you play?"

"I come to my studio in the morning and stay until six o'clock in the summer, and as long as I can see in the winter. When I shut the doors of this building I shut my mind to paints, pencils, and pictures. I don't think of art except when I am here. I don't talk it. I stand up while I work and that is all the physical exercise I ever get. My recreation is found in the social life of the fine old city of Wilmington, and it is equal to the best in the United States."

The Force of a Tornado

THE southern part of this country was visited during the past spring by several severe wind-storms, and the State of Georgia in particular suffered from the effects of one of these tornadoes. Considerable destruction was wrought by this high wind, which left many evidences of its tremendous power, some of them being of an especially freakish character.

The property of the Hon. S. M. Roberts is situated about twelve miles from Atlanta, and his sawmill was directly in the path of the storm. The wind caught up one of the planks that were stacked in the yard, carried it a short distance, and then drove it against a large pine tree. The plank struck the trunk end on, and with such terrific force that it entirely penetrated the tree, extending a foot or more on the farther side. So powerful was the impact that the tree was not splintered, but the plank fits in it as neatly as though the work had been done by an expert carpenter.

The Haunts of the Mutton Bird

OFF the north coast of Tasmania lie a number of islands which have the appearance at a distance of being little else than bare rocks standing out above the sea, but in reality they contain very fertile soil and are inhabited. The islanders are a conglomerate people, some of the communities being of entirely white race, while others are of native or half-caste extraction. The Tasmanian government maintains a school on Cape Barren Island, and some sixty or seventy children attend the short sessions, receiving only the slightest groundwork in reading, writing, and arithmetic. Even this meagre education appears to be wasted, for as soon as they leave the school the pupils seem to forget the training they have received and immediately adopt the nomadic existence of their parents.

The chief industry on these islands is the trapping of mutton birds, a species of petrel which abounds in that locality. On an average one and a half millions of these birds are taken yearly, and the surplus, above the local consumption, sells for more than twenty-five thousand dollars. During the off season, when birds are scarce, these island people eat barely enough to sustain life, because they are far too improvident to lay anything aside for the future and therefore exist from hand to mouth.

Many other varieties of sea birds flock to these islands during the nesting period, such as the gannet, albatross, dotterels, gulls, oyster-catchers, pelicans, geese, and similar species. Their eggs are gathered in huge quantities and most of them are shipped to Australian ports, where they sell as duck eggs, which they closely resemble.

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Augustus Thomas as a Painter

THE fact that men who have achieved distinctions in one line are generally capable of making their mark in apparently opposite professions or arts has many notable examples. Statesmen who read dime novels, ward politicians who write verses, and mining experts who take their relaxation in reading Homer in the original are some of the surprises that the public never tires of.

In the days when Mr. Augustus Thomas was establishing himself as a dramatist his friends thought he was giving up an auspicious career as an actor, and now that Mr. Thomas is in demand as an after dinner speaker and political orator there are those who think that he is wasting a great deal of time that ought to be given to writing plays.

Few people are aware that the dramatist has a fourth talent hidden away—a marked ability with the brush. It was as a young man, while reporting for a newspaper in St. Louis, that Mr. Thomas devoted every moment of the time in which he was not writing copy to perfecting his work as a painter. Although the artist-reporter never gained distinction from his paintings some of the canvases were very creditable, and thus work materially assisted the young reporter to earn his living while striving to make a success in his journalistic career.

While in Paris as a temporary resident recently, Mr. Thomas took up, or rather resumed, painting, and the picture of himself and the portrait of his little daughter, Miss Lisle Thomas, are very good examples of the work that the dramatist-orator-actor can do when he is inclined to become "artist."

A portrait of Mr. Thomas by himself

A portrait of Mr. Thomas by the camera

A portrait of Miss Lisle Thomas by her father

"Morals are Imaginary"

By A. W. Herzog, M.D.

MORALS are imaginary. Everybody is a born criminal, for there is no one who, during the course of his life, will not commit some act which would in other lands be considered criminal or sinful.

Once, when I had made this statement at a lecture, a lady got up and said, "Well, Doctor, I'd like to know what I may have ever done that is wrong."

I was nonplussed by the challenge for a moment. Then I said: "Madam, I am not personally known to you. There are some fifty other men in this meeting who are unknown to you, and yet you stand before us unveiled. This act in Oriental countries would be indicative of moral turpitude."

That is what I mean when I say that morals are imaginary. I do not plead for immorality, nor am I unmoral. I claim that what we call morality is almost entirely fictitious and meaningless.

For example, a chorus girl who appears upon the stage in an abbreviated costume is regarded in an unfavorable light by the same woman who thinks nothing of going into the surf in an almost identical costume with her brother or fiancé. Yet she is engaged in amusing herself while the chorus girl whom she condemns is under the necessity of earning her living. Such examples can be multiplied to any extent.

Therefore, I say that morals are imaginary. We have two codes of morals—a public and a private code. And we have a statute-book which contorms with neither. This triangular conflict between public and private morality and the law brings the latter into discredit. I demand that the law should be made to conform with our real conceptions of morals. Let us stop being hypocrites and do away with our public conception of morality, which does not coincide with what we really believe.

Take the so-called "unwritten law," for example. This has been much in evidence of late by reason of its appearance in several sensational murder trials under the very thin veil of insanity. I claim that, if the law is not to be enforced, it should come off the statute-book. So long as the law exists, it should be enforced.

Now let me show how the law is brought into contempt in cases of this nature.

It is distinctly stated that one who kills another under circumstances which would otherwise amount to murder cannot escape punishment on the ground of insanity, unless it be shown that at the time his reason was dethroned or that he was laboring under an insane delusion which deprived him of his reason in regard to the act charged. Irresistible impulse is not to be confounded with passionate propensity. No matter how hot the passion or how fierce the frenzy, it is not insanity unless the slayer is shown to have been incapable of knowing the wrongfulness of his act. Transitory homicidal mania is a term invented by ingenious lawyers to afford the jury a safe bridge upon which to pass from a disagreeable technical duty to the accomplishment of their desire to acquit a murderer whose victim, according to the consensus of opinion, ought to have been killed.

Take the case of Harry Thaw. He belonged to certain clubs that some prominent alienists belonged to, yet these alienists never noticed anything wrong with him until after he had killed some one. Was he incapable of knowing the wrongfulness of his act? Did he shoot a waiter, for example, under the belief that the man had wronged him? No. He waited for the man against whom he considered he had a grievance and murdered him, saying to himself, "This man deserves to be killed and I'm going to kill him, and I'll get away with it." And to a certain extent he did, in spite of the law, because of the public conception of morality.

Now let me show how imaginary this morality is. Everybody knows men like Stanford White, like Annis, like Dr. Anspitz, who was deliberately shot by Sarah Koten. Do we think any the less of them? Do we refuse to meet them in society, or to have business relations with them, or even to introduce them to our families? Do we all get up in our wrath as soon as we hear of them and say, "This man ought to be killed"? We don't get excited about these things. We know that they exist, and we are satisfied that they should continue. But as soon as such a man is murdered by the one who has a grievance we rise up in our moral wrath and say, "He ought to have been killed long ago." That is because our system of public morality demands the expression at such feelings, while our private morality is wholly different.

Public morality may be exemplified by the case of the Ten Young Men who were members of a quasi-religious community, where they lived and engaged in sociological works. None of the Ten Young Men was perfect, but each of them believed that the other nine were, and each tried to humbug the other nine in consequence. That is the way in which public morality is created.

Let us make our laws conform to logic.

Look at the murderer of Annis. He was always considered a very nice gentleman until he was killed. The offence which was alleged against him was not even punishable by law in general and only in this State by a recent statute. But as soon as private vengeance was let loose upon him, public morality demanded that the law should be abrogated in favor of the murderer.

According to the reports of the trial, six of the jury were in favor of a verdict of murder in the first degree, three were for acquittal upon the ground of insanity, and three for acquittal by reason of the "unwritten law." The six, fearing that justice would miscarry and the defendant go free, compromised upon a verdict of manslaughter in the first degree. I say that these six men deliberately thwarted the law; while the three who believed the accused to be insane sold eight years of his life to the six. The compromise verdict is a disgrace.

In future nobody will be electrocuted unless he is insane, for only an insane person will commit murder in such a way that he will not be able to squirm out of it through some technicality of the law.

The law states that murder in the first degree is committed "by an act imminently dangerous to others and evincing a depraved mind regardless of human life, although without a premeditated design to effect the death of any individual."

Under this law an automobilist who, by exceeding the speed limit, recklessly runs down a person, is guilty of murder in the first degree. He has committed an act imminently dangerous to others by exceeding the speed limit, which shows him to have a depraved mind and to be regardless of human life. According to the laws of this State he must be electrocuted. To fine him or sentence him to one month's imprisonment has no warrant in our laws. For either it was an accident pure and simple, in which event he is not guilty at all, or he is guilty of murder in the first degree.

What would the public say if we electrocuted in such instances?

The law also states that "murder in the first degree is the killing of a human being, without a design to effect death, by a person engaged in the commission of, or in an attempt to commit a felony, either upon or affecting the person killed or otherwise."

But "such homicide in manslaughter in the first degree when committed without a design to effect death, by a person engaged in committing, or attempting to commit, a misdemeanor, affecting the person or property either of the person killed or of another."

If I enter a man's house for the purpose of stealing a valuable gold watch, he catches me, and I kill him in resisting, I am guilty of murder.

But if I only imagined that the watch had a gold case, and it was really of brass, and the total value of the watch were less than five dollars, and I kill the owner in resisting capture, I am guilty only of manslaughter in the first degree, having been engaged in the commission of a misdemeanor only.

Suppose a woman shoots and kills a man. The law adjudges her guilty of murder in the first degree, and, unless the sentiment of the jury sets her free or mitigates her punishment in defiance of the law, she will probably be electrocuted. But if the man is only wounded and recovers, or if she misses him, she gets off with a charge of assault. Thus the law does not punish for the deed, but for its accidental result.

I should like to give a few more examples to absorb my argument but the man who tells the whole truth is considered to be either immoral or a crank. But if we are compelled to conceal our beliefs because public morality forbids them, let us do away with public morality and all come out into the light at day.

The Son of Nicaragua's President Working in a Theatre

ALFONSO ZELAYA, the only son of the President of Nicaragua, and his American wife, a descendant of the Lees of Virginia, are earning their livelihood in a five-cent theatre in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Zelaya sits behind the ticket window, while her husband is the "professor" who plays the piano as an accompaniment to the popular songs and the moving pictures which alternate on the daily programme of the nickelodeon.

Six years ago Zelaya entered the Mili-

Alfonso Zelaya

tary Academy at West Point, but, after completing only two years of the course, he was dropped because of deficiency in his studies. He then returned to Washington, and while living there he made the acquaintance of Miss Marguerite Baker, as she was known, the adopted daughter of Dr. W. W. Baker of the Post-office Department. They became engaged to be married, when he was suddenly

Mrs. Alfonso Zelaya

carried off to Nicaragua by the police, though the Nicaraguan Minister denied any interest in the deportation. Zelaya telegraphed his fiancée that he would return as soon as possible, and in the spring of 1906 they were married in Washington. The young couple visited Nicaragua and President Zelaya appeared to be reconciled to the marriage, but their present mode of life in the capital does not bear out this supposition.

To Communicate with the Martians

THE announcement by Professor William Henry Pickering, of Harvard University, of the possibility to communicate with Mars by means of flashes from an enormous set of mirrors, has awakened new interest in the question as to whether that planet is inhabited.

In July next, Mars will approach within thirty-five million miles of the earth, approximately five million miles nearer than is ordinarily the case, and it is at this time that the professor wishes to make his attempt at signalling to that distant world. The plans have all been carefully worked out, and the only matter that remains is to finance the project, for the cost is estimated at ten million dollars. A series of mirrors will have to be used, because the area of reflecting surface would of necessity be of such magnitude that a single plate of glass could never be made of the required size. The reflector must be, approximately, a quarter of a mile long. In order to eliminate the intricate readjustments allowing for the movement of the planets the mirrors would have to be arranged upon a single axis, parallel to that of the earth and rotated by electricity, which should make one revolution every twenty four hours.

Many of the astronomers who were attending in Paris the international congress to map the heavens, at the time Professor Pickering's proposal was made public, appeared to scoff at his idea. However, M. Camille Flammarion, the eminent French astronomer, approves of the scheme, although he would prefer electric light reflectors at night instead of mirrors. But in either instance he believes the plan to be feasible. In discussing the question, M. Flammarion said:

"Mars is older and has attained a greater development than the earth. The Martians are probably infinitely superior intellectually to us. . . . It must not be forgotten that the telescope was unknown three hundred years ago. . . . so it may be that, unperceived by the inhabitants of the earth, Mars signalled to us thousands of years ago and, obtaining no response, abandoned her efforts, concluding that our planet was uninhabited."

"The Chorus Lady" and the Interviewer

EVEN in England the interviewer eke out a precarious existence; but he encounters difficulties when he tackles celebrities from what he calls "The States," as the following pathetic account of the London *Daily Mail's* star interviewer demonstrates. He had called upon Miss Rose Stahl, who is with her company in England, playing *The Chorus Lady*, in order to ascertain her tastes, proclivities, and aspirations.

"I asked her what the Chorus Lady meant when she said, 'The financial party that was barking the *Moonlight Maids* got the chilblains.'

"'Got treated feel, of course,' Miss Stahl replied.

"I said 'Oh!'

"Then I asked her the meaning of, 'When I think of the men I see other women stacked up against, you win easy.'

"'It means he's no four-flusher,' Miss Stahl explained.

"'Thank you,' I said. 'And would you mind telling me what is the explanation of "getting along on twenty per"?'

"'Twenty bucks a week, twenty simoloons,' said Miss Stahl.

"'I see,' I said. 'Then that remark about "Nix with the wealthy water"?'

"'Afraid champagne would put her out of business,' Miss Stahl said.

"This was more intelligible. I tried another '"Handing out the icy eye to the man behind the bank-roll." That means?'

"'Giving the rich guy the frozen face,' said Miss Stahl.

"'Thank you very much,' I said. 'And then what about "the show's on the pazar"?'

"'The *Moonlight Maids* were on the blink and got it in the neck,' explained the Chorus Lady.

"I gasped, but continued, 'What is the meaning of "The comedians were a couple of morgues"?'

"'A couple of dead ones,' replied Miss Stahl, 'a couple of has-beens.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'that makes it quite plain. And "the big screech in this family"? How would you translate that into English?'

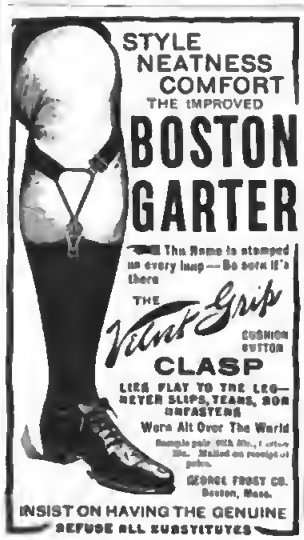
"'The whole thing, the big noise,' said Miss Stahl.

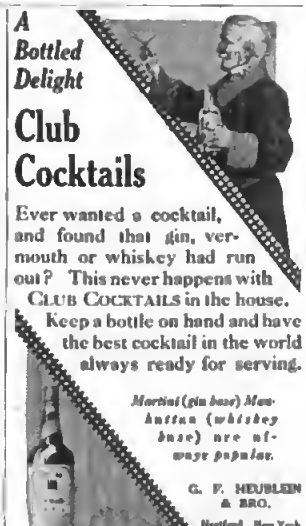
After all, I fancy that she made everything fairly clear. These American idioms are so expressive that most of them explain themselves. Miss Stahl told me that, despite the advice of some of her friends, she had refused to change a single word of *The Chorus Lady* for English consumption, and she considered that the result so far justified her decision.

Where They Live Longest

LONGEVITY is common in Sweden and Norway. Thus in the former country, mortality, which in 1880 averaged only 17 per 1,000 inhabitants, in 1906 had fallen to 14. Infant mortality shrank from 112 to 82 per 1,000. In Norway the rate showed a reduction from 16 to 13 per 1,000, and that of infants from 95 to 69.

For these two Scandinavian rates the hygienic habits of the population are responsible: public baths, the admirable organization of hospitals, which receive the rich as well as poor, the cleanliness of habitation, and the widespread precautions that obtain among all classes. Again, there is the public attitude toward inevitable sicknesses. Swede and Norwegian look have faith in recent scientific and medical discoveries. Consequently, each contagious case becomes a public matter, and individual liberty is never placed in opposition to the general welfare.





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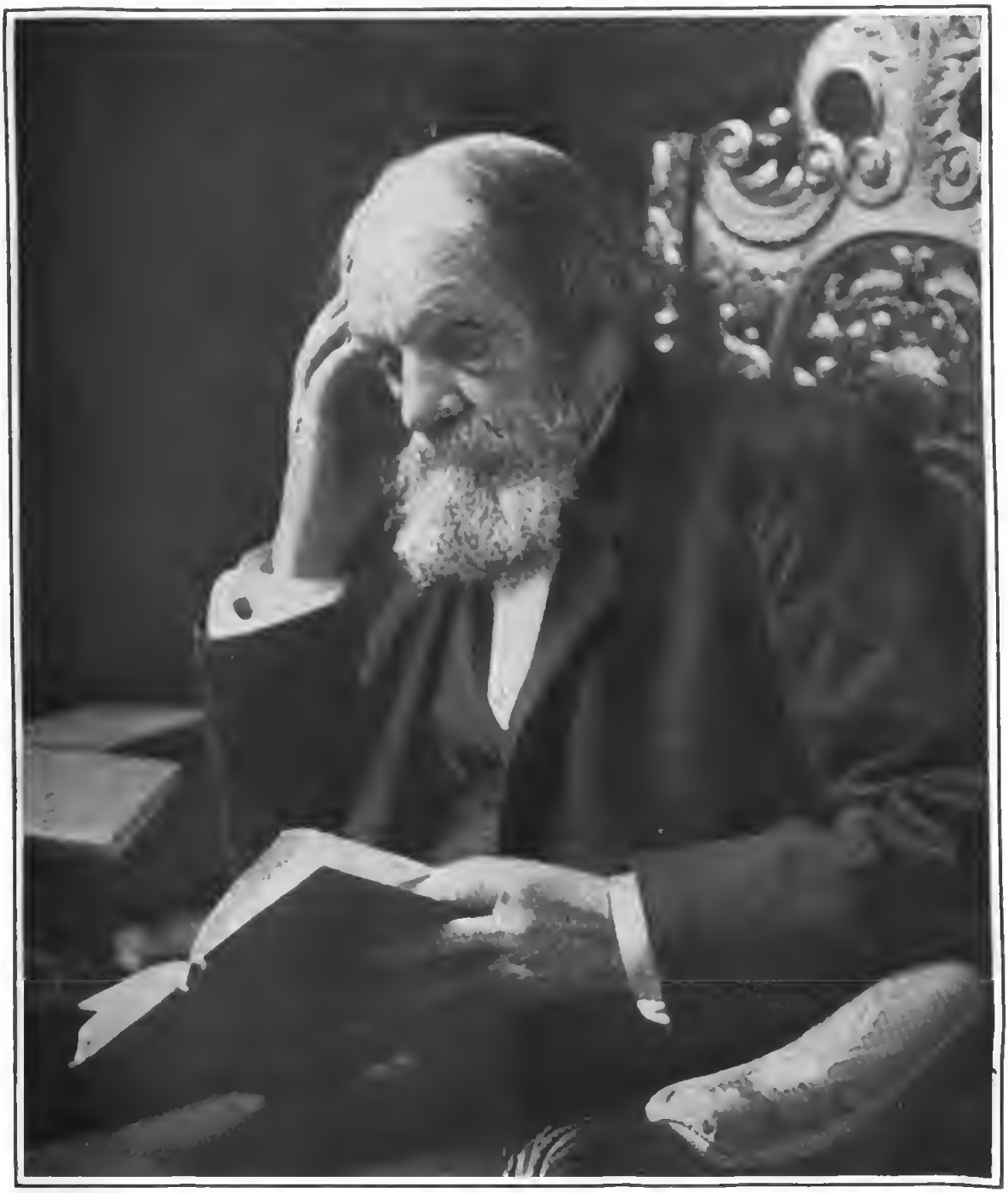

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

The famous author of "The Man Without a Country" died at his home in Roxbury, Massachusetts, on June 10, in his eighty-eighth year. A record of Dr. Hale's notable career will be found on page 9 of this issue

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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Comment

Take Notice, Mr. Aldrich!

A STEAMER whose engineer mistook a signal and went ahead full speed, smashed a gate in a lock in the Canadian canal at the rapids of St. Mary's River and in a jiffy put the canal out of commission for months to come. This accident gets the notice of the Panama Canal builders, as it should, though they know already that such accidents will happen. But there is another lock canal now undergoing repairs which also is liable to accidents; that, to wit, that holds up the stream of trade. Take notice, Mr. ALDRICH, that your tariff locks, too, are liable to sudden smash. Lower the levels, sir; lower them! Up they have climbed at every change this long time. Up you want to put them now still farther. BLAINE said, "Put them down!" McKINLEY said, "Put them down!" TAFT says, "Put them down!" Are you wasting till some headstrong engineer bucks through them?

Lower those levels, Mr. ALDRICH; the gates won't hold much longer, accident or not.

Did Mr. Mac Veagh Mean It?

"It might become at any time the duty of any great party leader to create for his party a new majority and control." This is one of the things Secretary MAC VEAGH said in his speech at Chicago, which, coming as it did while we were all waiting and wishing for some word from the President about the tariff bill, caught the ear of the whole country. As one read that speech the first time, Mr. MAC VEAGH's remark about the tariff itself—that the Republicans were pledged to revise it down, but not to revise it down and out—struck one as the most important thing he had said. But if one read it again, this suggestion of what the President as leader of his party might undertake to do began to look more important still. But did Mr. MAC VEAGH mean what he said, and did he understand fully what his words meant? His sentence was certainly of a sort to suggest that it had been pondered. And did President TAFT know what his Secretary was going to say, and approve of it? On this point the Washington correspondents differed, some going so far as to assert positively that the President had not seen or discussed the speech at all before it was delivered, others rather confirming what was the natural inference from all the circumstances, namely, that the speech was distinctly an administration utterance. Had Mr. MAC VEAGH been a member of a British Cabinet, and made a similar speech under similar circumstances, such a question could hardly have been raised at all; it would have been assumed on all sides that he spoke for the government.

Anyway, He Was Right

We welcome every indication that he did speak for the administration, and that his words were studied. Studied or unstudied, authorized or unauthorized, his saying about party leadership is true as a generalization; as a warning or threat it would be admirable and wholesome. Were we permitted to take it as an announcement of policy, we should hail it with delight. Consider a moment what, in view of the President's known views and indications, it might mean for American politics. What "new majority and control" would President TAFT naturally be moved to create? Obviously, we think, he would look for his new majority to the more liberal and independent elements already within the party, and to those on the outside who, although utterly free from Bryanism, can never become Republicans until that party frees itself from Bourbonism, from the rule of men like ALDRICH and CANNON, from subserviency to wealth and privilege and greed. In a word, he would turn to the so-called progressive Republicans and to men who have hitherto been known as independents and CLEVELAND Democrats. As a part of the programme, he would continue the policy which is already, we believe, winning him substantial strength in the South. Such a "new majority" would of necessity bring with it a "new control." That may be the reason why the two words come together as they do in Mr. MAC VEAGH's speech. We need hardly add that the natural first step in such a programme would be to refuse approval to the tariff bill unless, contrary to the precedents, the conference committee should turn it into a real and substantial revision downward. Indeed, were that first step not taken—that is to say, were the President to accept any such measure as the Senate bill—such a programme for the present administration would become impossible.

Supposing the President Does Not Act

But the possibilities suggested by Mr. MAC VEAGH's words do not end with any action which the President may or may not take. When a party goes wrong, it is not the regularly constituted leader alone who can take action to set it right. The initiative is not confined to him. Men a little lower down may take it—even men in the ranks. A group of resolute spirits, if only they are right and sincere and courageous, may at any time command the attention of their fellows, and call for a halt or a change of course. To some extent this is what the progressives in the Senate have already done. They have already forced the country to pay some attention to what the majority of their party is trying to do in Congress, and have shown plainly that it is not keeping the party's pledges. To contend that it is not trying to violate those pledges, or that there was no pledge given, is, as Mr. MAC VEAGH says, "talking against the wind." But the progressives have by no means exhausted the arsenal of protest. Suppose that they fail altogether in their fight to make the tariff bill conform to their party's promises and the real demand of the country; that they are completely overridden, and the bill becomes law in a form which makes it worse than the DINGLEY Act. If they keep their courage and resolution, they will still not be resourceless.

A Splendid Precedent

Most of them are from the West—the old Northwest—and they ought not to be at a loss for a precedent in independence. In 1854, a Democratic majority in Congress went as far wrong as the Republican majority in Congress is going to-day. STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, its leader, introduced his Kansas-Nebraska bill, throwing open to slavery territories which had been thought forever closed to it by the Missouri Compromise of 1819-20; and it seemed certain that the mass of his great following would accept his policy. SALMON P. CHASE, a Democrat, was leader of the opponents of the baleful measure, and he and his small group of associates and followers did not even wait for the action of Congress or the President; that of the latter, PIERCE, being a foregone conclusion. Although still fighting DOUGLAS in Congress with all their ability, they went straight to the country with an appeal which they called "An Appeal of the Independent Democrats in Congress." It began with language which the more independent Republicans of to-day might well study. "We arraign this bill," said CHASE and GIDDINGS and WADE and their two or three fellows, "as a gross violation of a sacred pledge." They failed, of course, to defeat it, or to turn their party from its error. But in a year or two it appeared that in their "appeal" they had written the first platform of the Republican party, which in a few more years took possession of the government and has kept it, with but two brief intervals of defeat, down to the present day.

Have the Progressives Enough Courage?

Surely no Republican can now condemn an act which in effect summoned their party to be born. We are only afraid that the progressives may have forgotten, or may never have fully learned, that nothing else can be so effective in politics as sincerity and manliness. It is true, we think, that although as a group able and energetic, they have not among them any one whom we can pronounce a great leader; not even any one who has yet revealed himself as the equal of CHASE, serious as were the weaknesses of that statesman's uneven character. But greatness is not essential if there is plenty of courage and honesty and sense. Should the progressives, granting the defeat of all their present efforts, take such a course as the independent Democrats took in 1854, no mere lack of genius among them would mar the inspiration of it. It could not fail of a great effect. They might not, indeed, succeed in fathering a new party. That would be no part of their purpose, any more than it was of CHASE's. But they would powerfully promote the enterprise—whether or not President TAFT shall himself undertake it—of creating for the Republican party a new and better "majority and control."

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No Wonder

After a rest of one day the tariff debate resumes. And in the face of this tiresome iteration, HARPER'S WEEKLY deplores the fact that American newspapers do not report as fully the proceedings of Congress as do the English papers the debates in Parliament.—*The Pittsburg Dispatch.*

We can perfectly understand how "least said soonest mended" should be Pittsburg's feeling about the tariff. To have it debated at all must send cold shivers down the *Dispatch's* back, and to have the debates reported—Awful!

An Ambassador To Be

"Dear, dear," cries Marse HENRY WATTERSON, "but isn't it a little depressing that our Presidents seem unable to find anybody to represent us abroad excepting the offshoots of Wall Street or the pensionaries of wealthy wives?" What would you, Colonel? An ambassador must have an income. Since Congress won't provide a sufficient one, he must provide it for himself. No sensible or prudent American who is not rich will accept an ambassadorship in Paris or London. That narrows the choice, of course.

You speak in too much disparagement of Mr. ROBERT BACON when, calling his appointment as ambassador to France "unfit to be made," you say:

> He is not merely unknown to the public life of the time, unfamiliar with the men and measures that engross the interest and attention of the country, but without official experience, beyond a few unimportant and forgotten weeks at Washington. He is simply the son, now of Mr. JOHN PIERPONT MORGAN.

We guess Mr. BACON owes his experience of public life rather to the fact that he was the near friend and classmate of THEODORE ROOSEVELT than that he was for some years a partner of Mr. MORGAN. He was Assistant Secretary of State under Mr. ROOT as Secretary for a few weeks at the end of his term. That seems a fairly good official experience to qualify a man for a diplomatic post, especially as it brought Mr. BACON into daily and familiar relations, social and official, with Mr. ROOT, Mr. TAFT, and all the leading men of the late administration. If, with the associations and opportunities he has had, he is still "unfamiliar with the men and measures that engross the attention of the country," he must be phenomenally stupid; and if he is so very stupid, how ever did he continue so long a partner of Mr. MORGAN?

We can't think of any fitter rich man to be sent to France than Mr. BACON, and probably Mr. TAFT couldn't. Mr. BACON has good ability, excellent character, and a large experience in affairs fiscal, diplomatic, governmental, and sporting. He would not be described as an intellectual man (and that may be why Marse HENRY decries him), but he is a good, trained man of another type, a man of affairs.

Dartmouth's New President

These are pretty good times for the trained and able man of affairs, and good times, too, for another type of man—the trained and able scientist. Between the two of them the old-fashioned scholar has to look pretty sharp to hold his place. There are very interesting things to be read between the lines of the distinguished record of the newly chosen president of Dartmouth College. EARNEST FOX NICHOLS is the man; forty years old; born in Kansas (mark that), graduated as a Bachelor of Science in the Kansas Agricultural College, a teacher for a year, then a student of mathematics and physics on a fellowship at Cornell; then (1892) for six years a professor of physics and astronomy at Colgate, but for nearly half that time absent to study heat waves and such matters in the University of Berlin. Coming home (1898) with distinction earned in research, he was five years professor of physics in Dartmouth. From there, to the regret of Dart-

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mouth, he moved to Columbia University, to a professorship and to high distinction and wide recognition here and in Europe for his achievements in research and all-round ability as a teacher and investigator. That is the man that Dartmouth has called, a Westerner from Kansas, who got his early teaching in an agricultural college, and has been busy ever since with scientific inquiry! Not a clergyman, as his able and successful predecessor (Dr. TUCKER) is, and as, we suppose, all Dartmouth presidents before him have been; guiltless of Greek, so far as the evidence goes, purely a scientist in the work that has brought him distinction! And yet the testimony is strong that Dartmouth has got an admirably fit man in Dr. NICHOLS. The scientists lament that such a man should be dragged away from research to administrative duties, but that is the only regret or complaint that finds expression. Truly the standards are changing, and it doesn't matter nowadays in what kind of mental work a man develops his powers, so he that he has the powers, and develops them.

"Get a Western Man"

It is interesting that Dr. NICHOLS came from Kansas. "Get a Western man" is getting to be a common cry in the East. It was heard a good deal lately when Harvard had a choice to make. There is a suspicion abroad that "the West" is a good place to raise men; that the physical and mental conditions are favorable out there for growing folks; that the spirit of the West is wholesome, its air inspiring, and its educational apparatus easily adequate to give to energetic minds the necessary tools to work with. Even so far East as Oberlin, Ohio, it is noted that they raise some inquiring chaps whose inquisitiveness is persistent and brings interesting results. That is a wonderful nursery of human life that stretches from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, abounding in space and nourishment for body, mind, and soul. There are coming out of that great nursery great children, whose thoughts and discoveries and deeds will do for human life, wherever it exists, greater, far greater, services than any prophet dare predict.

Still, the West is Peculiar

All that, however, does not alter the fact that Kansas is full of cranks, and that the West generally is fairly hospitable to delusions, especially about what can be done by legislation. We learn that Kansas is now experimenting with a new ram-proof liquor law, under which no alcoholic liquors can be sold in the State for any purpose. The drug-store bars are to be closed up under it, and the Attorney-General has ruled that no man can even drink liquor in a club-house. The druggists and the clubs are going to law about it. The Attorney-General (JACKSON) is very earnest, and is encouraging towns (so the Springfield *Republican* reports) to limit the amount of beer that a man can have shipped to his home from outside the State. Some towns allow a case a week, some a case a fortnight, some two cases a week. A bad feature of the prohibition laws, as Brother BRYAN is truthfully pointing out in the *Evening Journal*, is that they bear hardest on the light, bulky drinks, wines and beers, that do least harm, and stimulate the traffic in the more violent sorts of liquors. The West, Kansas included, must try its own experiments with the regulation of habits, and we trust will work through in the end to wise and reasonable laws. Meanwhile the processes are trying. In Washington the cigarette has been declared to be felonious, and cannot be smoked, we understand, at the Seattle Fair. How the patent-medicine business is doing in Kansas does not appear.

An Affront to France Resented

Professor FOULET of Bryn Mawr has plenty of sympathy in his energetic protest against the astonishing remark about France with which President JORDAN of Stanford University introduced an address before the Bryn Mawr students and faculty. To call the French "confessedly degenerate" was startling. If President JORDAN had been feeling around for the very worst epithet he could apply to France, he could hardly have hit upon anything more severe—not even if he had been a stand-pat Senator and France had sent us a report on the cost of labor in her industries. Professor FOULET not only interrupted the speaker to deny the statement, but walked off the platform and out of the hall. Lucky for all present that the professor was not still more Gallic and belligerent, and did not resort to still less academic measures of protest. On the question of fact, we take it, he was entirely right. A cultivated and candid Frenchman did, we believe, publish some years ago a book confessing and explaining the superiority of Anglo-Saxons in the matter of racial adequacy to the peculiar demands of modern civilization. But if the French people have pleaded guilty to the charge of degeneracy with all it implies, we have not heard of it.

Perhaps if the professor had heard Dr. JORDAN all through, his irritation might have been partly appeased. Dr. JORDAN's theme was the damage done by war to nations in killing off too great a proportion of the men best fitted to be the fathers of the race. He argued that France, preeminently, had suffered from the great loss of good men in the wars of NAPOLEON and later wars, but nearly all great nations, modern and ancient, he held to have been badly damaged in the same way, and all to be more or less "degenerate" in that they had not made the progress that they had in them the stuff to make if only their human material had had a fair chance. That view may be disputed, but it is arguable at least. Meanwhile on the question of French degeneracy Professor BARRETT WENDELL says in his *France of To-day*, "The more you see of French people as they live among themselves, in whatever station, the less your attention is called to such irregular, if interesting, social phenomena as foreign gossip had led you to expect"; and of France as a whole he speaks finally, in his conclusion, as "that extraordinarily noble fact which those who come to know it, and thus grow to love it, must always feel it to be."

England Does Not Escape

And here is another American, Mr. PAUL COLLIER, stirring up the English reviewers with a book of criticism of England and the English, not insulting at all, it is true, and even friendly on the whole, but pretty severe in spots. Curiously enough, the severest thing of all is in flat contradiction of the magnanimous Frenchman's contention that the racial traits of Anglo-Saxons adapt them peculiarly well to the precise demands of ultra-modern competition. On the contrary, according to Mr. COLLIER, the English are falling backward, relatively though not absolutely, in the race with certain other modern peoples—particularly the Germans, the Americans, and the Japanese; and that means they will be overtaken and passed if they do not very soon mend their pace. His idea is that for centuries the Englishman has been playing a game that beat everything else extant in the way of empire-building—a game "of settlement on the land, there to raise his crops, there to play, there to expand himself till he occupies a very large proportion of it"—but that he is proving rather awkward at the more scientific game which the German and the American and the Jap are now playing.

Safety in a Timely Scare

Mr. COLLIER supports his opinion with some figures that are decidedly disquieting, pointing out in his survey how very much faster Germany and America are increasing their population, their trade, their railway receipts, their output of pig-iron, their consumption of coal, their savings-banks deposits. It is no wonder if England, already nervous, grows fretful. Many Englishmen, we are sorry to see, have got the idea that protective tariffs may have a great deal to do with it. Most foreign observers, however, would, we think, rather commend to John Bull a little more agility and suppleness and smartness and obligingness in his dealings with the rest of the world, and more readiness to change his own ways at home, as times change. So should we, perhaps, if we thought only of the main chance—that is to say, of John Bull's main chance. But we confess we do not entirely welcome the idea of giving up our traditional unbending and unconciliatory Briton. Exasperating as he doubtless is, there goes with his "you-be-damnedness"—to use the word which we believe the late Duke of Devonshire inspired—a stay-puttedness which we like, and which we are not sure the world can well afford to lose. As to the present danger to England's empire and ascendency, we will not deny that it may be real; but when was the time that Englishmen themselves—whose fault is certainly not a habit of idiotic cheerfulness—have been free from forebodings, or lacked in a proper amount of gloom? Every generation for the past century, certainly, has had its warning prophets, whether they were chartists or THOMAS CARLYLES. That national temper would seem to be a sort of perpetual safeguard. And if the worst comes to the worst, and they have to fight for it—for all the wealth and the glory and the power which in their heart of hearts they are always so proud of—well, we are not keen to be on the other side, however supple and agile and scientific we may by that time have become.

Do Each Other Good

President TAFT has been breaking one well-established precedent. He is very chummy with Vice-President SHERMAN and in reality making him a personal companion. Probably the makers of the Constitution intended it should be so, but Presidents have shown little regard for the intentions of the founders.—*Boston Herald.*

Glad to hear it. First, because the President has heavy cares, and Sunshine JAMES is doubtless wholesome and cheering company for him. Second, because the society of Mr. TAFT cannot fail to be mentally and spiritually profitable to the Vice-President, and help to qualify him for duties that might become his.

Edward Everett Hale

There was very little to lament about the death of Dr. EDWARD EVERETT HALE unless it was that such a man as he might not live forever. He was eighty-seven, a ripe age, and his going was like the finish of the long-distance runner who comes finally down the home-stretch and breasts the tape. We mourn for the gallant competitors who fall on the course, but hardly for those who run it through. Dr. HALE ran his course clear through, and beautifully all the way. In his later years he was the most apostolic-looking man we had, and his spirit and his life were just as apostolic as his looks. A Christian life seemed to come perfectly natural to him; there was no strain about it that anybody could ever see. His spirit was so perfectly attuned to the spirit of the religion he taught and practised that his performance seemed always as easy as it was admirable. Greater men than he there have been, even in his time, in the Protestant ministry, but hardly a more engaging or perfect example of what that ministry ought to be.

Along with his name he inherited great traditions of public service and of culture. EDWARD EVERETT was his mother's brother; NATHAN HALE, the patriot spy of the Revolution, was his father's uncle and namesake. His father was editor of the Boston *Advertiser*, and the son, brought up in the atmosphere of journalism, was born a writer, and never ceased to practise his native profession. If there is anything to regret about him, it is that he did not oftener write as well as he could. Stirred once, in Civil War times, by a great emotion of patriotism, he produced a classic—*The Man Without a Country*—and he wrote some other notable stories; but he cared little for art for art's sake, and little for literary renown, and little for money; and while he wrote a great deal, it was with very little consideration for any of those things, but because writing was part of his day's work and helped in that service which was his life. He had a great deal of talent and knowledge and skill and diligence, but the greatest and rarest thing about him was his spirit. That was what made it possible to say of him as the Springfield *Republican* did last week:

> His presence will never be forgotten by any one who had seen and listened to him in the last thirty years at least as he grew old and the great head with its mane of brown hair, his deeply lined countenance, his slightly stooping shoulders and his large aspect as a personality impressed every one. A man of simpler, sweeter, homelier manner will never be seen in pulpit, in assembly, or on the street. No one will forget him who has lived in his day.

Died in Bad Taste, Though a Frenchman

Mr. CHAUCHARD, the Paris department-store man, seems to have made a very poor job of his departure from this life. Everything about it gives dissatisfaction, from the pearl vest buttons he was buried in to his half-witted will. We don't recall so cheap an ending of a remarkable money-maker since the transfer of the Chicago traction king who dropped such interesting acquisitions into such curious female depositories.

Hope They Won't

Five hundred delegates are expected to attend the Congress of Catholic Missionaries, to meet in Washington in June. It is the purpose of the Congress, according to some Catholic leaders, to discover the best means of making America dominantly Catholic.—*Daily Paper.*

Don't make it so, gentlemen. It would not be good for your Church, which has done best when it was not dominant. The best possible thing for the Roman Catholic Church anywhere is a strong (but not bitter) Protestant "opposition." That sharpens zeal and restrains despotism on both sides.

George Meredith, Novelist

THE great novelist and poet, who died last month, was, it is probable, the strongest and most magnificent genius his race has ever known. It is strange that, hearing, as we do nowadays, so much of the Celtic spirit, GEORGE MEREDITH should be so seldom quoted as its representative. Yet that Anglo-Saxon paste in our composition on which MATTHEW ARNOLD prides himself with such unction is not in MEREDITH. That is precisely it. There is no paste in him; he is compact of wind and flame and fertile earth, but he is never sticky or lumpish. Therefore, he could celebrate action without falling into brutality, and love without fluttering into sentimentality. Therefore, too, he could make long novels—as in *Harry Richmond*—that were never heavy, and prove you a thesis—as in *The Egoist*—that was never surest. Out of humor and logic and deep knowledge of the human heart and consciousness of human instincts, and acuteness to human emotions, he made nearly a score of novels—a whole world of struggling, growing natures. Not because all these qualities of his are attributes of right reason, his aims is never hard when the Celtic Renascence comes up. This is a point that tells more strongly against the living Irishmen and what they stand for than against the great Welshman just dead.

It is a big world, this world of MEREDITH'S, big as sun and moon and stars and the wind that blows over the heath. Childhood, adolescence, old age, are there, and all the natural phenomena and the natural processes. And a great deal happens; as infinite deal of life goes on, a score of lives draw together, change under the impact, and drift apart again between cover and cover. Here the author is completely in the great English tradition of the novel, the tradition of FIELDING, SCOTT, and DICKENS; the tradition, for that matter, of SHAKESPEARE himself, for roll up *Henry IV.* with *As You Like It* and *Pyvsure for Pleasure* and you have the formula of the English novel, only for MEREDITH we must add *Hamlet*. He eats wider than any of the novelists before him; he eats wider than any have eat since. It is now fifty years since *Richard Feverel* was published; two generations of writers have come up since then and perished; indeed, not a novel among them but might have been cut out of a corner of the great writer's stone. Without even excepting the author of *The Awkward Age* and *The Ambassadors* this statement may be sustained, and those who have most ostentatiously gone to school on the Continent have most, perhaps, to thank him for. If one look for the *picaresque* romance, the tale of intrigue and adventure at the tiny German court, the story of high life, the roman *à clef*, the narrative dealing with an historical moment and an historical figure, the solid novel of the middle class and the sheer fantasia, they are all on the one shelf. The yokel is there, stodgy and smelling of the soil; the old nurse garrulous with the wisdom of womenfolk; the sisters of Célimène, who live on wit and repartee and epigram, the lyric lover, who shares with the meditations sage the author's own utterance. And in the flash and play of dialogue, the swift thrust and ellipsis and inversion, all the light and shade of spoken words, have are and the best of the method of Mr JAMES? It is a long way, the distance of a generation, from *Diana* and *The Egoist* to *What Maisie Knew* and *The Golden Bowl*, and though the substance is different, it would seem that in form, at any rate, the great living master had learned from the great master just dead. As for the only other survivor of the splendid mid-century, Mr. HARDY—he seems, by comparison, a little restricted, a little narrow, however profound.

In his novels, assuredly, MEREDITH'S supreme excellence lies in his presentation of woman, and here his only rivals could be the creator of Cleopatra and Beatrice, and the creator of Eustacia and Bathsheba. If the fame of Eustacia may ever, reborn the ages, be pricked, it will be because it is only the man who bore their hands about her; women in the last analysis never quite uphold her or her miraculous sisters. The type of woman Mr. HARDY—with one exception—has clung to was the type MEREDITH refused to touch. The first has the old, the Oriental idea of woman—a weak vessel, fascinating indeed and fair, but with all the wiles and uncertainties of the cat and the subtleties of the snake, a sinister power in man's life—a creature suited to and best guarded in a harem. The other takes the Northern view, fostered in Teutonic pine woods, among Druid oak groves, and his woman is a comrade of slighter frame and frailer thews, but quicker senses and keener instinct; she is part comrade, part priestess, part prophetess, and finally the earth goddess, the universal mother.

Nature, indeed, is Mr. MEREDITH'S divinity and standard—and nature to him means the best that earth can give. He has been called a pragmatist, but the title is not wholly applicable to one who would never ignore or dethrone reason. His cry is ever for more and more brain—brain as "the station for the flight of soul." He puts it especially to women—that all the mischief and futility in them is lack of brain. It is no new thing to urge men to show some sense, but to urge it upon women was a novelty. Indeed, when has not pretty folly been the weariest art of the harem? But MEREDITH, like his own Redworth, is "the friend of women," and he proves it by taking them bitterly to task. He shows up all the pitiful shifts and wiles of the weakling put to double and trick in self-defence. Though he is in love with the whole fair sisterhood—Lucy, Natalie, Clara, Emilia, Diana, Rhoda, Amanta, and Carinthia Jane—none the less he disciplines them. No cowardice will be swept from them, no sentimentality, blindness, or stupidity; they must be brave and good and clever, and, above all, they must be delightful.

As he himself points out in the one brilliant piece of critical work he has condescended to print, high comedy is only possible in a world where men and women are on a level, free, unfettered, unbound by silly ideals. TENNYSON, as we know, had no humor, nor had RUSKIN, and perhaps the deficiency of temperament is cause rather than consequence of the undignified positions they assign to women. It is the comic spirit in MEREDITH which prompted and sustained the strong instinct for justice and common sense wherever they are involved.

Surely it is true, as he maintains, that only where men and women are on an equal footing with equal opportunity that high passion may enter in. And so the great tales of great love have belonged to the lives of queens, or to the age of chivalry, to those who have been in some sort set apart from the everyday world and put on an equality of strangeness. It is easy enough for a novelist to say, "This was great love"; to make it live on the printed page is another matter—to convey, in some sort, the throb and poignancy of real emotion. It is not too much to say that the thing has been done three times supremely in English—in the love of Antony and Cleopatra, of Hero-Gilbert and Elizabeth of York, of Richard Feverel and Lucy. SHELLEY could never quite communicate it—nor yet DANTE, being both of an abstract habit of mind and inhabitants of more than this world; and BROWNING, who came so near it, missed because he was so prosperous and happy a lover.

MEREDITH'S treatment of human love, however, pledges him a sure immortality. We may, if we please, dispute his style, whether or no it be crabbed and variegated and perverse and fantastical. In some thousand years it may, perhaps, be swamped on that dark stream which so few beautiful things outride. Perhaps in the long run nothing will survive that is not perfect in form, since ideas decay, and however fresh to one century grow stale to the next, become forgotten, trite, or disproved, till other men think them again in other ways, but still beauty always justifies itself, the lines of SAPPHO are sweet in a distant age to alien ears, and the heavy, languid brows of SCOPAS' heads lose nothing by the passage of time, or yet the gold-enshrouded surface of a Chinese lacquer box.

But even on the side of form there is something to be urged for MEREDITH. To our Northern perceptions the grotesque is a *genre* in beauty like any other making a strong appeal; and MEREDITH is not so much unlike a great Northern cathedral of the Middle Ages, pinnacled and crocketed and buttressed, with spires and pillars and bands of intricate carving, and here and there gargoyles and half monstrous figures peeping through the richly stained lights. It means strength based deep in earth and aspiration, shadowy yet soaring beyond the reach of eye. But if we turn to content, it seems nothing so vital could ever die. Everywhere he offers a lustifying and exalted doctrine, that life itself is the prize and achievement of life; that all things are good if we make them so; that nothing is common or unclean in itself, and that sentimentality is only a diseased form of grossness. "Filling harmonies on the strung of sensualism"; the natural reason loyally observed is the nurse of wisdom, and the cosmic process in all its manifestations is ultimately beneficent; that gentleness and humor are the spirit's bread and wine; and that the virtues which serve the race rather than the individual are to be followed, for only so shall the race be to the swift and the battle to the strong and the crown to the noble. He taught always the dignity as well as the brotherhood of humanity. His life was grander than his work, more beautiful, more gentle, more far-seeing, and, earth taking back her own we "look upon his grave and see not death, but life."

Correspondence

A COMPLAINT ABOUT REFEREES

NEW YORK, May 27, 1909.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Mr. Richard Maxwell Winans' article "The Legal Grists," HARPER'S WEEKLY, April 24th, on civil litigation in this and European countries, would be of still keener interest to a layman had less been said at some points and more at others. He puts the annual litigants in the United States at "approximately one per cent. of the population," gives the United Kingdom "nearly one case to every tenth male or female adult," and charges the latter high rate to the "battling blood of old Ireland." No ratio is given for the low percentage in this country.

Whether the persistent habit with writers to draw upon "Pat" and the "Emerald Isle" for literary embellishment, here followed by Mr. Winans, is, or is intended to be, a compliment to my race or the reverse I have never able to decide. He does not blame Alsace-Lorraine nor the Polish Provinces for the still higher percentage of litigants in Germany.

If an Irishman wants to use a court in a civil action, be his antagonist rich or poor, no power high or low in the British Islands can shut that court against him. It's different in this country, at least in New York State.

Mr Winans also says "the greater number of cases brought in the United States are instituted by residents of foreign birth"; again he is silent on names, but omits "Pat."

Here the native citizen knows the courts and avoids them, while the foreigner from Europe nourishes that "day in court" tradition. When imposition overtakes the bewildered newcomer he turns not the other cheek, nor does he yet become a bit of a "grafter"; he seeks a court instead. After spending years trying to get in he is perhaps turned out on a technicality, to begin over again; or, at the behest of an influential opponent a hovering referee is fastened on him—it's rush down with this official, and plenty of it, or justice of no sort at all. After an experience or two of this kind the foreigner is likely to readjust his code, become "smart," and shifty, a beat when occasion occurs; he must do it or remain in the trench.

In New York State to-day there is not a citizen of limited means who can be sure of an open court against a wealthy antagonist in a civil action. It's not a question of right or wrong, it's simply no court to determine it. Of all the ways to chloroform a pursuing litigant, the referee is the meanest; he sits five minutes or five hours, as he chooses, and only when he chooses; his fee is the same, he is under the protection of the judge whose protégé he is—it's rush down or he need not serve at all.

Here is an instance by no means isolated: A few years back a "foreigner" sought redress in one of the Supreme Courts of this State; about $6,000 was involved for materials and services. On the happy day of trial the opponent, whose millions were as numerous as the "foreigner's" pennies, said, "Your Honor, this is a case for a referee." The accommodating judge said "Yes," adjourned court for the day, and went off to his club or somewhere else. The "foreigner" wailed: "I am a citizen. I want have a court. I never heard of this referee business. What is it?" He withdrew the case and re-entered it. The opponent at once made application to the same judge; again it was referee. Once more the case was withdrawn and re-entered. The escaping defendant promptly made another motion, and to cap things the next judge appointed a Wall Street man with a most elegant suite of offices. The "foreigner" didn't have a rent. He tried to bargain with the Wall Street man about the price of his brand of justice. The idea was repugnant to the gentleman—he wanted all that he was entitled by, and said so. He kept the case for nearly a year—there was no attempt to try it. When convinced there was no cash in sight he wrote the foreigner, "I hereby notify you that I shall refuse to act as referee on the above matter." That was all he said. Thus ended three years' quest of a court. The seeker after justice is still talking of citizenship and constitutional rights; besides he is down as a scamp by the good people to whom the $6,000 really belongs.

Over in Kings County, in the Second Judicial Department, the Supreme Court judges have cases out to referees at an average of one hundred a month; as near as can be ascertained, that is more than the ten resident pastors all together try in that time. It is said that the calendars are overcrowded, but those same judges had time to go to Albany last winter and have a bill passed there authorizing them to select a site and to supervise the construction and equipment of a palatial court-house for themselves in Kings County, New York City to pay the bills.

It is commonly reported in the press that some referees in this county make as high as $25,000 a year in fees. With the judges turned into an administrative body for the expenditure of from five to ten million dollars of public funds, as contemplated by the new law, the outlook for those referees is still more rosy.

When school teachers, policemen, street cleaners, and other public servants seek favorable legislation in Albany over the heads of local authorities there is criticism.

What would be thought if the Federal judges from New York State went to Washington, and induced Congress to pass a law that would put into their hands the expenditure of large sums of public money chiefly for the advancement of their own comfort?

According to Mr. Winans' figures a legal action in the United States costs $250 of public funds, while in the United Kingdom the average case costs only $5.30. What the litigants themselves contribute in expenses must be on the same basis in the respective countries. Altogether, is it any wonder that there is so much less litigation and so much more lawlessness in the one land than in the other?

I am, sir,

MICHAEL D'SULLIVAN.

WITH US ON THE TARIFF ISSUE

GRACE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
ROCHESTER, N. Y. *June 3, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Some weeks ago I took occasion to express to you my disapproval of your attitude upon certain matters regarding the temperance question—all of which, while still differing, you received in good spirit.

Now I would like to write you commending your strong editorials upon present political matters—notably the tariff discussion.

I would be as quick and generous to commend as I was frank to differ.

I am, sir,

E. D. SHEPARD.

AGAINST US ON THE TARIFF ISSUE

DENNY HALL, *May 29, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Judging by your comments on the tariff, you would like another dose of the Wilson-Gorman Bill.

Coppery during the war, free trade always, you learn nothing.

If only those who wanted free trade could get it and hurt no others, I wish you could get it good and strong.

What "a ole Bourbon" HARPER'S is. Italy Great Britain and Hanry'm left to advocate it. *Par nobile fratrum.*

I am, sir,

H. PARKER.

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A Volcano that Rose in a Night

THE RECORD OF A JOURNEY TO THE GREAT SAMOAN VOLCANO, WHICH HAS BEEN IN ERUPTION NEARLY FOUR YEARS AND POURS FORTH SOME 300,000 TONS OF LAVA EVERY MINUTE

By Alexander Hume Ford

ON the island of Savaii, in the Samoan group, during an August night in the year 1905 there arose from the midst of a peaceful cocoa plantation a volcano that in the four years of its still ceaseless activity has sent forth more molten lava than has any volcano of which there is human record. To-day this flow of lava, in some places seven hundred feet in depth, is filling up the sea along a frontage of more than seven miles, has destroyed about fifty villages and as many square miles of what was once the most productive area in all Samoa.

From Apia, about fifty miles away on the island of Upolu, it is sometimes possible to read at night by the glare of the Savaiian volcano, whose twin pillars of vapor by day become transformed then into columns of red. Above the ever seething lake of fire within the crater hangs a great crimson cloud, while eight miles distant from the volcanic cone appears a lesser cloud, sometimes divided into many columns of apparent fire. It is but the steam arising from the sea, colored by the red glowing lava that pours a Niagara of fire over the cliffs that the ceaseless torrent of molten rock builds higher and higher every day. The ocean steamers touching at Apia pass within close hailing distance of this dramatic spectacle, but to visit the volcano of Savaii one must needs engage a twenty-oared native boat or find a chance berth in some sloop that is calling at Savaii for the annual load of copra (dried kernels of the cocoanut), the current coin of the South Sea Islands.

It was in a little trading sloop of twenty tons that I made my voyage from Apia. We passed by miles of rock-bound lava coast, all of recent creation, until before Matautu, on the edge of the flow, the wind died away and we were left without the reef, almost upon the breakers. Captain, crew, and passengers had to man the sweeps for several weary hours before the little cutter was brought through the tortuous passage, and we landed on the beach beneath the waving cocoanut palms.

We breakfasted with some German storekeepers; then I sought to engage a native to bear our provisions on the trip to the crater, but it was necessary to proceed some distance along the coast to Safune, beyond the volcanic zone, before success crowned our efforts, and then it was too late to make the start before morning.

This church tower is the only indication that an entire village lies buried beneath the lava waste

We started soon after dawn, Sasina (my native boy) and I. I made for the trackless forest, believing that, by keeping my eye on the column of smoke and vapor, I could not miss finding the volcano. After an hour's walk, with the suddenness of entering from darkness into light we emerged from the tropical green forest and stood ankle-deep in white ashes, while before us extended one vast stretch of blanched and leafless trees, a forest of the dead. Gigantic trunks had fallen, shrivelled away and rotted, millions of bleached snail-shells littered our path, not an insect stirred, not a bird sang, no green thing was to be seen—only the endless dead columns of white before us. We plunged into the ghost-like forest, and soon all sense of direction was lost. No longer could we see the guiding smoke from the crater. We crossed stony runs that had once been rivulets, we tried going up-hill, but on the other side of each hill we found a valley. Darkness came with its usual suddenness in the tropics, and with the darkness hope; for now there was a pink glare in the sky, and we turned toward it, stumbled on, fell headlong into gullies, and climbed out again. Sasina, with our food in baskets at each end of a long pole, could not keep pace, so more than once was lost to me, and as he spoke no word of English and I no Samoan, his cry of "Oh" and mine were the sum total of our conversation; yet it served more than once to keep us from entirely losing each other. It seemed the dead forest would never end, when suddenly we emerged from the fearful whiteness and stood upon the edge of the field of lava in the full glare of the volcano, not a quarter of a mile away.

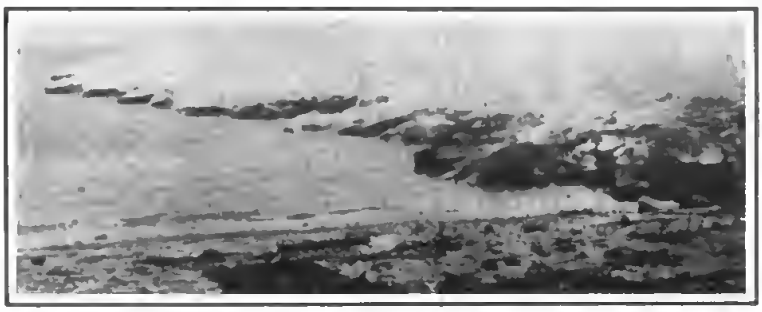
Clambering up the rugged wall of lava, I stumbled on to the base of the volcano and began to ascend. Sasina stopped half way and put down his burden. Every moment fresh volumes of ruddy vapor poured upward, and a surging as of the sea came from within the mountain, it was the lake of fire lashing its prison walls. Up the now almost perpendicular ascent I clambered over jagged boulders of lava and rough stones coughed up from the volcano, until I stood, at last, upon the edge of the crater itself, in the blinding glare and all but stifled by the rising fumes of sulphur. I gazed into a seething, boiling lake of crimson fire; crimson that now and again flashed green and yellow and purple; a lake of molten lava perhaps half a mile across, and scarce more than two hundred feet straight down from where I stood. Geysers of boiling stone sprang upward, as if to reach and engulf me, waves of molten lava beat themselves against the precipitous sides of the crater, mounted high, and fell back again. All was commotion; there were fierce currents and well defined rushing streams in this lake of molten stone. At either end of the seething lake the walls of the crater seemed to open monster mouths to swallow the vast overflow, that, hurling itself with a mighty roar into these cavernous throats, rushes to empty itself into the sea eight miles away. More than once I was forced from the edge of the crater, coughing, gasping, and sputtering for breath; but there was a fascination about it that would not permit me long to rest my eyes from the sight of this most wonderful lake in the world.

Upon the very edge of the crater, some daring scientist had formed of slabs of lava a three-sided open hut, above which a loose flooring of poles had been placed as a roof. Here I determined to spend the night and sleep, if possible. Taking advantage of a favorable gust of wind, I gained the little observatory, and now the fumes of sulphur that arose passed safely over my head. Breathing was laborious only at times, and then not oppressively so, but the wind changed and I left the crater somewhat hurriedly. It was after crouching in my hut for some time that I braved the sulphur fumes and crept out to watch the ever-turbulent lake, but such a wall of sulphurous vapor rose up against me that I was compelled to fly precipitately down-hill, my Samoan boy following my example. We were following the direction of the lunnel as we fled, and through cracks and crevices rose a terrific heat. Sasina was barefooted. How he ever got over the jagged lava without burning and lacerating his feet is beyond my comprehension. I do know that more than once we fell down together, strangling for breath—that once I ran back between clouds of sulphurous vapor to drag him all but unconscious, and more than once he did the same office for me, before we reached a zone of comparative safety.

I retreated to the edge of the lava, and there in the dead forest, behind the first lattice tree, the great plank like roots of which formed a three walled room, I prepared to camp. I lay burning with thirst, a piece of coal banana leaf resting on my tongue, and my gaze turned upward at the pale stars and the night birds that, attracted by the glare of the volcano, hovered overhead. Again the wind changed and the heavy pall of vapor floated above my head, blotting out moon and stars and sending the birds to other quarters. What if the pall of poisonous vapor should descend! I lay awake on guard. At dawn Sasina awoke, picked up the one cocoanut in our baskets—a native had given it him on the road—opened it and handed it to me. I placed it to my lips, restraining my mad desire to consume every drop, and handed it back. There was a loud gurgling sound as my Samoan boy threw his head back, and that was all. We had our "hiki" (breakfast), struck camp, and at sunrise were clambering over the lava in the crater, which we attacked now from a different point. Every few feet we came across the wings or tail-feathers of some wild bird, evidently a poor creature that, lured by the sun-like glare, had been overcome by sulphurous fumes.

Whole areas of the crater's rim had broken away since our visit of the night before, and now seemed ready to slide downward. Even while crossing one of these there was an ominous roar; we felt the earth tremble beneath us, and fled. We saw the solid crater side where we had stood slide rumbling for a few feet, then take a leap that landed it into the great crimson lake. Ruddy waves circled out and broke against the reddened shores, and thereafter we avoided any crags divided by the slightest crack.

From where we halted and stood once more in safety, our backs to the crater, the view was inspiring if not inviting. There was a straight line of steam vents sending up their tiny clouds, leading the eye to the great ascending volume of white at the end of all, and in the foreground were great hummocks, many as large as houses, but with edges which I knew too well would cut like knives, and over these we must find our way to the sea. I looked at the bare feet of my companion and decided to try the dead forest to the right of the volcano, hoping either to skirt the lava, or at least to strike a native trail running to the seacoast; so, hurrying to the edge of the flow and climbing down



Where the lava meets the sea. A stream of molten rock, ten miles in width, is pouring into the waters, dissolving into fine sand, and forming a new coast line

The edge of the crater, which was thrust up through the midst of a cocoa plantation

The Samoan paradise of palm trees, as it existed before the eruption

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its steep face, we entered the whitened forest and struck out boldly, keeping the sun to our left. I pushed on, up hill and down dale, my boy patiently following, hour after hour. Our tongues were almost hanging from our heads, for we were thirsty, and perspiring at every pore, yet never once did my companion suggest water. It was past noon when we came to the dried bed of a stream. I bounded along the rocks, but Sasina stopped me to show a blister upon his foot. We sat down upon a boulder for rest, and there we shared our last bottle of water, and longed for more. I had faith that the bed of the stream would lead somewhere—perhaps to the sea. Suddenly I noticed we had abruptly left the dead forest behind us, and were encircled in a living maze of densest green. The white forest had disappeared in a twinkling. I climbed by hanging vines to the top of a tall tree, thought I saw a clear space ahead, and descended to desert the dead stream; for better the struggle on the taro now than being lost in the bush. Men had wandered for days in these dense inland forests, and only recently a Samoan woman had been found dead—starved to death—not five miles from her native village. In five minutes I was hopelessly lost, the sun now shut out from view. It was my boy who found a native trail, to which we kept for hours. Sometimes it followed the bed of a stream, sometimes led us through thickest forest. Would it never end? Would it never take us to the cocoanut country? I could understand now why the Samoan will not live farther from the sea than the outer edge of the cocoanut belt. We pushed on and on; the sun set and there was darkness.

Quickly Sasina cut a few sticks, made me a sipping shelter of these and leaves, and in the dense darkness we went to bed. It was cloudy, but away off through the tree-tops could be seen the dull red glare above the crater. A useless guide now, for we could not penetrate that dense undergrowth in total darkness.

At sunrise we were off on the trail, weary and thirsty. About midday the path led us through a deserted banana patch—not a ripe one in sight—then, what a glorious vision! A cocoanut tree, a single stem ascending to the heavens, and not another in sight for miles! We made for the tree and its precious freight of water, but, alas! there was not a single nut beneath its tufted crown. About midday, at a cross path where a fire had long since died out, my foot stumbled against something beneath the ashes—bananas, green bananas covered with leaves and left there by the fire, forgotten perhaps. The artificial heat had ripened several. We gorged ourselves. Oh, the relief to the parched throat afforded by a ripe, slimy, moist banana in a hot tropical land! For nearly twenty-four hours I had eaten nothing, my throat being too dry.

Another weary day following blind trails, and then once more we emerged from the forest and stood face to face before a wall of lava. Two days of wandering had brought us back to within three miles of the crater. Helping each other we clambered up the black, uneven wall and looked out over the endless waste. It seemed impossible that any progress could be made across that great uneven jagged mass—it was equally certain that there would be no following the contour of the lava field through the forest. Nearly everywhere now a growth of vines formed a flooring beneath the trees, some six feet from the ground; a flooring too frail to walk upon, and impossible to walk under. It was lava or nothing. I looked at my Samoan boy's bleeding feet and signalled him to lay down his burden. He shook his head and motioned me to go on. How the sun beat upon that black lava, and how the sharp edges cut the feet! My shoes were in tatters and soon soaked with blood; my hands were cut from climbing over the rough hummocks, and I dared not look behind to learn if my bare-footed carrier was following. I thirsted as never before.

Miles of lava lay before us, and every hillock of this sharpened coke tore my clothing to shreds and lacerated my body. At times I would scramble down twenty or thirty feet from the lava to the forest, seeking a possible pathway, but finding none. In two days of travel we had not seen a single human being, but now far off toward the sea were three men outlined against the sky. The sun was setting, and soon, in a moment, darkness would be upon us—a darkness lighted, however, by the pale pink of the volcano glare we were leaving behind. We hallooed, waved our arms, and acted like madmen. The men saw us and halted. As best we could we made our way to them and found that they were following a track beaten on the lava—the only one. For a considerations, one of their number turned back to guide us to the nearest village. We followed a well-trodden path now, and soon were where fallen cocoanut marked the two recent path of the advancing lava. Sometimes the mass of coke had pushed forward and outward, a wall of cold, tumbled, enamel-out lava that the living stream behind had forced on to its work of destruction. We were now passing above the sites of the once most prosperous villages in all Savaii, villages that had been moved back before the advancing terror until abandoned in despair. There was no sign anywhere of the brick and stone of the traders' houses.

The dead forest, eight miles across, through which the writer passed. Every growing and animate thing was killed by sulphur fumes

After off in the middle of the great black field of desolation stood the single stone turret of a sacred edifice; the cathedral church and pride of Savaii lay in its whiteness under the sombre field, and in all those square miles of desolation this turret was the only sign that a score of burned towns lay beneath the field of lava. At the very edge of the lava field we slipped into a village, Samatauin. In the chief's house mats were spread for us, and I for one fell to the floor exhausted, to be pounced upon by a dozen half naked youngsters, who began to pound and massage every muscle in my body. The village taupo made kava, which I drank like one possessed, and then I slept. Several days afterward I returned to Apia.

Scientists who have seen the most recent flow claim that every minute three hundred thousand tons of lava flow over the lower rim of the crater; and this not resembling in any way the other lava, but like molten iron spreads over the old field and beyond, until at the sea there is a Niagara of fire full ten miles in width. As this molten lava falls into the ocean it turns to fine black sand and sinks, and so a new coast line is being built up in water three and four hundred feet deep. This moving molten lake advances at the rate of four miles an hour. As it pours itself into the sea columns of water are raised in steam to incalculable heights, and this, descending in a fine rain of brine, destroys vegetation, and corrodes the galvanized iron roofings of churches and trading stations for miles around. As the torrents of boiling lava break against the basalt cliffs or hummocks left by the old flow, cliffs are melted by the heat, hummocks disintegrated and carried forward by the flow to be hurled into the sea, where they explode like titanic bombs, and this is taking place every moment along an ever widening sea front of ten miles at least. For more than a mile out in the ocean the water boils, and from the crater still flows a steady stream of lava greater, it is said, than man has ever seen in the past issue from any volcano of which there is record. Never once since that night four years ago, when this volcano was born in a peaceful valley, has it remained for a moment quiescent.

Natives removing a hut bodily out of the course of the fiery torrent

Side-lights on a Democratic Court

BY EDWARD G. LOWRY

WHEN President Taft rides out in the cool of the afternoon he is accompanied by his formidable retinue: Captain Archibald Butt, his military aide in uniform, an old artillery sergeant also in uniform as orderly, and two municipal policemen on motorcycles. Occasional additions to this party are Brigadier General Clarence Edwards, United States Army, or George von L. Meyer, Secretary of the Navy.

Directly in the rear of the White House, and between the residence of the President and the Washington Monument, is a large oval covered with the softest, greenest grass. It is about a mile in circumference, and the excellent roadway which encircles it is known locally as the speedway, apparently for the simple and sufficient reason that speeding upon it is prohibited. This beautiful oval greensward is the White Lot. Here are simultaneously played on summer afternoons as many as three or four ball games by amateur teams.

One afternoon not long ago President Taft, accompanied by the aforementioned retinue, including Secretary Meyer, rode out upon this field the latter to observe a game of ball between two teams representing the Department of Agriculture and the Post-office Department. In the group behind the players' bench and almost under the heads of the horses one spectator nudged his neighbor, who was still intent upon the game, and said in a low voice:

"Hey, Bill, there's the President behind you."

"Bill" merely granted his recognition of the presence of greatness, but the other persisted:

"Say, who's the skinny little feller with him?"

Thus he characterized the slim and distinguished figure of Secretary Meyer.

At the question "Bill" turned and regarded the "skinny little feller" closely. "Oh, I dun'no'. He ain't nobody, I guess."

That was absolutely all.

Another afternoon. Same scene. The figure of a woman is observed walking about in what is actually the back yard of the White House; really a large and beautiful park and garden. She comes down to the iron fence overlooking the White Lot where the ball games are in progress, and stands for a time looking across the roadway at the players. Presently an electric runabout occupied by two women comes at a good clip down the roadway. As the two women in the machine see the figure against the fence inside the White House ground the speed of the machine slackens and the two women in it smile and bow. The machine is stopped a few paces farther on against the curbing, and the two women in it get out, cross the sidewalk and engage the other woman in conversation. So informally does Mrs. Taft greet and receive her friends when opportunity offers. The spectacle of the wife of the President of the United States talking over the back-yard fence in the most neighborly fashion with two friends is a phenomenon that has not been visible in Washington before. To those who observed it it seemed so natural, so simple, so kindly as it should be, that one wondered why other Presidents' wives had not strolled in the evening in the beautiful gardens and grounds of the White House.

This scene is laid in a street-car on Connecticut Avenue. Time, about 6.30 o'clock in the afternoon. Enter Herbert Knox Smith and M. Jusserand, the French ambassador, in tennis flannels, soft shirts, and the most knock-about of knock-about hats. They carry tennis racquets and balls. Their pipe-clayed shoes are dusty, their faces flushed. Herbert Knox Smith pays the fare for both, although the French ambassador makes a demonstration with a small leather coin-purse. The car conductor produces from an inside pocket a packet of salmon-colored tickets, and, addressing himself to his two distinguished passengers, asks:

"Would either of you gentlemen like to buy a ticket to our picnic?"

"No, I thank you," replies Herbert Knox Smith, politely. But the French ambassador is more curious. What sort of a picnic was it? Who was giving it?

"The employees of the street railway company are giving it. The money we make will be paid into the treasury of our benefit association to care for men who are sick," explained the conductor.

Mr. Smith remained firm but polite, but the French ambassador hastily dived into his pocket, produced his coin-purse, fished a quarter out of it and became the owner and possessor of a salmon-colored ticket.

"Thank you very much," said the conductor.

"It is nothing at all," replied M. Jusserand, with a bow and a smile.

It is only on Washington street-cars that such a scene might be enacted, or where the fortunate observer may behold a justice of the Supreme Court coming from his work on the rear platform, reading the sporting page of an afternoon penny paper; reading, too, obviously, with the keenest interest and enjoyment.

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Edward Everett Hale

EDWARD EVERETT HALE, author, clergyman, and philanthropist, died at his home in Roxbury, Massachusetts, on June 10th, in his eighty-eighth year.

Dr. Hale was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on April 3, 1822. The Rev. John Hale, of Beverly, Massachusetts, husband of the worthy "Mistress Hale" whose acquittal of the charge of witchcraft put an end to the superstitious mania in 1692, was an ancestor of Dr. Hale; and the patriot, Nathan Hale, was a great uncle. His early training was received at the Boston Latin School—an institution whose history dates back farther than that of any other school in this country; and from there he entered Harvard. He graduated with the class of 1839, being but seventeen years old at the time. After tutoring for several years he studied theology and became a Unitarian minister. His first pastorate was at the Church of the Unity, in Worcester, Massachusetts; and this charge he held from 1846 to 1856. He then accepted a call to the South Congregational Church in Boston, and remained there until 1903, when he was appointed chaplain of the United States Senate. During his period of residence in Boston he was actively engaged with philanthropic movements in that city and in the country at large.

Dr. Hale knew personally most of the noted men who brought renown to New England during the middle of the last century. Among his associates and companions were Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison, Emerson, Webster, Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, Sumner, Whittier, Freeman Clark, Phillips Brooks, and many others of intellectual and literary distinction.

His *Man Without a Country* published anonymously in 1863, brought Dr Hale wide-spread fame, and is the best known of his writings. He was a frequent contributor to magazines and newspapers, and was connected editorially with several of them. Probably the most influential of his books is his *Ten Times One is Ten*, which stimulated the formation of various charitable societies—the King's Daughters, Lend-a-Hand clubs, and others. Dr. Hale was enthusiastic over the Chautauqua movement and promoted it whenever possible. He also was the chairman of the Massachusetts Commission for International Justice.

Among other well-known works by Dr. Hale are: *His Level Best, Upon Boston, The Lacham Papers, Boys' Heroes, The Story of Massachusetts, If Jesus Came to Boston, Chautauqua History of the United States, Memories of a Hundred Years, Ralph Waldo Emerson, We The People, New England Ballads, Prayers in the United States Senate, Foundation of the Republic*, and a volume of poems entitled, *For Fifty Years*.

Dr. Hale was ever fond of telling how he had learned the art of setting type and working hand presses, and declared that he could always earn a living by this means if all else failed. He received this knowledge while a lad in his father's printing-house—the latter owned and edited *The Boston Daily Advertiser*—and he considered this early training to have influenced his literary career in after-years.

On the occasion of Dr. Hale's eightieth birthday, in 1902, the following tribute to the veteran writer was published in HARPER'S WEEKLY:

"The author of innumerable short stories and sermonettes in fiction form, struck off speedily, and for moral rather than artistic ends, Dr. Hale will live longest as a man of letters, probably, because of his story of *The Man Without a Country*. Nor will his reminiscences of the distinguished Americans and Europeans he has known be without permanent value.

"As an after-dinner speaker, or as an orator of the conversational type, he has had but few peers, wit, humor, good sense, wealth of allusion, and persistent emphasis on lofty religious and patriotic ideals being the elements that have made him perennially popular.

"As a patriot Dr. Hale has been intensely American and democratic, as a boy drinking patriotism in from Webster and Everett, who frequented his father's home; exhibiting it in all his youthful efforts to aid Kansas to become a free-soil State; pouring it out lavishly throughout the Civil War by his organization of relief for the wounded and the imprisoned Northern men, and by his stirring calls to sacrifice, in the pulpit and in the press. Since the Civil War the freedman, the Indian, the newly arrived immigrant, have all found in him a friend in need and in deed, in all his sermons, speeches, stories, and histories, and in his personal correspondence and private conversation he has always stood for a few fundamental principles of Americanism, such as the rule of the people—our officials being servants, not rulers; the right to worship God after the dictates of one's conscience; the superiority of manhood suffrage to suffrage based on station or property; and the certainty that the people will vote right when fully informed on all issues. Like Lincoln, he trusts the plain people, and believes that *vox populi est vox Dei*.

"But while intensely American, in the sense of believing profoundly in the superiority of our democratic form of government and in the nobler type of manhood developed by our political and ecclesiastical freedom, Dr. Hale has always been singularly far removed from the narrow provincialism which saw no good in other countries or in our co-operation with other nations for noble international ends. There is no more ardent advocate of international arbitration among us to-day than he; and few men of the rising generation look forward with more serenity to what this century has to bring to us than does Dr. Hale as he sees the United States departing from its policy of moral influence solely in the affairs of the world, and entering upon a career of active as well as passive influence—influence diplomatic and military as well as political and industrial. . . .

"His tendency has been to repose confidence in public officials. . . . His pulpit has seldom been used as a platform on which to play the part of public censor. This has been due in part to his kindliness of heart, but more to his ingrained habit of believing that men charged with solemn public responsibilities more often are honest and well-meaning than otherwise. Thus during the earlier and later stages of the Spanish-American war and since that time he has preferred to believe that the responsible officials in Washington knew much more about the situation than he in Boston could know. Believing that they knew more than he does or can about the intricacies of a perplexing question, and that they are quite as honest and patriotic as he, he declines to condemn them offhand. His *bête noire* is not the Man on Horseback, but the Man Under-foot. The men whom he fears are not the men who emerge from the free school, the free church, and the freedom of trade of a group of forty-five commonwealths and become famous and influential, but the men whom the church, the school, and the organized industry of to-day do not touch as yet, namely, the illiterate, vicious immigrants who come from Europe, and the untaught, undisciplined negroes of the South.

"Dr. Hale never could have labored so long, so zealously, or so cheerily for mankind, and in so many diverse ways, if he had not been sure of two premises, namely, that God is good, and that men are instinctively good, not totally depraved. His persistent message, begun long before the phrase became as popular or as trite as it is to-day, has been, the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. God to him has been a Person, not a force; a Providence, not a law simply; and he has felt sure that God was inspiring and guiding him—his child. This certitude, the certitude that made Puritanism the mighty force that it was, has been the dynamic of Dr. Hale's life. But although in essence and at bottom a Puritan, he has been a humanized, nineteenth century one, loving nature, sport, and good cheer; fostering art, literature, and poetry; standing for education and culture, as well as for intuition and inspiration."

A MAN WHO CAN SEE HIS OWN MONUMENT

NOTABLE FESTIVITIES IN THE CITY OF ARLES, FRANCE, MARKED THE OCCASION OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF "MIREILLE," FREDERIC MISTRAL'S CELEBRATED PROVENCAL POEM. MISTRAL IS SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH STANDING BESIDE HIS OWN RECENTLY ERECTED STATUE

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Looking up Cascade Court toward the main government group

At the foot of the Court of Honor

The Exposition buildings, looking up the Court of Honor

Rainier Circle, showing the Japanese building

On "the Pay Streak," the Exposition's side-show quarter

The Fine Arts building, one of seven permanent edifices

THE OPENING DAYS OF THE ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION AT SEATTLE

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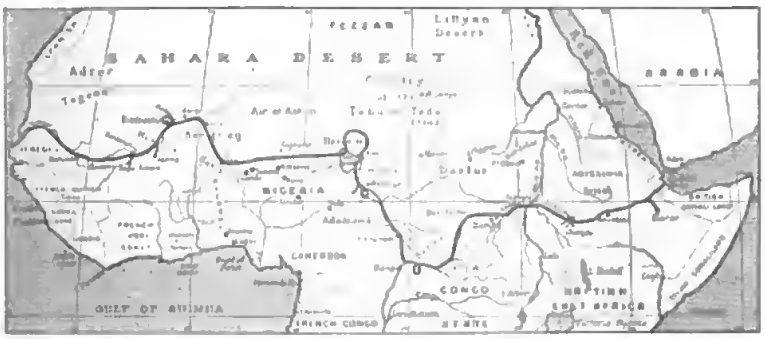
Man-Cranes Roosevelt Will See

A TRIBE OF NEGROES WITH STILT-LIKE LEGS AND ANOTHER OF GIANTS LIVING IN THE NILE SWAMPS

By A. Henry Savage Landor

ALONG the route of my journey across Africa from east to west, at a point between Lake No and the junction of the Sobat and Nile, exists a great tribe of tall, long legged people, called the Shiluk. They are said to number over half a million. The anatomical structure of the Shiluk shows that these people have been specially built by nature to live in marshy regions; tall, with extraordinarily long legs, the Shiluk, in common with many other Nilotic tribes, possess many of the habits of water birds. Often one sees them along the river banks, or in their villages, standing for long periods of time upon one leg, not unlike flamingos, the other foot resting upon the knee of the extended limb. Like the Denka and the Nuer, tribesmen closely allied to them, the Shiluk possess extremely flat feet, as well as an abnormal prolongation of the heel.



The route followed by Mr. Landor through Africa from east to west

The Shiluk country is a vast marshy plain, smothered in grass and reeds during the rainy season. The climate is unhealthy, one might almost say deadly, for man and animals alike. The country is cut up into numerous canals and channels, and there are many deep depressions in the ground which, during the rainy season, fill up with water and form lakelets. The land, therefore, during the rainy season, is thus divided into so many islands.

I was particularly impressed by the fact that nature, ever provident, has built these people specially, in order that they may live with comparative ease in a country where strangers living under similar conditions would undoubtedly quickly succumb. If the legs of the Shiluk are so abnormally long and the body so short, it is because the vital organs are thus protected from the moisture of the marshy land in which the natives constantly sink up to their knees, or even higher. That the Shiluk have lived from time immemorial in marshy lands can be discerned from the fact that there is no word in the Shiluk language corresponding to "mountain" or "hill." When I tried to explain to them that there were countries with undulations and rocky mountains so high that people could not live there, owing to the intense cold, they laughed heartily and thought I was one of the biggest story tellers they had ever met. The nearest word for "hill," in their language is "kidil," which merely means stone. This must not be taken that the Shiluk language is poor in words, for indeed the Shiluk is one of the richest of Central Africa, and, with certain variations, is understood and spoken by many distant tribes toward the east, as far as the Abyssinian plateau, and as far south, I am told, as the Victoria Nyanza.

Along the White Nile, between Lake No and the estuary of the River Sobat, the country along the stream is covered with Shiluk huts. The supreme chief of the Shiluk lives near Fashoda, and goes by the hereditary title of *Reth*. The *Reth* is not a person to be envied. He seldom dies a natural death, his end being by strangulation when he is considered too ill or too old to live. The Shiluk dislike the idea of their king dying like other mortals. The Shiluk divide themselves into two great families, the Quagnaret and the Ochidila. The Quagnaret, or noble class, are aggressive, proud people who despise work, whereas the Ochidila work the soil, look after the immense herds of cattle, and, in fact, own all the riches in the country. Every man of the Quagnaret class is a warrior and carries with him one or several war spears and a large shield of hippopotamus hide. The warriors are divided into so many contingents, one under a leader for each *pado*, or district. Their navy, quite a formidable one, consists of an immense number of improvised canoes made from fascines of a marvellously light wood, much lighter than cork, called the *anbatch*. Each boat can easily be carried on the head of one man when on dry land, and is large enough to accommodate two or three warriors when upon the water.

There are people who trace a resemblance between the formation of Shiluk skulls and those of the Fellahs of Egypt, especially in the projection of the nasal bone. It is curious to notice that some of the harpoons used to-day by these Shiluk for killing hippopotami are similar to those represented on the monuments of the Pharaohs. Whether related to the Fellahs or not, it is not unlikely that these people may have copied their harpoons from the people of Egypt. There is no doubt that the people of the Upper Nile Valley in the entire region of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, as well as in the valley of the tributary stream, the Sobat, where the Denka and Nuer are to be found, all belong to the same great family. The slight variation in the type is due to outside influences.

The Shiluk are not overburdened with clothes; in fact, the men go absolutely naked. The women, more coquettish, occasionally adorn themselves with a small apron of skin, or more frequently with a belt of vegetation. The nearest meadow is the dressmaking department in the Shiluk country. The Shiluk are principally remarkable for the extraordinary way of arranging their hair. Sometimes it is knitted into a thick belt, and is shaped to resemble two elephant's ears; sometimes it is arranged in the shape of a coxcomb or a widely spread fan on the top of the skull; sometimes in two parallel combs, either longitudinal or transversal, upon the top portion of the head. Like the Nuer and the Denka, the Shiluk smear the head with a composition of ashes and cow dung, which has the property of coloring the hair red.

The Shiluk offer prayers to a deity called Djuk, and also to a semi-deity called Gunengue, the latter a hero in one of their legends. These prayers are generally offered when a change of climatic conditions is wanted by the natives when fish gets scarce in the river, or when pestilence ravages the country.

The Shiluk are extremely superstitious and are firm believers in the Evil Eye. Ancestral worship is indirectly practised by them. They say that the dead linger about the living in order to look after them. They maintain that communication can be established in dreams between living people and dead beloved relatives. Monogamy is prevalent among the Shiluk, chiefly because wives are an expensive luxury and have to be purchased by handing over to the girl's relatives a number of cows, oxen, and sheep, according to her beauty and rank.

The Nuer, who possess the physical disproportions of the Shiluk in even greater degree, go in for the peculiar custom of smearing their bodies with ashes, making them of a ghastly white color, while the hair is dyed a brilliant red. I never shall forget an extraordinary scene I witnessed one afternoon near one of their villages; hundreds of Nuer, men, women, and children brandishing spears and shouting wildly, ran along the banks of the putrid stream, spearing fish as they went along. I was interested in this performance, as I was fully aware that this fishing expedition was merely a blind in order to enable them to attack my camp unexpectedly. The natives had decked themselves in all their finery, some of the men wearing as many as a dozen white and black ostrich feathers, sticking up straight upon the head. Small sticks were thrust through their lips and ears, giving their faces a repulsive appearance. We were ready with our rifles, and, fortunately, nothing happened.

The skin of the Nuer possesses a strong natural odor, so acute that it could be detected as many as twenty yards away if the wind blew in one's direction. One found a great many tribal marks among them, each tribe possessing a separate mode of identification. Parallel cuts upon the forehead, incisions upon the shoulders and chest, or cicatrices at the waist behind, were the most frequent tribal marks found among the Nuer. One found a great variety of head dresses among these people; some wore their hair plastered into a cone sticking out behind; others in a little cone rising vertically upon the head; others preferred an elongated cone projecting in a graceful curve in front; some, more ambitious, wore a gorgeous arrayal of long white and black ostrich feathers stuck in the back of the head; others were satisfied with only one feather on one side of the head. Like the Shiluk, they also went about perfectly naked. The

Shiluk marsh-dwellers looking for fish among the swamps

Nuers rehearsing an attack on the camp under the pretence of dancing

muscles of their arms and legs seemed, in many cases, to undergo a process of deterioration. This gave the knees and elbows the appearance of being much enlarged. The facial characteristics of the Nuer were interesting: the lips, the most prominent of their features, were heavy and protruding, quite out of proportion to the short, flat nose. The forehead of these people, though sufficiently high, was abnormally narrow.

The scenery in the Nuer country was wretchedly barren; the country absolutely flat, the heat intolerable. Nuer villages were composed of small domed or conical huts, seldom more than six to seven feet high, built at the sides of a square in the centre of which were hundreds of pegs for tying up goats and cattle at night. Indeed, these people possessed thousands of humped, long horned cattle, which they would on no account sell or barter for money or other goods. They also refused to dispose of milk, butter, or cheese. At night, when the cattle had been collected in the central square, big fires were kept alight during the hours of darkness in order to keep wild animals away, lions being very plentiful in that region. Drums were also beaten during the night. Their herds of oxen, hundreds and hundreds of them at times, were unpleasant to meet, as they took special delight in charging my caravan when we were passing through their country. Like their masters, they seemed to resent the intrusion of strangers, whether bipeds or quadrupeds, upon that desolate land.

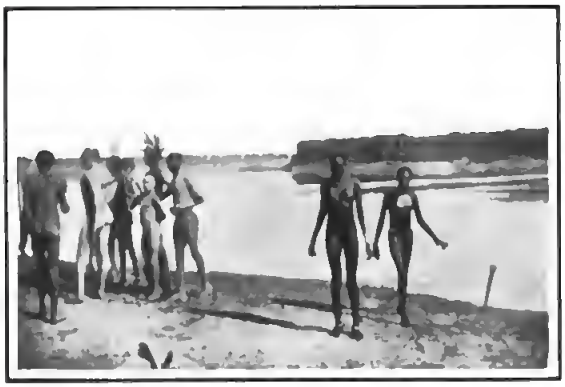
Further up the Sobat River, directly at the foot of the Abyssinian plateau, one found another extraordinary tribe, this time of regular giants. They called themselves the Yambo. These fellows, although of colossal size, possessed as much brain or possibly less than an average three-year-old child in the United States. They were capricious to a degree, sulky, and suspicious. The average height of these tribesmen was over six feet, but I saw several types who were close upon seven feet tall. With no superabundance of flesh upon their bones, and with small heads and long legs, these men looked even taller than they actually were. They told me that in former days their ancestors were even taller than the people of the present day.

The customs of the Yambo were peculiar in the way of food; they relished mice and rats, and, next to those, hippopotamus meat. They were great hunters of wild animals. The entire village turned out with spears and javelins after game. The heads of the javelins were made from the tibia of a giraffe brought to a sharp point, and the rod was adorned with ostrich feathers.

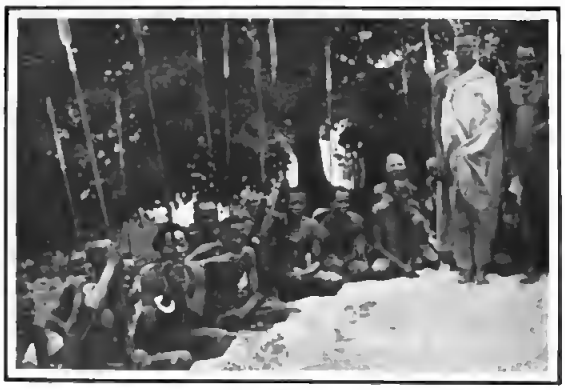
Polygamy is practised by the Yambos. They generally marry in their own tribe. When the husband dies the eldest son becomes the husband of his father's wives, even of his own mother, which shows how low mentally these people are in the human scale. The Yambo are extremely cleanly. Their huts, seldom higher than seven feet, were beautifully constructed, each enclosure within a palisade containing one or more, their interior being paved with hard cement, prepared from a particular clay mixed with ashes of selected woods and a certain liquid which made the preparation extraordinarily hard when baked in the sun. It took a beautiful polish.

The Yambo, like the members of many other races of Africa, remove one or more front teeth. They prefer that it is done as a tribal mark and for beauty's sake.

They are inveterate smokers, and they build themselves pipes on strikingly scientific lines. There is a spherical arrangement between the bowl and the long cane channel, intended to cool the smoke before it reaches the mouth. The Yambo are evidently the offshoot of a formerly potent race. Their ears are comparatively well formed, with finely cut curves and with lobes generally attached. Their hands are good, with elongated, almost refined fingers, which shows that these people have degenerated from a stock superior to their present condition. One good quality at least is noticeable among these giants: they are most kind and affectionate to their children and prefer to be killed rather than sell them as slaves.



Types of the long-legged Shiluk and Nuer



Yambo men, a race of giants inhabiting the Upper Nile

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PRESIDENT TAFT OPENING THE ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION FROM THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE

THE MAHOGANY KEYBOARD USED BY THE PRESIDENT, SHOWN IN DETAIL IN THE INSERT, IS STUDDED WITH GOLD NUGGETS, SAID TO BE THE FIRST FOUND IN ALASKA. RANGED IN THE BACKGROUND MAY BE SEEN VARIOUS MEMBERS OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

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Liquor and Common Sense in Iowa

By William R. Boyd

A typical Mulct Law saloon. The absence of screens and blinds makes the interior visible from the street

IF some student of social and economic conditions who had visited Iowa between 1884 and 1894, and who had since been out of touch with conditions in that State, should return to the scenes of his former observations now, he could not be otherwise than impressed by the change which has taken place for the better relative to the regulation of the liquor traffic, evidences of which are present everywhere.

From 1884 to 1894 the saloon was outlawed in every portion of the commonwealth. A constitutional amendment had been adopted in 1882, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of all intoxicating liquors within the State. This amendment was nullified by a decision of the Supreme Court on account of technical irregularities in the matter of its submission. But the dominant party had, by legislative enactment, established prohibition as completely as it could possibly have been done had the amendment stood the test of judicial examination.

How comes it, then, that one who had observed conditions in Iowa during that decade from 1884 to 1894 must, of necessity, note a change for the better at this time? Iowa abandoned State-wide prohibition in 1894. Why should the observer, after the lapse of these years, not note a change for the worse rather than a change for the better? It is the same old story over again, so far as efforts at State-wide prohibition are concerned. Prohibition did not prohibit.

Never was a reform entered upon more confidently on the part of its advocates than prohibition in Iowa. The experiment, however, was a failure from the beginning. In many of the larger cities no notice of the prohibitory law was taken. In the so-called "River Cities," like Burlington, Davenport, Clinton, and Dubuque, prohibition meant unrestricted traffic in liquors from the first day of its reign until the last. Saloon-keepers in these cities boasted that they had thrown the keys of their places into the Mississippi. Some of them locked their front doors from midnight until dawn week-days, and during the entire day Sundays, but the back doors were never locked. Efforts at enforcements were so feeble in such cities as to make it possible to say that no such effort was ever attempted.

In the interior cities and towns, where sentiment against prohibition was not so pronounced—cities like Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, and Sioux City—vigorous efforts at enforcement were made. Enforcement leagues were organized, money raised, the best legal talent employed; but for the most part the battle was a losing one from the beginning. Liquor continued to be sold in drug stores and in out-of-the-way places—in basements, in back rooms to restaurants, in barns, cellars, and even in kitchens of private homes. Juries would not convict even when the evidence of guilt was overwhelming. It soon became impossible to elect peace officers not pledged in advance to the nullification of this statute. Blackmail flourished and perjury became so common it ceased to excite comment. Meantime in many of the smaller towns of the State conditions were little better than in the larger places. Here the drug-store saloon became a prominent feature in the demoralization of the community. Now and then one of these whiskey-druggists would be convicted and fined, but what was a fine to one who had entered upon the business of selling the vilest whiskey and the cheapest beer for the money there was in it? The profits were enormous.

As a case in point this illustration may be cited: In a town of less than two thousand people, with what seemed to be a sufficient number of whiskey drug-stores to satisfy the demands of "illegal thirst," a man personally known to the writer to be possessed of less than $500 capital established an alleged drug-store for the express purpose of selling intoxicants. He had scarcely enough money to get together a make-believe stock of drugs. In less than ten years this man sold out and removed from the scene of his miserable activity, taking with him drafts for something in excess of $50,000. Every dollar of that money represented profits from liquor sold behind the prescription case, practically without hindrance, in violation of the law. During his career as a whiskey druggist he lived extravagantly, according to the standards of the community in which he resided; and, strange as it may appear, he and his family were accepted and treated by society as though he had been engaged in a lawful and thoroughly respectable business. It was one of the anomalies of the period that whereas saloon-keepers who had conducted their business openly for what it was, and according to law, had been looked down upon, men known of every one to be nothing else than saloon-keepers could and did maintain their standing in society, and often in the church, so long as they were disguised as druggists, no matter how thin that disguise was. This case was not exceptional. It was typical throughout a considerable portion of the State.

Year by year the conditions grew worse. Drunkenness was never so prevalent, and young men never went to ruin more rapidly. In Cedar Rapids, in 1893, the last year under prohibition, the arrests for disturbance of the peace numbered 1,316. In 1908, with a population thirty per cent. greater than in 1893, the total number of arrests for this cause was only 571. Other cities show like improvement.

To-day open saloons are to be found in Iowa to the number of 1,692. They are, perhaps, as decently conducted places of their kind as can be found anywhere.

What wrought this change? The Mulct Law. What is the Mulct Law? It is the direct outgrowth of the failure of prohibition to prohibit in Iowa. It came into existence in this wise: For ten years the dominant political party, in obedience to the demand that "the will of the people as expressed in the non-partisan election which adopted the amendment should be enforced in the statutes," stood squarely for the law which established prohibition in Iowa. For ten years prohibition was the overshadowing issue in every election of State and county officers. In 1888 the Republican party, which had not failed of victory in Iowa in more than thirty-five years, met defeat. Horace Boies was chosen Governor on a platform demanding repeal of the law; but his party failed to gain legislative control and prohibition was not repealed. In 1890 the issue of enforcement versus repeal was again joined. Horace Boies was elected by an increased majority; but again the Democrats failed by a narrow margin to win the Legislature. It was evident, however, that the people were weary of the experiment. 30,000 votes. The Mulct Law was the fulfilment of that pledge. This law has been upon the statute books fifteen years. It is perhaps as illogical a law, theoretically, as can be found anywhere. It satisfied no one at the time of its enactment. It did not operate to repeal the prohibitory law. To quote a favorite expression, "Prohibition still remains the settled policy of the State." The Mulct Law simply provides a way whereby the penalties of the prohibitory law may be avoided. Briefly stated, its provisions are as follows: Any city in the State having a population of more than 5,000 may, upon the filing of what is known as a Petition of Consent, signed by a majority of the electors who voted at the last election, secure immunity from the penalties of the prohibitory law. Towns of more than 2,500 population and less than 5,000 may secure similar immunity by filing a Petition of Consent signed by eighty per cent. of those who voted at the last election. Counties, as such, may take advantage of the provisions of this statute if sixty-five per cent of the electors consent in writing. Having obtained consent, the saloons thus established must pay a tax of $600 each—one half of which sum goes into the treasury of the county, the other half into the treasury of the municipality in which the saloon is located. Municipalities may impose such additional tax as the governing bodies thereof shall see fit to impose. There is no limit. Saloons operating under this law must be closed between 10 P.M. and 5 A.M., and on Sundays and all legal holidays. The business must be conducted in a single room having but one entrance or exit, which opens upon a business street. No screens, blinds, or other device of similar character are permitted. No furniture of any character is allowed in front of the bar. No female may be employed about the premises. All forms of gaming, amusements, and obscene pictures are prohibited. The provisions relative to the establishment of a saloon near a church or schoolhouse are drastic, and the consent of adjacent property-owners must be obtained before saloons can be established anywhere.

The beneficial results of this legislation soon became so apparent as to practically silence all criticism. The Mulct Law, until very recently, was accepted as the final solution of the liquor problem in this State. One of the best features of the law is the one which provides that a saloon may be established only by petition. There is no recurring turmoil in Iowa by reason of the "wet or dry" proposition incident to a

The interior of a Mulct Law saloon, showing the absence of back doors and furniture

The law had been reasonably well enforced in perhaps sixty per cent. of the counties, but elsewhere conditions had become intolerable. In many places the municipal governments entered into tacit agreements with saloon-keepers, according to the terms of which they were to pay monthly fines into the city treasuries, and in return received police protection. The debauchery of it all can scarcely be described. By reason of the open contempt for this law, respect for law as law was everywhere weakened. The Republican party accepted its two defeats as evidence that public opinion on this subject had undergone a change, and in the election of 1893 refused longer to stand for the retention of State-wide prohibition, promising not straight-out repeal, as its opponents did, but such legislation as would result in "maintaining the present law in those portions of the State where it is now or can be made efficient, and giving to other localities such methods of controlling and regulating the liquor traffic as will best serve the cause of temperance and morality."

With this pledge in their platform the Republicans elected their candidate for Governor by a plurality of

local option law. If a community wishes to rid itself of the saloon the Petition of Consent may be withdrawn and the prohibitory law brought into force. The burden of expense and effort in the establishment of saloons is put upon those who expect to profit through them. Those who favor the establishment of saloons must do so openly, over their own signatures. Fraud is thus placed out of the question. The good effects of this single provision can scarcely be overestimated.

The Mulct Law has been amended in no important particular since its enactment fifteen years ago. No serious thought of a return to prohibition was entertained prior to 1908. The general agitation for prohibition throughout the country, and the failure on the part of some communities to live up to the strict provision of this statute, have lately caused a considerable revival of prohibition sentiment, strange as this may appear in view of the State's bitter and somewhat recent experience in State-wide prohibition. A resubmission resolution passed the House of Representatives during the recent session of the General Assembly, but it was killed in the Senate.

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A SPOT OF BEAUTY IN "THE BEAUTY SPOT"

MISS EILEEN KEARNEY, WHO TAKES PART IN THE PRODUCTION OF THE MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE BEAUTY SPOT," NOW RUNNING AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE

The Voice of Paris

By Rowland Strong

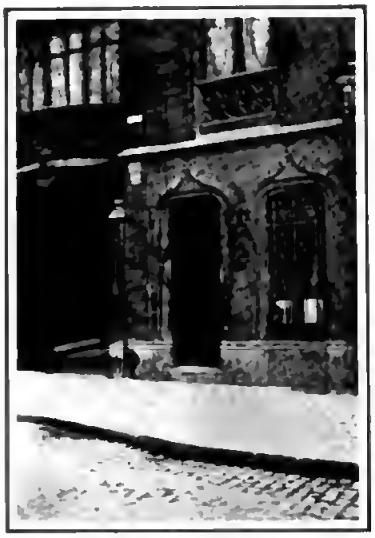
" . . . Like banners, from those towers old,
Your bells shake forth their rhauds of gold!
Their voice is in the light and shade,
The radiant gloom,
Which bathe this Renaissance façade.
It lingers in the dark cascade,
Oh! that green fountain tomb,
With black leaves spread,
Where Polyphemus bends his head,
And all around
This temple's domed and brooding brow,
With glory crowned,
It wreathes the incense of its sound.
It shrives the dying flowers, and now
Chases the swallows out of sight,
Rising and falling with their flight!" . . .

THUS a poet has described the chiming of the bells of Saint-Sulpice Church heard from the Luxembourg Gardens, with the ancient Renaissance Palace of the Luxembourg in front of him, and to the right Marie de Medici's funeral fountain, and the incomparable dome of the Pantheon. Nothing characterizes a city more than its noises. An American friend of mine was driven away from Venice, which is said to be the quietest city in the world, by the noise of voices. With no horse traffic, no motor omnibuses, no electric tramways to drown it with their din, the human voice acquires in Venice a resonance, a force of penetration, which it lacks in other centres of activity, so that conversation carried on between two people in a Venetian street, even in a low tone, is so acutely audible as to cause torture, if the ear upon which it persistently falls be at all delicate or sensitive. When Alphonse Daudet returned from his first and last visit to London, some ten or twelve years ago, he told me that what had struck him most was the silence of the London streets as compared with those of Paris. This impression was, he thought, mainly to be ascribed to the coldness and taciturnity of the English population. Perhaps, if he were to be in London now he would have reason to modify his opinion. There is certainly more vocal noise in the streets of all the European capitals than there was a decade ago, and it is on the increase. The foreigners are more numerous, facilities for travel having so much developed, and it is the tendency of all foreigners to be vociferous when travelling. In London, particularly, the drilling population of French visitors is ten times what it was at the beginning of the century, and their gesticulatory talkativeness violently contrasts with the monosyllabic stolidity of the natives. "Straight ahead!" says the London "bobby," if you ask him the way, or he may content himself with a mere jerk of the facefinger. "Mais vous n'avez qu'à poursuivre directement cette rue dans laquelle vous vous trouvez, Monsieur, et vous verrez la maison en question au coin de la première rue à votre gauche." "Je vous remercie infiniment, Monsieur." "Il n'y a pas de quoi, Monsieur." Thus the French "agent," the policeman of Paris. Or he will carefully enumerate the streets that you must *not* take; and if he happens to wear upon

The bell-tower of Saint-Sulpice Church whose chimes are the finest in Paris

his arm a tricolor band with the word "interpreter," or "dolmetscher" upon it, he will repeat his information in English or in German with the same discursiveness.

Paris is eloquent. Above the multifarious noises of the street which are of a mechanical origin, or may proceed from the brain creation, there constantly arises the wail of protestation, the yell of demonstratory wrath. Two Paris drivers collide with each other, or narrowly escape a collision. "Ours!" ("Bear!") shouts one. "Fourneau!" ("Fire-stove!") bellows the other. If damage has been done, a policeman interferes. He produces a pocket-book and a pencil, and takes down in long hand a verbatim report of the speeches on both sides. During the careful performance of this task a crowd collects. The debate becomes general. Two parties are formed. Orator vociferates against orator. The language is not always parliamentary, but, if a little surcharged with adjective, like the earlier efforts of the Romanticists, it is amazingly



The little Gothic house which has a secret staircase leading to the catacombs

eloquent. At last the "agent" takes the platform—*il prend la parole*—and imposes silence with Speaker-like authority in a voice louder than anybody else's. He is at once a summing-up, a verdict, a passing of sentence, a Ministerial declaration. The crowd passes a vote of confidence in the government by adjourning to the next street corner. For the time being, at any rate, a revolution has been averted.

Paris, in many of its districts, is built over the catacombs. These vast subterranean chambers and galleries produce that peculiar cavernous sound which is heard in the Luxembourg, Montparnasse, Vaugirard, Montrouge, and Montsouris quarters when heavy carts pass rapidly along the coarsely metalled roads. The streets are then like monstrous drums beating funeral marches to the grave over that vast common grave of ten centuries of Parisians with its millions of skeleton dead. That quaint little Gothic house at the corner of the recently prolonged Boulevard Raspail, which many an American artist must remember from his student days, actually has a private staircase leading to the catacombs from beneath a hermetically closed stone slab just in front of the door-step. From time to time, certain municipal officials visit this grim entrance, the existence of which is known to only very few people. A former occupant of the house, surprised by one of these visits, the reason of which was mysterious to him, was accustomed to relate that once in the dead of night, while he watched, quaking, from the room above, convinced that he was witnessing the final scene in some Borgia-like political tragedy, a party of men, the chief of whom wore half-concealed under his coat the tricolor scarf of a police commissary, had conveyed a body through this entrance into the catacombs below. A few days later he was annoyed by a cadaverous smell rising through the boards of his dining-room floor. The nuisance was almost certainly attributable to a dead rat, but, to complete his discomfort, every morning at five o'clock an empty school omnibus belonging to the Collège Stanislas passed through the narrow street on its way to pick up pupils, rousing the thunderous and sepulchral echoes of the catacombs with such vibratory effect as to give him alarming palpitations of the heart. Being a man of imaginative temperament, he decided to transfer his residence to the Right Bank of the Seine. He had also been much troubled by the noise of cats. Formerly he had lived on the skirts of Montmartre, and it was only when he had crossed the Seine to the Left Bank that he learned that Paris is divided by those who know her intimately well into the dog zone and the cat zone. He had entered the cat zone. He had penetrated to the very heart or citadel of it, for countless cats evidently without homes, and in a wild state, rendered the days nervous and electric by their ceaseless squabbles, and the nights sleepless by their caterwauling. He had tried to entice them into his house, but they had been proof against all his persuasions. Evidently they were cats that had never tasted dairy milk, or any Christian food. Parasite, sleeping on house roofs, under bridges, in the Luxembourg Gardens, where they not infrequently coil themselves up to the laps of the seated statues, and in the numerous private gardens for which the Left Bank is still noted, there is reason to believe that they are the wild descendants of the pet cats which were turned into the streets during the most sanguinary period of the Revolution. It was precisely those suburbs with their ancient family mansions and convents that suffered most from the dreadful visitations of the Comité de Salut. Every day, during the Terror, some hapless family of aristocrats was dragged to the Revolutionary Tribunal, and, after a mock trial lasting a few moments, conveyed to the Place de la Nation for immediate execution. It was here, on the Left Bank of the Seine, in the zone which comprises the Faubourg St.-Honoré, the site of the Abbaye des Bois (just pulled down), the stately palaces of the rue de Sèvres, the rue de Vaugirard, the rue Cassette, the rue de Tournon, that Fouquier-Tinville, the tigress public accuser of the Commune de Paris, selected his most distinguished and noble victims. Each denuded house contained, as a rule, a cat, which henceforward became an outcast and a wanderer, the servants having, not infrequently, shared the fate of their masters and mistresses. If the domestic pet happened to be a dog, it was probably quickly destroyed, or found a new master, but the cat is less adaptable to changed conditions. Like the Corsican bandit, with a vendetta in its heart against all humanity, it took to the "maquis," or "bush," as it were, afforded by the richly wooded parks and gardens, which, at that period and until some half-century ago, made the Left Bank of Paris famous throughout the world. No doubt these cats subsisted chiefly on the rats which swarm in those parts, and it was to keep down this pest that they had been primarily employed. To-day the rats are still very numerous. Their presence in this neighborhood is another cause of attraction to all the homeless cats of Paris, which, when they are not on a rat hunt, fraternize, or fight with the pet cats belonging to the numerous old maids, the quiet professors, the retired tradespeople, senators, literary men, and composers who form the multitude of its human population. At midnight the Boulevard St.-Germain, the Boulevard Montparnasse, the Boulevard St.-Michel, are alive with rats, gambolling round the trees which line the sidewalks—rats of the big brown species, which years ago exterminated the old indigenous gray rat of Paris, fear less and familiar almost to the point of being tame. "What is that shrill speaking which I hear around me?" asks the inexperienced visitor of his Parisian friend as he sits in the summer on one of these boulevards sipping the nocturnal bock. "That, Monsieur, is a rat which a cat has just caught. Look, don't you see the rats—dozens of them—popping in and out of the iron cages which protect the trunks of the trees?"

The vocal drawbacks of the cat and dog zones of Paris are serious, but they are relieved by more harmonious animal noises, in spite of the modernization of the Left Bank of the Seine which has left little of the old verdure and wealth of ancient trees, the nightingale may still be heard of summer nights in the garden of the Convent of Cisterciens nuns in the rue Notre Dame des Champs. The blackbird, the thrush, and the starling make melodious the leafy glades and avenues of the Tuileries Gardens, and of the public parks at Buttes Chaumont, Monceau, and Montsouris, in all open spaces of Paris fat pigeons coo. They, and

The sparrows of the Luxembourg Gardens are tame enough to eat from one's hand

the sparrows, whose constant chorus of twittering is so loud sometimes as to be seriously interruptive of brain work, are tame enough to take food from the hand, and flourish in such numbers that in the Luxembourg Gardens the flower-beds have to be protected from their depredations and wallowing propensities by thin copper netting.

Police regulations have been framed to protect the Parisian population from certain classes of noises, but they are not always heeded. Barrel organs have been

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suppressed. The hideous barking of draught dogs, which is such a nuisance in Berlin and Brussels, is unknown in the French capital, where dogs may not be employed in pull carts. On the other hand, the police have found it impossible to prevent the cracking of whips. Though forbidden by a law, whip-cracking enters so instinctively into the character of the French driver, whether he be cabman or drayman, that unless a definite complaint be lodged there is no official interference. Humanitarians, moreover, contend that whip-cracking is, in some measure, a protection for the Parisian horse. It is a relief to the French driver's feelings, it is dramatic and eloquent, and, while serving to rouse a lethargic animal, does not cause him physical pain. This is a point that deserves to be brought home to the numerous kind-hearted Americans, principally ladies, who, when in Paris, demonstrate so vigorously against what they call the brutal whipping of the cab horses.

The ringing of the church bells in Paris is permissable only with the consent of the mayors in each municipal district, except on Sundays and public holidays. In the Socialist districts it is reduced to a minimum. In the wealthier quarters, one can form some idea of what Paris must have been in the middle of the eighteenth century, when it was celebrated above all cities in Europe, including even Rome, for its bell-ringing. This echo, faint as it is, has an indescribable charm.

It is a police regulation which obliges every cab with pneumatic tires—and there are few now that are not so provided—to carry a jingling bell, which makes the approach of the cab distinctly audible on the noiseless asphalt. The ringing of bells enters largely into the orchestral composition of the Paris noises. Bicyclists jingle them, and on the gayly beribboned harness of the great dray-horses there are clusters of the little bells called "grelots," which keep up a silvery chatter, a tinkling chime, aiding much to the musical color of the Parisian atmosphere. It is like a continuous tipple of laughter in perfect accord with the bright gayety and movement of the streets. Then the drivers of the tramways sound a gong, or blow a whistle, the note of which varies with the different lines, and the tramway conductors have a little brass horn which they sound as a signal for starting or stopping. There are tram cars which are provided with hooters, and the noise they make must, by law, be easily distinguishable from that of the fire-engine hooter. The public chair-mender also has a horn. The itinerant seller of goat's milk, wearing the Basque cap, the "béret," and followed by his docile herd of she-goats, plays a diminutive bag-pipe or else a rustic flute. The "marchand de plaisir" ("plaisir" is a thin cake made with flour and sugar) rattles a wooden clapper. The motor-car, which in the open country is allowed to blow a siren, or a whistle, is restricted in Paris to the use of the horn. The rare hour-glass horns which have survived the motor craze sound a horn when driving through the central streets of the city, but are forbidden, by an old Imperial restriction, to play in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, and in the Bois itself.

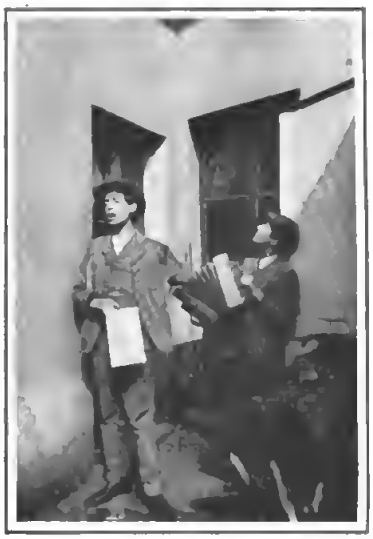
A street-musician in Paris—a blind singer from the south of France

Clearly amidst this babel of mechanical sound, to which must be added the shriek of the locomotives on the Ceinture Railway, and the hollow raw hoot of the steam-tugs on the Seine, the old street cries of Paris have but little chance of making themselves heard, and this explains their increasing tendency to disappear. A few, however, survive. The hawker of cherries still sanctifies the spring afternoons with his, "La douce cerise . . . la douce!" ("The sweet cherry . . . the sweet!"), on a long-drawn-out wail, psalmodic in its melancholy reminder that the end of all good things is at hand. A more vitalizing, because a more peremptory, cry is that of the mussel-man with his hoarse: "Voilà la moule, Elle est bonne. Elle est fraîche. Achetez la moule!" ("Behold the mussel. She is good. She is fresh. Buy the mussel"). In addition to blowing his horn, the chair-mender, and the itinerant cobbler, for a reason which has never been explained, give vent to savage roars, lion-like in their ear-splitting reverberations, which in the quieter suburbs startle the entire street and people the window-casements with terrified housemaids—"Voilà le carrrelo-maeeeerrr!" as if it were the last judgment. On a gentler note are the still surviving cries of "Fresh lavender!" "Good asparagus!" "Chand d'habits!" (the old clothes dealer). "Buy my roses!" "Il arrive, il arrive, le maquereau!" ("Just arrived, just arrived, mackerel!") "Fromage à la crème . . . fromage" ("Cream cheese . . . cheese!"). The waxing-mender is almost as strident as the cobbler, while the plumber, whether itinerant or not, has a peculiar whistle, which, like the college cries of America, is peculiar to his corporation, making his presence known to any other plumber who may happen to be at work in the neighborhood—a valuable resource for thirsty or lonely plumbers.

"Il arrive, il arrive, le maquereau!"
("Just arrived, just arrived, mackerel!")

The charm of these old cries is that they are echoes of a Paris which in nearly every detail, whether of architecture or the customs and costumes of its inhabitants, has vanished or is vanishing. They call up the vision of a city without any of the modern noisy traffic, in the days when the Champs Elysées were covered with wild flowers, and, in the absence of steam, electricity, and petrol, the hours moved more slowly. Then the sale of sweetmeats to small children was accompanied by the chanting of a plaintive tune which was as old as the barrics. To-day a ten-centime piece is placed in the slot of an automatic machine.

Quite as ancient a corporation as the street-criers are the street-musicians. It is only on the great national fête-days that they are allowed real freedom, and in the wealthier quarters their entrance to the courtyards of the houses is forbidden, though it is rare that the concierge, with the sentimentality of her class, does not allow this order to be infringed. Their music is rarely without a local or national note, and this perhaps is its most marked peculiarity. The Midi is represented by the classic Pan-pipes, and the semi-Oriental heart-throbbings of the French tambourine, which, unlike the Spanish tambourine, is an elongated drum. The Celtic centre of France, the Berri, sends us its "vielle," or hurdy-gurdy, with the plumed bravura, the amorous trills, and martial dashing notes of its rustic keyboard. The very last of the Provençal troubadours, with that indefatigable baritone voice which through all ages and all weathers has remained true to the romantic ideal, is here with his guitar. Alsatia asserts her attachment to the mother country on trombones and clarinettes. Savoy is personified by a tuneful but bettattered infant with a marmoset and an accordion. Except on special occasions when the street corners are taken possession of by the "chanteurs de complaintes" (a survival, peculiar to Paris, of the old political and topical ballad-mongers) who reel out interminable relations of national events, or sensational crimes, to an ancient argumentative recitatif, which never varies and is accompanied by an excitable fiddle, the vocal music in the streets and courtyards of Paris is blood-curdling in its mournful appeal to charity. Each singer has his day. In a certain house, near the Church of St.-Vincent de Paul, one used to know that it was Tuesday afternoon by the arrival of the man who had no tongue, and sang an awful caricature of the Marseillaise through a silver tube surgically inserted in his larynx. On Wednesday it was the turn of that drunken ruffian with the browbeaten wife, who loaded out with sentimental tremolos, "Petits oiseaux n'allez pas sur la plaine aujourd'hui" ("A warning to the little birds all the cruel traps that are set for them in the fields"), while between each verse he addressed a kick, or some shocking oath, to his wretched companion—"Chante, donc, espèce de brute!" ("Sing up, you brute!"). And for years it was on Friday afternoon that a very old man with long white hair and beard, and his foot in a sling, wailed out on a note of immeasurable melancholy an ancient ditty with the refrain, "Buvons, buvons à la santé de



A one-armed Italian courtyard singer with his accordion accompaniment

nos cents ans!" ("Let us drink, let us drink to the health of our hundredth year!"). Then one Friday afternoon the courtyard knew him no more. His quavering voice was never again to draw to the windows the little "bonnes" with their wide sympathetic stare and their willing sous. He had drained the last glass. Every winter frozen for all time one of these courtyard voices.

The Optimist

By Blakeney Gray

A mortal can but run him down,
His leg was amputated.
But he with no'er a sign of frown
Seemed very much elated.
"A wooden leg," quoth he, "is fine,
For there is little doubt
That timber-toes like these of mine
Can never suffer gout."

His party at the autumn poll
Was totally rejected,
But he, O bright and sunny soul,
Was not at all affected.
"If things go wrong at all," quoth he,
With no'er a tear nor sigh,
"It really won't be up to me
To tell the reason why."

When by Perilla fair one day
He found that he was jilted,
He simply smiled all grief away,
And showed himself unwilted.
"She might have married me," he said,
"But now she's taken wing
I find I'm lots honed ahead
On the engagement ring."

And later on when he became
A prey to indigestion,
He took his troubles just the same,
With neither doubt nor question.
"'Tis hard," said he, "to lose one's health
And yet how nice that I
Will never have to squander wealth
On lobster broiled and pie!"

And when at last he went to jail,
And found himself in limbo,
He neither wept, nor turned he pale,
But, with his arms akimbo,
Right jauntily he went his way,
And to his labors bent,
Rejoicing that for many a day
The Public paid his rent!

Gambolling With the Lambs

By E. W. Kemble

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

Macklyn Arbuckle as an end-man

Martinetti as a disgusted coryphee

THE schedule said we were to travel 2,735 miles in six days, and incidentally we were to give a street parade and a matinée, another street parade, and an evening performance on each of the six days, and, furthermore, we were not to parade or perform in any city more than once—and, last but not least, we were to gather in one hundred thousand dollars and bring it home with us.

The Lambs Club, composed of actors, playwrights, artists, and musicians, needed money, not because times were bad, but because a new club-house was necessary for its lusty membership. So the Shepherd called his flock and said: "I will lead you forth into the highways and byways, and it is up to you to amuse the people and, perchance, incidentally, to bring back large wads of rupees, and drachmas bearing the profiles of George Washington and Miss Ellen Liberty, and with these wads we will buy us new grazing ground and on it we will build us a new fold wherein we may gambol to our hearts' content. Are you with me?" And the flock answered with a lusty bleat. Then began the rehearsals and the making of costumes. For two weeks before the start the members rehearsed two or three times every day at the Hudson and Stuyvesant theatres, while the rehearsals at the club-house never ceased. The bulletin board in the "Snuggery" read:

Raymond Hitchcock in black

First part—Rehearsal of chorus at eleven o'clock. *Julius Cæsar*, mob rehearsal, twelve o'clock. Stuyvesant Theatre.

Afterpiece—Tuesday, Hudson Theatre, four o'clock.

End men and singers in minstrel first part try on wigs at Meyer's, Wednesday afternoon.

And so the cartoon orders were posted day after day, and the Lambs did as they were told.

Monday afternoon the clan gathered at the club-house, and at 6.15, arrayed in long linen cape coats with conical hats, and preceded by Victor Herbert and his famous band, marched to the Metropolitan Opera House, where the first performance was given and $35,000 was placed to the credit of the Lambs' bank account. A special train, one of the Pennsylvania Railroad's best, awaited us at the Grand Central Depot, and at 2 P.M. we pulled out for Hartford.

The two dining-cars were now filled, for our supper hour began at midnight and lasted until—any old time; but the day was a hard one, and the owls crept to their nests at an early hour—for owls. Breakfast at ten, dinner at six, and supper at midnight—that is the actor's schedule, and as I was to be an actor I slipped into the pace without a murmur. Soon the order "Lights out" rings down the narrow aisle of each car, and a symphony of snores answers the command.

We get into Hartford at five o'clock and our train is side-tracked; the early birds arise at eight, but the heading hearies sleep on until ten or eleven. The Mayor comes down to meet us in his big red auto and offers us the freedom of the city, but, alas! we cannot use it, as every minute of our time is called for. How? say you? I'll tell you how. The parade lasts half an hour and is from the train directly to the theatre. As we file in at the stage entrance our dressing-room is assigned to us by the assistant stage manager. The stars, of course, have the lower rooms, while the lesser lights climb, according to their twinkling. You may be on the fourth floor in a dingy dressing-room, and up and down a precipitous stairway your most journey six times in order to make three changes. You have reached your room, and the call-boy promptly announces "fifteen minutes." That means, Mr. Layman, that you have got to strip, black up, get into your dress suit, and take your proper place in the time given, and you must not keep the stage waiting, unless you want Tim Thomas to shoot one of his little three-pronged reprimands into you and make you feel like a cold hot-water bag.

All are now in their places, the orchestra sounds a fanfare, the curtain parts, and you look out on a sea of faces, the theatre filled from pit to dome. The salutations, the jokes, the songs and dances follow like clockwork—no encores, mind you, and you are to look as if you are hearing everything for the first time—that is, look pleasant. A sour face can almost kill a performance, be it on the stage or in the audience. The first part over, you rush to your aerial dressing-room, rip off your social togs, and over a pail of cold water, with a sponge besmeared with soap, proceed to remove your coon make-up. Now for grease paint, and, in my case, a Roman beard. You are getting a most artistic growth with your black grease paint, when the call-boy gallops through the alleyway and bellows, "Everybody down for the Forum scene"; and as you start for the door your room-mate halts you and implores you to wash the black off the back of your neck. "Rats with the black. I'm a dicty Roman, all Romans were not clean," and you dash down the long stairway on to the stage and take your place with the mob, yelling "Brutus! Brutus!" as the curtain rises. Now you must do some real acting. You must feel the part, and after a few performances you do feel it. Mr Layman, I considered it a joke at first, but after a few days I was one of them, drinking in the words of Brutus as if I had heard them for the first time, and dead serious, too.

Removing my coon make-up

The Forum scene ended, you twiddle skyward, and now you may rest a bit while the "girls" go on and do their act. "After the matinée"—and, by the way, a prettier set of chorus birdlings would be hard to find, even among the real ones, for these "girls," you know, are all boys. Now you make up for the last act and "get set" for the last piece. Curtain down, you wing it again for your sky parlor, strip, smear cold cream over your face, wipe clean with a towel, dress in your store clothes, pack up your stage effects just as the boy comes up and grabs the bag in which you have stuffed them, and you slide down the long stairway to the stage entrance, where the rest of the troupe are awaiting the carriages that take them to the train.

This was the week's work. Twice a day and every day, with not a kick or a sour word, not a rule broken, not a privilege abused, and after our last performance in Chicago, Saturday night, we yawned, let out a few links at the midnight feast, slept until noon Sunday, and, Monday morning, arrived in New York, muttering such strange words as "bath," "shampoo," "manicure," "real bed," and, finally, "home."

Eddie Foy got lost in Chicago, his home town.

James O'Neill in parade attire

Donald Brian as the leading lady

Lackaye as a Roman

Charles Klein as a Roman citizen

Belasco in the spot light

When Gus Thomas said "No!"

Marc Anthony Hopper as he did not look

Copyright, 1909, by W. T. Smedley

"THE AWAKENING OF A COMMONWEALTH," BY W. T. SMEDLEY

The seated female figure typifies the Commonwealth. On either side is a group of notable Pennsylvanians, representing law, science, the arts, finance, the church; on the left: Benjamin West, General Mifflin, William Penn, John Dickinson, John Ofymer, James Wilson; on the right: Thomas McKean, Bishop White, Benjamin Franklin, Charles Thompson, "Mad Anthony" Wayne, Robert Morris, Robert Fulton. The figures of the boy and girl represent coming generations

Copyright, 1909, by Edwin H. Blashfield

"JUSTICE," BY EDWIN H. BLASHFIELD

In this decoration, the "Law," symbolized by a seated female figure, has set up her judgment seat in the coal regions, and is deciding between the good and the bad. The figure of the woman who has thrown herself across the knees of the "Law" suggests the person who is upon the wrong side rather through weakness than ill will. Mercy holds her hand protectingly above this latter figure, and Justice raises the scales

NOTABLE DECORATIONS

THE MURAL PAINTINGS SHOWN ABOVE WERE DESIGNED BY FOUR AMERICAN ARTISTS—KENYON COX, WILL H. LOW, E. H.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

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Copyright, 1909, by Will H. Low

"PROSPERITY UNDER THE LAW," BY WILL H. LOW

In this panel the young Indian girl symbolizes the Wyoming Valley, the two figures behind her typifying Justice and Civilization. A miner kneels at the left of the composition, balanced on the right by a youth proffering a sheaf of wheat, indicative of the agricultural resources of the Valley. The cherubic Mercury, representing the commerce of the transportation companies, completes the group at the side of the miner, behind whom is seen the entrance to a coal-mine, a "breaker" crowning the hill to the left. The composition embodies the sentiment of the legend on the wall below it: "Under the benign influence of Justice and Civilization the Wyoming Valley receives the tribute of prosperity from the earth and from under the earth"

Copyright, 1909, by Kenyon Cox

"THE JUDICIAL VIRTUES," BY KENYON COX

This panel represents the qualities which should preside over a Court of Justice. In the middle stands Rectitude, with the builder's triangle and plumb-bob. She is flanked by attendant putti bearing labels with the motto "Fiat Justitia Ruat Coelum." To the right, Learning consults the Book of the Law, but Wisdom, with the mirror, bids her "Know thyself." To the left is the armed figure of Courage, beyond whom stands Moderation, with the bridle of self-control

BY AMERICAN ARTISTS

. BLASHFIELD, AND W. T. SMEDLEY—FOR THE NEW LUCERNE COUNTY COURT HOUSE AT WILKES-BARRE, PENNSYLVANIA

Y PETER A. JULEY

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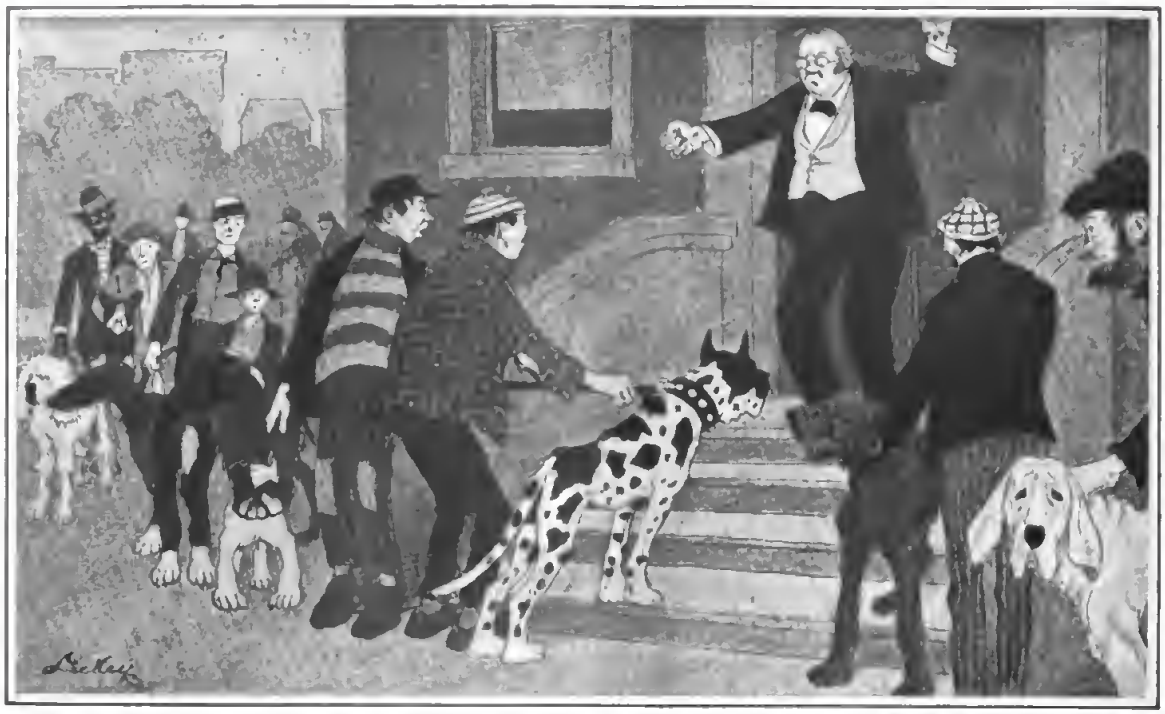

THOSE VALUABLE "LOST-AND-FOUND" COLUMNS

"LOST: TINY TERRIER; BLACK; ANSWERS TO NAME OF FIDO. FINDER LIBERALLY REWARDED"

THE RETORT SUPER-COURTEOUS

A LARGE and husky 'longshoreman was sitting near the front of a Belt Line car in West Street, tranquil, a trifle tired, and at peace with all mankind. Presently a dapper youth, with clothes of foreign cut and cute black mustaches, sat down beside him and looked about in a puzzled way as if trying to find his bearings. Then he looked up at the 'longshoreman and anxiously asked, "Parlez vous Française, M'sieur?"

"Fwhat's that?" the 'longshoreman answered, gazing upon him with distrust.

"Vous parlez Française, M'sieur?" the dapper youth repeated still more earnestly.

"Fwha-a-a-at?" roared the big fellow.

"Vous parlez Française, n'est ce pas, M'sieur?" the youth shouted with growing excitement.

The 'longshoreman picked up his dinner-can, rose slowly to his full height, and, after a lingering look of contempt, walked down the aisle to the rear platform of the car, which was crowded.

"Sa-a-ay," he growled, "duz anny av ye men spake Frinch?"

"Why, yes, I do—some," replied one of the crowd.

"Well, thin," said the big fellow, taking him by the shoulder, "let you gwan up in there t' that little matt with the twishty mush-tash an' tell him t' go to hell!"

ANSWERED

"Oh, what is so rare as a day in June?"
Well, listen to me and I'll tell you soon:
A hair on a Mexican hairless dog;
A soft tenor voice on a croaking frog—
Or legs on a frivolous pollywog.
A kiddie in school who hasn't an eye
On the noise he'll make on the Fourth of July;
A summer show that isn't all twirls,
And glitter, and gilt, and gilder, and girls;
A baseball umpire so richly endowed
He always is certain to please the crowd;
The chap with a voice like a squeaky flue
Who knows he can't sing, and refuses to;
The lady so fair on the hotel porch,
With hair like a nugget, or flaming torch,
Who hasn't a gossipy word to say
Of any one else on an idle day;
The maid who recites and who loves to tell
That very old tale of the Curlew Bell
Who'd rather sit out by the moonlit sea
Than spoon in the drawing-room after ten;
The girl of your heart, so rarely prized,
Who when you propose to her isn't surprised,
Although you have courted your Heart's true Queen
Since she was eleven and you sixteen;
And others by dozens; but these will do,
Yours truly should think, for a while for you
To put on your list of the things as rare
As any June day you'll find anywhere.

HORACE DODD GARVIT.

A NEAR-TRAGEDY

Does every Englishman who makes a two weeks' visit to America write a volume or so of "impressions"? It would almost seem so from the number printed. Some of them are excellent to take on a dull railway journey, or to give a sick friend who needs cheering up. In one of the latest the author states:

"The tales of lynchings in America are hardly exaggerated. While I did not actually witness one while in New York or Boston, one was proposed, in the most offhand manner, by a young lady in the former city.

"A man had been playing upon the piano. A guest whispered to the young lady who was seated near him.

"'What do you think of his execution?'

"Imagine my horror when she coolly replied,

"'I am in favor of it!'

"The man who had put the question burst into savage Bough subdued laughter."

CONTEMPT OF COURT?

MARK TWAIN was waiting for a street car in Boston when a young girl approached him, smiling. She was a lovely girl, fresh, blooming, ingenuous, bubbling with enthusiasm, and evidently on her way home from school.

"Pardon me," she said. "I know it's very unconventional, but I may never have another chance. Would you mind giving me your autograph?"

"Glad to do it, my dear child," said Mr. Clemens, drawing out his fountain pen.

"Oh, it's so good of you," gurgled the girl. "You know, I've never seen you but once, Chief-Justice Fuller, and that was at a distance; but I've seen your portrait so often that I recognized you the moment I saw you here."

"I'm—m—m—must" said Mr. Clemens, non-committally. Then he took from her eager hands her nice little autograph album, and wrote in bold script these words:

"It is delicious to be full,
But it is heavenly to be Fuller.
I am cordially yours,
MELVILLE W. FULLER."

Mr. Clemens has not heard from Chief-Justice Fuller yet.

THE WEAKER SEX

"NOW, ALFRED, YOU MAY SEND FOR THE POLICE."

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ADMIRABLE ALMA MATER

THIS incident really happened, yet the identity of the principal actor in it is completely changed according to the place in which the story is told. At Cambridge Professor Whitmore tells it this way:

"Williams and I were waiting for a train at Onoquahumi, Michigan, when we joined a group of men at the window of the telegraph-office, where the operator was writing bulletins of a baseball game between Harvard and Yale. A lumberman who evidently had bet on Yale was grumbling over his loss. He swore a great deal and said the New Haven players were a sandless lot of quitters. He was going to say a great deal more when a tall, husky young fellow pushed through the crowd, took him by the shoulder, and swung him around.

"'Pardon me,' he said, politely enough, though his eyes were blazing—'pardon me, but I can't stand any more of that abuse. I won't stand it! I'm an *alumnus mater* of Yale myself!'"

THE RECORD

A PHONOGRAPH stood in a woman's club,
Placed there by a curious man;
And all the wisdom that phonograph heard,
It registered carefully word for word,
And thus the record ran:

"It may be the style, but it does look queer—"
"A suffragist, not a suffragette!"
"Twenty-two dollars a pair, my dear!"
"No, her decree isn't granted yet."
"I play Bridge some,—but I'm not a shark."
"If she hasn't got on that same blue frock!"
"She was motoring with him in the park—"
"No, I don't eat a *thing* before one o'clock!"
"Long net sleeves in her last year's gown—"
"Well you *look* at that tucker basket hat!"
"Perfectly lovely coats, marked down—"
"Pretty? Well,—rather,—but such a *cat!*"
"Made by a dressmaker in the house—"
"*Nothing at all*, but malted milk.—"
"Thof's that new shade of 'frightened mouse'—"
"I simply loathe that raggedy silk!"
"Don't *tap* it? I promised I'd *never* tell,—"
"If I don't get away soon, N. P. for mine!"
"That baby hat suits your face so well!"
"Slim! Why she's nothing at all but *spine!*"

But the phonograph couldn't stand any more,
And it tumbled, a heap of scrap iron, to the floor!

CAROLYN WELLS.

AN INFANTILE INSULT

BABBY'S first vocal accomplishment was to learn to imitate a duck, and of course he had to go through the performance for every visitor. When the family physician arrived, the child, warbled for the usual prompting, toddled up to him and said,

"Quack, quack!"

KITCHEN PHILOSOPHY

A PHILADELPHIA man was in great distress one morning not long since by reason of the delay in serving his breakfast.

"I wish you'd go to the kitchen," said he to his wife, "and see what the trouble is. I've an appointment at nine."

The wife complied with this request. When she returned to the dining-room, the husband observed a strangely melancholy expression on her face.

"Well," asked he, impatiently, "did you tell the cook that I wanted my breakfast immediately?"

"I did."

"And what did she say?"

"She said," responded the wife, "that 'we all have our disappointments.'"

"WITH HIS HEAD IN THE CLOUDS" (SHE HAS JUST ACCEPTED HIM)

ILLUSTRATED IDIOMS: "THE MAN HIGHER UP"

POINTS IN ETIQUETTE

P. Z. W. is informed that while we do not know the precise method prescribed by Court etiquette of addressing the Mikado, we are convinced that it is manifestly improper to call him Mike, or Mick, to his face unless one is an avowed candidate for the Decoration of the Rising Hari Kari.

Hijah Dickerson, of Pike Corners, Michigan, writes to ask whether we eat peas with a spoon or a fork. We hasten to say that we do not eat them with either. It has always been our habit to eat peas with our mouth, using a fork, however, as a common carrier between the point of consignment and the port of entry.

T. L. M.—As an abstract proposition, you, as the owner of the property, have the right of way, but in a dispute arising between a landowner on the one side, and an angry bull on the other, mere questions of etiquette should yield to considerations of policy. Why not compromise and suggest to the bull that he toss you for it?

No, Amanda, there is no limit to the number of fiances a girl may have in the good old summer-time. As to the dinner you propose to give in their honor, we know of no rule of precedence which should govern, but we suggest individual tables in separate banquet-halls. This will permit you to sit alone with each one during one whole course if you arrange the courses to equal the number of your guests.

Inquirer.—You say you are giving a little dinner to the minister and his wife, and ask if there is anything particularly appropriate to be served at such a function. We have referred the question to our authority on banquets, and he suggests food. On the whole, we think the suggestion is a reasonable one, and if the case were our own should accept it unreservedly.

M. P. L. asks if it is proper to wear a hat at dinner. Unfortunately our correspondent neglects to say if he is a man or a woman. If he is a man, we should say that a strict interpretation of the rules of etiquette seem to indicate that a man wearing a beaver hat, or even a derby, at dinner would not be considered *en fait*. Indeed, such an act would appear to be quite *au revoir*, and should, therefore, be avoided. On the other hand, if he is a woman there are occasions upon which he may wear a hat provided it is not too large to be got through the dining-room door. The safest rule in a matter of this kind is to ring up your hostess on the telephone and ask her.

A LOOK AHEAD

BUSY MOTHER: "VERY WELL. IF YOU THINK YOU CAN SUPPORT HIM I HAVE NO OBJECTION."

A BRIGHT BOY

"Now, Tommie," said the teacher, "you may give me an example of a coincidence."

"Why, er," said Tommie, with some hesitation—"why, er, why—me father and me mudder was both married on de same day."

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Ole Marse and Aunt Nancy

By Virginia Frazer Boyle

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

"OLE MISS" had been dead for a twelvemonth, and the household had gradually adapted itself to the changed conditions.

For the most part, the negroes had respected the badge of black which Ole Marse had worn upon his sleeve every day, and the wide band of crêpe which he wore on his silk hat when he rode into town. But the adjustment had been difficult, particularly as Ole Miss had ruled right royally for nearly forty years. It was even said she ruled Ole Marse. His own sister was wont to say, with much shaking of her side curls, that "Edward knew no more of the internal workings of his own household than an invited stranger." Ole Marse never replied to these accusations. He had loved Ole Miss with rare devotion, and had perfect confidence in her ability to lead a regiment or to face a battery, if need be, and, now loving book worm that he was, he was glad to evade as much of the domestic responsibility as was

consistent with his dignity. He often shuddered to think what might have been his fate if Ole Miss had been born with a different temperament or he had married Malvina Carter. But he hadn't and Ole Miss wasn't, and Ole Miss both expected and accepted an absolute regency from the moment her dainty foot crossed the threshold.

Three children were born to Ole Marse and Ole Miss, but they had early flown from the sheltering mul-tree to build nests of their own. So after Ole Miss's funeral, Miss 'Liza, Marse Howard, and "Little Marse" remained a few days to see that Ole Marse was comfortable, and then returned to their own homes, leaving Ole Marse melancholy and alone, facing for the first time his domestic responsibilities.

The Old Mammy of the household, who had been with Miss 'Liza ever since her marriage, left the new baby and came back to Ole Marse's, to help keep things straight, and as Mammy was both loved and feared in the Quarters, her efforts were most successful. But there was one restless soul, whose rebellion even the dignity and commanding presence of Mammy could not quell. Day after day there was anarchy in the weaving room, and at length, chagrined and disgruntled by her failure in authority in this one instance, and that with one of her own sex, Mammy, fearful lest the sedition might spread, wrathfully sought Old Marse.

"Hit's dat pesterin' Nancy en de loom house, Ole Marse," said Mammy, flustered and breathless. "'Ca'se Ole Miss done daid an' gone, an' Ole Miss done spile her, dat Nancy git hit inter her head dat she stan' acc' fur her rule de niggers, an' she gittin' out all dem putty caps an' gowns what Ole Miss give her, whet she moster think was too fine fur ter w'ar on any day 'cep' Chris'mus, an' kep' 'em fohled erway en invendet an' thyme lach Ole Miss usen ter do. Well, Ole Marse, she gittin out dem caps an' gowns an' w'ar 'em ever' day an' dues her bosses' ter plum fit 'em."

"Does what?" asked Ole Marse, as Mammy's capacious bosom heaved and she fanned vigorously to get her breath.

"Bosses ter match 'em, high an' mighty ladyin', Ole Marse! Tkink 'ca'se Ole Miss give her what she w'ar on de outside, dat she hef' her wid 'em de sperit er de inside—an' she wo'n't raised en de Big House, nuther, but was dra fetched outen de fiel'! I rain't stan' her sluck talk, Ole Marse, an' I 'clar' ter goodness I dra gwine pack up my things an' gwine right back ter Miss 'Liz'a, I is sho, Ole Marse!"

"Mammy!" Ole Marse's tone was one of reproach.

"'Scuse your ole nigger, Ole Marster, please, sir," said Mammy, curtseying. "'Ca'se I hain't nuffin' but your good ole nigger ter you, but I's dat high quality black folks dat I dra rain't be fodled over by er com mon fel' lun', even of she do w'ar Ole Miss's caps!"

Ole Marse viewed with alarm Mammy's threatened exodus.

"No, no, Mammy, don't go—you will not have to go! The negroes shall respect your position. I'll see to Nancy!"

Aunt Nancy's demeanor before Ole Marse was very quiet and respectful. He could hardly believe that this reserved, respectable-looking old woman could be the source of such dissension. She even shed a few genuine tears when speaking of Ole Miss, and promised never again to stir up trouble in the Quarters.

But the fever of domination had entered into Aunt Nancy's bones, and before long another complainant was ushered into Ole Marse's study. This time, Uncle Esick was the aggrieved. Uncle Esick was the parson of the Red Bud Baptist Church, and had held that position on the plantation ever since the church was built.

"Dat 'oman Nancy done git too hity-tity fer comer ter meetin', Ole Marse," said the parson. "She say she hain't never gwine set unner my gorspil no mo'. An' she taken up wid dancin', Ole Marse!" The old man threw his stick on the floor, trembling with indignation. "Dancin' on her ole age! Not de 'ligious dance whet you dances wid de soul when de joy er heaven is er bobbin' over in you an' you cain't keep hit back, but de dance er Satan, wher you stan's on your toes an' spreads your skirts! An' dat hain't nit," groaned Uncle Esick. "De young uns see her do dat way an' foller, an' I cain't do nuffin' wid 'em no mo', Ole Marse, lessen you do stumpen wid Nancy!"

"Well, go about your work and don't worry, Uncle Esick. I'll attend to Nancy!" said Ole Marse.

But Ole Marse was occupied and let the week slip by.

On Saturday night the overseer brought in a complaint.

"I ain't lack ter bother you, Ole Marse," he said, apologetically. "But you done tole me I hain't ter whup any uv de 'omenses, special ef dey was ole, 'bout comin' ter you fust. An' dar's three whuppin's due en de Quarters ter night, an' all uv 'em petticoats," concluded Cyrus with disgust. "Dat Nancy—" Cyrus began again.

"Don't you say Nancy to me!" cried Ole Marse, irritably. "Here's the whole of this plantation set by the ears because of a pitiful old woman with one foot in the grave!"

"I knows hit, Ole Marse," sahl Cyrus, amiably, "but you done give out dat dar wa'n't ter be no whuppin' uv petticoats, lessen you knowed hit. Dar's three uv 'em due now en de Quarters, an' one uv 'em is name Nancy."

Ole Marse leaned back in his chair, resigned. "What is the charge?"

"Nancy hain't struck er lick er work dis week, an' I done warned her twelve," said Cyrus. "An' she hep' dem three gals, Dilsy, Viney, an' Sue, what oughter know better, outen de fiel' two whole days, er-givin' hit out dat she need 'em ter wind. But I looked fru de winder, an' 'steadee dat, she was er windin' 'em later some kin' er debil dance, whar you stan's on your toes an' spreads your skirts. We all hafs't never seed de lack erfore. No, sar! hain't no 'ligious dance! An' dar's three good whuppin's due en de Quarters!"

"Well," said Ole Marse, presently, "I have confidence in your judgment, so go on and administer reproof to the others, but I'll see to Nancy."

Once more the old weaving woman was ushered into Ole Marse's presence. The interview was long and earnest, but when it was over Ole Marse had an uncomfortable impression that it was not altogether satisfactory. Nevertheless, Aunt Nancy had humbly promised that this was positively to be the end of her rebellion.

"Now mind, Nancy," said Ole Marse, with his hand on the knob of the open door, "be sure that this is the end, for if ever you do the like again, or raise a disturbance in any way, as much as I dislike to see you disgraced, you shall be soundly whipped!"

"Whupped? Me? Who gwine whup me, Ole Marse?" and Aunt Nancy elevated her eyebrows incredulously.

"I didn't say who would whip you, Cyrus or myself, but you certainly shall be whipped if you do not behave!" said Ole Marse, and he closed the door. Aunt Nancy stood still for a moment, apparently examining the panelling on the door. Then she smoothed her apron, straightened the bow in her head handkerchief, and slowly took the path back to the Quarters in a most repentant mood, until she saw Mammy's brass spectacles peeping at her from behind the Big House lattice, when suddenly she raised her chin as high that she stumbled and almost fell in the long Bermuda that had tangled itself across the path.

Weeks passed, and Ole Marse, believing that all domestic difficulties were settled at last, buried himself in his books again and shut out the outside world. Grotius was most absorbing; from it, he believed that a speedy adjustment of the political embarrassment could be had. Suddenly he was awakened from his Utopian dream and the Laws of Nations by the appearance of Mammy from the plantation nursery, angry, ashen, and dishevelled. In her haste she had even forgotten to knock.

"De fend done come, Ole Marse, hit done come!" she cried, tragically. "De calf's done got 'nough rope fur ter hang hitse'f, an' hit sho gwine ter hang! Dat Nancy's gotter be whupped now, an' whupped good, er I gwine pisun de ve'y beef outen her body, deed I is!"

Mammy folded her arms and looked at Ole Marse defiantly.

Ole Marse looked helplessly at the book of the Laws of Nations, open on his knees. There was no help between its covers.

"What has she done now?" he asked.

"Dar's ar ole crooked tree back er de loom-'ouse dat's got little measly peaches on hit," said Mammy. "'Ca'se hit's clost ter de house Nancy say hit's hern. My Lord! how she des er-achin' fur er good whuppin', wisi all her carrerin' an' carrenin'! Hit's de sallies' thing gwine settle uv her, Ole Marse! Well, she done give her dare, an' terday ra I was er rockin' Mis'y Ann's little Pete what allus is er-cryin', whet I see but little Sandy an' lean Moll's Buck des er hopin' ter git ter de fence, mid dey tongues hangin' out an' dey han's full er peaches. Ole Nancy was er gainin' on 'em, dey laigs is so short, but dey hain't drap dey peachra. Bless dey hearts! an' I poken my haid outen de winder an' hollers: 'Run, Little

"Some kin' er debil dance, whar you stan's on your toes an' spreads your skirts"

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Slowly took the path back to the Quarters

from the most precious of her possessions, a black lace shawl.

Half an hour ago she had received summons from Cyrus, and now she leisurely arrayed herself in all her glory.

For another half-hour she kept Cyrus waiting. He whistled when he saw her, then silently led her, with her hands tied behind her, across the patch to the old log smokehouse, which had been abandoned for a newer one, and where, since the beginning of his service, he had administered justice for Ole Marse. Not a word was spoken, but now and then Aunt Nancy flashed defiant eyes at the leather thong which Cyrus carried carelessly over his arm.

They had not long to wait for Ole Marse. As Aunt Nancy watched him silhouetted against the sunset horizon—a sombre figure, bent and lonely, her hard-cored conscience almost smote her. Poor Ole Marse! Poor Ole Marse! But he was coming to whip her, the favored one of all Ole Miss's women. He was coming to degrade her before her color and her kind—her, upon whom a lash had never fallen before! She wondered if Ole Marse would make Cyrus bare her back to the naked flesh. She wondered how it would feel. Would it make the flesh bleed, or just welt up like hornet stings? She, Nancy, born-woman to proud Ole Miss! But she had come to her degradation in all the splendor which she had feared.

Ole Marse had come inside and was speaking to Cyrus.

"Untie her hands!"

"Give me the whip!"

"Go!"

Each was spoken as a detached sentence.

Ole Marse watched the huge form of Cyrus swinging up the far path in the sunset, toward the Quarters. Then he turned and looked over the gala attire of Aunt Nancy leisurely.

He had never whipped a negro in his whole life. But after to-night he would never be able to say that again.

Suddenly he spoke. His intonation made Aunt Nancy jump.

"Take off your bonnet! Did you think that you were coming to a party?" Nancy silently obeyed, and as she untied the broad ribbons the full face of the white cap fell grotesquely against her low forehead.

"Take off your shawl!" There was something in the pattern of the black lace shawl folded so tightly over the flat bosom which had impressed Ole Marse unpleasantly. Again Aunt Nancy silently obeyed, and the purple and gray plaid silk was revealed in all its gorgeousness. A sickening feeling of familiarity came over Ole Marse's senses. Now he remembered it perfectly. It was years ago that he had bought the pretty plaid in New Orleans to surprise Ole Miss, but she had thought it too gay. So on his next trip he had bought the lace shawl to go over it. How she had laughed at his solution of the problem. But she had made the gown and wore it often to please him. And he stood there, holding the thong in both hands across his knees, lost in blessed memories.

Suddenly he was startled by a voice from the gray and purple silk, "Ole Marse, is you gwine whup me?" He had forgotten that there was a human presence in it.

With an almost involuntary movement, he had thrown the leather thong upon the floor. She had been so faithful to the one who was gone that he could not turn her over to Cyrus to be whipped as an ordinary offender. But now in the midst of a most flagrant and progressive rebellion could he do it himself? His heart failed him. But where would it end, he asked himself, and what would become of the time-honored discipline of his house if the vagaries of a half-crazed old negress were allowed to continue unrestrained?

"Yes, I am going to whip you, Nancy; I have been promising you long enough!" Ole Marse was very firm as he took from a nail a bundle of long cane-switches.

"Yas, Ole Marse." But Aunt Nancy had caught a gleam of something in Ole Marse's eyes, and she knew that the purple and gray gown was pleading for her.

Ole Marse raised the bundle of switches and Aunt Nancy folded her arms, but first Ole Marse turned away his head. He could not bear to see the canes come down upon the shoulders of the purple and gray dress: he could not forget what once lay beneath them.

"Swish!" came the switches, sharp and keen, with all Ole Marse's might. But their resistant was only the empty air. Again, again, and again, a dozen times they swished. Each time Ole Marse resolutely averted his face, and each time they fell with the same result. Whether his aim was unsteady or whether Aunt Nancy dodged, Ole Marse never knew. But certain it is the sharp keen tongues of the canes had not even touched the purple and gray silk, nor Nancy.

"Now, Nancy," said Ole Marse, severely, between gasps, as perspiration stood upon his forehead and tears glistened on his eyelids, "I hope that I will never, never have occasion to do this again!"

"No, Ole Marse," said Aunt Nancy, humbly.

Curiously she watched Ole Marse going back again, along the high path, now in the purpling shadows. Gravely she watched him until his form was lost in the dusk. Then turning back the silken sleeve from her arm, she snatched the leather thong from the floor and, whirling it savagely in the air, she brought it down upon the quivering flesh with telling force.

"Hain't none nv 'em gwine ever know Ole Marse was chick'n-hearted, no!" and gathering up her bonnet and shawl, with her bleeding arm still bare, Aunt Nancy passed out into the fast-falling darkness.

"She lay on wid er brume she was er-totin'"

Sandy! R-u-n, little Buck!' Hit make dat ole 'oman so mad, she fitten ter die. But she let dem po' little pickaninnies what don' know no better, 'cause you allus gives 'em fall an' plenty an season, she lets 'em git right ter de fence an' 'mus' plum over, den hinder half an' half, Ole Marse. Den she lay on wid er brume she was er-totin' lach er ole witch, an' 'nen' brek little Sandy's lag right 'bos de knee. I done wrop hit en flannens an' give him some calimus tea, but his mammy ain't know hit yit. I say, Ole Marse, is we gwine stun' dat, when de Ole Miss dat's daid an' gone allus 'fected de hopeless an' de little nes en de nursery?"

Ole Marse closed the book on his knee, and Maumer stood there, knowing that at last a point was gained, the point for which the whole dusky population had been striving.

"She must be whipped, Maumer! Send Cyrus to me," was all he said.

As she wended her way back to her little charges, Maumer threw her apron over her head and laughed softly to herself, while a ripple of expectancy ran through the Quarters.

The weakened first cause of all these sensations was earnestly sorting over her treasures which once had belonged to Ole Miss. With careful eye she had chosen a lace-frilled cap, a high poke-bonnet with broad rosary-colored ribbons, a purple and gray plaid silk gown, and, last of all, she shook the lavender leaves

The Week-Ender

By Carlyle Smith

I love it when old Jonesey for the week-end visits me!
He's such a brilliant chappy! He's as lively as can be.
From Friday until Monday he will sit around the place
With just one set expression on his solemncholy face.
He holds his tongue so fast you'd think somehow he'd got it glued,
And never doth he ope his mouth except to swallow food;
And if perchance he stoops to smile it makes you think with joy
Of melancholy little Binks, the undertaker's boy.

He never learned the game of bridge. He doesn't care for cards.
He seldom reads, an little knows about the nation's hards.
The game of golf he does not play. I rather guess he thinks
'Tis foolish chasing rubber balls about a silly links.
At billiards he's a duffer, and he always tears the cloth
As though he were descended from the Vandal and the Goth.

He doesn't care for children, and despises phonographs,
And elevates his eyebrows if some other fellow laughs.

For gardening he has no taste. He deems a rake a bore;
If ever he wants flowers he can buy 'em at the store.
And when the thrush his early song at Jonesey's window sings
He's apt to say he thinks that birds are beastly noisy things;
And if the cricket starts to chirp has little evening twit
Old Jonesey rises from his chair and tries to step on it.
And if the kiddies try charades, with sacrificial air
He sits and yawns and goes to sleep slumped in a rocking chair!

Of horses he is much afraid—no horseback stunts for Jones!
He doesn't care to risk his limbs or break his inner bones;
And as for motors, goodness me! the things he's never tried.
Because he really thinks they're tantamount to suicide.
You couldn't get him in a car for all the cash in sight!
And as for riding round the land, as some folks do, at night,
He thinks it is a crime to run at any time of day
A locomotive without trucks along the public way!

He doesn't care for suppers late. He seldom touches meat.
For fish he has no liking, and "he doesn't live to eat."
A little bit of spinach he allows is sometimes nice,
But on the whole he much prefers boiled hominy or rice.
And yet despite his fanny ways I love to have him come
And spend a week-end here with me down at my rural home.
I don't enjoy him while he's here, but how my spirit glows
When Monday comes and Jonesey packs his suit-case up—and goes!

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Main Hall, University of Wisconsin

Co-education at Close Range

HOW YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS STUDY TOGETHER AT THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

By Charles Johnston

IF I were asked to sum up candidly, in a single sentence, my view of co-education at a Western university, I should be inclined to say that, on the whole, it was very much better than one might have expected.

The first impression was doubtful. It was received on the day of the Class Rush, one of those matchless autumn days of blue skies and green oak woods, in which Wisconsin has no rival. For a week the air in the little Athens between the lakes had been thick with challenges. Placards that were masterpieces of barbaric art and barbaric truculence, affixed to every telephone pole, even pasted on the flags of the sidewalks, loudly announced, in the doggerel of the tribal bard, the atrocities that '11 was going to wreak on '12, and the vengeance that '12 proposed to take. There was good vaudeville material in all this. The fatal day came. The lower campus in front of the white Corinthian facade of the Library was a welter of Cantabrian shirts and Umbrian with blackened faces, both in unpitied apparel—a few sweaters, more old shirts, outworn trousers and shoes. With these gladiators who numbered hundreds, mingled the populace, and the largest single element in the populace was contributed by the Fair Co-Ed. She was still tanned with the ample sunshine of the Western summer, and her eyes sparkled with glad anticipation.

The populace surged toward Lake Mendota, divided from the lower campus by a single row of buildings, the president's house, two or three private dwellings, the Y. M. C. A. building, separated from the red towers of the Armory by a wide open space running down to the lake, and on this open space the fray was to break out.

The campus hummed with excitement. The shirted knights of '11 and '12 were massed in and about the Armory, both sides were confident of victory, the Sophs trusting to experience, the Freshies to numbers. And on the greensward of the campus, along the strand of the glinting lake, in canoes upon the water, on the balcony of the Y. M. C. A. building, in its windows and on its roof, the Fair Co-Ed was gathered in her hundreds, eager for the battle to begin.

The confident Freshies burst forth from the Armory, with flemish whoops and yells—reborn of departed Indian braves still hovering along Mendota's shore. The shirted Sophs replied with diabolical yells of their own. The battle raged, in a wild, indiscriminate turmoil, which gradually oozed down the muddy slope and spattered into the lake. Special constables, men of the Senior classes, armed with batons, were charged to see that no grave harm came of it, and they dragged both a few youngsters who were being badly mauled.

Wildly yelling, in a hurtling cyclone of young humanity, the Sophs and Freshies made frantic efforts to duck one another and to escape ducking in their turn. The air was full of pieces of torn shirts. Boys were choking over half-swallowed quarts of dirty water. At this critical moment I turned my back on the fray and looked back toward the Fair Co-Ed. What an ocean of fair faces, and eyes flashing with excited glee! It was wilder and more primal than the prim and decorous crowd of maidens at Lords' cricket ground, on Eton and Harrow day. It was more vivacious, I imagine, than the spectators of the lists in the days of chivalry, when dame and damozel were still held in subjection. For a parallel we should have to go back to the Coliseum, and the old pagan days of *pollice verso*. Whether curiosity brought these fair maidens together, or a truly feminine willingness to see the lords of creation pummel and maul one another, I know not; but I am firmly convinced that as very desirable impressions are to be gained by watching that unsightly horse-play. So much for a first view of co-education.

As to the actual mingling of young men and maidens in college class-rooms, there is something to be said on both sides. Custom is a mighty thing. Let us imagine the fifth form at Eton or Harrow suddenly awaking, in the middle of a Latin lesson, to find its members sandwiched among an equal number of girls from one of those select academies which are advertised in the *Spectator*. What dire and awful confusion would result, submerging all thoughts and feelings in a whirlwind of giggles and hysteria? But with these Western boys and girls it is quite different. They have not been kept apart from childhood, either by the antiquities or by a traditional lofty aloofness among themselves. From kindergarten age they have been taught together. They have gone together through the preparatory, grammar, and high school grades. As a consequence they take their continued association in study as a mere matter of course, something that has never been otherwise, and could not be otherwise. For them it is unconscious habit, and not in the least to alarming and revolutionary experience.

As a result, their mingling in the class-rooms, or in the halls and corridors of the university, or on the paths of the campus beneath the elm trees, is for the most part as impersonal as the general moving of crowds in the street, or in a railway carriage or at a public lecture. Then again there is a very large amount of natural segregation. In general, what are called "practical" subjects occupy the young men, while the maidens seem more and more to monopolize the "humanities." On the broad steps of the Engineering Building, for example, one never sees a mingling of the sexes; always a crowd of youths waiting for their classes to begin, and now and then relieving their feelings by chanting college anthems, one of which, the hymn to Alma Mater, has a good deal of musical charm. Over against them, across the campus on the steps of the Law Building, is another crowd of boys, who now and then yell defiance at the future engineers. On the other hand, literature, poetry, art, the culture languages, the more humane and refining elements of learning, draw a great preponderance of girls; so that they often outnumber the boys in these classes by three or four to one, and some of these classes tend to become exclusively feminine. Then there are debatable subjects, such as European and American history, where the numbers are more nearly equal. And on this neutral territory, I believe, a fierce and memorable storm raged about a year ago. It was suggested that, where the classes were so large as to be unwieldy, and where the numbers of the young men and maidens were fairly equal, it might be at once practicable and desirable if the classes were divided into two sections according to sex, each sex having a class to itself. This, it was thought, might make for more concentration, and better results might be obtained. I believe that this seemingly harmless and perhaps really useful idea aroused a storm of opposition, not so much from the youths and maidens, as from their parents, who denounced the practice as un-American and undemocratic. All of which shows that much depends on the point of view. But, as the parents represent the people of the State of Wisconsin, and as the university belongs to the people of the State, this view naturally prevailed, and no further efforts at segregation were made.

So that so far as the mingling of young men and maidens in class-rooms is concerned, and, indeed, their general association in the halls and corridors of the university, it seems to me that the objections which naturally occur to one are not very well founded. The whole thing works out rather impersonally and unconsciously; it is led up to by habit begun in infancy, and it is mitigated by a large amount of natural segregation, and an even larger amount of natural self-respect. In the shorter studies, like law and engineering, the young men are left completely to themselves, with no feminine distractions to mar their perfect concentration, and where the classes are mingled, young men and maidens seem to work about equally well, and to take the matter of their propinquity almost as impersonally as if they happened to find themselves together in a street car.

As to the tone and atmosphere of a mixed university, we may get a good deal of light if we inquire what the attitude of the professors is, not only in theory, but also in practice. What do they do when their own daughters are concerned? The answer for the University of Wisconsin seems to be, that they surrender their daughters to the tender mercies of co-education without the least misgiving; or, at any rate, without any unspeakable objections. The president of the university, several of the regents, those of the professors who are happy enough to have daughters, all send them to the mixed classes, whether as undergraduates or as graduate students. One can well see that this is a reassuring element, in two ways: First, it shows what those best fitted to judge really believe about the security of co-education, then it provides a guarantee that the authorities remain in close touch with the life of the students, through the vital interest which they have in the well-being of their own daughters.

Now let us consider how these fair students are provided with home and board during their college years. Where do they stow themselves away, when not in the class-rooms, or marching along State and Langdon streets, in and from the university? There are, I believe, somewhere about three thousand five hundred students, graduate or undergraduate, at the University of Wisconsin. About a quarter of these are girls. It is characteristic of the university's thoroughgoing belief in co-education that the boys and girls are not separately listed in the summaries at the end of the calendar. One must count them one by one in the general alphabetical list. Of the eight or nine hundred young women whom such a count reveals, a certain number are the daughters of Madison residents, and among these are to be included the daughters of the professors, already alluded to. So we have, first, these home-keeping girls, who, naturally, have many friends among the other girl students; these latter also thus coming in for something of a home atmosphere. Next, we must count a considerable number who inhabit Chadbourne Hall, a big, roomy, asphalt building with ample lawns, close to the slum-fringed upper campus. In Chadbourne Hall they have motherly supervision, friends, music-rooms, gymnasiums, libraries, and all sorts of accessories. So that these also are very well provided for. The rest of the out-of-town girls, who come from the other cities of Wisconsin, or from the up-State country districts, or from other States, attracted by the good fame of the university, find homes in the houses of the streets and avenues near the college buildings. It must not be supposed, however, that there is no supervision of these studious maidens, thus latheted, as it were, upon the townspeople of Madison. From the day when they first come to the university they come under the influence and direction of the wise and kindly lady who bears the terribly responsible title of Adviser of the Women. By her they are directed to carefully chosen homes, which supply board and rooms to girl students only, and here they find security, and often very snug and friendly quarters.

An elect few have an even happier lot. These are the Sorority girls. Of Sorority, or Girls' Fraternity houses, there are a number in Madison, and they play

Freshmen and Sophomores in the midst of their class rush, with their feminine fellow students forming an interested audience in the rear

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an important rôle. Indeed, the very large number of attractive houses with big Greek letters on the doors goes far to justify the title of miniature Athens which I am always tempted to give to Madison. It is impossible to pass all these Alphas and Deltas and Kappas and Omegas day by day without catching from them something of an Attic flavor. The Sorority houses are far the most part charming in design, and they are very attractively furnished. They represent the co-operative housekeeping of a score of girls, under the wing of a chaperon, and these happy maidens also inherit the investments and improvements of their Sorority predecessors. I have an impression that there is a shade of difference, either in origin or in organization, between a Sorority and a Girls' Fraternity, but am not certain. There seems to be little difference in their practical working. On the whole, one is inclined to say that they work well. The girls of a Sorority or Fraternity often become warm friends for life; and these enthusiastic friendships do much to enrich their college years. There is a sincere bond between Sorority members, and they aid one another in all kinds of ways, the members of the Senior rings standying the Juniors, helping them in the choice of their studies, and often in the studies themselves.

There is, of course, a good deal of rivalry between the various Sorority houses, just as there is among the men's Fraternities. And, what is less desirable, there is a good deal of jealousy between those who are and those who are not Sorority girls. But the remedy would seem to be simple: an extension of the Sorority houses, to include all the girls. One does not see why such co-operative housekeeping, if wisely managed, need cost any more than ordinary board and lodging.

Many of the Sorority houses have, I believe, a regular ritual, which is performed on the election and admission of new members. And this ritual may often have a good deal of dignity and beauty. It may well help to impress on the neophytes a high ideal of conduct and loyalty. On the other hand, some of these "initiations" include what may best be described as "hoot stunts." Last autumn the papers contained a vivid description of the invasion of private houses by a group of girls in bathing-suits, as a part of their initiation into one of the Sororities. This sort of thing is, of course, discreditable and injurious; and I am happy to say that it did not take place at the University of Wisconsin. But I did hear a rumor at Madison of a fair maiden being set to dig worms in a front garden, while by a coincidence, a youth, who was being "initiated" into a Fraternity, sat on a porch of the next house, with a fishing-rod and line. This kind of thing is simply silly. The girls should abolish it themselves, and insist, as most of them do, on a worthy and dignified form of admission, which would bring home to new members the charm and value of their associated life.

But what of that great theme of perennial interest which is always present where young men and maidens are mingled? Here, again, things seem, in that Western region, to take a very natural and spontaneous course. The pairing instinct seems almost lost in a wide, general sociability. One does not see many youthful pairs parading the streets—not more, certainly, than one could see in any American town not blessed with a Co-Ed university. Girls flock with girls, and boys with boys, for the most part. But there are a good many festivities which bring these young people together. At the farther end of State Street there is a caterer who lays himself out for just this kind of thing. He has well-equipped rooms, where dances may be given, and he has a marvellous tea-room, adorned with all kinds of college trophies and lit with electric bulbs set along a racing boat slung from the ceiling, reminding one of the suspended crocodile in the first act of *Peter*. To the hall-rooms of this hospitable parsonage the youths of the Fraternities invite their young lady friends; and in due time the maids of the Sororities reciprocate. Everything goes decorously and well, and they get a good deal of harmless amusement out of it all. At eleven o'clock sharp the invisible authority of the S. G. A. swoops down, like the monstrous crow in *Alice in Wonderland*, and the dancers melt away and disappear. The Self-Government Association does, indeed, keep close watch over the maidens under its charge, safeguarding those of them who are less heedful to safeguard themselves.

Going to a recitation—"Girls flock with girls and boys with boys"

In winter there are skating and ice-yachting parties on the two magnificent lakes, and in early summer, when the ice is gone and the green leaves once more fringe the lake shores, there are canoeing and picnic parties in the many delightful nooks along Mendota's strand. Sometimes, they say, these canoeing parties have a tragical ending. A lake six miles long, and almost as broad, may well have waves formidable enough for a light, ill-balanced canoe; and every year the lake claims its toll of young men and maidens, who, rashly daring, put out over the brave waters, get caught in a sudden wind, and return no more. Perhaps their spirits come back to the lake in late autumn as white swans, such as one has seen flecking the gray waves on November evenings.

Such is co-education at Madison, a seemly and friendly matter, with many good possibilities. Whether it is the best way, or even a good way, to bring out the finest qualities and powers of a woman's soul, what these powers may be, and what they should contribute to our common life, is part of a larger question, which must remain at present without reply.

A TRIUMPH OF BRIDGE-BUILDING—THE LARGEST STONE ARCH IN THE WORLD

THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE ISONZO RIVER IN AUSTRIA HAS THE WIDEST SINGLE SPAN OF STONE IN EXISTENCE, 279 FEET IN LENGTH

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Drawn by Rollin McNeil Crampton

THE JUNE BRIDEGROOM

The Gentler View

THE TYRANNY OF BUYING

By Florida Pier

Buying is beyond a doubt America's national pastime, and there are moments when it looms up as the sole occupation of American women. One of the disadvantages of having money in that one more or less has to buy; one of the virtues of poverty is that one buys so few things one does not want. This is not written from a perverse desire to laud the lack we cannot fill, but because of a genuine discovery that buying is a troublesome business and that every ten dollars added to one's income exposes the owner to ten possible purchases. Looking idly into a shop window with a full purse is rare; pressing one's nose against the pane, choosing, and light-heartedly walking away is out of the question. If a purse contains as much as a small check from a kindly relative there is a sense of duty felt toward every jewelry shop. No passing outside with reckless enjoyment of diamond cows (a taste that none but penniless persons should enjoy), but a sober-minded entering of the terrifying door and an inspection of wares that exhausts the serious and the critical in your nature. Everything seen when there is superfluous wealth clinking in one's packet must be regarded with an appraising eye. To remark that a puppy or a pin pleases you is no light thing, but the forerunner of asking how much you like it. Enough to buy it? And if so, enough to pay the price or only enough to let it go after unsuccessful haggling? Think of the terrors that an otherwise enjoyable exhibition would take on if approached prudently! All peace of mind flying before the first twinge of admiration. You like impersonally a statuette: unluckily you can afford it; sadly you wonder if you ought to build a house to hold it. (That is, the writer supposes such things to work out in such a way. It may be as well to admit, before any accusations are made, that supposition is as near to the truth as she ever expects to get.) A cloisonné dragon delights the affluent eye; theoretically dragons are engaging beasts, and it would be pleasing to live on such terms with a dragon as to permit "My Dragon" for one's habitual mode of address. Yet, liking dragons no matter how heartily, it is still doubtful to a penniless, well-balanced mind whether a dragon is going to enhance the charm of any home. And the screw of a person who buys a dragon because he likes it, yet does not know what to do with it when he gets it home and at last cries out in woebegone tones, "Will no one protect my home from my purchases?" is not to be scoffed at or scolded, but to be deeply sympathized with. The helpless position of persons with loose change is now fully realized. The reason why their houses contain certain disquieting objects is at last clear. They are suffering the consequences of vague and unbroken sequence of thought. We, the itinerant beggars of the world, admire an altar; go quite mad over a column; speculate on how well a room could be made to conform to its beauty; decide on the price that would be asked—at which point we nod jauntily to the altar or the column and trudge on, forgetting it completely. But the case of the rich person is so different. The break never comes for such, no loophole presents itself: they baldly buy the altar (why not, as they like it?) and find it eternally disconcerting. They have the column sent home and bump into it to the end of their cluttered purchasing days.

If all possibility of buying is banished aside, if it can be made a thing of such rare occurrence as not to be taken into one's every-day calculations, the consequences are varied and delightful. Spirits lighten in exact proportion to trunks. You scamper mentally and rush from one treasure to another with all the joy of a puppy tearing about a garden path. When buying is no longer imminent you balance rare diamonds against lapis lazuli, have the setting of each changed without the shopkeeper's permission, and, while you wait, as it were, then at the last moment take neither, having with great sudden ness learned to have a canvas seven feet high and as many across. Knowing that you have just enough money to buy tea without cake, you do not let your many loves upset you. Emphatically deciding that they could not be duplicated in loveliness, you return to the hotel and see the poor dear souls who bought the things they liked and are now obliged to wear them and pack them and pay duty on them. More than ever you are on good terms with your own favorites, though conscious that the first moment you like something better you will say so, forgetting your first find and not hauled down to that tiresome imperative loyalty to all things belonging to you. A preference is so enjoyable an experience that it is obviously mismanagement to weigh it down with consequences. A preference endowed with boomerang qualities is a preposterous thing. We like clouds and apes, pinetum and brown babies, and never in our most heated moments do we contemplate having them, yet let us feel equal enthusiasm for small, detached, inanimate, ticketed articles. And how many of us realize that though we covet and admire and with difficulty remove our eyes and hands, we do not really want to go through the last terribly definite process of buying? There is far, far less much buying. We have paid the only price we should pay and bought the share we should have when we have admired a thing enough to make its ours. If we follow up our liking we only cause to, not a making it more ours, but a making it less every one's else. We push the rest of the world away from the object we like, call it completely ours, and what an anticlimax we have been guilty of! Not to mention that the moment we own it we treat it with all disrespect. Asking the opinion of every careless caller regarding it, allowing experts to expose its imitation legs, whereas when it was still in the shop we would have defended it with our lives.

Never for a single moment is it meant that buying should be wiped out altogether; by all our proved jewels, no! There are some things which arouse such fervor in us that it stands to reason their greatest happiness lies in being with us. For our mutual benefit they are bought and at once placed on such intimate terms that it is only tactful to pretend there never was a time when they owned allegiance to another. Such exceptions are not even thought of in this protest against buying, and rightly, as possessions of this caliber are not bought, but pried away from wrathful keepers with the sharpest instrument one happens to have. It is the easy buying that galls, the buying that seems to be the first thought instead of properly the last. This flinging of one's net over everything that rears its head above the average is hardly mannerly. It savors of the grossly powerful conqueror who tries to carry away more than he is able and anchors himself with his pillage. To buy everything is like asking each agreeable chance acquaintance to become an inmate of one's household. Let us learn to keep our hands off, how nice ad unfortunate that is due, and have the wit to pass on. The majority of beautiful things should receive in galleries at stated hours, like the personages they are, instead of being nailed to our crowded walls, exposed to our before-breakfast glances, and perhaps cold to their faces that they do not wear well. "Wear well?" they might exclaim. "What well? Are we domestic pets that you expect us to share their characteristics?" It is a wonder that they do not develop motor power and escape from our cross strength.

A twinge of remorse is felt that the beautiful objects lovingly isolated in certain homes will feel themselves to have cause for indignation. If they demand an explanation it is given willingly and now. The foregoing words, though they may seem to cast a shadow on the ascensions of reigning treasures to the niches they now so becomingly fill, are in reality an effort to distinguish these from the rest of the material world. And if a cleared space can be made about them it stands to reason that everybody will have more air, more eyesight, less scattered affections; and the benefits resulting from this will surely be laid at the feet of, we hear, our slightly incensed objet d'art.

The Speed of a Swallow

A PIGEON FANCIER in Antwerp, Belgium, recently made a unique experiment by means of which he tested the celerity of flight and the power of orientation possessed by a swallow. Several pairs of these birds had nests under the eaves of his house, and without great difficulty he caught one of the swallows and marked it with a splash of red paint for identification. Then he shipped the bird by rail, together with a consignment of homing pigeons that were being trained, to the town of Compiègne in northern France, a distance of 147 miles.

The morning after their arrival pigeons and swallow were liberated simultaneously at 7.15 o'clock. The homers, following their natural instinct, circled round and round many times before getting their bearings, but the swallow darted away toward the north immediately after its cage was opened. Sixty-seven minutes later the watcher in Antwerp saw the swallow enter its nest, while the first pigeon did not arrive for four hours and seven minutes. The former flew at a rate of nearly 132 miles an hour, but the speed of the pigeons averaged only slightly more than thirty-five and one-half miles per hour. This later time is considerably slower than that of which a homer is capable under ordinary conditions, but, granting this fact, the superiority of the swallow is only too evident.

Protecting the Birds

The National Association of Audubon Societies is working in connection with the Federal government to protect our wild fowl by affording them immunity from slaughter on their breeding grounds. These preserves, some eighteen in number, are not situated in any one section of the country, but are so located as to protect as large a variety of aquatic birds as possible. Islands and lakes in Florida, Louisiana, Oregon, North Dakota, and Maine are included in the national reserves, and ducks, cormorants, pelicans, terns, and gulls are the principal species under protection.

It would be an exaggeration to say that the killing of the wild fowl has entirely ceased within these boundaries. The association is unable to procure the necessary funds to maintain an adequate corps of wardens, and therefore poachers will slip in occasionally. The wardens are paid the meagre sum of one dollar per month by the national government and the association must make up the rest.

The eider duck, whose down has such commercial value, had practically been exterminated from our Atlantic coast when the Audubon Society came to the rescue. On the island of No Man's Land, off the Maine coast, a colony of nine eider ducks was discovered, and for two years all hunters have been excluded from those breeding grounds. The effect of this protection was soon apparent, and when a count was taken last summer there were a thousand ducks on the island.

The Preservation of Flowers by Freezing

The latest and most approved method of preserving flowers during transportation is that of freezing them. When this process is employed the flowers are picked while in the bud and will keep perfectly for several weeks in refrigerator boxes. No deterioration in their beauty results from this treatment, and after they have been unpacked and placed in water they slowly revive and the blossoms develop fully. During the period of refrigeration all growth is suspended, and so slowly do the flowers return to their natural state that such blossoms will last much longer in a room than would be the case had they been brought directly from the greenhouse or the garden.

The facility with which horticultural specimens have been transported by this new method has led to experiments in South Africa, with a view to determining whether many of their wonderful flowers may not be safely exported in bulk to supply the trade in Europe and America. It is exceedingly probable that in the near future we may see offered for sale at apparently ridiculously low prices such an unfamiliar plant as the gorgeous iris which grows wild in great profusion throughout South Africa.

A PLEASING DESSERT

always wins favor for the housekeeper. The many possibilities of Bonner's Pearline Blanc Mange using (unsweetened) make it a boon to the woman who wishes to provide these delicacies for her family with convenience and economy. Dilute Pearline Milk to desired richness and use same as fresh milk or cream. a*o

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"RAILBIRDS" AT AN ENGLISH FOOTBALL GAME

During a football match played between the Manchester United and the Bristol City teams at the Crystal Palace, in London, an enterprising hawker rented these novel stands to spectators who thereby escaped the price of admission.

Finance

Now and in 1901

By Franklin Escher

THE bull market has reached the cartoon stage, and the newspapers' baseball page is being compelled to divide interest with matters financial. Bootblack-to-millionaire episodes are not being inflicted on patient readers and no one who makes his headquarters in Wall Street imagines for a moment that the general public is taking the same interest in stocks as it took, for instance, in 1901, but transactions on the Stock Exchange are running to big figures and record prices have been reached. Moreover, the ten shares that John or William bought on the surest kind of "inside information" show him a profit of several hundred dollars, and he is wondering whether he had not better take on twenty or thirty shares more. There are a great many of him, and Wall Street, remembering 1901, is wondering, also, what he will do.

Three weeks ago the improvement in business conditions was the main topic of conversation—now, all that is taken for granted, and the all important question is as to whether the public will really come into the market. In a brokerage office a few days ago I heard a man give an order to buy a hundred shares of a stock at 40. "It isn't worth 40, I know," he remarked, "but the public is coming into the market and there's going to be heavy buying of that particular stock." That was an example of the spell of prices as against the man's own judgment on the value of the stock. There are some pretty heavy operations predicted on the same idea.

There is nothing like the spectacle of continually rising prices to attract public interest to the stock-market. Are we to have a repetition of the "old-fashioned" bull market of 1901—the three-million-share-a-day market when the frenzy of speculation seized upon all sorts and conditions of people and the brokers, swamped with work, hardly found time to get up-town before the next day's buying orders began to come pouring in? Or has the public become too well-educated, financially, to start a blind buying movement from this level of prices?

Indications of a wide-spread public interest in stocks are to be seen on every hand, but, taking it all in all, conditions are no different now from what they were in 1901 that the probabilities are all against the recurrence of the market conditions which prevailed at that time. There is just as much money—probably a good deal more—available for speculation now as there was then, and the general public has become surprisingly well educated in money matters during the past eight years. Nevertheless—and this in spite of several points in the present situation calculated to stimulate real enthusiasm—three strong reasons, at least, present themselves as to why any "runaway market" such as we had in 1901 is wholly unlikely.

The first of these reasons is that there is in the present situation no such element as the promotion craze which marked the early months of 1901 and which was to so large a degree responsible for the pitch to which the public's imagination was stimulated. That time was the dawn of the present era of great capital combinations. In March the formation of the United States Steel Corporation was completed and the shares listed on the Stock Exchange. That was the signal for an outburst of speculation the like of which has never, in this country at least, been seen before or since. A vital part of the successful flotation of the shares was the instruction of the public mind in the possibilities of the new combinations, and the work was expertly done. People became aroused to such a pitch of enthusiasm over the prospects of the new consolidations actually made and the countless other deals which were to be put through, that stocks were bought almost indiscriminately. The public went crazy, for instance, over the idea that the purchase of several English transatlantic lines by promoters here meant our succession to Britain's sea-supremacy. That is one illustration out of hundreds which might be mentioned. One after another the tramp cards were played out by those who had stocks to sell, the excitement continuing at fever heat right up to the time of the famous Northern Pacific corner.

There is no such element in the situation at present—nothing to inflame the speculative mind as it was inflamed by the deals and consolidations of early 1901. There have been several deals of importance so far this year and there are at least three more which may be announced at any time, but none of them are of the nature or have the scope of such great aggregations of capital as the steel or shipping trusts. They are of importance, but they make no such appeal to the popular imagination.

The second respect in which the present situation differs so radically from 1901 as to make it extremely unlikely that we shall see a repetition of the runaway market of that year, is in the relatively unfavorable condition of our foreign trade. Nineteen Hundred and One, it will be recollected, was a year in which exports ran ahead of imports by the phenomenal amount of $650,000,000, causing not only an import of foreign gold, but giving us access at low rates to Europe's great supplies of accumulated capital. This year just the reverse is happening—exports having declined to a point where their value barely exceeds the value of the merchandise being brought in.

To the unimaginative mind—to the man, for instance, who is willing to risk his money buying some stock simply because he is told that it will be "put up"—these considerations of foreign trade and trade balances may seem of academic interest only. The tip received on the ferryboat or on the train to buy Amalgamated Zinc is more likely to be followed by a telephoned order to a broker to buy the stock than by any very deep investigation into the state of foreign trade. That is true enough, and yet it is these underlying conditions which are responsible for the kind of a market in which tips are freely given on trains and ferryboats and profitably acted on by the recipient. Very likely neither the man who gives the tip nor the man who takes it knows anything about whether foreign trade is good or bad, and probably cares less. But they are not the men who make the market. They help—are indispensable, indeed, as the private soldier is to the general—but, after all, it is the general who does all the thinking and planning. Similarly with the leaders of stock-market campaigns. Here will be found no ignorance of the trend of trade or of any of the other great economic influences which make big markets possible. A comparatively small part of the public understands these things; it isn't necessary that it should. Only, unless conditions are "right," the chances are the sleps necessary to a big public demonstration in stocks will never be taken at all.

And so far as this important consideration of the trade balance and the gold movement is concerned, it would be impossible to pick out a time bearing a greater antithesis to 1901 than the present. We were piling up a credit of over $600,000,000 in Europe in that year—we are gaining practically nothing on the merchandise movement now. Gold was pouring into the country then—it is pouring out now, the loss since the first of the year amounting to $55,000,000. A situation more different than between then and now can hardly be imagined.

The third reason for doubting very seriously whether public interest in the stock market will develop to anything like the degree to which it was developed in 1901, is the very general education and experience which the public has acquired in the two years which have elapsed since the panic. Due largely to the popularizing of financial literature—the taking up of the subject by the popular magazines—people in general know very much more about securities and the influences bearing on their price than they knew eight years ago. The point has by no manner of means been reached where the great mass of people realize the futility of plunging into those recurrent periods of speculation, but the testimony of any well informed broker is that the majority of his clients pay infinitely more attention to underlying conditions than they used to only a few years ago, and that they undertake their speculative ventures with eyes much wider open.

The troubled period of 1907 resulted in a wide dissemination of knowledge on matters financial and thus enormously increased the general information of the people on subjects having a bearing on security values. It would not be surprising, indeed, if in the record of our financial history "1907" should come to be regarded as a sort of dividing line between the time when the great mass of the people blindly followed the lead of the masters of finance, and the time when people began to understand things and see for themselves. In thousands of instances the information was gained only as the result of bitter experience, but in any case it was impossible for an intelligent and observant man to live through that period without acquiring more real knowledge of practical finance than it had been the lot of most of us to acquire in many years previous. The time to study a volcano is when it is in action.

Making all due allowance for the frailty of human nature and the willingness with which the lust of quick gain will make most men encounter even those dangers which have become apparent, it does seem as though the lessons of two years ago had been too thoroughly beaten in to allow of the speculative craze again taking a real hold on the people at large. Here and there you meet a man whose mind seems to have become obsessed with the possibilities of plunging into the market at the present level and being swept into fortune on a wave of popular speculative enthusiasm, but these are isolated cases. Nor does the flame spread with its old-time rapidity—too much of the fuel it reaches is still damp and chilled. The man who goes into a commission brokerage house nowadays with extravagant predictions as to what is going to happen when the public "takes the bit in its teeth and runs away with the market" is not usually received with any great degree of enthusiasm. Here and there he may handle a spark in some newcomer, but from among the older ones he is more than apt to get some sort of a remark about the people who never learn by experience.

Not that there is any lack of cheerfulness or want of confidence as to the general outlook and the ultimate upward movement of prices. Sentiment is almost universally hopeful, but to the man in a position to judge there is apparent an atmosphere of conservatism which is very different from the hurrah and excitement with which markets as big as this one have been attended in the past. Here and there an over-enthusiastic beginner is building up a little pyramid which will go tumbling at the first slight recession, but on the whole the spirit of the speculative public shows plainly the effect of the chastening of two years ago.

Yet people have money and are buying stocks, but carefully and discriminatingly, and only after careful inquiry into intrinsic values. And if it is true that strong banking interests have accumulated large lines of stocks, which they want to sell to the public, is it not reasonable to suppose that they prefer present conditions, where stocks can be worked off gradually, to a period of frenzied public speculation with its inevitable sequel of disaster?

What ground is there, indeed, for the statement being so freely made that the strong interests who have the stocks *are* trying to foment a speculation such as we had in 1901 in order to unload on the public? With a situation so intrinsically sound as at present, with the trade outlook as brilliant as it is now, *why* should large holders of stocks want to stir up a public excitement in which to realize on their holdings? It is not as though we were running into a period of doubt and uncertainty. Trade conditions are apparently making almost continuous improvement. Dividends in a number of cases have been resumed and with an outturn of the corn crop according to present indications, dividends on several of the most important railroads in the West are almost certain to be raised. Selling of stocks just prior to such a time has in the past hardly been the habit of important holders. Later on in the year the much talked-of stirring up of public interest in the market may take place, but hardly now. There is little reason to think that the powers that be want it, and even less reason to think that they would get a satisfactory response if they did.

O. E. N.—What proportion of the country's pig-iron production is being made by the "trust"? In an argument, recently, I maintained that the United States Steel Company was doing a larger and larger part of the country's business. Was I not right in my contention?

In 1904 the United States Steel Corporation did 44.7 per cent. of the country's total business; 44.3 per cent in 1907; 43.5 per cent. in 1908.

T. T. L.—Will you please tell me why it is that some of the larger banking houses have partners who are members of the New York Stock Exchange, but who never go near the floor of the Exchange?

The reason is that, if no member of the firm were a member of the Exchange, the firm would have to pay the full $12.50 for each one hundred shares bought or sold for its account, on the Board. Where some one in the firm is a member of the Exchange, the commission is only $2 per hundred shares.

J. C. C.—In arranging for a foreign trip this summer, it has been suggested to me that instead of the regular letters of credit in which I have been accustomed, I take express checks. How do they work? Do you think they are as convenient?

Up to a certain amount, express checks are the most convenient way to take money abroad. The idea is simply this: You buy a check say for £5, which at a fixed rate of 4.87 costs you $24.35 plus a trifling commission. This check is on the issuing bank's London correspondent, and at the time of issue has to be signed by yourself as well as an officer of the issuing bank. When you go to cash the check at some hotel or railroad station you will be required to sign it again, and this signature must agree with the signature you put on the check when you first received it. As nobody but you yourself could sign the same name as already appears on the check, it will readily appear that it is quite valueless to any one but its rightful owner.

R. K.—Will you please explain how I can find the exact yield to the buyer on stocks and bonds?

In the case of bonds, which have no maturity, the matter is simple. Take a stock selling at 120 and paying, say, six per cent. That means $6 on each share each year. If you paid $120 for the share, you would be receiving annually an income of 6/120 of your investment, equal to 1/20, or five per cent.

In the case of bonds, where there is a maturity, the question is more difficult, and the exact yield can only be found by means of carefully worked out logarithmic tables. Suppose, for illustration, you bought a bond at 120 yielding six per cent. and due in ten years. If there were no maturity to be reckoned with, your investment would net you five per cent. But at the end of ten years the bond will become payable, not at 120 but at 100; and so, during each of those ten years, two per cent., roughly speaking, must be clipped off the value of the bond to allow for the inevitable depreciation of the principal. Very few people, even among bond experts, can figure the exact yield without a bond table.

R. T.—I've never been able to see why the mortgage bonds of a small railroad whose stock sells below fifty should be as high in price as the bonds of some first class system paying six per cent. or seven per cent. on its common stock.

They are not, as a rule. Where they are, it is because the issue is small and the security unquestioned. A first-mortgage issue, for instance, of $200,000 on property worth $1,000,000 might be a better investment than a $5,000,000 issue on a property worth $10,000,000. The security of the bonds, as you can see, is purely relative, and has nothing to do with the question of whether the aggregate value of the property is large or small.

C. S. D.—Will you please tell me why it is that out here, and in fact in most parts of the United States where I've travelled, drafts on New York sell at a premium most of the time?

The reason is that most of the larger banks throughout the country carry money on deposit in New York. If a man in St. Paul, Minnesota, has to make a payment to a man in Jacksonville, Florida he is apt to do so with a check drawn on New York. Probably not a bank in St. Paul could sell a draft on Jacksonville, but every bank there has facilities for drawing on New York. New York is as much the financial clearing house for the business of the United States as London is for the business of the world.

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The Irish Crusade Against Tuberculosis

THE Countess of Aberdeen, wife of the Earl of Aberdeen, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is now touring America in an endeavor to gain support for the anti-tuberculosis campaign now being waged in Ireland. She landed in New York City, and in two addresses delivered there emphasized Ireland's need of assistance in her fight against the white plague and thanked this country for the aid it has already given to the cause.

"The eyes of many of the citizens of Ireland are upon this country, for to America twenty to forty thousand of her children are coming every year," said Lady Aberdeen. "By emigration Ireland's life blood is being sapped, but not so steadily as it is by a dread but preventable disease. It is not good either for America or for Ireland that many come to this country already afflicted by the disease, while others come here to become infected and return to the old country to spread the malady.

"It seemed that the old theory of hopelessness in regard to that disease had laid its hand firmly on Ireland, and that we would have to be resigned to it. About two years ago, however, a renewed effort was made. An appeal was made to the women of the country asking them to spread the knowledge of sanitary conditions which would mean new life to the country. We did not know how to go about it, however, until we received some literature concerning the methods in force in America. . . . What we ask now is your increased efforts to spread the knowledge of how to avoid the disease."

From New York Lady Aberdeen went to Boston, where she was extensively entertained, and addressed a large meeting in Faneuil Hall on the tuberculosis situation in Ireland. After leaving there the Countess journeyed to Canada, where she will visit the principal cities and attend a meeting of the International Women's Council, of which she is president.

Lady Aberdeen, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who is visiting America in the interests of the anti-tuberculosis campaign now being waged in Ireland

A Gentlemanly Tailor

A humorous outrage is recorded in a recent issue of the London *Daily Mail*. The facts are set forth in the following letter, which was sent by the aggrieved parties to the editor of that paper, and speaks eloquently for itself:

"SIR,—It has been brought to our notice that in several newspaper reports of the recent action 'Langridge *vs.* Minister and Co., Ltd.,' which was decided in our favor, it is stated that counsel asked the question, 'Is he a gentleman?' and that our witness's reply was, 'No, he is a tailor.'

"As this incorrect version may prove prejudicial to our business, we should be glad if you would allow us to point out that the actual words used were, 'Who is the gentleman?'—'He is a tailor,' which, of course, are quite free from any slur which the incorrect report might be construed to imply.

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A GALLERY OF GOLFERS

WALTER J. TRAVIS

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Saratoga 119 Years Ago

Now that the ancient glories of Saratoga are to be revived, a description of the famous spa by a visitor of 113 years ago is interesting. The visitor was Elkanah Watson, of Massachusetts, a man of repute in his day, whose Memoirs, including his journals of travels in Europe and America from the year 1777 to 1842, and his correspondence with public men and reminiscences and incidents of the American Revolution, were published by his son in 1856.

Watson visited Saratoga in 1790 and writes thus about the place:

"The succeeding September I made a tour to the mineral springs at Saratoga. Here I spent a day bathing in a trough and drinking the exhilarating water which gushes from the centre of a rock. I met with about a dozen respectable people sojourning at a wretched tavern. The nakedness of the region and the excessively bad accommodations made me recur to the condition of Bath in the barbarous ages when, several centuries before Christ, as the legend says, the springs were discovered by their salutary effect upon a herd of distempered swine wallowing in the mud.

"The Saratoga waters were discovered about twenty years ago, as I was informed, by Mr Hall of Ballston, in following a deer track; but it is supposed their existence was known to the Indians. The remarkable medicinal qualities of these springs and their accessible position must render this spot at some future period the Bath of America. At present it is enveloped in rudeness and seclusion, with no accommodations appropriate to civilized man. The rock through which the water issues by a narrow passage has been probably formed by petrifaction. Vessels are let down through this fissure or natural well to procure the water for drinking.

"There is no convenience for bathing except an open log hut, with a large trough similar to those in use for feeding swine, which receives water from a spring. Into this you roll from a bench. This water appears to be strongly impregnated with saline ingredients highly charged with fixed air and is almost as animated as champagne wine. Its taste is grateful, but it leaves an unpleasant impression upon the palate. Those accustomed to it, however, regard it as a great luxury. It is in high estimation as a specific in all scorbutic affections, gout, rheumatism, etc. These springs are situated in a marsh partly covered by slight and pretty extensive, along the margin of which the road winds. A little off from the highway I visited a new spring, which is much more highly charged with mineral elements. This is called the Congress Spring.

"From Saratoga I proceeded to Tryon's, a low one-story tavern on a hill in Ballston. At the foot of this hill I found an old barrel with the staves open stuck into the mud in the midst of a quagmire surrounded with trees, stumps, and logs. This was the Ballston Spring. I observed two or three ladies walking along a fallen tree so as to reach the fountain and I was disgusted at seeing as many men washing their loathsome sores near the barrel. There was also a shower bath, with no protection except a tower of bushes. Tryon's was the only public house, no buildings having been erected below the hill. The greatest number of visitors at one period the past summer was ten or twelve, and these were as many as could be accommodated."

A RUSSIAN DUCHESS WHO RUNS AN ACADEMY OF ART

The Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna, recently elected president of the Academy of Art in St. Petersburg, to succeed her husband, the late Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch, is shown in the photograph presiding over a meeting of the members.

The Changeless Styles

An interesting lecture was delivered at Cambridge University recently by Dr. Waldstein, professor of fine arts, on the fashions in vogue among the ancients long before the beginning of the Christian era, and it is surprising how little some of these customs have changed with the passing of centuries. As far back as 5000 B.C. the Egyptian women were such elaborate head dresses that the use of artificial hair was necessary in order to produce the correct effect. Many of the coiffures seen at the present day bear evidence how slowly human nature undergoes a change. The ladies of Rome were also addicted to false hair, and never hesitated to call upon this artificial aid whenever the reigning style so demanded.

Excavations in Greece have been productive of much information concerning the usages and mode of life in the classical period, for the relics found tell their own story, and generally it is a familiar one. Frequently handsomely engraved boxes are unearthed in which sufficient of their contents has been preserved to positively identify them as receptacles for scents and rouge. The comparison with to-day is obvious. Dr. Waldstein himself found a set of false teeth while engaged in exploring some Grecian ruins which probably dated back to the fourth century B.C. They were arranged on a plate in a method very similar to the work of our modern dentists, and some of these teeth were gold filled!

The Greeks and Romans did not enjoy the questionable pleasure of shaving with a safety razor, but they did very well with the article they had. It was a crescent-shaped knife of bronze, and undoubtedly possessed the necessary keenness for a comfortable shave, though oil was used instead of soap to soften the beard.

Tree-Culture in English Schools

In an effort to stimulate the local fruit industry in the county of Suffolk, England, the East Suffolk Education Committee has instituted a system of establishing apple tree nurseries in connection with the elementary school gardens. A competent instructor has been engaged to visit the different schools, and many of the children are now as expert in the art of grafting and budding as a veteran horticulturist.

Only a nominal price is charged for these apple trees, and the villagers immediately recognized the opportunity that awaited them and have been eager to purchase the entire supply. A number of orchards have been established, and in a single town more than five hundred of these trees have been transplanted.

Canon Abbay, the head of the progressive and successful Framlingham Agricultural Co-operative Society, is enthusiastic over the efforts made to restore to prominence the fruit industry and is superintending the work. Nearly three thousand of the young trees are now in stock, and a thousand more are to be produced this year.

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Bulletin.

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Shutting Out Bubonic Plague

THE LESSONS THAT CAN BE LEARNED FROM SAN FRANCISCO'S SCIENTIFIC AND SUCCESSFUL WAR AGAINST THE EPIDEMIC

By Passed-Assistant-Surgeon W. C. Rucker

United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service. Executive Officer, Campaign Against Bubonic Plague

BUBONIC plague is a disease which has ravaged the world since the memory of man, but it is only recently that we have learned how to control and eradicate it. The greatest campaign against this Oriental foe which this country has witnessed has been waged under the command of Surgeon Rupert Blue, in San Francisco. The history of this fight is pregnant with many lessons which are not only interesting, but offer much food for thought for the other maritime cities of our country, which may at any time find themselves in the unfortunate predicament which confronted San Francisco a little less than two years ago. The work on the Pacific coast has blazed the way which other municipalities may follow. If they will but heed it before the disease has had an opportunity to launch itself upon them they may spare themselves much sorrow and great loss of commerce.

It may be said by way of preface that plague is a rat disease, born, bred, and reared in the rodent population and transmitted to man through the agency of the flea which is a constant parasite of the rat. If we destroy the rat we destroy his fleas, and if we destroy both we either prevent or eradicate plague. Simple enough, yet it took the world ages to learn this ample fact, and it is only in the last decade that we have learned how to apply it.

As Surgeon Blue's executive officer in the campaign against plague in San Francisco, it has been my privilege to observe the methods by which he attained the great results of quickly checking and finally eradicating a scourge that had already obtained a foothold and claimed scores of victims when he took charge of the fight. The opportunities which were afforded me to observe the work and to count its results have taught me many things, and it is the hope of emphasizing a few of the more important facts garnered in the crusade against plague in California which has prompted me to write this article. Let it be remembered that there is always the possibility that the dread disease may be brought into our country at any seaport.

Surgeon Rupert Blue (*), who stamped out bubonic plague in San Francisco, with assistant members of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service

The beginning of the work was hampered by the disbelief of the general public in the existence of the disease, their unwillingness to accept the situation and to lend their co-operation, and the lack of a trained personnel to act as the fighting units. The first obstacle was perhaps the hardest to overcome, and it was not until the Mayor had appointed a Citizens' Health Committee composed of San Francisco's leading citizens, and this committee with the help of the officers of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service had launched an extensive propaganda of education, that the press and people would admit the presence of or danger from the disease. This is not at all remarkable. A new foe had attacked our shores, an unfamiliar and unknown menace had suddenly appeared, and any American city would have taken exactly the same position until educated as to the reality of the danger. The situation was not a local skirmish, but rather a defense of the entire Union against a foe which, having established a base upon our shores, would hurry the nation from west to east and from north to south. It was hard at first to convince the people of the stupendous problem which confronted them, but, once their education was complete, their co-operation was secured and they rose fearlessly to the task. With the example of the efficient State Board of Health and the courageous position assumed by the municipal Board of Health to encourage the general public, it was not hard for the Federal Health Officials, with the help of the Citizens' Health Committee, to drive the lesson home and to rouse the community to active work.

The first stage of the movement may be described as a fight against chaos. A great city in the throes of a reconstruction period is suddenly confronted with a problem beside which the earthquake and fire and the rehabilitation of the municipality dwindle into insignificance. Dazed by the first blow, San Francisco was stunned by the second. Its officials realized that the situation was national in its aspect, and very properly placed the onus of the burden on the broad shoulders of the national government. This duty was not shirked, and, at the direction of President Roosevelt, Surgeon General Wyman rushed the trained officers of the nation's militant force against disease to the scene of action. But now arose a curious situation. The officers thus thrown into the field were without forces with which to attack the pest. The fighting units of the army against disease were not in existence, and the body of fighting men had to be recruited, trained, and disciplined before any effectual combat could be waged. For six weeks they struggled with the inefficient men whom a political system had foisted on the city, and then the national government undertook to recruit and pay the men who were to carry forward the fight. But six weeks were lost—time which translates itself into loss of much money and of many lives. Even after the government raised this force—a force gauged only by the single standard of a dollar's worth of man for every dollar spent—it was necessary to establish schools of instruction for each class of the workers so that the greatest results could be obtained in the shortest space of time with the smallest expenditure of energy. When this was done, and not until then, were appreciable results achieved. The disease began to recede, the cases became fewer, one by one the position of the enemy were taken until the foe was in complete rout and the victory won.

Situations which have once occurred will occur again unless the lessons of previous experience are made the standard for our future guidance. If a mobile force of trained sanitary workers were made a permanent part of the nation's defenses against disease, any epidemic outbreak could be quelled in half the time required under the present methods. Disease is an enemy that never retreats, that never surrenders, that gives no quarter, and over which there is no victory save absolute annihilation. No matter how valiant the volunteer disease fighter, or willing the amateur sanitarian, in the final analysis it is the veteran soldier of Hygeia, seasoned by many campaigns against exotic foes, who must bear the brunt of the battle. The many officers of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service who have died in the fight for the sanitary welfare of the nation in the past offer an example of the dangers surrounding the men who thus risk their lives in the defence of their country. Only recently Passed-Assistant-Surgeon W. M. Wightman sacrificed his life to yellow fever in Ecuador while striving to prevent the entrance of that dread disease to the Canal Zone and thence to the United States. Men who thus give the best labors of their years, who constantly jeopardize their lives, and who forego the comforts of settled existence to the end that their fellow citizens may dwell in security from foreign disease foes are entitled to the best that the nation can afford them in the way of protection, pay, promotion, and advancement. This is the least that we can offer them. They are working not only for our bodily, but also our economic welfare, and in addition to these things which we can give them for their personal betterment we should also provide for them an adequate number of men to be trained in the art of fighting disease so that in future they may take the field fully equipped to stamp out an epidemic before it has reached dangerous proportions or interfered with commerce. When a disease has gained headway in a community there is no time for temporizing. When dealing with a venomous reptile we strive to kill it with the first blow. Similarly disease must be crushed at its inception before its ravages have become widespread. Only trained men can do this. Let us create a force in times of comparative sanitary peace which can meet each emergencies when they arise.

When the forces at San Francisco had been organized, trained, and armed with the weapons of sanitary warfare, there was yet lacking an element without which any campaign against disease will fail—*i.e.*, public co-operation. This was achieved when the public was educated, and not until then. The moral is to educate your public beforehand. Let the cities of the Gulf and Atlantic seaboard realize that even now plague is marching up the Spanish Main, waiting only a favorable opportunity to land an infected rat against which the most perfect quarantine can prevail only at the cost of damage to commerce. If the warning is heeded now each city will make war upon the rat, will poison trap, starve, and evict him, and thus render stony the soil in which would otherwise grow the rank crop of pestilence.

The second stage of the work in San Francisco, the driving out of the pest, was followed by the third—the bolting of the door. San Francisco has no plague at present and probably will never again have the disease to epidemic form; the people here have learned the lesson too well, and have erected too many permanent safeguards to allow plague ever again to gain even a temporary foothold. Even now the work is going on, sixteen months after the last human case, to make sure that every vestige of the disease is uprooted. The millions of square feet of concrete which have been laid as permanent rat-proofing, the thousands of unsanitary premises would have been razed or put in good condition, the untold number of nuisances which have been abated, all make for the future immunity of the city from bubonic plague. San Francisco has literally "built the disease out of existence."

More than this, in driving out pest the city has evicted many other disease foes. The death-rate from contagious diseases has been cut in half, the general health of the city greatly raised and its commercial prosperity thereby vastly increased. Not only has the morbidity among human beings been reduced, but one of the leading veterinarians of the city recently stated that the improvement in the sanitary condition of the stables had so diminished disease among horses as practically to destroy his business.

Considered in its broadest sense, the campaign is not without its effect on humanity as a whole and the progress of mankind in general. It has given a tremendous forward movement to preventive medicine and has demonstrated to the non-professional public the value of the accurate application of scientific methods to the eradication of disease. The preventability and needlessness of the sacrifices which are being made to the Moloch of pestilence have been emphasized in such a way as to give renewed hope to suffering mankind.

If in so short a time such a great foe as bubonic plague can be vanquished, how much greater should be our hopes and how much more concentrated our efforts against those commoner and more familiar diseases, typhoid fever and tuberculosis, and how much more vigorous our measures against those ailments with which familiarity has bred contempt—measles, scarlet fever, and diphtheria? Organized attack upon disease means its final eradication. This can come only through education and persistent, well directed work along the lines which are indicated by modern scientific methods.

Yellow fever has been banished from our Southern States, cholera cannot force an entrance through our efficient Federal quarantine, but malaria and hookworm disease still remain with us to levy their toll of many lives and great suffering. If we but will it we can be free from these scourges which are injuring us socially, financially, and morally, and which the intelligent application of the principles of preventive medicine can drive forever from our homes.

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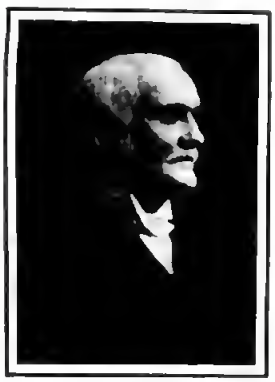
The Last of Lincoln's Advisers

COLONEL ALEXANDER KELLY MCCLURE, the last survivor of Abraham Lincoln's circle of personal friends and advisers, and for many years a prominent figure in politics and journalism, died on June 6th at his country home in Wallingford, Pennsylvania, at the age of eighty-one.

Born on January 9, 1828, at Sherman's Valley, Pennsylvania, Colonel McClure spent his boyhood on his father's farm and received but a meagre education at a neighboring country school. At the age of eighteen he went to Philadelphia and New York in search of work as a journeyman tanner, but not finding employment he gradually drifted as far West as Iowa. Still unsuccessful in his search, he returned to Pennsylvania and secured a position with the *Sentinel*, the local Whig newspaper of Mifflin. He soon acquired full ownership of this journal and published it with the assistance of a single boy. In 1850 he became editor of the Chambersburg *Repository*, an anti-slavery paper, after disposing of the *Sentinel*.

Mr McClure had now become actively interested in politics, running for the office of Auditor-General in 1853 and being a member of the convention which organized the Republican party in Pittsburg in 1855. He was a delegate to the national convention that nominated Fremont in 1856. That same year Colonel McClure sold the *Repository* and was admitted to the bar. In 1857-58 he was in



The late Colonel A. K. McClure

the Legislature. It was through his untiring efforts that the Pennsylvania delegation was persuaded to vote for Lincoln at the national convention in 1860. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was in the Senate and was made chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. He made the draft in the State of Pennsylvania and raised seventeen regiments in two months. As military authority for this duty he had been commissioned Assistant Adjutant-General of the United States, but resigned immediately after completing this task.

In 1868 Colonel McClure resumed his practice of law in Philadelphia, and four years later he was chairman of the State delegation to the national convention that nominated Horace Greeley for President. His only defeat for public office was in 1873, when running for Mayor of Philadelphia. Soon after this he established, together with Frank McLoughlin, the Philadelphia *Times* and remained its editor-in-chief until 1900, when he retired to devote himself to periodical literature. Later he was appointed prothonotary to the Supreme Court.

In addition to his work as a journalist, Colonel McClure wrote a number of books. The best known of these are *Our Presidents and How We Make Them*, *Lincoln and Men of War Times*, *Recollections of Half a Century*, and *Old-Time Notes of Pennsylvania*.

Rat Remedies

RATS, it is known, are responsible for many of the diseases which affect mankind. In Denmark not so long ago an act was passed empowering rewards for the destruction of these animals and the creation of an organized fund for their extermination. Some idea of the danger of permitting rats to breed unmolested may be gathered from the fact that the female can produce fourteen, sixteen, and even eighteen at a litter. Many couples have as many as thirteen litters in three years. But in that time, allowing only an average of eight to the litter, it is possible for a pair to become the progenitors of no fewer than 656,808 rats of all ages.

Of the rat tribe the brown is the most pugnacious and prolific. In England he conquered the black rat that in turn had invaded Britain with William the Conqueror and had ousted the original water rat. In his *Universal Directory on the Taking, Use and Destruction of Fumigated and Ravaged Vermin*, Robert Smith, who, in 1768, described himself as rat catcher to Princess Amelie, says: "I was once exercising my employment in a gentleman's house, and when the night came that I appointed to catch I set all my traps going as usual; and in the lower part of the house in the cellars I caught the Norway rats, but in the upper parts of the house I took nothing but black rats. I then put them together in a great cage to keep them alive till the morning, that the gentlemen might see them, but the Norway rats killed the black rats immediately and devoured them in my presence."

The mongoose is reputed an expert rat-catcher. Says Mr. Jamrach, the well-known naturalist: "I kept a mongoose in a cage and one day put him in my stables to catch rats. He caught forty-five the first night; the second night he caught an Indian pheasant and another rare bird valued at thirty-five dollars. He also caught the canaries in my shop window, enough parrots to stock a parrot-house, and a macaw that had hitherto evaded all attempts to catch it. I use traps now."

In olden days the rat-catcher relied for success mainly on the sense of smell in rats which dearly love a sniff of aniseed or oil of rhodium. He worked with a wooden trap some three or four feet in length. Into this receptacle he scented and tempted the rats, feeding them for a week on savory food. At length one fine night, when the banquet was in progress, snap went the trigger and the feasters were entrapped. The operator then despatched his "take" to the rat-pits and reset the trap. In Paris sewers lead is placed on electric wire laid an inch or two too high for the reach of a cat on all-fours, which, on rising to get the bait, is instantly electrocuted.

Most rats are cannibals. Aboard ship it was customary to keep hungry the trapped rats and then turn them loose to feed on their kind.

Another method of extermination was that by pans of milk containing a solution of plaster of Paris that solidified in consumption.

R. HOLT LOMAX.

Our Decreasing Birth Rate

THE Census Bureau of the United States is calling attention to the fact that the population conditions in this country are rapidly becoming identical with those of the leading nations of Europe.

In the year 1790 the ratio of children to each woman in this country, sixteen years of age or over, was two, but now this has decreased to a scant one, according to the census nearest the year 1900. Great Britain had a ratio of one. France could show only .8; the German Empire, 1.1; and Italy, 1.1. Five of our New England States and New York show a proportion practically the same as that of France, the lowest of the European countries.

These statistics may denote that we are becoming more civilized, but there is small satisfaction in such reasoning.

Choosing a Building Site

THE average layman, when asked for his opinion as to what furnishes the best natural site for the foundation of a building, will generally declare, without the slightest hesitation, that nothing excels bed rock for that purpose. This erroneous belief has been fostered by tradition during the last two thousand years, the Biblical parable of the man who built his house upon a rock being familiar to all of us; but our modern builder condemns such a course.

In this twentieth century the cost of construction is the first item under consideration, and the expense of cutting a cellar in rock is only too well known. If there is much seepage of water near by it cannot penetrate the stratum of rock, but collects above it and gradually works through the cellar's walls, making the cellar damp and sometimes undermining the foundations. Frequently springs are uncovered while blasting through the rock, and the deflecting of these is necessarily very costly and always difficult.

Made land, sand, and silt are obviously unsuitable as building foundations. Clay should also be avoided, for it collects water as does the rock, and its tendency to expand in wet or freezing weather often works havoc with masonry. The frozen clay adheres to the cellar walls and frequently causes dislocation when it expands.

The ideal building site is that upon a bed of gravel and slightly elevated above the surrounding land. Such a foundation is sufficiently stable for any purposes and possesses a perfect drainage.

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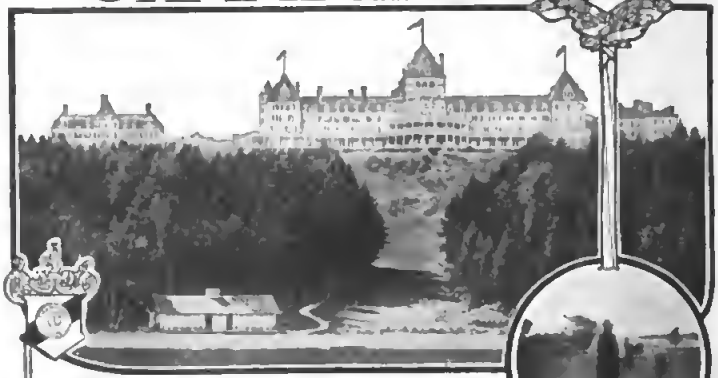

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DIVERSIONS OF A STATESMAN

During a recent tour made by the Hon. Joseph G. Cannon in Pennsylvania, the Speaker of the House of Representatives engaged in a playful bout with Mr. "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien, pugilist, at an inn near Norristown. There was no decision

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Comment

Why We Like the President's Message

In the President's special message concerning income taxes and the proposed tax on the earnings of corporations had come at another time, we should not merely have praised it as a clear and succinct and able state paper; we should have welcomed at least half of it as entirely in accord with our own views. Approving the principle of an income tax, and heartily desiring to see it tried as a substitute for excessive tariff taxes, we of course favor also an amendment to the Constitution, if that is necessary, to establish clearly the government's right to impose it. Nor would the proposal of a tax on corporations be enough, at another time, to destroy our satisfaction with the President's main proposal. True, a national tax on corporations is open to the objection urged against a national tax on inheritances; the national government would thus invade a field preoccupied by State governments. But some time or other, we suppose, an understanding will have to be reached as to whether the field shall belong to the nation or to the States. The suggestion that the new tax will be particularly valuable as giving the Federal government supervision over the "accounts and business transactions of all corporations" does, we admit, give us pause. We have some old-fashioned Jeffersonian instincts and apprehensions that incline to take alarm at the vision of bureaucracy which such words open up. They certainly suggest a pretty big contract for the national government. But we should prefer to suspend judgment until the President shall set forth his entire plan for dealing with corporations, of which this may be a part. We wish the proposal were advanced that way, and solely in that connection, rather than in the way it is, and in connection with the tariff bill.

And Why We Don't

That is why it disquiets us and others, who account ourselves both advocates of revision downward and sincere friends and well-wishers of the President. For the message, coming at this time, seems to many rather a blow at the income-tax bills now before the Senate than a plea for an income tax in the future. It disconcerts rather than encourages the men who are trying to make good the President's own declarations and pledges, and it brings the President, for the time being, to the side of ALDRICH, who is doing his best to keep those pledges from being fulfilled. There is simply no escaping this immediate effect of the President's finally speaking after his long silence. That the effect may be transient as well as immediate we make haste to concede—since that is what we hope. But we began in candor with this administration; we mean to continue candid, and not to let our good-will toward it, and our strong faith in it, degenerate into a blind partiality. For we truly believe—though not, we trust, inclined to vanity—that in our attitude toward the administration we represent, as best we may, the most disinterested patriotism of the country. We believe we are speaking for those Americans who have hitherto supported it solely from the highest motives; not because it is Republican, for many of them are Democrats whenever the Democratic party is true to itself, and others are independents; not because of any hope of favors from it, for they are all opponents of privilege and detesters of such governmental favoritism and partial paternalism as they find in high protection; not for any reason, in fact, but their liking for the President, their trust in him, their hope in him. So confident are we that we are at one with this class of Americans that we believe we could put into words what it is now in their hearts to say to this so well-liked President as he comes up to his first great test and crisis.

A Counsel of Friendship

This, we think, is what they would say to him if they could have his ear:

"Be true to yourself, Mr. President, and you will be true to us—and to your country. Do not wonder that in this crisis we ask you to be true to us. It was we, after all, who made the decision in your favor when you and another came before the people as rivals for the chief place in the Republic. For whether we were of your party or of the other party or independents, we called no party master, but looked solely to the merits of the contestants and the country's welfare; and we held the balance of power. Though the whole great electorate sat in judgment, it was we who cast the verdict. We accepted you for the things you had done and the words you spoke. We have a right, therefore, to demand that you be consistent with your record of manliness and independence, and that you make your words good. Do not fancy that we are ignorant of the forces that now come up against you. We have warred with them for years. We do not forget that your predecessors have one after another gone down before them. But to yield to them is not the way to overcome them; and if you try compromise we believe you will find it nothing but surrender. Neither do we forget that, although President, you are also leader of your party. But to follow is not to lead, to obey is not to command. That power, moreover, is given to you for the same end to which your powers as President must be directed; it is your duty to exercise it solely for the country's welfare, by setting your party right whereinsoever it is wrong. And do not, on the other hand, fancy that we exaggerate, that we take too solemnly the crisis that is upon you. It is the turning-point of your career, it is a crucial test of your ability and your character. There is much about the issue that makes it look commonplace, subsidiary. But when you choose your course you choose between two policies that are utterly divergent, and lead on to vastly different consequences; you choose also between two different followings—and between two places in history. Ask yourself now, therefore, which following, which approval, which gratitude, will honor you most—theirs or ours. Is it not true that they ask of you in selfishness, and would reward you in kind? We, on the other hand, if we know our own minds and consciences, ask nothing for ourselves, whether as individuals or as a group, but all for a principle, and in the great name of justice; and we offer you in return nothing but the honor and loyalty which all good citizens give to an upright chief magistrate. And ask yourself as candidly which place in history you prefer: that of a merely agreeable President, successful through non-resistance, undisturbed because compliant, a party leader who merely accompanied his party the way it would have gone without him—or that of a strong President who took his great responsibilities the highest way, a party leader who would not be less than a true leader of men. Surely it were better to be this and fail, and go down beaten but undishonored, than to win whatever the less courageous course may offer. We talk of a choice; but have you, in truth, a right to choose? You have chosen once already. To choose again would not be choice, but vacillation. Be true to yourself, Mr. President. That is all we ask."

Protection and the Philippines

We have been doing our best in these columns to point out how and why the tariff is a moral question; how and why the sort of protection we are getting—or rather giving—is not only unreasonable but wrong. If one wishes to see how it can be not merely wrong, but dishonorable and mean, let him look at the way the selfishness of the sugar men and the tobacco men has thrust itself into our relations with the Philippines. We have confessed our disappointment with Senator ROOT because he has not put himself at the head of the progressives, where he belongs; but if he keeps on yielding to his best impulses as he did when this occurred we may yet see him in some such position. The selfishness which protection arouses and stimulates laughs to scorn such a mollycoddle idea as that we are bound in honor to consider the Filipinos as our wards, and not to prefer our interests to theirs. Our cigar-makers, not content with a sale that annually runs well up to eight billions, would deny them the right to bring in, free of duty, a hundred and fifty million—and this notwithstanding that we sell to them whatever we please absolutely free of duty. We were heartily sorry to see Senator LA FOLLETTE, as the champion of the Cigar-makers' Union, offering an amendment to reduce the exemption to seventy-five million; and heartily glad that Senator ROOT, when the Finance Committee accepted the suggestion, rose up and revolted. It is good to have a Senator from New York to whose the Senate pays attention; and better still to have him saying:

> The possession of power carries with it an obligation that rises above all considerations of trade, all considerations of particular and selfish interests—an obligation that we must recognize. If we do not, dishonored in the name of America. Terrible and arbitrary power it is that we exercise over these poor people, and they are helpless. They must accept our word. We are proposing to send our products into their ports free of duty. In return we are proposing to admit free their products, but with a limitation upon their great products—sugar and tobacco—at a point which, in the judgment of the House, will not injure the sugar or tobacco industries of this country. Now we are proposing to cut that in half as far as tobacco is concerned. Why don't we go further and take their free market and put a duty on all their products imported into this country? I am not willing to vote for a bill that denies aid to this helpless people, and I will vote against reducing the amount of free cigars from the Islands," no matter if all the committees of the Senate are in favor of it.

Mr. ROOT did vote against this provision, but it was adopted, 42 to 28. The Connecticut Senators have stood by the Senate Finance Committee's tariff, and earned for the tobacco-growers of the Connecticut Valley the right to squeeze the Filipinos.

But What's the Difference?

Why cannot Senator ROOT look deeper, and see the wrong and injustice in the entire system which permits great interests among ourselves to oppress lesser interests, men strong in wealth and influence to oppress men weak in both, mainly because they have the power; that is to say, because at this moment they have the ear of ALDRICH and the Committee on Finance? Is it any greater wrong to say to the Filipino, "Buy what I have to sell; but if you wish to sell to me, then pay the duties I impose"—is this, we say, essentially a greater wrong than to permit our over-protected manufacturers, joined together in trusts, to say to our own poorer classes, "Buy what we have to sell, or else pay this duty which will double the price of what you buy from our competitors; either way, you must pay, not merely what the goods cost to make, with a fair profit on our capital, but a lot more which the government permits us to extort from you"? That sort of extortion is justified in the name of American labor; but if the tariff contains any device whatever to secure for labor in protected industries its share or any share of the loot, we have never for the life of us been able to find it. Lying, however, is apparently an essential part of the system. We get so used to it that it is a relief to encounter the franker and more brutal selfishness of a few Senators who do not pretend to be doing anything but grabbing all they can for their constituents. We rather like the way Senator SCOTT simply demands what he wants on glassware, and Senator MCENERY (Democrat, of Louisiana, please observe) calls out for more whenever there is talk of the sugar duties; and the way Senator BRADLEY pleads for a duty on jute, to protect hemp, and offers to vote for a duty on anything else anybody wants if he can have what he wants for Kentucky. If anybody, workman, consumer, or what not, who does not make and sell something that is protected, imagines he is really being considered at all, let him listen to this, from the Kentucky Senator's oration on jute and jute butts:

> "You want protection for lemons in California. I believe in protecting lemons in California. [Laughter.] You want protection for lumber in the State of Washington. All right. I believe in protecting lumber in the State of Washington. [Laughter.] You want protection for coal and iron in West Virginia and Alabama. All right. I believe in protecting coal and iron. [Laughter.] . . . You say you have not enough tariff on jute manufactures; that if you have a duty on jute you must increase it on your jute manufactures. If that is true, increase it. Increase it; that is your business. [Laughter.]" Or in other words, "Scratch my back and I'll scratch yours."

For our own part, we say, we rather like this. We prefer plain haggishness to porcine hypocrisy.

Tillman on Art

We believe in cheerfulness, too, and like to make the best of things—when that doesn't mean the sort of complacency which sacrifices opportunities of reform. So we do not neglect the little debate in the Senate on the paragraph admitting free of duty certain works of art, provided they are twenty years old, and certain others, provided they are a hundred years old. That debate showed a wonderful improvement in the temper of our lawmakers on this subject. Even Senator ALDRICH did not have a word to say about protecting our American MICHEL ANGELOS and RAPHAELS against Italian and French competition. The only serious objection offered was that the paragraph would permit millionaires to bring in pictures and things intended merely for the adornment of their private houses. Senator ROOT, being, fortunately, a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum, was able to answer that by testifying that in the long run such treasures almost invariably find their way to the museums. But Senator ROOT did not make the best speech in the debate. Would you believe it, the best speech for free art was made by the Hon. BEN TILLMAN, of South Carolina, who followed the cultivated New-Yorker. TILLMAN told in simple language about his trip abroad last year, taken for his health, and what it taught him. "I saw enough," he said, "to convince me that the American people can afford to encourage the importation of some of those masterpieces, something that we can get as a means of elevating the thought and inspiring the artistic genius of our people. Therefore I for once in this debate, as I said, feel anxious to see the gates thrown wide open and every opportunity offered for wealthy Americans, who have been made rich as they are going to be made rich by this very bill, to bring in works of art." If TILLMAN'S speech had a rival, it was Senator CARTER'S, who told how a pork-packer of Milwaukee and a mail-carrier of Walla-Walla (afterward a United States Senator), having both amassed great fortunes, have both become collectors, and are gathering masterpieces which they will in the end contribute to permanent institutions.

An idea strikes us. These gentlemen, like Senator TILLMAN, got their new interest from foreign travel. Cannot a trip abroad be arranged for Uncle Joe CANNON? We might have a voting contest like those to determine the best Sunday-school teacher or the most popular young lady, unanimously vote him the best existing Speaker of the House, and pack him off, blushing and bowing—preferably while the House is in session.

Retained for the Defence

Senator ALDRICH exudes facts, he perspires them at every pore. He is an encyclopedia of tariff information, and he has forgotten more about the schedules than the majority of his colleagues are ever likely to know or to have wit enough to understand. Other men recite their principles by rote, and they would never know what their convictions were if they had not learned them by heart. Senator ALDRICH alone is an inexhaustible mine of information, and he supplements his speeches by a tireless flow of personal conversation in which he answers objections, quiets ruffled consciences, and cements his influence over recalcitrant associates. He has the power of the expert. He knows all that can be known about the tariff.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The tariff is a subject for experts. The number of experts qualified to deal with schedules is deplorably small, and Senator ALDRICH is one of them. He *is* "an inexhaustible mine of information," he does "perspire facts," and yet repeatedly it has transpired in the current debate that his information can be contradicted and that his facts "ain't so." Doubtless he knows as much as can be known about the tariff by any one man, but there is more to that subject than "one small head" can carry. The witnesses who have testified about schedules in committee seem to have fooled Mr. ALDRICH as to many details. But besides that, he *is* a partisan, the chosen defender of high protection. It is vain to expect the counsel for the defence to set forth all the points of the case for the prosecution. Senator ALDRICH knows and tells lots of reasons for boosting the tariff. It would be foolish to expect him to tell why it should be lowered. He is a very able expert for the folks who want the rates raised on what they make, but he is no great shakes as an expert for the consumer.

Harmon and Harmony!

The country is showing some interest in that coming gathering in Columbus, Ohio, which is to place Governor HARMON in the field as an aspirant for the Democratic Presidential nomination in 1912. As winner in a Republican State in the Republican year of 1908 HARMON is a man of destiny. Although TAFT carried Ohio by 60,000 for President, HARMON had a plurality of 10,000 over HARRIS, the Republican candidate for Governor. This makes him attractive to Democrats who want to nominate for President, three years hence, a man who, at some time and in some place, has won something.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

At the Columbus dinner to Governor HARMON on July 15th there will be present Governor MARSHALL of Indiana, Governor JOHNSON of Minnesota, and Senator CHAMBERLAIN of Oregon, all Democrats who have been elected Governors of Republican States. But we hear that Mr. BRYAN has not been asked. How far will H-A-R-M-O-N go toward spelling Harmony under those conditions?

Mr. Alfred Mosely Inspects Our Children

Mr. ALFRED MOSELY is interested, almost to the pitch of excitement, in life in these States, and comes over here from time to time to look us over. He is an attentive and fairly indulgent critic, and offers us a good many compliments, and has, on the whole, a good opinion of our civilization. But he speaks his mind, whatever it is, and that makes his views interesting. For example, he disapproves of what he has seen of our methods of bringing up children. He says our children are not normal, but "'cute,' 'smart,' nervous business manikins." One reason he finds for it is that they associate too much with their parents. Disclosing his ideas on this subject to the *World* the other day, he said:

> The close companionship of American fathers and mothers with their children is one of the greatest dangers of American home life. It is not only unwise, it is a positive evil. The brains and emotions of the youngsters are super-stimulated. More or less unconsciously they are expected to think the thoughts and feel the impulses of their parents instead of the natural, childlike thoughts and impulses, which are mostly instincts. Instead of being allowed to run along on their own level the children are being continually forced up an inclined plane—to a higher level, doubtless, but they would reach it in good time without compulsion, if they were left alone, and they'd be so much less tired when they arrived! It's an old saying, but a true one, "Children can be children but once." Here in America you seem to desire to eliminate even the "once"! Then, besides brushing the bloom off natural childishness, the familiar association of the older and younger members of the family, as practised here, is an subversive of proper obedience. American children "boss" their parents. The code of discipline current in the typical American family would not be tolerated anywhere else in the civilized or uncivilized world. Even savages command greater respect from their offspring than the American father and mother. If the children were kept in the nursery where they belonged they would go to bed at proper hours, they would dress simply instead of becoming the puffed and frilled show dolls one so often sees, and they would naturally gain an access of respect for "those set in authority over them."

We Inspect His Views

What is the "typical American family" that Mr. MOSELY speaks of? What is its income? It seems to be a family that has a nursery in which the children might be kept, and that implies nurses, and a scale of living which must cost from—say, four thousand dollars a year up. But the typical American family never gets night of an income approaching four thousand a year. So Mr. MOSELY is talking about well-to-do families. It seems to us that he generalizes over-freely about our children. Really, some of them are not so bad! And it seems to us, too, that the essence of the fault he finds with our family methods is that we are raising American progeny and not English. We rather like the kind of children we raise. They might be better; so might we. And if we were better, they'd be. But such as we are, we like them—such as they are—and like to have them about. England is English, and well-to-do English families are still large. America is pretty well snowed under with European immigration, and American families are apt nowadays to be small. Having few children, we have to make the most of them, eat with them, play with them, joke with them, talk to them, live with them.

Do They See Too Much of Us?

That's bad for the children, Mr. MOSELY says. They see too much of us, are not respectful, are "bossy," and not so obedient as they should be. Probably he is right in intimating that respectfulness and mute obedience are not the long suit of American children of this generation. But, after all, Mr. MOSELY, *Daisy Miller* was written over thirty years ago. Do you think the American child has retrograded in manners since then?

You may not know about that, but for our part we have faith to believe that the American child's manners have improved and are improving. There are more good schools now that teach good manners, and that may have helped. Immense numbers of us go abroad every year and observe the gentle manners of the Europeans, and that ought to help. Our civilization is settling and maturing, and that should help. But, after all, Mr. MOSELY, Americans will never be English, nor American children English children. For one thing, we have not got and cannot get the English servants to bring them up, and if our poor dears didn't associate with their parents, the chances are that they would have to fall back on associations quite as deleterious. And for another thing, the American idea and the English idea are distinctly different. There are different notes in the air here. The virus of liberty seems to be rubbed into our children's arms along with their first vaccination stuff, and often enough it breaks out in an obstreperousness which is disagreeable while it lasts. But, after all, it is a great virus, and the air here is a great air. We are impressed by what we read of the changed deportment of the immigrants from eastern Europe, Hungarians and the like, who go home after spending some years here. They came tractable and torpid. They go back, report says, new people, who penetrate into their old communities like so much yeast in a lot of dough. They have lost something of docility, and something probably of manners, but gained enormously in initiative and confidence. A country that is a great school for the infusion of that spirit into European pupils must be suffered to have some of the defects of its qualities. If our children get the same spirit of individual initiative that gets into sojourners here, what wonder is it? The thing is in the air. If the children didn't get it from their parents, they'd get it elsewhere.

The Absurdity of Modern Navies

The great work of making war absurd, especially naval war, goes on swimmingly. A London paragraph in the *Sun* quotes Naval-Expert JANE as rejecting the suggestion that to sink warships will be a chief use of air-ships in war-time. Not so, Mr. JANE says. But he says that experiment has settled it that all ships are clearly visible at night from a balloon overhead. But the chief protection of a battleship fleet from night torpedo attack is invisibility. When the air-ships are able to direct torpedo-boats by wireless where to find their quarry, the security of battleships will be very much impaired. The only remedy, Mr. JANE says, will be in a better and more complete net defence than ships have now, and in plenty of destroyers to meet the torpedo-boats.

No doubt Mr. JANE'S opinion is wise, but it only emphasizes the fact that the whole navy business is growing ridiculous. It has been improved, extended, and elaborated until everybody begins to see that it has lost its proper proportion. Instead of nations maintaining navies to protect them, it is getting to be that navies are using nations to maintain them. The lack of a proper sense of humor in the English and German naval boards promises to be the death of a fine old employment that has held its place among men for thousands of years. Tax-burdened peoples, groaning under the cost of naval programmes, must cry out pretty soon in a unanimous howl, "Why do we maintain such a raft of these ridiculous machines, that cost preposterously to make and keep, and eat their heads off without ever doing a stroke of productive work?" As soon as that voice is unanimous, armament will subside, and we suppose navies may dwindle to what is necessary for international police work.

Five Feet of Books

The papers have printed the titles of the books that President ELIOT has selected to fit in a five-foot shelf and supply "the essentials of a liberal education" to any one who reads them properly. The books, so far as we know them, are such as ought to be in everybody's library, to be read if the owner has the grit, and to look at, anyhow. They are admirable companions in life; such books as it is a work of uplifting beneficence to distribute, whether anybody finds a pecuniary profit in it or not.

We haven't met anybody yet who was satisfied with Dr. ELIOT'S selection. Probably he isn't satisfied himself. Literature, even good literature, is a considerable tubful, and you can't dip up a dipperful out of it without leaving a good deal in the tub. But that doesn't matter. Here's a shelfful of books coming that will make an improving difference in any mind that assimilates them. If the assimilating mind discovers that there are a lot more good books besides those on the shelf, so much the better, and so much the more improvement.

Plush Pants

It is matter of history, or possibly fable, that an American statesman to whom it was intimated, the other day, that the President would like to send him abroad as ambassador, remarked, "No plush pants for me," and went on with the letters he was signing. He was probably humoring the popular notion of diplomacy still prevailing in his native West, though it has yielded in our politer East to a more cosmopolitan conception, and the forecast of political prophecy is that the happy phrase will make him Senator from his State.

Happy phrases have done more and done less in their time, but it is not so much now a question of their power in our republic, as of the state of mind which this happy phrase expressed. In the days before the Spanish War, while we were still a hermit nation, and had not yet gone forth to all the regions of the earth in our present apostolate, whatever it is, it certainly represented the American mind. A measure of slight, verging on contempt, pervaded the American mind for its foreign ministers which might or might not have been justified by their characteristic quality as retired war-horses. When it came to any test of their comparative fitness the American war-horse showed himself quite the equal of the European chargers, who had always

"Fed on the roses and lulu in the lilies of life,"

instead of hardily cropping the wild grass of the prairie, or browsing the shoots of the primeval forest, till a commanding place was won at the public crib by sheer force of will and capacity. It rarely happened that the war horse was not able, or that he was not sufficiently self trained for real emergencies; and sometimes it happened that our minister was not a war horse at all, but a man who gave us distinction abroad by his fame in letters, it was apt to be letters.

Still, in spite of all this, in spite of the fact that our diplomatic service worked, there used to be talk of abolishing the whole system, and after the transatlantic cables came, of dealing with other nations cabinet to cabinet. But that talk ended when we left our hermitage and became a world power. Coincidently we ceased having ministers and began having ambassadors, and as we had passed from the raw stage of believing in simple manhood and had come to believe more in moneyed manhood, we wished to be represented by ambassadors who could and would pay for the honor. As a people we remained willing to be the guests of our servants. We underpaid them and we expected them to lodge themselves and to board us when we visited them as individuals. We wanted those unworthy millionaires to ask us to the embassy and to present our wives and daughters at court, and though in the vastly greater number of cases we did not and could not enjoy their acquaintance at home, we wished them (however we denied it) to welcome us to their society abroad. In most instances they probably did their best, but their best, as they understood it, was not good enough for all their fellow citizens, and most of their fellow citizens carried away sore heads and hearts. "Taking one consideration with another," the ambassador's "lot was not a happy one," and it did not always follow that he deserved a happy lot. His money merited much, but not perhaps the favor of all the Americans who would have liked to make social use of him, and whom he was mainly left to by the other Americans, less ignobly ambitious, and bent upon golden rather than gilded joys.

These, taught by experience of the pomps and vanities of the world for which those hungered, kept away from him or if they went, did not expect much beyond the nothing they got.

Not too ravidmously to fix the period, it may be taken that the career of pecunious diplomacy ended in the incident closed at Berlin with the incoming of the actual ambassador. Hereafter, the appointment of a very rich man as our representative at a foreign court will not perhaps be "viewed with alarm," but certainly with displeasure, by the whole country, which is no longer anxious to convince Europe of its riches. It is everywhere taken for granted on that continent that America is very rich, and it may now be supposed curious to know whether we are something more than rich. It is not important to satisfy this curiosity, except as the fulfillment lies in the line of our own development. We have fairly well outlived our raw wonder at our own wealth; our familiarity with millionaires has bred the proverbial contempt of them, which is not always a wise or just, or even a sincere scorn; and now we are interested to see what our other great men will look like in Europe. The war horse, with all his good qualities, was a bit strange against those alien horizons; the plutocrat was disadvantaged by the jaundiced vision of too many of his uninvited and unpresented fellow countrymen; but since we will have a diplomatic service, there is reason to think that a trained and cultivated and highly experienced man will not do us more credit than we deserve. But we ought really to try and deserve a little credit. If we send such a man abroad, we ought to pay him enough for such board as the other ambassadors have, and we ought to lodge him as handsomely in a house of our own. As for his clothing, plush pants are not perhaps the whole story. We do not know whether the American Ambassador saw attempts to wear the "dress of an American gentleman" at court. If the plush pants come in, it is because they are concomitant, but not essential; there is no reason why the American envoy should not wear black trousers, except that it is not unique. So far we may concede, but when all is said there remains that question of our national nonage whether we need any diplomatic service at all. With out it there could not, of course, be any presentations at court, unless there were a system of letters of introductions from our State Department. That might be difficult, more difficult than the transaction of international affairs, and it might cheapen presentations. The Department could not make distinctions; letters of introduction must be given to all citizenesses, like passports.

Correspondence

DEPORTATION OF FOREIGN CRIMINALS

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—A despatch from Washington to the *Sun* conveys the information that the Department of Commerce and Labor "resents" statements made in my article in HARPER'S WEEKLY for May 8th on "Fostering Foreign Criminals," and quotes "Solicitor Parker of the Immigration Department," who, however, refers to but one of several instances cited in the article wherein the construction of our ridiculously inadequate deportation law has kept the personnel of the so-called "Black Hand" in the United States. According to the *Sun:*

"The statement was made recently that the Department had rendered a peculiar decision in the case of Vincenzo Abadessa, an Italian with a long criminal record in Italy. It was said that the police requested the co-operation of the Department in Abadessa's deportation when he had completed a two year term in Sing Sing for extortion, and had been refused on the ground that when he had completed his term of imprisonment he would have complied with the law of 1907, which provides that an alien must be deported, if at all within three years of the time of his landing. When the term is completed the Italian will have been in the country in excess of three years.

"Solicitor Parker of the Immigration Bureau said to-day that the Department had never ruled in Abadessa's case, and that in similar cases it had held that terms spent by aliens in prison would not be counted in making up the three years within which they could be deported. Mr Parker said also that if it could be shown that Abadessa had committed a felony in the old country involving moral turpitude his case would be taken up immediately upon the expiration of his term in Sing Sing, and undoubtedly he would be deported."

Were it not for the circumstance that the *Sun* has a deserved reputation for accuracy, I should believe that "Solicitor Parker" had been misrepresented. If he has access to the records of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and will consult a letter written by Acting Secretary Earl to Police Commissioner Bingham on the 15th of last October, and another dated November 24 from former Immigration-Commissioner Watchorn to the same official, he will ascertain that the Department has ruled in the case of Abadessa, and precisely as stated in HARPER'S WEEKLY. He may also learn from the same archives that the Immigration Bureau is already in possession of proof that Abadessa has "committed a felony involving moral turpitude," in the form of a penal certificate from Italy showing that he had been arrested twenty seven times and convicted twenty-five times in that country before he came to the United States.

Incidentally it would be interesting to know why, if the Department of Commerce and Labor has ruled in cases similar to that of Abadessa that "terms spent by aliens in prison would not be counted in making up the three years within which they could be deported," Acting Secretary Earl was not informed of it. If, however, Solicitor Parker intends to overrule the decision of Mr. Earl and deport Abadessa, he will have to act quickly, since the sentence of this undesirable alien will expire in a few weeks.

Police-Commissioner Bingham, by the way, had this to say about the case of Abadessa in his last annual report:

"The case of another man shows how the United States seems to insist on keeping these blackmailers here. A man who is at present confined in a New York State prison, serving a sentence of two and a half years for attempted extortion, was arrested in Italy twenty seven times and convicted twenty five times. When he was sentenced to State's prison here he had been in this country less than three years. The Police Department tried to get a warrant for his arrest so that he could be deported. The warrant was refused on the ground that the man had, by serving time in prison been here more than three years in spite of the fact that he had had twenty five convictions in Italy and that before he had been in the country three years he was convicted again for blackmailing, our laws say he must stay here."

Does the Department of Commerce and Labor resent Commissioner Bingham's report?

I am, sir,
FRANK MARSHALL WHITE.

LEARN WISDOM

NEW YORK CITY

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—It would seem that the presidents and professors of our universities and colleges are at last beginning to move and toss restlessly in their long sleep. The noise from the "side shows" is waking the sleepers in the "main tent." President Woodrow Wilson, a born leader, is even on his feet doing a somnambulistic walk, and mumbling to himself that unless he can get "the gracious assistance of fathers and mothers" to help him educate their sons, he does not care to be ring master in the "main tent" any longer, and intimates his willingness to accept an outdoor job. Here is a fable: Once upon a time there was an old hen with a large brood of chicks, clucking, pecking and scratching, in a farmer's yard. A fox seeing her, said to the farmer: "That silly old hen does not know how to raise chickens; see how small and narrow her head is, and look at the breadth of mine. I have made a study of chicken-raising; I am an expert; let me take that brood and raise it." The fox's eloquence convinced the farmer and he turned the brood over to him. When night came on, with its chill and darkness, the fox having no wings under which the brood could find warmth and protection, the chicks scattered in all directions, each seeking such comfort as it could find. When the fox went to the farmer and asked that the hen be given him as an assistant, for, said he, "things are all right when the sun shines, but when it rains or gets dark and cold I need the hen to warm and protect the chicks with her wings." President Wilson, who has said and done many good things, will add another jewel to his crown if he will continue to insist that it is not the universities and colleges, as conducted at present, but the home influence that makes our splendid citizens. From the public school to the university our whole system of education is wrong, because it teaches only knowledge, never wisdom. If the student is so unfortunate as not to be taught wisdom at home, or is not blessed with sufficient character in after-life to cast out and forget most of what was taught him at college, and get wisdom for himself, he will find this world a dreary place, will make little progress, and gain nothing from this incarnation. The attainment of wisdom is the proper aim and end of man: knowledge is only one means to that end. The schools and colleges make the mistake of teaching that knowledge is the end, and the student is left to find out the mistake if he can. So many are finding out this mistake, that the conscientious educators are beginning to feel the force of public opinion. Let Dr. Wilson and those like him turn the "main tent" into an institution for the culture of the soul, not for teaching dogma, and let the "side shows" teach knowledge, and it will not then be necessary to call on the fathers and mothers for their "gracious assistance."

I am, sir,
JOHN H. GIBBONS.

"FASHIONABLE CACOEPY"

WORCESTER, ENGLAND

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—The ideas of those who, like "Subscriber," advocate pronunciation or orthography inconsistent with the general rules of grammar or the natural idiom, simply because it happens to be fashionable for the time being, or even the one given by the dictionaries, which usually only record that fashion, should be strenuously combated.

Thus the accenting of the nouns "address," "accord," "combine," "incline," "invite," "recess," "consent," "control," "detail," "ferment," etc., on the first syllable is perfectly correct, being governed by the general rule to that effect, while the verbs "accent," "perfect," "perfume," "combat," "contract," etc., should always be stressed on the last, though often not so.

True, there are some words in which it is impossible to follow the rule, such as "delay," "effect," etc., the aim should therefore only be to adhere to it *wherever possible*, which applies to all other grammatical rules also.

As a proof that even the best dictionaries cannot always be trusted I need only instance the word "ordeal," properly a dissyllable, but which in every dictionary but Skeats' is given as if in Latin tainted of Saxon origin.

I am, sir,
EVACUSTES A. PHIPSON.

Not grammar, but the best authority, regulates the use and accenting of words. The rules of grammar must scramble about and accommodate themselves as best they may to language as it is used by competent speakers and writers. Grammar has its uses, but will never, and should never, govern language. Language must govern grammar.—EDITOR.

MASTODONS IN KENTUCKY

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY *May 22, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Your last issue contains an interesting item concerning a mastodon tusk recently found in Pennsylvania. But the statement in the article that "never before have the remains of the mastodon been found so far south" is surely incorrect to a remarkable degree.

Can any one be ignorant that quantities of remains of the mastodon were found in Kentucky?

Dr. Thomas Walker, of Virginia, the first explorer of Kentucky, named the creek of "Big Bone Lick" in Kentucky on account of the quantity and gigantic size of such fossils he found in that locality. Thomas Jefferson was greatly interested, and was instrumental in having some sent to Washington, where they are now at the museum.

Quite recently an immense molar, a fossil tooth of a mastodon, was found in Kentucky, and was on exhibition at Col R. T. Durrett's home at a meeting of the Filson Club.

I am, sir,
PATTY THUN

A BUSINESS TEST

MONTREAL, N. H., *June 8, 1909*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—Please permit an old-time reader to offer a piece of wholly unselfish practical advice to those who for various reasons are compelled to seek a change of location.

The desirability of any locality for business purposes is almost in direct ratio to the number of copies of HARPER'S WEEKLY circulating regularly in such locality. This is a piece of practical wisdom, based upon years of careful observation.

I am, sir,
H. C.

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How Patrick Higgins Met John Brown

HIS STORY OF WHAT HE SAW OF THE RAID ON HARPER'S FERRY, OCTOBER 16, 1859

By Oswald Garrison Villard

PATRICK HIGGINS, for nearly fifty years a watchman of the Shenandoah Bridge at Harper's Ferry, still lives, at an advanced age, in the neighboring village of Sandy Hook, Maryland. He is almost the only survivor of the Raid who witnessed that tragedy from its very beginning until the surrender of the John Brown recruits. Now the owner of a little store by the railroad track, Mr. Higgins is a veritable theory in locks, in local wisdom, and in humor. Often besought by his neighbors and by every tourist in Harper's Ferry who hears of his existence, he readily tells the story of the wildest night of his life, when he went from his peaceful home to face sudden death at the hands of Southern fanatics of whose existence he, like all the other residents of Harper's Ferry and vicinity, had never dreamed.

"MR. HIGGINS, did you ever know John Brown?"

"Oh, yes, I knew him; he used to come ky here wid a little pick an' shovel an' said he was doing prospectin' folks in the mountains. I was a watchman at the bridge the old bridge as was. I rinted a house on this side of the river, and lived in it wid me wolfe an' chilt—we had but the wan thin. He came here in the airly part of June or July, I t'ink 'twas July, 1859, an' he lived up beyant what was called the Mountain Schoolhouse about six miles frim Harper's Ferry. He used to come down ivery day to Harper's Ferry Bridge, and he used to call himself Isaac Smith. In thim days, ye moind, we didn't know he was John Brown, an' we used to call him in fun Captain John Smith, after the men wid the Indians down in Virginia, ye know. He was as nice a man as iver ye'll see, he was intade; niver did he pass without speaking wid me an' giving me a hand shake.

"I moind whin two men came inquirin' afther him; he had only about twinty men all towld, ye moind, and they came from different States—some from one part, some from another. Of course Brown himself was from New York. I helped ta put his body on the train, afther he had been hung, whin his wife took him home.

"He wint ta live near the Mountain Schoolhouse on what is called the Kennedy farm. There's quite a big orrchard there now. He used to drive down ivery day to Harper's Ferry an' always took a big box back wid him. I suppose it had in it some of thim sharp-shooting revolvers. He had some fourteen hundred of thim spears ye heard tell of. They came down to Chambersburg, an' they hauled him over here. Oh yis, I used to see him ivery day, an' he was as foine a man as iver ye see."

"You must have been surprised, Mr. Higgins, when you afterward found out who he really was?"

"Oh, me, surprised? I guess I was! Ye see, the two of us, me pardner Bill Williams and mesilf, had six hours ivery day and six hours ivery night to watch the bridge. It was a wooded structure, the auld bridge was. The Sunday evening he came in, it was me week to go on the bridge at twelve o'clock o' night. That night me an' me woife—she's dead now—we'd been to see her folks as lived about two and a half miles from the Ferry. It was on a Sunday evening, an' me an' me woife was coming back across the bridge. Everything was as quiet as usual. We came on home, and I got supper and wint to bed. There was a watchman as always used to call me ta towse to go on the bridge before twelve o'clock. He was at the engine-house. It was about twelve minutes to twelve whin I reached the bridge. I had me lamp lit. We burned electral oil in thim days; it was made something loike coal-oil; we had niver had any coal-oil then. Aye. I remember whin we had no matches at all; the people in America don't know what improvements they have. I t'ought I niver would live to see what I see. Well, I wint out on the bridge ta the toime-clock—a toime-clock is where ye have ta take a pin and stick it in the clock ivery t'irty minutes, to show that ye have been across the bridge—and if we didn't have a pin in thin clock for every t'irty minutes of ow watch we would get discharged. I wint to the clock and waited for me pardner, but he hadn't come. I t'ought there must be something wrong. I grabbed the pin to put in the clock, and took me lamp in me hand and walked out to the railroad part of the bridge ta where, if ye took notice as ye came by, there's a little house. Just about where the little house is there used to be a switch for the railroad. Just thin I saw by the reflection from ma lamp two men standing on the railroad crossing, but separated. There is a wide span if ye took notice on thet bridge.

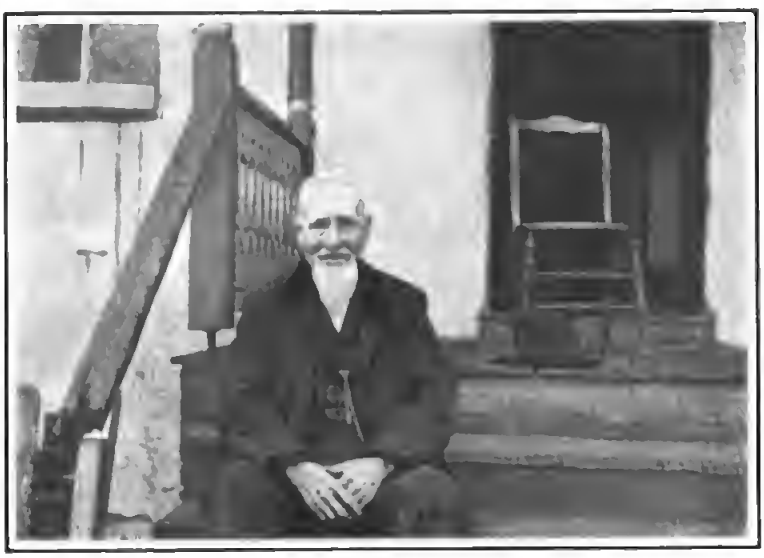
"I walked over, and one of thim called, 'Halt!' Now, I didn't know what 'Halt!' mint then, any more than a hog knows about a holiday. I didn't know what he sniat. I learned verry well what 'Halt!' mint in the four years of the warr that followed—but I kept on a-walking, an' pretty soon he 'halts' agin; but I, not knowing at all what he mint, just kept on a-moving until I was pretty near to him, whin he jabs me wid wan o' thim spikes. In fact, he made me feel a little sick. I said to him, 'I am watchman o' this bridge.' He said; 'That's all reight. Ye come along wid me. I'll watch the bridge.' I keard afterward that thin man's name was Thompson; 'twas his brother that married a daughter of John Brown's, and his pardner was the auld man's boy Oliver that was killed. I noticed that on ane side a' the bridge there was some six or eight of these spikes or spears, an' the blades of thim was sticking up. These spikes was like a hog-kanifed shovel or spade, about six feet long, wid a sharp blade, sharp as any butcher's knife. They were a kiad of an ancient weepon, and were called spikes or spears. I t'ink his idea was, was he lucky, to place these weepons in the hands o' the slaves. And under the long Scotch shawls these lads wore I saw the barrels o' rifles that hung down from their shoulders.

"At the sight of thim I became frantic. I t'ought sure they had killed me pardner, although they talked verry koind to me; but I could see the loights of the hotel on the other side—they had a very foine hotel over there—and so whin he said, 'Come along wid me,' an' reached out an' took me lamp, I doubled up me foight fist an' I struck him in the side o' his head an' I staggered him; an' as soon as iver I did that I run for the hotel like all the imps was afther me, an' it was as dark a noight as iver ye saw, and I ran me fast as iver I did across that bridge, and I niver stumbled wance. What did they do? Why, they shouted at me, an' they shot the hat off me head, and the bullet raised a little mark. D'ye moind the scar there on the top av me head to this verry day? But I didn't know whin I was running that I had got hit at all and what a close call for me loife I'd had.

"Whin I made the hotel, all out o' breath, I gave the people in the bar a description o' thim spears, an' they saw that I was verry scared, an' that I had an hat on me head, an' while some of thim believed me, still some av thim laughed at me. An' there was a colored man that used to stay in the office by the name av Shepard Haywood. He was a verry noice nagur, and was, too, very well off. He was a free man, an' was worth from fifteen to twinty thousand dollars. Yis, an' the agent, Squire Beckham, t'ought verry highly av him. I wint into the office an' they laatered me a good dale about me scare, an' I was troubled about me pardner; an' I t'ought I would go and see for mesilf if anything was the matter, so I wint to his house an' I knocked on the dure, an' I didn't want to scare his woife, but she said, 'Who's there?' An' I said, 'It's Pat,' an' then I see, sez I, 'Is Bill home?' She sez 'No,' sez she. 'What is the matther?' I didn't want to scare the woman, so I sez, 'He took the keys to the box, but I guess I'll mate him on the street.' I came back to the hotel, an' it was not long until the express train came in. I towld them there was two men out there on the bridge, an' sez I, 'If ye go il's at your own risk.' An' old Jack Phillips, he was an awful big man, he was the conductor, an' he said, 'Hand me that lamp.' Thin he called to the engineer an' said, 'Go wid me.' So he takes the lamp in his hand, an' they starts for the bridge. They hadn't gone far whin I heard two shots. The conductor stopped right thin. Thin he said: 'What's the matther there? What's the reason of this?' They said: 'Nothin's the matter. We want liberty.' So the conductor he came back an' the express train remained. The hotel was soon filled up, an' was crowded with the passengers, ladies and gintlemen, from all parts av the country, an' everybody has a different story an' no one knew anything at all about it.

"Thin there was an old gintleman lived about here ky the name of Grice; there was a log meetin' goin' on over at Ebenezer Church; him an' his two sons wint over to the meetin', an' coming on the way back they arrested him. This gintleman was put in the engine-house. You took notice where the engine-house used to stand? It's marked there now. 'Twas a verry strong little brick building wid heavy iron bars; it belonged to the Government, ye know. Thet's where Brown held his prisoners. He had packed some twinty of the tallest, strongest citizens an' had thim prisoners in that engine-house. Col. Lewis Washington was in there, an' me pardner, an' whin I found out this I was sorry I had not gone down wid me pardner.

"The conductor, he t'ought it best not to go on that bridge until auld Brown himself came and led the way over for the train. An' thin later, Haywood, the nagur, he wint around the corner o' the hotel, where you see that tall cottage now, an' they shot him right near the heart, there was a big cut under his left shoulder, and he suffered something awful. This was on the Monday morning about half past wan o'clock; and on Monday morning—of course this was Monday, only 'twas me daylight yit—we had a great



Patrick Higgins, who witnessed the raid on Harper's Ferry fifty years ago

loime to get Dr. Sperry for him, but whin he came he could do nothing for him at all at all.

"Thin there was this John Cook, he was one of Brown's men from Kansas, an' was the man who kep' writing to Brown that brought him here, wid the result following. Now Cook, he married a girl here, Virginia Kennedy; he peddled maps first whin he came here. Thin he 'tended the canal lock up there. He had been teaching school, too, down here in Virginia whin they found out about him, an' people were very wrathy against Cook because he had come there and lived amongst thim and thin turned against thim. Of course, whin the arsenal workmen came to work in the morning, Brown's men got thim all an' carried ivery wan of thim down to the engine-house, where they was all kept prisoners. He had probably one kundred prisoners down there. At wan toime of the day, whin I was in the office of the hotel, I could see roight into the fort by looking t'rough the cracks of the dure.

"An' all this time thin poor nagur Haywood was lyin' in the station cryin' for walther, walther, for God's sake bring him some walther. Now, there was a pump near by in thim toimes, but I knew thim men on the bridge would shoot me if they could see me, an' yit I didn't like not to go for the walther whin he asked me so pitiful like. He hep' on an' kep' on at me, an' finally I sez, sez I: 'Haywood, I'm going afther that walther. Likely they will shoot me or take me prisoner, and thin ye would be by yerself entoirley.' He said, 'For God's sake, Mr. Higgins, go an' tell thim me condition, an' surely they will let ye be.' So I took the pitcher in me kand, an' I was getting somewhat posted on military tactics be that toime an' knew what 'halt!' mint, for I know if wance they said that I would stop, but they niver said a word to me. Whin I passed by Thompson was on the bridge, an' a foine-lookin' fellow he was. Whin I was retorning wid the walther he asks me for a drink, and I sez, sez I, 'Hold on a bit an' I'll get ye a glass.' So I wint to the hotel an' got a glass from the agent—they had

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in thim days foine cut glass goblets—an' I took the glass and poured out the wather an' gave it to him, an' to the other wan; an' this wan, Oliver Brown, he said, 'Aren't ye the lock that struck me a little while ago?' I said, 'I was the wan.' He said: 'I'm proud that I didn't kill ye. I stumbled on Ye'd 'a' had ye, but we were verry imprudent.' I don't know what I said, for I thought 'twas all up wid me, annyhew, an' ye know a fellow will do a great dale for his loife.

"Be this toime I took notice av a little mulatta—Newby, I learned they called him—sittin' near by; there was three av thim now an' only two when I first came out on the bridge. 'Will,' sez I to thim, 'if this be a fair question, what's all this mean?' Ye may bet I was verry polite to thim. Thompson he sez, 'Tis a nagur sereape.' 'An' where is the nagur?' sez I. 'I'm wan,' sez Thompson. 'I'm another,' sez Oliver, laughing. Thin I sez, 'This wather is for a nagur, an' I would loike to be as wealthy as he is.' I sez, 'I get but wan dollar for tending this bridge for twelve hours.' Thin Thompson said: 'This is not to trouble such as you. We do not intind to trouble no wan who does not take up arms against us.' I was verry polite to him, an' I sez, sez I, 'Ye may be sure that I'll niver take up arms against ye.' Thin I towld thim that this poor nagur was suffering very badly, an' they said: 'That's all roight. Take him the wather.' Thin Oliver Brown made the remarrk, 'Let him take what he got; he ought to have done a lot he was towld.' So it appears they must have had some conversation wid the nagur before they shot him. At that toime I didn't take so much in, but afther-wards I understood it.

"When I got back to the hotel poor Haywood drank a couple av glasses, an' as soon as he swallowed it I could hear the gurgle of it in his stummick. I made was more trip over afther that. 'Tis a little Iowa, ye know, an' some wan had towld me woife that I was burled an' that wan of me limbs had been amputated, so over she comes, an' I had to go back wid her, for she wouldn't go back widout me. I called over to Thompson an' towld him me woife was there, an' that I had to take her back to the hoty. I towld him would he let me go over wid her, I'd guarentee to come back, an' so they paroled me. She didn't want me to go back, but I wint, just the same. I met many people, an' I towld thim thet their men had reptured many prisoners an' had shot Haywood, an' I sez, 'Ye'll be prisoners if yez goes.' I wint back to the station, and there I stayed 'til some time about eight o'clock Monday morning. Thin on the road across the river I could see from the office in the distance siven or eight min. They was the citizens from the different parts of the country, an' they was fully armed. Ye know they used to make arrms in Harper's Ferry—an' good arms, too. I niver seen a Colt's revolver 'til afther Brown's raid. By an' by these min on the road across wint bang! bang! They had fired on Thompson and Beeson on the bridge. An' Thompson and Oliver, they turns around where you see the warehouse; they wheels around to the end of that warehouse down into the armory yard. But this mulatto Newby they had wid thim, he runs along to the narrowest span and jumps down into the yarrd from the bridge. Somebody saw him jump an' shot this darky roight in the neck here. He fell, an' he lay there dead from nine o'clock until about five o'clock in the evening. An' when it was carried away thin, I tell ye God's truth, I saw white men come up and cut off a little piece of his ears for a relic; both ears was clean cut away. An' Brown's man Stevens, too, a great big good-lookin' man he was, was shot near the engine-house. 'Twas a brave men, too, an' when they shot him he bled something awful. I niver saw a pig bleed so much; but he lived to get well again, an' he hung, too, loike the owld man himself. Afther he fell I wint to him and he had a Colt's revolver in his pocket with silver initials 'A. D. S.' I'm sorry I didn't kape it.

"Thin they killed some three or four in the river, ye know. I think Brown had some six min an' himself in the engine-house. When the military first appeared he'd picked some fifteen av the biggest citizens of the town, an' the belance of his prisoners he had allowed to go. He thin goes into the engine-house and barricades with the engines, an' as the citizens came near he would fire on thim from there.

"Sure there was great excitement that day; they came from all parts—some from Charlestown, some from wan place an' another; and they congregated at the hotel, an' they had firearrms of all kinds an' ammunition, an' it was a dreadful day; the excitement was jist terrible. Along towards early afternoon this poor nagur Haywood he died, an' afther he dies—Mr. Beckham (the station agent and Mayor of Harper's Ferry), he owned the big house over be the hotel, I wint to him, an' I sez, 'Squire, Haywood is dead.' He came over in the hotel an' was perfectly safe. I could show you over there where they used to be a wather station near the depot to furnish wather to the passenger-trains. There was a little pump-shed standing there, an' you could look around it an' see the engine-house. Squire walked up. I called: 'Squire, don't go up any further there. Ye're not safe.' He leaned around the pump-shed to look around towards the engine-house an' I heard a report. He said 'Ouch,' an' pitched forward an' niver quivered. They shot him right through the heart. That was about four o'clock, an' he had to lay there until afther dark before we could get to him an' carry him to the hotel. Meanwhile, ye know, our boys had got this man Thompson, this nice-looking lad of Brown's, and had made him a prisoner. They tied his hands wid a piece av strong twine an' took him a prisoner to the hotel. Afther the shooting of Beckham—'twas the fourth white man killed—the people rushed to the hotel, many of thim mad wid the dhrink; for they'd rushed the saloons, an' they rerried on at a great rate. The hotel was run by a man named Foulke, an' Miss Foulke, his sister, she prayed for Thompson. So they took him out, and this George W. Chambers, who died here a few weeks ago, an' others took him out to the middle of the bridge. I had a good sight of him. They shot him down very cruelly. When they took out poor Thompson from the hotel this man Chambers said to me: 'Ye go over and get a rope for me. I want to hang this man.' I sez, sez I: 'Will, if ye are going to hang this man ye get the rope yoursilf. I'm not hanging nobody.' Poor Thompson he niver said a worrd. So they just walks up to him and put a pistol in his face an' said, 'We will kill you loike this.' An' they did. The way it was done I did not loike it; it was cold blooded murder. He fell down through the bridge to a rock on the river, for 'twas low water, an' they kep' shouting at him down in that river long after he was dead.

"Along about two o'clock the next morning came a train to Sandy Hook full of these marines. This Robert E. Lee ye've heard tell about, he was with thim, an' a man be the name av Lieutenant Greene * * another be the name of Lieutenant Stuart.* I walked with thim across the bridge, an' they waited thin tu.till along about siven o'clock. This was on Tuesday the 18th. They talked an' they picked out this Stuart, an' he went out on the bridge an' waved a big white handkerchief an' walked up to the arsenal; an' Brown, he opens the dure, an' he knew him for John Brown, for it seems he had seen him in Kansas, an' he went in an' talked with Brown, an' it appears that Brown would not surrender. Iverybody t'ought 'til that time he was Captain John, or Isaac Smith. Thin as many of the marines as could backed down towards the trestle of this bridge. It made a beautiful scene, wid ould Brown and his min firing from wadin. They got a ladder, an' they charged the engine-house; thin they backed back again; tiun they came at it again, an' they didn't shake the dure. Thin they backed down again and came down, an' this time the dure give in. I saw thim whin they was taking the prisoners out. They took thim all down to Charlestown. Thin Colonel Lee he gave orders for iverybody to lay down arrms. The citizens gave way, and the marines attended to the whole business. John Brown was not wounded bad; 'twas his head that was cut. His woife she came here the day he was hung. Afther they hung him, she took his body to North Elba, Noo York, where they buried him. That Cook that I was telling ye about, he'd got away, but they got him an' brought him back an' hung him.

"I niver wint over to Charlestown. I niver want ever even to see one ne thim hanged. An' that's how I come to know this here John Brown and his man."

* Lieutenant J. E. B. Stuart, volunteer aide to Colonel Lee later the famous Confederate cavalry leader

The Transformation of Texas

By Henry A. Horwood

TEXAS is beginning to come into its own. Ten years ago an immigration began which has steadily gained strength and breadth, until to-day a country nearly as large as New England is feeling the impact of vigorous colonization. Land that had remained for ages as Nature made it is feeling the touch of the plough. Vast stretches of waste land where only cattle roamed yesterday, and buffalo the generation before, are being opened up as farms, and settlers are coming in from every State in the Union, but especially from the Middle West.

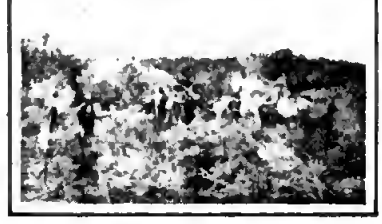
The wonder is not that such a transformation should have taken place, but that it should have been so long delayed. The land is good, the climate better, yet, while the Middle West was filling up, while the hardy pioneer was pushing farther and farther toward the Divide, Texas lay dormant. While those thousands of acres of Iowa and Kansas and Nebraska were being made to blossom, and their value was increasing from a few cents to over a hundred dollars an acre, the whole western part of Texas remained a land of cows and cow men, and its land of little value.

To-day this difference in value between the two lands is the chief reason for the great change that is coming over the face of this vast section of Texas. It is a matter of mathematics. Farmer Jones, let us say, has forty acres of land in Iowa that is worth six thousand dollars. Down in Texas he can buy land, and good land, too, for from ten to fifty dollars an acre, depending on the location. Thus he can buy one hundred and sixty acres of land, pay for it on easy terms put up a new house and still have some money in the bank. Or he can take some of his money from the bank and stake one of his younger sons in the new land of promise.

It is another act in the great American drama of conquest. These farmers played, too, in some of the earlier acts. They are the men who pushed on into the undeveloped West. But what a difference there is to-day! They do not come now in prairie schooners, and the privations of those days are unheard of. They come to Texas in special railway coaches, with an attendant who answers questions, with a dining car for their comfort, with automobiles to meet them when they arrive at their destination. It is pioneering *de luxe*. What must the old-timers think when they come into this new country to pick a farm if their thoughts go back only a single generation to the days when they fought their way against hardship that seems now to be only tradition?

A change such as is going on in Texas in any other State would call for only passing notice; in Texas it is a matter of national importance. She, with her vast area, will some day be the Empire State of the Union, her resources will equal those of any nation in Europe; she will, in fact, when one day she comes into her own, be a nation herself in strength and size and population.

Texas could contain all of the people of the United States and still have a density of population less than that of Massachusetts or Rhode Island. She could provide a thirty-two-acre farm for each of 6,315,000 people, which is equivalent to saying that all the farmers now living in this country, save only those of Indiana and Illinois, could find a thirty-two-acre farm in the Lone Star State. At the last census she ranked sixth; she could still have half her area uninhabited and rank first if the remaining half were occupied by farmers.

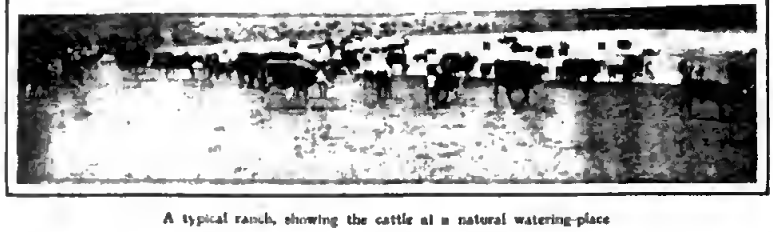


Clearing land for new settlers

West Texas, where the land development is in progress, contains 155,791 square miles and fewer inhabitants than are in the city of Cleveland. There is a rectangular strip on the New Mexico border comprising eight counties aggregating 8800 square miles, more territory than possessed by the States of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Delaware; yet at the last census there were only 320 persons in that vast section, fewer persons than live in one double East Side tenement! Yet no one claims that the land is impossible of cultivation. That greatest of all civilizers and builders, the railroad, has not reached it yet; that is all that is the matter with it.

Texas should have begun her awakening fifteen years ago, but was held back by the strangest bigotry that ever beset a people. The raising of cattle was practically the only industry in that whole section of West Texas. Big ranches ranging from over a million acres to a hundred thousand acres were the rule. In figuring on their profits the owners of these ranches allowed each cow twenty acres to roam over. In other words, for every thousand acres of land there could be only fifty head of cattle. This, with the land figured as worth three dollars an acre, netted three per cent. profit on the investment.

Now one might reasonably suppose that, if a farmer were to come along and demonstrate that the land was good for crops and was, as a consequence, worth from ten to fifteen dollars an acre in a few years, those cow men would have embraced the farmer on the spot.



A typical ranch, showing the cattle at a natural watering-place

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that they did just the reverse. They did their utmost to drive the farmer off the land and to discourage those who might take it into their heads to come into the cattle country.

Nothing was left undone to prove that the country was unfit for anything more respectable than a cow. The cowboys and the nesters, as these farmers were derisively called, were in an everlasting feud, and many are the deaths that can be traced to this strange warfare that existed between the two forces.

But Nature was not to be beaten. The nesters gradually but steadily increased. More and more did they encroach upon the streams and keep the cattle from the water. Then it was accidentally discovered that cotton could grow in Central West Texas. Its discovery is as interesting as it was important. A farmer bought some cottonseed to feed to his stock. One day, after feeding them, a few of the seed stuck in the bottom of the pail, and, wanting to use the pail for another purpose, he scraped the seeds out with his hand and threw them away into the field bordering his pens. Then he promptly forgot all about the occurrence. But a couple of months later some bushes he noticed were different from those indigenous to West Texas, and the farmer and his wife were curious about them. They watched them every few days and remarked about them. One day the queer balls burst open and the farmer knew that it was cotton, and, being keen-sighted into the bargain, he knew, too, that Central West Texas had found an industry.

Down in the Gulf coast country another state of affairs existed, and the story of its sudden development is almost as romantic as that of the cotton country. It was a lack of water that stood in the way down there. The climate is semi-tropical, but in all the stretch from the Rio Grande to Corpus Christi there was scarcely a drop of water.

And so this almost Paradise existed as a cow country, except in a few isolated spots and along the Rio Grande; and for years far-sighted men lamented the fact that the only thing that prevented it from being one of the most productive regions in the whole country was the scarcity of water. Then one day during the oil boom in East Texas, when every boodleboiler hoped that there was oil under his land, they bored for oil on the Gulf coast. And they discovered water! It gushed out like a fountain. And now over a stretch of a hundred miles they can get artesian water and they know not what the limits are. For all the time that great section lay parched under a semi-tropical sun there was, not eight hundred feet below it, a great lake of cool water gathered from some source perhaps hundreds, perhaps thousands of miles away, and lying there for ages waiting for man to tap it that it might make the land blossom.

America has suddenly become possessed of a land nearly if not quite as vast as Southern California, with a climate as mild, a land where the bananas will ripen, where oranges grow and grapes thrive, a land cooled by the Gulf of Mexico and warmed by a Southern sky, a land further South than Florida and nearer East than California.

Take the Panhandle part of Texas. That is the part of the State that pokes its nose into a groove made between Oklahoma and New Mexico. At the last census Dallam County had a population of 146. At that time Dalhart, her present county seat was a cattle-pen. To-day Dalhart has well over two thousand inhabitants, with electric lights, water works, and telephones, to boot. The surrounding country is opened up, and in one day recently five train loads of home-seekers landed at that town and were met by thirty-eight automobiles, and were taken over the surrounding country to view the farms. And the town is not yet a decade old.

Amarillo is another Jack-and-the-bean-stalk town. In 1900 the whole county had 1,800 inhabitants. Three years later Amarillo had 4,200 inhabitants, and a year ago there were no less than 12,000 persons living there. It now has mills and elevators, factories and railroad shops. Is it any wonder that those dizzy people predict that it is destined to be another Denver of the plains?

Practically none of the Panhandle depends upon irrigation. They grow wheat to some extent, but the principal occupation is stock-raising on small farms, an industry that more and more is being substituted for the great ranches. Usually a farmer will take 160 acres, raise his feed on forty, allow twenty for his house and pasture, and use the remaining hundred for cattle. The result has been a general improvement in the breed of cattle over the days when cattle ranged over a vast territory and had to take care of themselves.

A field of alfalfa near Amarillo, Texas

West of the Panhandle section lies that other vast territory known as Central West Texas. A very peculiar natural freak called the cap rock divides this part of the State from that north of it. It is a precipitous drop of several feet extending in a crooked line over many hundred miles. The climate here is a little different from that above the cap rock, rainfall is slightly less and the climate milder, though heavy snow is not unknown. In the old cattle days it was no uncommon thing to have thousands of cattle freeze to death in this region.

But the land is practically all good. They raise all that is grown in the northern counties, with the addition of cotton. In this latter industry they are blessed with a total absence of boll weevil, and it is believed that owing to the climate they will never have the pest, for the reason that it cannot survive so cold a climate.

Here, too, the story of town growth is almost beyond belief. Stamford, nine years ago, consisted of a patch of thriving blades of grass. Then the Texas Central decided to push on from Albany and to make that patch of grass a terminal. Three years ago it had developed such a sturdy physique that its citizens subscribed $50,000 and induced a Methodist college to locate there, where it now has five buildings that many a larger town might be proud of. Its seven thousand inhabitants enjoy all the comforts of a modern town; there are nearly two hundred establishments of various kinds, and its railroad tonnage is seventy-five million tons yearly. Nine years ago one could have bought the whole place for $25,000; to-day it is taxable at $7,000,000. Nine years ago, as far as the eye could see there was nothing but grazing-land; now there is nothing but farm land under cultivation.

Texas has the reputation of being a tough place where one's life is liable to be blown out of existence at any moment. But as a matter of fact, if one were to draw a broad line from Fort Worth to El Paso, a distance of eight hundred miles, there would be found only one town along that line that tolerates saloons. Take the country west of this line, comprising more than a quarter of the State, and in the whole region there are less than half a dozen towns where saloons are allowed to do business. In other words, in this section where, according to the education one derives from fiction, every other man is drunk, and the other one is engaged in shooting up the town, there is less liquor sold than in one block in any large city in the East.

The most spectacular boom of all is going on in the Gulf coast country. In the northern counties they are mild in their claims, they say they have land that is fully as good as the average and at a much less price; but on the Gulf coast they know no limit. And they have good reason. No one knows what the limit will be. Whatever has been tried has blossomed, water is plentiful and seemingly inexhaustible, the sun is kind, and the people are flocking in so fast that they cannot be counted. Is it any wonder that they shout instead of talk?

On the western end of the Gulf coast country is the Rio Grande valley. Until the St. Louis, Brownsville, and Mexico road was put through, this section was practically off the map so far as commerce went. Now it is distinctly on the map. For centuries the Rio Grande has been depositing a rich lot of mud all over the delta as if in anticipation of a hungry lot of settlers who would some day come into the land and call it the American Nile. Irrigation canals are stretching out from the river at a half-dozen points, giving drink to thousands of acres of fine land in this newly discovered Eden, and farmers by the hundred are already taking from the rich soil the heritage that centuries has brought it.

Some day they expect that this delta will be the American sugar-bowl. Last year we imported three and a half billion pounds of cane sugar; all of which shows that there is a fair-sized market in this country for native-grown sugar. They claim that the quality there is better than that of Cuba and Java, but they do not need to; it is sufficiently startling to announce that a new sugar-bowl has been added to the country's dinner table.

Kingsville is perhaps the most remarkable town on the Gulf coast. On July 4, 1904, the town consisted of one house occupied by the engineer who was building the railroad. To-day Kingsville has over two thousand inhabitants and all the modern comforts. But all along this remarkable region that extends from Corpus Christi to Brownsville are townlets that grew up in the night.

The first strawberries, watermelons, and other vegetables that reach the Northern markets come from this region. That is what makes the opening up of the land so valuable; for when the facts that it is fifteen hundred miles nearer to St. Louis than is California, and that it can supply the Northern markets with fresh vegetables in the dead of winter, are taken into consideration, it is plain that no one can estimate with any degree of accuracy the future that lies before it.

An acre of white roses

Cotton-picking near Hillsboro

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LONDON FROM AN "INVADER'S" WAR-BALLOON

The Thames flows from west to east, the greater portion of the city shown being on the north shore. The dominating building in the foreground is St. Paul's Cathedral. Leading up to its front (west) entrance is Ludgate Hill. The street running from the bottom of the photograph diagonally toward its northeast corner is Newgate Street, which here bends into Cheapside. On the south side of the Cathedral toward the river is seen the curved course of Queen Victoria Street, which cuts into Cannon Street not far from the Cannon Street Station, extending to the railroad (middle) bridge over the Thames. The bridge to the west (right) of this is Southwark, and to the east (left) London Bridge, whose spans of arches mark the highest point to which sea-going vessels can ascend the river

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"Warfare" as a Benefit

THREE THOUSAND REGULARS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY, REPRESENTING EVERY BRANCH OF THE SERVICE, WILL ENGAGE IN A TOURNAMENT IN BAY VIEW PARK, TOLEDO, OHIO, DURING THE WEEK BEGINNING JULY 5TH, IN AID OF THE ARMY RELIEF SOCIETY

Major-General F. D. Grant, commanding the Department of the Lakes, who will have supreme authority at the tournament at Toledo

ANY one who is interested in the United States Army will have a fine chance to see how every branch of the service does its work in the military tournament which will be held at Toledo, Ohio, during the week of July 5th to July 10th inclusive. Our whole Army will be represented there in epitome, going through stirring exhibitions each afternoon and evening of the actual work on the march, in the camp, and on the field. The efficiency of the Army will there be demonstrated as thoroughly as was the efficiency of the Navy in the recent cruise of the battleship fleet around the world.

This will be the first opportunity ever afforded to the public to observe the infantry, cavalry, artillery, engineers, signal corps, medical and subsistence departments hard at work together under actual service conditions. There will not be a dull moment. The rattling fire of infantry deployed as skirmishers, their preparation for attack, preliminary attack, and final attack will be interspersed with the charges of cavalry, the roar of field artillery, the swift and magical business of bridge-building, the use of wireless telegraph, heliograph, and field wires by the signal corps, the scaling of walls, and the carrying off and care of the wounded under fire. The pomp and circumstance of war will be there, but the swift, strong, accurate business of war will also be there in great preponderance.

The history of the tournament is interesting. The representatives of the greatest city in the Western World tried to secure it for their own, but when they visited the War Department at Washington they found that the Chamber of Commerce of Toledo had got in several weeks ahead of them. These enterprising and triumphant gentlemen not only offered one of the healthiest and most beautiful camp sites imaginable, but guaranteed the $30,000 necessary for preliminary expenses. All the profits from the exhibitions will go to the Army Relief Society, a charitable organization for the benefit of the widows and the support and education of orphans of deceased officers and enlisted men of the United States Army.

The troops will assemble on July 2d, at Camp William H. Taft, under command of Major-General Frederick D. Grant, commanding the Department of the Lakes. The field events will be under the charge of Captain A. J. Bowley, First Field Artillery, United States Army, aide-de-camp to General Grant. Three thousand officers and men, the pick of the Army, will encamp in an eighty-acre enclosure of rolling ground and plain, in Bay View Park, on the shores of Maumee River and Bay. The soldiers are always in training, of course, but for months they have especially fitted themselves for this tournament—the first of its kind ever authorized by the War Department. The manœuvres and drills and mimic fighting will be done with a speed and vim surprising to civilians. The commands detailed to the tournament are: the Second Infantry, from Fort Thomas, Kentucky, whose predecessors participated in the defence of Fort Meigs on the war of 1812; the Tenth Infantry, from Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana; the machine-gun platoons of the Second, Tenth, and Twenty-seventh Infantry, and Fifteenth Cavalry; six companies of the Twenty-seventh Infantry, the third squadron of the Fifteenth Cavalry, and Battery "F" of the Fifth Field Artillery, from Fort Sheridan, Illinois; Company "L," Third Battalion Engineers, and Company "A," Signal Corps, from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; balloon detachment of the Signal Corps, with United States Dirigible No. 1, from Fort Omaha; Company "C," Hospital Corps, and a detachment of cooks and bakers from the barracks at Washington, D. C.

Eleven thousand spectators in the grand stand and thirty thousand in the field will be able to follow every movement of the soldiers in their drills and battle manœuvres. The installation will be a model of what the fighting men's home should be. The soldiers will live in the camp, of course, and the visitors will see them in every ordinary phase of service conditions. The field hospital will be efficient, clean, pretty, and attractive enough to make illness a luxury. The quarters of the officers and men will be in ordinary service tents, and thus the civilian world will have the opportunity of learning how the militant half lives. Not the least attractive feature of Camp William H. Taft will be the field kitchen, on the south side of the enclosure, and especially the field ovens in which the bread for the entire force will be baked every day.

Battery F, Fifth Field Artillery, firing blank cartridges at a drill in practice for the mimic battle at Toledo

Captain A. J. Bowley, in charge of the military events at the tournament

In a week's programme entirely made up of such stirring events it is impossible to name one feature as most attractive, or even as more attractive, than any other. Perhaps the best way to convey an idea of the proceedings is to quote from the order of exercises, here, for example, is the programme for

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7 (2.30 P.M.)

1. Shelter-tent Drill and Wall Scaling.
   1st Battalion, 2d Infantry.
2. Exhibition Drill.
   Machine-gun Platoons, 2d and 27th Infantry.
3. Cavalry Drill, School of the Trooper, horseback.
   3d Squadron, 15th Cavalry.
4. Infantry Drills; Butts Manual.
   2d Battalion, 2d Infantry.
5. Cavalry Drill, close and extended order.
   3d Squadron, 15th Cavalry.
6. Exhibition Drill.
   Company "A," Signal Corps.
7. Retreat Parade.
   Provisional Regiment; 2d and 27th Infantry.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7 (8 P.M.)

1. Infantry Drill; close order.
   3d Battalion, 10th Infantry.
2. Cavalry Drill; School of the Trooper, horseback.
   3d Squadron, 15th Cavalry.
3. (a) Infantry Drill; extended order: 1. Preparation for attack. 2. The preliminary attack. 3. The final attack.
   2d Battalion, 10th Infantry.
   (b) Care of wounded.
   Company "C," Hospital Corps.
4. Infantry Drill; Butts Manual.
   1st Battalion, 10th Infantry.
5. Construction and Destruction of Trestle Bridge.
   Company "L," 3d Battalion of Engineers.
6. Field Artillery Drill.
   Battery "F," 5th Field Artillery.
7. Cavalry Drill; close and extended order.
   3d Squadron, 15th Cavalry.

In the carrying out of the programme the actual conditions of war will be simulated as closely as pos

The Third Squadron of the Fifteenth Cavalry ready for drill, preparatory to the military tournament

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Troops of the Third Battalion, Twenty-seventh Infantry, and members of the Hospital Corps, practising for the tournament at Fort Sheridan, Illinois

stile. When, for example, two infantry commands come out in extended order and begin firing at each other, with everything managed as at in actual battle—except, of course, the firing of bullets—all the roar and rattle and crackling of rifle-fire will be actually heard. Men will dart forward upon signal, drop in their places, and fire on the foe. Here and there officer or man will stagger and fall as if actually wounded, and the victim will be carried away on a stretcher by men of the hospital corps or on a travois dragged by a horse just as if a battle were really being fought. The bandaging of wounds, the marking of the stricken with

The type of field bakery which will be exhibited

U. S. Dirigible No. 1 in flight

A signal corps cart laying a telegraph line

diagnosis tags—all details will be attended to. Here is another phase of the entertainment, as described in the official programme:

Shelter-tent Drill and Wall Scaling: These illustrate the method of troops bivouacking in the field. The equipment worn is the regulation equipment of the infantry soldier. After the camp has been pitched, the "General" will be sounded, camp will be struck and the men assembled. At the sound of "Call to Arms" the troops will move to the attack. A wall twelve feet high will be used to illustrate the methods by which soldiers are instructed to overcome obstacles without outside assistance.

Troops on the march will be accompanied by the Signal Corps. The military function of the Signal Corps is the transmission of information within the lines of an army. It consists of a body of officers and enlisted men highly trained in telegraphic, telephonic, flag, lantern, and other methods of sending information. The Signal Corps also has charge of military aeronautics.

The interesting work of the corps is illustrated in the arena in manœuvring the various vehicles forming its train, establishing field telephone and telegraph lines, erecting wireless stations, etc. The methods of individual signalling by flags, heliograph, lanterns, smoke bombs, and rockets will also be shown.

United States Army Dirigible No. 1, intended for use in war, is on the camp ground and open for inspection. Ascents will be made daily, weather permitting.

Few citizens of the Middle West, or, for that matter, of any other part of the country, have ever seen more than a few companies of Uncle Sam's regulars at one time. This exhibition of the whole Army in epitome will be educational as well as thrilling. What can be more instructive than the work of the cavalry in this tournament? The cavalry has been called the eyes and ears of an army. Its qualifications are mobility and celerity, and the entire system of training has these objects in view. The cavalryman is given both dismounted and mounted drills, for he is obliged to fight on foot as well as on horseback. The drills shown are disciplinary only, had with the end in view of training the brains and muscles of the men and of developing the spirit of loyalty and obedience, so that the entire command may be united into one formidable machine.

While the exercises to be exhibited in the arena will not illustrate real battle conditions, still they are of vital importance in the general discipline of the cavalry command. The drills serve to keep men and horses in fit condition physically and accustom them to accept unusual conditions fearlessly. The close and extended order drills will be executed at a trot or a gallop, and will cover every feature of the school of the troop and squadron. There will be much fast riding in line, changing direction and formation, battle exercises, mounted and dismounted. Blank ammunition will be used to illustrate fire discipline. Troops of cavalry will charge against each other, halting just before the contact. The melée will follow and the pursuit of one force by the other will be shown. Musical riding drill by the cavalry will also be exhibited. This drill should prove of great interest in illustrating the accuracy in which horses and men can be trained to execute intricate movements with no other command than the whistle.

The bareback drills will be exhibitions of mounted gymnastics. They are had to teach horsemanship, agility, fearlessness, and confidence. Cavalrymen will take their horses over high hurdles, dismounting and vaulting their horses as the hurdles are taken. They will ride two, three, and even four horses over hurdles while standing upon the horses' backs. They will dismount from a galloping quartette of horses, vault three and mount face to the rear on the fourth as these horses jump a high hurdle. Many other interesting difficult acrobatic feats will be exhibited by these bareback riders. The public will have an opportunity to see that the enlisted man of the United States cavalry is a highly trained horseman and athlete.

The field artillery, always an important arm of the service, has grown in importance in recent years with the improvement in guns and powder. It reached its high development during the war in Manchuria, in which conflict it showed unequalled efficiency. A battery of field artillery to-day is equipped with four 3-inch guns, carriages, and limbers; twelve field caissons and limbers, complete; one battery and forge wagon, and one store wagon. In addition to these carriages it is provided with sufficient wagons for carrying forage and rations. Extra ammunition is carried with the ammunition-train of the Army.

The new quick-fire field gun will prove an object of very great interest. It will be subject to inspection at all times.

The field artillery drills in the arena will cover the regular battery drills, including movements by sections, platoons, and battery; the unlimbering and limbering of carriages; the going into action; firing of blank ammunition; and many other movements usual to the training of a battery for service in time of war. Wounded horses will be cut out, and the drill continued with diminished number of horses to each carriage. Section contests will be held to illustrate the quickness with which horses can be harnessed and the pieces brought into action. Many a thrill may be expected from the fast and interesting drills of the battery of field artillery.

More himself can learn something new about the art of war if he will visit Toledo during the week beginning with the Fourth of July.

NEW YORK'S GREAT NEW BRIDGE CONSTELLATION

THE QUEENSBORO BRIDGE WAS OPENED TO TRAFFIC ON MARCH 30, 1909, AFTER HAVING BEEN EIGHT YEARS IN BUILDING. IT IS THE LARGEST PUBLIC CANTILEVER SPAN IN THE WORLD. IT HAS A LENGTH OF 3,724½ FEET, 101 FEET ABOVE MEAN HIGH WATER, CARRIES A TOTAL DEAD LOAD OF 120,000,000 POUNDS, AND HAS FOUR TROLLEY, FOUR ELEVATED RAILROAD TRACKS, AND TWO PROMENADES

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Our New Summer Capital

THE "summer capital" of the United States, of recent years located at Oyster Bay, will this summer be transferred to the environs of Beverly, on Massachusetts Bay. The President has secured for the summer the Stetson cottage on Woodbury's Point, which lies to the east of the more thickly settled part of the city, and is about nineteen miles from Boston. The house, a large, unpretentious, two-and-one half story structure, stands on the midst of spacious grounds, its south side facing the bay, and its veranda commanding an attractive view toward Marblehead. Within easy motoring distance is the Myopia Hunt Club at Hamilton, where Mr. Taft will have at his disposal an eighteen hole golf course covering some hundred and eighty acres of land.

On three sides of the house run verandas. The rooms are large, and the house is fully furnished. Near the end of the point is a small pier which extends into deep water, which may serve as a landing for whatever vessel is put at the President's disposal by the government.

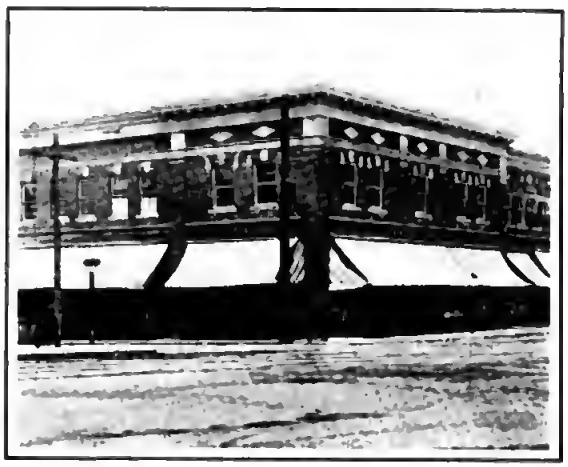
There is opportunity along the south shore for varied driving, motoring, and horseback riding. Among Mr. Taft's neighbors are Judge William H. Moore, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Sr., Henry C. Frick, Mrs. Levi Z. Leiter, and others who have summer homes near Beverly.

For the executive offices, the government has had the proffer of the rooms of the Beverly Board of Trade, on Cabot Street, the town's main thoroughfare.

The President's selection of Beverly as a site for the summer capital is said to be the outcome of a consideration of various available places including Manchester and Gloucester. The choice of Beverly is understood to have been influenced by Mr. Taft's friend, John Hays Hammond.

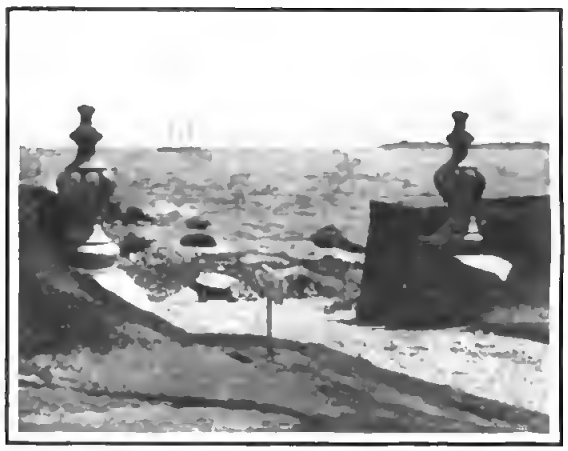
The Stetson cottage on Woodbury's Point (known locally as "Burgess Point"), fronting Massachusetts Bay, where the President will spend the summer as soon as Congress lets him off

The entrance to the Stetson cottage, from the approach on the land side



The quarters on Cabot Street which have been offered for the government's executive offices

The Myopia Hunt Club at Hamilton, where Mr. Taft will find a famous eighteen-hole golf-course



The entrance to the President's summer home, Woodbury's Point, from the water side of the grounds

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THE OMNISCIENT ONE

A MERRY little page was caught in the act of sliding down the bannisters of the grand staircase in a certain episcopal palace in England. The bishop heard of the incident and sent for the offender. The boy dragged his tobogging feet into the library and stood quaking in the lordly presence.

"Well, sir," said the bishop in his most magisterial manner, "this palace is no place for your nonsense. You know that, don't you? Who is it that is in this house always, in every part of it, who sees everything, hears everything, punishes all ill-doing?"

"The mouse, my lord," replied the page, quivering, yet not without a twinkle in his eye.

THE LAST STRAW

Dolly's the dearest girl on earth;
  Besides her grace and charm and beauty,
She has a mind of sterling worth
  And a compelling sense of duty.
I love her pretty girlish ways—
  But now, alas, to my regret,
Dolly has caught the modern craze,
  She has become a Suffragette!

I didn't mind when Dolly's pal
  Was raising mushrooms in the cellar;
Although she had it rather bad,
  And grew to look like some cave-dweller.
I didn't care when she took up
  The Crystal Gaze and Planchette;
But now deep sorrow fills my cup,
  For Dolly is a Suffragette!

I really rather liked her whim
  When she went in for hygienics;
She was so graceful in the Gym,
  So picturesque at calisthenics.
I smiled at her Bohemian cult,
  And I forgave her cigarette;
But I'm surprised at the result,
  Dolly is now a Suffragette!

Her charities I didn't snub,
  I put up with her East Side slumming;
I let her join a woman's club—
  (I little dreamed of what was coming!).
But now she's mannish, loud and bold,
  I've lost my dainty, gay coquette;
My heart is sad—my love's grown cold,
  Now Dolly is a Suffragette!

CAROLYN WELLS.

POULTRY NOTES

A NEW hawk-proof chicken incubator has been invented by a man in Skeneateles, who calls it "a safety raiser."

A curious freak of nature in upper New York has caused a hen that ate a great deal of gravel with its corn to lay a rock's egg.

A poultryman in eastern New Jersey whose hens refused to brood began reading a series of Socialist editorials to them every night, and they have been brooding ever since.

A brood of chickens hatched last season under an Easter hat have recently taken to laying colored eggs, if our Wyandotte correspondent is veracious; and there is no reason why he should be untruthful, since he is already in jail for other crimes.

Hens are very fond of charcoal as a sort of delicacy with their meals, but for a real broiler anthracite is more effective, especially when reduced to a glow and placed directly under the gridiron on which the broiler lays.

No, George, because you have a particularly fresh rooster in your chicken yard is no sign that he was hatched from a particularly fresh egg. As to your second query, What do we do with our broilers at night? we would say that, as a rule, we eat them.

A correspondent wants to know if there is any way of discovering the age of an egg without opening it. There is. If you will carry it out upon the street and let it drop upon the sidewalk it will open itself, and the number of notches that appear in the shell at the point where it comes apart will give you a pretty close estimate of the number of months that have elapsed since it burst into the full glory of egg hood.

Oyster shells and clam shells powdered make an excellent dentifrice for chickens, but bombshells and army cartridges are not a desirable adjunct to the cosmetics of the coop, the particles of gunpowder still clinging to them making them dangerous. A pullet with only ninety grains of powder in its stomach exploded the other night when dropped by a chicken-thief near Nashville, Georgia, and scared him so that he has passed for a white man ever since.

MRS. PETER RABBIT. "WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING, PETER RABBIT?" PETER RABBIT. "I'VE JUST BEEN GETTING RID OF THIS SUPERFLUOUS HARE—THAT IS ALL, MY LOVE."

THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON—WEIGHING THE SUMMER BOARDER

HELPS FOR THE COLLEGE ORATOR

(The following sentences have been put together for the use of Commencement and other Orators who may need a little help in the preparation of their efforts.)

Arm like the carolling thrush at e'en that lays his heavy hoof upon the neck of dawn, let us rise in our might and extend to them the kindly eye of welcome.

Then as the sullen sea with mighty rush sweeps onward o'er the prairies, lighting the glittering hills with its fitful glare, so let us seize the helm of the chariot of time, and standing on its prow as it cleaves the icy snow upon life's blossoming towers, reach out and grasp the fruit that clogs the caves of Opportunity.

And should some sullen cloud arise, on which our faltering footsteps stumble, let us turn again to the soft whisperings of Nature, thundering forth in tones that make the welkin tumble like the summer rain upon the bamboo thatch, and hear again those precious words we ne'er have heard before, "'Tis only the Successful that Succeed!"

Unerringly as turns the hour-glass to the pole, so may we, while climbing downward to the arduous peaks of failure, take this comfort to our souls, that many another striving spirit, cumbered in the gleaming shrine of effort, blindly groping through rock-bound coasts of toil, like ourselves has seen the golden apples turn to ashes in his tear-stained hands.

And when Ambition's sail rings in your ears like some glorious anthem from the founded depths of some Antillean cave, let not desire guide you to the goal, but ever keep your Honor out of reach, and let the soft still voice of Conscience go reining down the years to tell the generations gone before not only that one who could would not, but that one who would could not, and when the deed called for the doing did not.

So we, with oar in hand, run blithely on the field of chance, and with an eager eye, urged by the silent cheerings of the soul, implant the flag of high achievement on our bay crowned breasts.

And when the Palm is won, we'll nail it to the mast, and 'neath its starry folds march on, all careless of the jeers that drip upon our footsore brows from multitudes struck dumb by envy.

The world awaits us, standing at the open doors now closed, behind which lie revealed the hidden laurels soon to crown our speeding feet, which with outstretched hands we blindly seek to seize, and win the harbor blest toward which the gallant steeds of earnest effort have borne us in their wild aerial flight.

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The Cautious King, and the All-round Wise Woman

By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. A. WILLIAMS

THE caution of the King had skipped a generation. His own parents had been exceeding reckless people, his mother having died when he was very young, from an accident on a chute the chute, and his father having also perished when his son was of very tender years, from pneumonia contracted by sitting in a draught, listening to a very long-winded speech made by his Prime Minister. But the King's grandparents had been so cautious that they had lived to be very old people. The present King was very like his grandparents. He had his grandfather's eyes, and his grandmother's nose, and he had inherited the mental traits of both. These last he evinced when he was a baby in the cradle. He cried, and cried, and made himself so very stiff in the back, and red in the face, that everybody was horribly worried. They called in all the eminent physicians in the kingdom, and the best trained nurses, and they did all they could, but all to no purpose.

At last the situation seemed very desperate. There was a consultation of the eminent physicians, and they agreed that if the King could not be quieted before long he might die, and that would leave his male heir to the throne, and the uncle was a very disagreeable man, who petted the Tariff. We will later on describe what an awful thing the Tariff was, and how the people dreaded him.

The physicians did not like to adopt such a course, because they were very jealous of her, but they finally decided that the only possible chance for the King lay in calling in the All-round Wise Woman. The All-round Wise Woman was not recognized as an authority by physicians in regular standing, and yet sometimes they were forced to consult her in emergencies.

The All-round Wise Woman was a very singular person. She was called "all round" because of both her mental and physical attributes. She knew something of all knowledge, and she was round as to her physical make-up. She was as round as a woman could be and not be actually a ball. She was acquainted with all the living languages and all the dead languages. Of course she had to talk to herself in the dead languages, because there was nobody else to talk to. That was how she amused herself. She talked to herself in dead languages, and knitted. She was knitting an umbrella of water-proof silk large enough to cover the whole city. She considered that it would be a great national boon. It could be used on very hot summer days and during rains. Of course it would throw dealers in umbrellas and parasols out of employment, but the people in the city were very patriotic, and they bought a great many umbrellas and parasols in order to enable the dealers to grow rich enough to retire when the city umbrella could be completed.

The All-round Wise Woman lived in a very singular house. It was round, and stood on a strong stem. It looked very much like a puffball, but the stem was constructed like a gigantic corkscrew, and the whole house could be moved on it as on a pivot. By pressing something which looked like an electric button, the house would swing around on its pivot, and the woman consequently could always have the sun or moon shining in the windows of the room which she occupied. The house was entered by means of a skylight. When the woman wished anybody to enter, she threw from this skylight a rope ladder, and she stood with a loaded gun until the head of her visitor appeared. If she wished to admit the visitor she put away the gun, otherwise she fired. The gun was loaded with very strong snuff, and the undesirable visitor would slide sneezing violently down the rope ladder. Usually he would be obliged to lie on the ground outside the house and sneeze about half the day before he recovered sufficiently to be able to leave the precincts. When the delegation from the King's palace went to interview the Wise Woman, she let down the rope ladder as usual, and the Prime Minister climbed up while the woman stood underneath the skylight. "Who is there?" she demanded, and levelled her gun loaded with snuff.

"It is only me," replied the Prime Minister. He had risen from the ranks, and never need good grammar when he was nervous, and it always made him nervous to have a gun pointed at him.

The Wise Woman lowered her gun at once. "If," said she, "you are me, you are not yourself, and it is not sense, but never mind. You may enter."

So the Prime Minister put a leg up over the skylight and entered, and told the Wise Woman how very anxious they were about the King. "He weeps so incessantly," said the Prime Minister, "that the Court Physician says he may rupture a basal-vessel."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said the Wise Woman. "You don't even know that he has a blood-vessel. Why, my sakes alive! you don't know that he has a rawboat. He isn't made wrong side out, is he?"

"Of course he isn't," replied the Prime Minister, who had now recovered sufficiently to speak grammatically. "He is a most beautiful and perfect King. It is not that at all. But every one knows that perfect people have blood-vessels."

"Nobody knows for sure what he has neither seen, felt, or tasted or heard," replied the Wise Woman. She sat on a little round stool and the Prime Minister on another. There was between them a round table, on which were a round lamp and a round book, in which was written the wisdom of the Wise Woman. A portrait, in a round frame, of the Wise Woman's grandfather, who had been a noted wizard, completed the furniture of the room. The Prime Minister looked at the Wise Woman, who continued knitting on the City Umbrella, and said nothing for a while. The Prime Minister wished very much to smoke, but did not dare, because his hostess did not approve of it. The Prime Minister, because he could not smoke and needed to do something reverted to a custom of his childhood. He popped a thumb into his mouth and sucked it, while his big eyes watched the Wise Woman. She did not speak for an hour. She never spoke without much reflection. When she did speak, she rose at the same time and laid her knitting work aside. "I," said she, "will go with you and see the King." She entered her bedroom, and emerged shortly with a round bonnet on her head, and a round cape over her shoulders. She stood up on her stool, and clambered out of the skylight, and the Prime Minister after her. When they had gone down the rope ladder she removed it—it had automatic hooks—and placed it in a box which she kept for the purpose in her garden. The box was labelled "Dynamite. The Rope Ladder is not Within," and was consequently a very safe hiding-place. The Wise Woman locked the box, which had a large padlock, and put the key in her petticoat pocket. Then she and the Prime Minister set out for the palace. They heard the loud and piteous wails of the King as soon as they came in sight of the walls, and also the Prima Donna singing a lullaby.

"It is terrible," sighed the Prime Minister.

"I don't know a thing about babies crying on Mars," replied the Wise Woman, "but I do know how to find out the reason for it on earth."

"It will be such a calamity if the King dies and his uncle succeeds," said the Prime Minister.

"Wait till that happens," returned the Wise Woman. "I should really like to know if you are ever off that bridge before you come it."

"The King will certainly break a blood-vessel if he continues to cry," persisted the Prime Minister.

"The Prima Donna is much more likely to break one than the King," said the Wise Woman; and then they entered the palace, between the bowing flunkeys, and were at once conducted to the King's nursery.

When the Wise Woman and the Prime Minister entered the King's nursery, which was a very large room, it was quite filled with people, all endeavoring to amuse the King. The Prima Donna was singing, the court fiddlers were fiddling, lackeys were working jumping jacks, and cups and balls, and every sort of mechanical toy. The noise was terrific, and also the motion, for all the court dancers were whirring and bending before the King. The King, however, did not see anything, for his eyes were tightly closed, and his mouth was wide open, and his wails drowned out every other sound. All the time the Head Nurse rocked the cradle violently, so violently that the King bounced. The Wise Woman stood for a minute looking on.

"Well," she observed at length, "I should think the King would cry! He wouldn't have any sense if he didn't."

The Court Physician approached her. "Do you think," he asked, anxiously, "that there is too much noise, and—too much going on, and that is the reason why the King cries?"

"I think," said the Wise Woman, "that there is entirely too much going on, and if the King were grown up he would have you all ordered to the scaffold, but that is not the reason why he cries."

The Court Physician clasped his hands. "Then, Madam, I beg that you give me your diagnosis of the case," he said.

"I do not need to make a diagnosis," she replied "I deal directly with the case. You forget that I am wise."

"I ask your pardon," said the Court Physician, and the Wise Woman nodded affably. "It is always easy for the wise to forgive the foolish for their folly," said she, "and I can tell you at once what the trouble is. This is not a case for a physician or a prima donna or fiddlers or nurses. It is a case for the Court Carpenter."

"What?" cried everybody in amazement. They were all so amazed that the music and the jumping-jacks, and everything except the rocking the cradle stopped. Of course the Head Nurse dared not stop rocking the cradle, for that seemed more important than anything else.

"Yes, it is a case for the Court Carpenter," said the Wise Woman. "Order the Court Carpenter to come immediately. The King has inherited caution from his grandfather on his father's side, and his grandmother on his mother's side. It skipped the generations."

The Court Physician clapped his hands to his head. "Of course, of course!" he exclaimed. "Why did I not think? You have diagnosed the case, Madam. It is a beautiful diagnosis."

The Wise Woman sniffed. "Pooh!" said she; "it is not a diagnosis. It is the case. The King has inherited caution, and is afraid of being rocked out of his cradle." Then she spoke sharply to the Head Nurse, and she stopped rocking the cradle, and the Court Carpenter came on a run. "Saw the rockers of the King's cradle at once," ordered the Wise Woman, and the Carpenter obeyed, although he turned pale. He sawed off the rockers, and immediately the King stopped crying, and began to coo. Then all the Court

"Well," she observed at length, "I should think the King would cry!"

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shook hands with the Wise Woman. "You have saved the King's life," declared the Prime Minister, and the Court Physician echoed him.

"I have done nothing, except use my wisdom," replied the Wise Woman. "If a baby cries because he is being rocked, stop rocking him. Now I am going home. It is my supper time." When the nursery door had been closed after her, everybody stared at one another. "What a very wise woman she is!" they said, and the King crowed with delight. She had been frightened almost out of his royal wits by the rocking and bouncing.

"This has ended very well," said the Court Physician, with a sigh. "But if the King has inherited caution from two sides of his family, I fear this is only the beginning of much trouble."

"That is true," said the Head Nurse; and she also sighed. The Prime Minister nodded solemnly.

"There is one good from it anyway," said the Head Nurse to the nurse next to her. "It means six months' more wear out of shoes."

"Yes," said the next nurse, "rocking a cradle so incessantly is a horrible strain on shoes."

"Stuff," said the Head Nurse. "A cradle without rockers does seem an anomaly."

Then the Court Physician interposed. "If," said he, speaking quite sternly, "a King wishes to sleep in an anomaly it is a royal prerogative."

Therefore the King continued to sleep in his rockerless cradle and thrive, and there was no more trouble from that. As he grew up, it is true, his abnormal caution constantly involved his court and people in difficulties, but with the aid of the Wise Woman they were all averted. A war with a foreign Power, even, was conducted most successfully when the King was in his teens.

Although the King was so cautious he was brave, for bravery is not at all incompatible with caution. He did not shrink at all from the war, to which he considered he had great provocation, but he consulted the Wise Woman as to the best way of conducting it with loss to the enemy and little bloodshed on his own side.

"When do you expect the enemy?" asked she.

"The enemy are even now drawn up in battle array across our southern frontier," replied the King.

"When do you expect them to charge?"

"To-morrow morning as soon as the fog clears."

"Where is your army?"

"In camp, and ready to march at the word of command. They are very nice soldiers, and it does seem a pity because so many are soon to be killed and wounded,' said the King with a sigh.

"What, may I ask, in the name of common sense, is the need for their being killed or wounded?" remarked the Wise Woman, testily.

The King stared. "But if they go forth to battle?" he said, in a wondering tone.

"Go forth to battle? Stuff and nonsense! Keep them in camp, and give them bacon and eggs fried on both sides for breakfast."

"Not have them go forth to battle?"

"Of course not. What is the Tariff for?"

"The Tariff?"

"Yes, the Tariff. Isn't he lively?"

"Very lively. He ramps up and down the coast like a whirlwind. The enemy would not have dared approach by water."

"Very well: set the Tariff on the enemy."

The King looked rather terrified. "But how?"

"How? Tell him he will have absolutely nothing to eat until he has routed the enemy. Tell him he can have all their guns and bombs and sabres, and uniforms and things, but he cannot have anything else to eat on the coast until the enemy is in full retreat."

The King, although he was doubtful, obeyed the Wise Woman's instructions, and the enemy fled in shirts and trousers, leaving Tariff sitting in their rear, simply gorging himself with their ammunition and uniforms and supplies. The Tariff was a very terrible monster. He had a head like a donkey's, but his mouth was like a wolf's, and his front legs were very much longer than his hind ones. He was very fastidious, and wore always five hundred buttoned ladies' gloves on his front legs, and ladies' cotton stockings on his hind ones, and he wore out on an average a pair of gloves and a pair of stockings a minute, when he was ramping. Had it not been for his stopping so long and frequently to eat he could have done nothing except put on fresh gloves and stockings. All the ladies in the kingdom went without gloves and stockings because the Tariff used so many. After the Tariff's victory over the foreign foe, people were at first disposed to consider him as a very necessary and desirable evil, for an Power ventured to attack the kingdom for a long time. The Powers were dazed before such an opponent as the Tariff. They were prepared for bombs and bullets, but when it came to a simple gormandization of their own ammunition they were helpless. But after awhile the King realized, and his statesmen also, that the Tariff, if he could not prey upon a foreign Power, would prey upon themselves. They began to long for another war. They were just as provoking as they knew how to be; they violated all the laws of nations in order to bring about hostilities, but to no purpose. They became convinced that they were at the mercy of an insatiable monster, about the time they realized that the young King ought to think about marriage. He was much older than his father had been when he married, but then his father had not been cautious. The King was so cautious that it was a terrible hindrance to his entering the estate of matrimony. "What a frightful risk one does run in marrying!" he often remarked to his Prime Minister. "Suppose I should marry a wife who proved to be a shrew, or had inherited disease, or was too fond of her clothes or of gadding about, or was flirtatious?"

"But, your Majesty," urged the Prime Minister, "the good of the country demands that you marry."

"But not the wrong wife," persisted the King, piteously. "It would be very bad indeed for the country if I married the wrong wife."

"We must be careful in our choice," said the Prime Minister.

"But how shall we set about being careful?" said the King. "Of course we cannot expect any princess to reveal any shortcomings before marriage, and we can be very sure that her parents will not. If only wives were guaranteed for a few years like some machines. Ah, no, my dear Prime Minister, it is a most shocking leap in the dark which you ask me to undertake, and no human being can say whether I shall alight in a bed of roses, or very sharp carpet-tacks, or bottomless slush. Matrimony is the most dangerous undertaking in this world, and you ask me, who am perhaps the most cautious monarch of history, to undertake it."

"Sire, there is no other way," replied the Prime Minister, firmly.

The King sighed and looked very pale. "It is a truly awful situation," said he. "Here am I confronted by the Tariff and matrimony at the same time."

"It is possible," said the Prime Minister, "that matrimony may solve the situation of the Tariff."

"I must confess I do not see how," replied the King. "unless the Queen should insist upon wearing gloves and stockings, and the Tariff should devour her and then hollly. But in that case the Tariff would solve the problem of matrimony, and not matrimony that of the Tariff. It seems to me that your arguments are very fallacious."

"That is the unfortunate part of it," replied the Prime Minister. "I told your Majesty that she was romantic, and she is so much so that she has not fallen in love with a Prince or King at all. In that case we might be able to go to war on her account, and quiet the Tariff a little, but she has fallen in love with the Gardener."

"The Gardener?"

"Yes, your Majesty, with your own Court Gardener."

"How extraordinary!"

"It happened in this way, your Majesty," explained the Prime Minister. "As you are aware, the frontiers of your kingdom adjoin those of King Rhododentrous, and the Royal Gardens are on that frontier, guarded by a very high steel wall. Well, it seems that the very choicest of your Majesty's climbing roses grow over that wall, and the Princess wished for some, and the Court Gardener, who has remarkably good bearing, heard her talking about them to her maids of honor. So he clambered up the steel wall, and—"

"You are talking nonsense," interrupted the King. "How on earth could the Gardener climb a steel wall?"

"Your Gardener is a genius," replied the Prime Minister. "He is an inventor. He is, to speak the truth, a somewhat remarkable young man, and he has

"He ramps up and down the coast like a whirlwind"

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"Sometimes it happens that women, when they want articles of personal adornment and are deprived of them, show wonderful powers of resource," returned the Prime Minister.

"Then," said the King, "it seems obvious that we must be on the lookout for a Princess who will not live without gloves and stockings."

"The Princess Primrose, the daughter of old King Rhododentrous, is the very one," said the Prime Minister. "I think she would be eaten alive in small mouthfuls and chewed very small for the sake of nourishment rather than appear even in the seclusion of the palace without stockings and gloves."

"Well," sighed the King, "if there is no other course open, that Princess may be approached—or rather her royal father, I suppose."

"King Rhododentrous has already been approached," replied the Prime Minister, "and the modistes have the coronation robe almost completed."

The King gasped. "Without consulting me?"

"Sire," replied the Prime Minister, "when people have to deal with a cautious King, they have to use strenuous measures."

"If I had to be a king at all, why was I cautious?" asked the King.

"The answer to that is shrouded in the mysteries of heredity," said the Prime Minister.

"But," inquired the King, hesitating, "what—does the Princess say?"

The Prime Minister hesitated a little in his turn, and even colored slightly. "Well, to tell the truth," he said, "the Princess is romantic."

"Oh Lord, that too!" gasped the King. "I know what that means—notes under my pillow, and poetry!"

"It is not as much that," said the Prime Minister.

"What is it, then?"

"Well, to tell the truth, the romanticism of the Princess has taken a most unfortunate turn. She has fallen in love with another."

"Well, I am not at all sure but that is fortunate," said the King. "She may spare me the notes and poetry. Who is the Prince or King?"

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"Has he invented some magnetic shoes," replied the Prime Minister. "He simply skimmed the wall like a butterfly, and he then doffed his plumed cap, and presented the lady with a perfect shower of roses. He had carried up his pruning shears, and he lopped off every rose which she had seen and coveted, and cast them at her feet, and she, being romantic, promptly fell in love."

"And therefore she objects to wedding me, I presume."

"Sire, she has not been consulted, but she is very willful, and although she will have to consent for state reasons, she will be very disagreeable, and will, I am sure, insist upon wearing gloves and stockings."

"Is she a beautiful Princess?" inquired the King.

"Very beautiful, your Majesty."

"It seems a hard fate," said the King, "for a young and beautiful Princess, for the Tariff will surely devour her." The King sighed, for he was tender-hearted, and he also felt very impatient because of the whole situation. "It is a terrible misfortune for a well-meaning man, who has inherited caution, to be a King," said he.

The Prime Minister sighed and said nothing, for he quite agreed with the King.

"I should much prefer to be a gardener," said the King, frowning. "Such a charming and safe pursuit!"

The Prime Minister sighed again.

"Well," said the King, suddenly, "the audience is at an end. We need time to consider such a momentous project."

The Prime Minister retired backward, bowing to the ground, and the King sat down to think, after ordering good blood in his veins, that is to say, he has royal blood. He is sixteenth grandson of the dynasty which preceded that of your Majesty."

"Why," said the King, "did not that dynasty have spirit enough to keep the kingdom?"

"Your sixteenth grandfather had no caution," answered the Prime Minister.

The King sighed. "Well," he remarked, "I suppose one has to put up with one's ancestors, but you have not yet told me how the Gardener managed to climb the steel wall."

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damp towels. He never thought unless he first wrapped his head in wet towels in order to guard against congestion of the brain. As a result of his meditation, he set out incognito that very night to visit the Gardener. He went quite unattended, but he had no fear because he wore his armor. The King's armor was very peculiar. It consisted of a cage of strong wire shaped like a barrel, covered with several thicknesses of wool. His head was encased in an egg-shaped helmet of wire, and he wore steel moccasins. When he neared the Royal Gardens he heard a superb tenor voice singing a serenade, and when the garden gate was opened he beheld the Court Gardener seated upon the top of the steel wall, singing like a nightingale.

The King stood and stared up at the Gardener. "Halloo!" said he.

The Gardener looked down and perceived the King, but since he himself came of royal blood he did not flinch, but finished the stanza before he slid down the wall and knelt before the King.

"Rise," said the King, graciously. "Is the Princess on the other side?"

"Yes, your Majesty," replied the Gardener, rising and looking at the King with his bold blue eyes.

"I hear she is in love with you."

"If she is not," replied the Court Gardener, "she is certainly out of her head, to be standing there in the dew with a swarm of mosquitoes around; and there are hop-toads in the grass, too."

"See here," said the King, and he beckoned the Gardener mysteriously to approach him closely. "If," whispered the King, "you can only find means to rid this kingdom of the Tariff, you shall have the royal permission to wed the Princess."

"I beg leave to thank your Majesty," replied the Gardener, "but I do not want it."

"Why, do you not love the Princess?"

"Do you think, if I did not, I should be such a fool as to perch like a dicky-bird on the top of a high steel wall and sing a serenade at this time of night?" replied the Gardener. "Of course I love her, but I cannot wed with one of so high degree."

"Could you rid the kingdom of the Tariff?"

The Court Gardener laughed. "Thet," said he, "is the easiest thing in the world, but I will not do it unless I am able to wed the Princess."

The King stood gazing at him. "It seems a horrible tangle, does it not?" said he.

"Yes, your Majesty, it does," said the Court Gardener.

"I suppose," said the King, "that there is nothing for it except to consult the Wise Woman."

"She will know how to unravel the tangle it anybody," assented the Gardener.

"Well, I will go to her at once," said the King, "although the night is so warm that I am horribly uncomfortable in my armor. But first I wish to ask a question: Do you find it pleasant being a gardener."

"Not at all pleasant," replied the Gardener, promptly.

"Why?"

The King stood and stared up at the Gardener. "Halloo," said he

"I particularly dislike chasing the neighbors' chickens."

"I think I should enjoy it," said the King, meditatively. "They never turn upon you, do they?"

"Oh no, they merely cackle and run the wrong way."

When the King reached the Wise Woman's house he was glad to see a faint glow over the skylight which indicated that she was not in bed, but awake knitting the City Umbrella. The King was promptly admitted, and laid the case before the Wise Woman, who laughed and took another stitch. "It is all so simple," said she, "that only a King would have come to consult me about it. You evidently do not like being a King."

"I simply loathe it," said the King. "It is the most dangerous position in the world."

"That is doubtless true, and the Gardener does not like to be a gardener."

"No, he dislikes chasing the neighbors' chickens so much."

"And the Princess is in love with him, and he with her, and he is not at all cautious, so matrimony has no terrors for him."

"He is the most reckless young man I ever saw," said the King.

"And he is able to destroy the Tariff?"

"So he says, and after seeing how he can climb that steel wall, I have no doubt that he speaks the truth."

"And you think you would enjoy gardening?"

"Oh, that I would!" exclaimed the King, fervently.

"Then," said the Wise Woman, "tell the Gardener that he can take your place as King and wed the Princess on the condition that he destroys the Tariff, and then you can be Gardener. Now, please, your Majesty, go home and go to bed, for I want to knit another round on the Umbrella."

The King obeyed. He was happier than he had ever been before. He went home at once, only stopping at the Garden to inform the Gardener of the Wise Woman's opinion. The Gardener at once agreed to the condition. "Your Majesty," said he, "look along the coast to-morrow morning, and to show that I am honest I hereby agree to divide the spoils with your Majesty."

"The spoils?" said the King, eagerly.

"Yes, your Majesty. You have never thought that the Tariff was a real created creature, have you?"

"I have not known what he was," admitted the King.

"Very well, you will find out," said the Gardener. "Look along the coast to-morrow morning, your Majesty. I shall enjoy being King, and if you do not mind chasing chickens, you will lead an ideal life as Gardener."

The King and the Gardener parted, each greatly pleased, and the next morning the King went out to look along the coast, upon which he found such a store of precious stones and gold and articles of entire, that he knew that he would be as rich as a King, although he was not King, and to that he did not object.

"The Tariff was a made Monster," said the Gardener, "and he has been simply resolved into component parts by an invention of mine."

The King tossed his crown gleefully into the air, then handed it over to the Gardener. "Here, take it," said he, "and may you enjoy it more than I have done."

The Gardener put on the crown and immediately became a very handsome King, the image of his sixteenth grandfather. He married the Princess Primrose, who had gloves and stockings all the days of her life, and they were all very happy. The kingdom was the richest in the whole world, the King the most universally loved and admired, and as for the ex-King, he enjoyed the most wonderful roses, and so enjoyed chasing chickens that he never grew old or stout.

A New Way of Aiding Consumptive Children

A RECREATION ground in the form of a vegetable and flower garden has recently been opened by Bellevue Hospital as a breathing-spot for those children in New York City who are affected with tuberculosis. This garden is located in the hospital grounds at the foot of East Twenty-sixth Street, and covers an area fifty feet square. For the purpose of giving the children an individual interest in the care of the "farm" and thereby promoting a healthy rivalry in the agricultural operations, the ground has been divided into small plots, each of which is "worked" by a different boy or girl. The work is under the supervision of a competent instructor.

About a year ago an old ferry-boat, no longer fit for service, was obtained by Bellevue Hospital, and moored in the East River alongside the hospital property. The boat was renovated and furnished to serve as a floating dormitory, with accommodations for about one hundred persons. Each night since the new equipment was installed these quarters have been occupied by men who are suffering from the first stages of tuberculosis, but yet are able to continue with their daily employment. These men are extremely grateful for their home, which is thoroughly sanitary and well ventilated, and affords them a far greater chance of combating the disease than they would have while living in a tenement and breathing foul air.

During the day this old boat is used as a shelter by men, women, and children whose lungs are affected and who come to the hospital grounds in order to take advantage of this fresh air treatment. These children are the ones for whom the garden has been set apart. Since they are debarred from the public schools by reason of the fear of infection, Bellevue has established a school and kindergarten on the boat in order that the education of these unfortunate children need not be entirely neglected. A substantial midday meal, provided by the hospital authorities, is served each day aboard the old ferry-boat, and as much milk and as many fresh eggs as may be called for are to be had at all times for the asking.

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Consumptive child-patients at Bellevue cultivating their individual gardens

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This Land of Opportunity

THE NORTHWEST'S MIGHTY INDUSTRY

By John Kimberly Mumford

How the great coast trees are "downed"

IT is the axe that is out of date—the axe and the horse. One by one their missions on earth seem to be finished. "The woodman's sturdy stroke" and the reverberant "gee-haw-buck" of the teamster are rapidly passing away now—indeed, have almost passed—from the great timber tracts of the Pacific Northwest. Lumbering with an axe, as it was done in our grandsires' day at the other side of the continent, is as obsolete, here among the great firs, as the stages of 1850 would be in Broadway.

Machinery, scientific appliances and methods, have made their way into the woods. A horse is a rare sight and the function of the axeman, pure and simple, is narrowing down to the lopping of limbs from felled timber, clearing away brush, building houses, and such other operations as are incidental to the main work. One remembers dismally the days when the dentist chap pounded in his little hunch of gold with main strength and a mallet, and even so there is small doubt that when electricity shall have made some further advance in the work of logging, the "lopper" will have an electrical circular saw of some sort, at the end of a portable lanyard, to strip the fallen trunk of its branches, and will do it in one-tenth of the time the axeman takes.

Already mechanical appliance has gone forward. In the Montana woods, where the trees are smaller, forests are still being logged on the old system and the horse cuts a figure in the hauling. After you cross the sky-scraping barrier of the Cascade Range and get down among the Titan timbers of the coast, in Oregon and Washington, there is no more of him. Montana forests, to the big timber man, are more or less an incident, anyway, stupendous as they are, or would seem, in the eyes of the East. But in the Coast States proper a new race of horses would be needed, and in large supply, to cope with the task that presents itself. It is the "iron horse" and the steel "donkey" that do the business, and their team work is perfection.

The "donkey" is the heart and soul and centre of the big timber camp. When a towering fir that has frowned for 500 years above some roaring stream, far down the side of a precipitous canyon, has been felled and stripped and cross-sawed into logs, twenty, forty, sixty feet long, as the case may be, the tackle is made fast to them one after the other, a signal passed along to the "donkey" man tightens the long cable, a mile of it, maybe, and with magical haste the mammoth begins to travel up the slope. A stump or a boulder stops its progress. There is a whistle, a cry, a little work with the "peavey," and the journey is continued. It is all mechanical from that time on. The hand of man, so essential in times gone by, has but little to do with the log till it comes out on carriers into the sawmill yard, in bands of divers sizes, to be piled for seasoning.

Some day some one should tell in adequate fashion how the great coast trees are "downed." The modern method of doing it presents the same contrast with the old as the new way of making Shiraz veneer of strange woods, and mother-of-pearl dots with the laborious manual process in vogue when Hafiz sang. There are olden stories of the prowess of the Maine lumberman, whose axe could all but talk. Now, it is the great crescent saw and the sentient wedge, like a rudder guiding the fall timber to the right or the left, that are the executioner's tools. With their "stages" or footboards fixed into deep-cut notches half a dozen feet, maybe, above the ground to get clear of the spread of the stump—going perhaps a thousand feet thereby—the timbermen ply their keen-toothed weapons, saw and axe, until ample undercut is made on the side chosen for the fall. Turning about then to the opposite side of the trunk, they begin the final operation a few inches higher. The wedge follows the saw, a little, insistent force, applied in this way or in that, until at last perhaps the great bole stands only by a single splinter, balanced with incredible nicety, as if both in go, and resisting late to the last instant, until the final saw stroke, the last tap of the beetle, sends a final shiver through it, and the sinewy frame that has withstood the storms of centuries goes like a stricken giant roaring down to doom. There is more of sentiment, of emotion, and of tragedy in it than the practical man will care to admit.

But it is an art, so fine an art, indeed, that your "tree fallers" will pick a space six feet wide between two adjacent trees in which to fay a fir five feet in diameter, and yet no more than brush the branches of the other two. On a wager, it is said, they will point a stick, set it up in the ground, and guide their tree so deftly that in falling it will drive the picket deep into the earth.

Modern logging, however, has small time to spare for fanciful demonstration. It is swift, mechanical; it marches ruthlessly, takes wealth away, and leaves ruin spread behind it. One after another in rapid succession the cable drags the timbers to the log road, a huge derrick beam and tackle of large power hoist them like jackstraws into the air and load them on the cars, and long trains, carrying hundreds of thousands of feet of board measure, creep down the mountains, through gullies and over ridges with a grade of eight, ten, fourteen per cent., the compact little Shea locomotive tugging away and tugging its heart out on the slopes, to keep them from breaking away and plunging, with the steel-nerved humans that ride them, down the precipitous distances into Kingdom Come.

It is a rude, wild, and perilous trade, but when the log once rolls from the car into deep water it is like the neck, unresisting ox conducted to the shambles. Bound into great, loose rafts, they are towed by hundreds to the sawmill, and there, floating with their mates of the forest, they await the inevitable end. Anywhere along the North Pacific coast from Victoria down to Coos Bay and beyond, you can find in the river reaches and arms of the sea huge sawmills, with innumerable great logs floating at their door attendant upon their turn to climb the incline to the saw. Away back inland, too, you will see them where the board lumber into which they are converted is packed into freight cars for the journey East. In the one State of Washington there are a thousand sawmills and five hundred shingle-mills, fed by twelve hundred logging and bolt camps, which last cut all sorts of abandoned timber into the "bolts" from which the world's shingles are made. The *Official Register* of Washington for 1907, published by the State, gives the total population at about 800,000, and of these, it is recorded, more than a hundred thousand men were employed in the logging-camps and lumber-mills and factories alone. The shores of Puget Sound lie thick with lumber-making establishments of one kind and another, from away above bustling, potential Bellingham down to Budd outlet, and through the interior they are scattered clear to the Montana line. In Oregon 25,000 men are employed in the camps, saw and planing mills, and kindred establishments, and their total wage is in the neighborhood of $10,000,000 annually.

So, after all, there is a good deal to be said for a resource and an industry which, be it in few hands or many, gives employment to 125,000 males, mostly adult, out of a total population of a million and a half and pays out in wages ninety millions of dollars every year in two States alone.

Of old, when men staggered to the scaffold, in Rome when the Christian captive sustained by faith went out to meet the lions, in the Terror when France's chivalry climbed to him the guillotine, a populace stood by to applaud them even while clamoring for their blood, but the fine coast fog, three, four, five hundred years old, when it is hauled in from the water at the mill, goes to destruction with no eyes to watch it, save those of a stolid mill-worker or two, and no sound other than the groaning of ponderous machinery and the whir of the flying saw.

Once a woman, standing on the deck of a huge saw-mill in Portland, watched one of these giant timbers travel up the long incline and then, moved by a tackle that dropped from the gloom overhead, roll its huge bulk down to the edge of the saw-carriage. There it paused for an instant, and then, with a quick lift of the resistless mechanism underneath, was tilted easily into place and rode up to the broad band saw that was flashing in the shadows beyond. Those gap-toothed, endless things, rushing through the gloom at two miles a minute, are like hungry, steel-mouthed hyenas. With a snarl that is not to be forgotten they go tearing into bark and fiber, slashing deeper and deeper as the heavy carriage moves forward.

The woman cried out, and burst into tears.

"What's the matter, madam?" said the mill man. "Are you afraid? There's nothing to be afraid of."

"No! No!" she answered. "I am not afraid. It's just the pity of it that hurts me. It's the moan of the log. I'll hear it as long as I live," and she wept on until they led her away.

"Oh!" said the sawmill man. "I thought you'd got something in your eye." And to this day "the moan of the log" is a joke in those practical precincts. But none the less there is a measure of solemnity in the thing and a brutal fascination in watching these silent monsters, with their centuries of years ringed in them, move inexorably upon so swift and so pitiless a fate. I have heard pretty strong men, to whom this story was told, say that they didn't blame the lady.

And yet, it is only "lumber," and the greater the log the smaller seem the bits and strips into which they slice it. I saw a timber sixty feet in length and

An inland sawmill with its flume to carry the logs to a shipping-point

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six in diameter made into matched flooring in something like half an hour. Throughout the whole process one is impressed with the almost intelligent accuracy of this heavy machinery, truly here and there, as the planks are borne by the carriers from one saw or planer to another—and it is determined by the pressure of a lever in which direction they shall move—does a workman touch them; and then it is only a touch, by way of guidance. It is many long years now since the rustic sawmillers of Broome County used to man handle the simple hemlock sawbs in the old Kenyon sawmills on Trout Creek, where it runs into the upper Delaware, and then float the lumber down in primitive rafts to build homes in Trenton and Philadelphia. Time works wondrous changes, not the least of which is in the manner of logs that go to make the world's lumber now and the manner in which it is made.

But of all the ingenious mechanisms that help to quicken the process of dissecting a Pacific coast log, there is none so half human, so gorillalike in its endeavor, its more than brute strength, its fierce certainty of purpose, and its savage decision, as the "nigger." I suppose they call it the "nigger" because it lurks in the woodpile, unseen, unsuspected by a stranger, until the moment when from one side of the log the bark and slab have been shorn, when the saw has scored its merciless way down to the "clear"—the sound, straight body of the timber.

There comes a trembling of the "woodpile," a grunt of unseen beams and rocker bars far below, and up into the air, seven, eight feet, sweeps an metal bent arm of solid steel. In its hand is a spike a foot in length and perhaps three inches in diameter at the base, and sharpened down to a point. For an instant this grisly thing poises high above the prone log, then like the leap of the hetlet to its mark, quicker, more deadly, even, it strikes—a human, sickening blow. The spike crushes down, is buried deep in the wood, the Cyclops body underneath draws in its arm with irresistible force, and the log is tucked like a feather over upon its flattened side. Then as swiftly the instrument recedes, vanishes, and again the carriage marches mechanically toward the saw. This apparition, with its appalling

The last of a veteran of two and a half centuries

strength, is fairly shocking. When it has gone you think somehow of the Hunchback of Notre Dame and L'Homme Qui Rit, of Jeffries and other giants, and how puny and gelatinous they all were. Hugo died too soon. He should have seen the "nigger."

And again, it is only a sawmill. All its later processes are commonplace, but no man, even the coast native who knows you have been to visit it, fails to ask in subdued and expectant accents, "What did you think of—" and you always know he is going to say the "nigger."

In every port, great or small, along every railroad siding of the Hill and Harriman roads and the Canadian Pacific in the State of Washington, on both sides of the Columbia away down to where the surf breaks beyond Tillamook, are yarded mountains and miles of lumber, such an endless mass of it that one wonders where it is all going. Yet the smoke rises forever from the tall stacks by day, and on the night sky the glare of them tells that more and ever more lumber is being produced. Continually the log rafts move to and fro in the coast waters, and ships wait for their cargoes in foreign ports. The coastless sawmills burn their own scraps for fuel, but that is only a trivial part of the "refuse." In the cities some part of it—the slabs and bark and faulty stuff—is sold for fuel, and here where coal is bad and clear well nigh every furnace is equipped to burn wood, either in stove or cord length. In the log sawmills there is a mechanism called the "hog" to which all sorts of scraps are fed, to be ground into chips and these in turn are run into the mill furnaces through a pipe, from what is known as a "Yankee fireman," probably because it is an ingenious contrivance for doing away with work.

But there is some waste that seems ruinous, and when business is most rushing the extravagance is greater.

Three years ago this farm, near Bellingham, Washington, was covered with stumps, branches, and fallen timber

"The mills are very wastefully run in this country," said a sawmill manager in Portland. "We are throwing away stuff better than a great deal that we use, stuff that would some day be most valuable. For instance, in good times when there is a lot of building and a big demand for beams of large size, for railroad construction and other heavy undertakings, we cut all the 'clear'—that is, the good wood from the outside of the log after the slab is removed—we get out the beam we need, and the outer planks of lumber, the best material in the log, often go into the refuse-burner rather than to fill up the yard with them. Just lately, and during the depression, there has been a good deal of horse finishing in this part of the country, particularly in Portland, because lumber and labor were both cheap. This city alone has used 240,000,000 feet of lumber in the last year, and that has given a large market for the stuff that we usually throw away. In the same way the men who get out ties for the railroads, in the woods, saw out tie pieces and discard most of the planks that would make perfect 2x4's. If there were a good market for small pieces of various sizes a large percentage of the lumber so freely discarded in ordinary times would be saved."

Everywhere, as I said away back in the beginning, there is this evidence of waste. Hemlock for a long time was counted by the coast lumbermen a worthless sort of thing chiefly, perhaps, on account of its color. There is no comparison, of course, between the hemlock and fir for most human uses, but to-day a new development has taken place. The world's demand for paper has raised the price of hemlock, in the face of a rapidly diminishing supply, so that it brings to the man who has it a greater price than almost any of the soft woods of the coast. There is suggestion in this of the poignant regret that will be the portion of these lumbermen by and by, at the thought of what they have thrown away.

In the course of the interminable war that goes on between the lumber manufacturers and the railroads over the rates of transportation, it is the fashion to maintain that were it not for the obdurate maintenance of excessive rates for carriage to the East, a great part of this sinful prodigality could be avoided, and much of the material that now goes into the refuse burners would find a market in the Middle States and beyond at a diminished price.

"The railroads," said a representative of the coast lumber interests, "figure that the timber is here and must come out. If the rates were put down to correspond with those upon tea or silk or almost any other commodity we could use trees that are now discarded and increased production and competition would attend to the lowering of the price. All this refuse, which it is now impossible to ship, costs money in the handling, and that money must be added to the price of the marketed lumber. It is absurd that lumber that sells at $7 a thousand here should pay $21 in freight charges to St. Paul. Mr. Earling, president of the Milwaukee Road, said, six months ago, that four train-loads of coast lumber a day would pay his operating expense, and he could afford to haul every car back empty. Testimony taken before the Interstate Commerce Commission has shown that less than two per cent. of eastbound traffic from the Pacific coast is of commodities other than lumber, and if the lumber business were not immensely profitable to the railroad you may be sure a concern like the Chicago, Milwaukee, & St. Paul would not be making expensive efforts to get into it. Now they are talking about putting lumber on the 'free list.' If that is done, a situation will be created that will be very serious to a good many people both now and in the future. Any such change in the tariff regulations will mean a vaster waste than we have ever seen, for timber-land people would have no refuge but to cut their tracts at once, and nothing but the best will go. The lumber business on this side of the line already carries its burdens. It pays workmen double what they are paid in Canada, and sailors on American ships are paid from two to three times foreign wages. If you give no tree lumber for wood pulp we will give you free Chinamen, and you can fight it out with the labor unions."

That, *in petto*, is the argument of the lumbermen, extended, intensified, and adorned with a multitude of controversial details. For the present they have won a modicum of victory over the railroads in the recent rate decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and, besides, business is beginning to pick up generally. It does not seem credible, however, that these men, comparatively few, who hold in their hands the timber supply of the future, can have any serious intention of killing the goose that lays so golden an egg. That the demand and the price for Oregon firs are both destined to increase by simple reason of its merits there can be little question. Heretofore it has been looked on as a cheap wood for building, making boxes, derrick booms, ship timbers, and the like. In the dwellings, offices, club houses, and hotels of the coast country demonstration is plentiful of its exceeding utility and beauty in interior finish. The variety and artistic quality of its grains, produced by various sawings, assure for it a wide use as a substitute for oak and even for mahogany. The lumbermen of the Coast, busy turning out planks, flooring, siding, ship stuff, and all the plainer sort of things, seem never to have made any commercial campaign for the introduction of this extraordinary wood as a finishing material, but it is so used here to a large extent, as well as in other countries. The day, I should say, is not far off when in the homes of the East, no matter how elaborate they may be, it will take its place in advance of other woods now more largely patronized and costing more money. And when this shall have been done the coast will find opportunity to introduce the marvellous variety of cedar, yew, myrtle, spruce, oak, and other woods which are scattered liberally through these interminable forests.

Money makes the mare go, and trade statistics are the record of her travel. Money certainly makes lumber go, and nothing else could do it. Last year Oregon cut a billion feet, and Washington nearly four times as

When a giant of the forest falls

much; California a billion and a half, Idaho 700,000,000, and Montana 500,000,000, and production is barely in its infancy. With the reforesting and other safeguards that are bound to come, this coast should be for a hundred years at least the greatest conservatory in the world of wood, which, whatever anybody may say, the world will be a long time learning to do without

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The Gentler View

SENTIMENTAL SLEUTHING

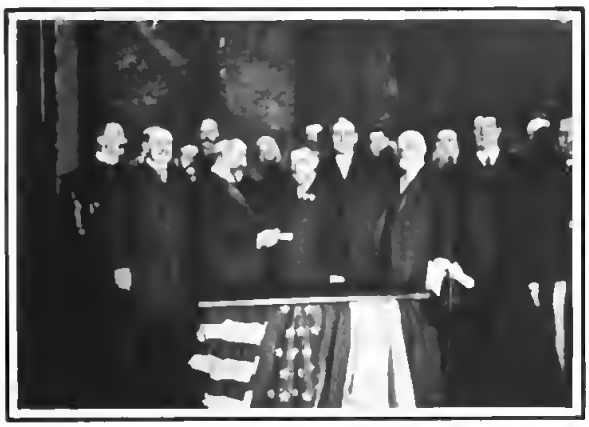
By Florida Pier

POETRY has a great deal to answer for. Sleuthing is one of the charges which can be laid directly at its door. The landscape-at-large would be justified in calling poetry to account. Sleuths would be its chief reason. There are no lengths to which genuine sentimental sleuths will not go. Their weapon is a stanza, sometimes a mere couplet, and, armed with it, they start off, pitiless in their intentions. They weigh—verbally, that is—one paving-stone against another, and say, endlessly, "Is this the spot where Cæsar fell, or is this, just six inches farther on, the sacred place?" The stone, were it allowed to speak, would no doubt cry out impatiently, "Ye gods! how can I remember after all the things that have happened to me?" In some castles the accurate needs of the sleuths have been prepared for and a star in the pavement marks the place where Rizzio died. But does this satisfy a really hardened sleuth, the kind that says, "If these walls could speak what tales they would tell!" Not at all. Sleuths of this kind gaze at the star and say, "But what part of him fell here, his head or his heels?" There is no use in trying to satisfy a sleuth. They must go their mad, quoting ways, and the best one can do is to avoid rousing them. They may be gentleness itself where most things are concerned—in fact, they generally are—but when it comes to finding the exact tree that shadowed the precise wattled hut spoken of in their "favorite poem," there is no telling what they may do. With Gargantuan cruelty they attempt to crowd a goal-sized struggling town into a matter of ten lines, and exhibit signs of disgust when it refuses to fit. They hold the church steeple with one eye, are perfectly amazed to see that the poet had to turn completely around, even craning his neck a little to see the school-house, which he speaks of in the same breath, giving one the impression that a long gaze did for both, and when half the place has been ruthlessly cut off with their perused they sit, sigh, and say, "This is where he must have sat when he said—" only to jump up a moment later demanding the stone well which in their enthusiasm they had carelessly forgotten. The well is pointed out to them, a house has been stupidly built over it, and again they settle down to a comfortable communing. And so they go, always insisting that the inspiring material object shall correspond exactly with the description it inspired. Inspiring, heaping on the actual until one wonders whether it is appreciation that moves them or a cataloguer's love of tagging. They dote on looking at the spot where the iron gate stood, though it exists no more. They root out from its proper obscurity a stream grown muddy, and shame it and upbraid it for its lost sparkle. They stir up decently laid dust and fill the air with details. The race is the thing, yet we sleuths—one might as well take one's share—demand to see the starting pistol unless a runner's deserved ant ran be caught and inspected. Sleuths are so close over their emotions. If they dilate on the pen that penned a masterpiece and then discover it to be a pen used only by a member of the author's family, they become quite furious their manner indicating that they think an emotion has been got out of them dishonestly. As though it mattered in the least. A good big swell of the heart ought to be enjoyed for its own sake, and it ought to come easily, on general principles, and not wait to be called forth by a agitator from a great man's chair. He had probably cursed it a score of times and intended up to the day of his death to have it sent to the garret. Sleuths drive their feelings before them like a pack of hounds, supplying the scent, whipping in straying interests, and raising a madness of boys when the poor little actuality is run to ground. Poets of kindly instinct must grieve at the avid searchers they have put upon the scent of countless lovely ephemeral things. It gives a heated air to latched gates and plants in the breast of half the world a warm desire to throw the other half off the track.

A tram without a track seems such an admitted outlaw. They are the most adventuresome element in all Rome. If most trams have tracks, but a few have not, it is clear to all that the trackless trams have been banished, put out of the magic circle, and are in all likelihood not trams to be trusted. At night as doubt they steal up behind unobserving trams mildly rolling on their respectable tracks and try to follow in their footsteps, trusting to escape detection in the morning, and so by the slyest of tricks re-establish themselves in track circles. No one, it is frankly admitted, has ever seen them make such an attempt, but their very cleverness at escaping detection augurs badly. They have a hangdog, ruffianly air, showing their banishment has, far from subduing them, roused their least presentable qualities. In spite of the fact that if is done, one marvels that a trackless tram is so trusted, people quite freely clambering abroad. What is there to assure the nervous passenger that the tram will stick to its route? There is nothing to hold it, neither above nor below. The word of such a vehicle is not to be taken seriously, and yet people put themselves in its power when any minute it may turn down a side street to see some disreputable friend, and no one knows what deplorable complications may follow. The fact that they generally behave themselves is directly attributable to Roman inertia. It is awful to think what would happen if a brisk northern breeze ever encountered a trackless tram.

In there, it is asked from the most altruistic motives, any asylum in America for returned travellers? Travellers who return fingering a threepenny bit, but otherwise unencumbered. So many uses are made from time to time of the constantly incoming endowments that it would be next to miraculous if one never came under the shelter of a bequeathed sum. If one is neither an orphan, a character in need of reform, an immigrant, nor a Christian, one is, and feels it to be sufficient, a returned traveller. It would seem that the mere announcement would be enough to attract help from all quarters. Admittance to a cheery, quiet, well ran home where rest and recovery from the strain of a vacation are possible, a few old clothes, home change, sympathy freely given, and some nice competent soul to look up a new apartment and assure you that the Sixth Avenue Elevated has no intention of dropping to the street just because you happen to be crossing under it. These things are all prime necessities to a person fresh from Europe. They would be evident with a temporary residence in the poor-house, but if this be not open to them on the grounds they can facsish, then it is high time that some special provision be made. If possible, it ought to be ready by October, that being the most popular month for returning, and if it proves necessary that applicants enter their names now, just let it be announced from any high tower on the Continent, and a flood of deserving names will be cabled at once. Now that the matter is under discussion, it might be well to mention the desirability of a scholarship (these are generally connected with schools, but why not with homes as well?) to be won by that person proving most reticent about the trip and to be used in the paying of duties, with carfare from the dock on. It is very patriotic of people to pay their passage home. They should be rewarded in some way on arrival.

France's Recognition of San Francisco's Enterprise



Ambassador Jusserand presenting the medal to Mayor Edward R. Taylor

THE good will of the French Republic toward the United States was shown recently in the presentation to the city of San Francisco by the people of France of a gold medal as a token of admiration for the great enterprise displayed in rebuilding that city after the devastating earthquake and fire of 1906. Jean Adrien Jusserand, the French ambassador to this country, made the presentation address on behalf of the French people, the ceremony occurring in the newly finished Orpheum Theatre, which has been erected upon the site of the old playhouse that was destroyed in the fire. Edward R. Taylor, Mayor of San Francisco, received the medal from M. Jusserand amid great applause by the audience, and a mingling of the strains of the "Marseillaise" and the "Star spangled Banner."

The obverse of the medal

The reverse of the medal

Duluth's Aerial Ferry

MINNESOTA POINT is a narrow strip of land stretching across the entrance to the harbor of the city of Duluth. For many years the Point was a great obstruction to the shipping, necessitating a roundabout course and considerable delay in docking the boats, and finally the municipality cut a canal through this neck where it joined the mainland. But there were numerous residents on Minnesota Point who were now made islanders, and to obviate their difficulty the city maintained a score of rowboats to carry these people to and from the city. A steam ferry service was next employed, when the number of passengers had increased, but this proved to be too slow and too expensive to operate, so a novel scheme was suggested—an aerial ferry.

Duluth's aerial ferry was an immediate success, and since its completion has run without a hitch. It consists of a slender bridge 185 feet high, far above the tallest masts of any ship that may be passing through the canal, and from this bridge is suspended a car. The floor of the car is barely six feet above the ground and a little higher than that above the water level, and the whole is attached to metal rods which hang from wheels that run on a track upon the bridge overhead. This ferry is operated by electricity, and the trip across the canal is made in a little more than one minute. The car is fifty feet long by thirty-four feet wide, and can accommodate about two hundred passengers. Twelve trips are made every hour between five in the morning and mid night, and two trips each hour thereafter.

Romance

The passers pity his worn face,
His weak and trembling hand,
His broken voice, so faint and low,
That none may understand

Yet, unto him, all things are fair,
Each bare street blossoming—
Since, deep within his wistful heart
The wells of genius spring

CHARLOTTE BECKER.

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"A year ago I became much alarmed about my health, for I began to suffer after each meal, no matter how little I ate," says a Denver woman.

"I lost my appetite, and the very thought of food grew distasteful, with the result that I was not nourished, and got weak and thin.

"My home cares were very heavy, for, besides a large family of my own, I have also to look out for an aged mother. There was no one to shoulder my household burdens, and some what might I must bear them; and this thought nearly drove me frantic when I realized that my health was breaking down.

"I read an article in the paper about some one with trouble just like mine being cured on Grape-Nuts food, and, acting on this suggestion, I gave Grape-Nuts a trial. The first dish of this delicious food proved that I had struck the right thing.

"My uncomfortable feelings in stomach and brain disappeared as if by magic, and in an incredibly short space of time I was again myself. Since then I have gained 12 pounds in weight through a summer of hard work, and realize I am a very different woman, all due to the splendid food, Grape-Nuts."

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Finance

AFTER THE TURN OF THE YEAR

By Franklin Escher

WHEN the history of the clearing up of the great financial thunderstorm of 1907 shall come to be written, it will appear that it was only in the early months of the present year that the sun really broke through the clouds. Nineteen hundred and eight was a year of recovery in many directions, but to its end the financial atmosphere remained surcharged and sultry. The readjustment of the steel market in March of this year proved to be the clearing shower. Since then the air has been very different—improvement in all lines has been continuous and steady.

Marked progress has been made and the end of the half year finds most of us looking forward hopefully to what the second half of 1908 will bring forth. Strong tendencies have become operative during the past six months, and their influences on the financial markets from now on will be watched with the greatest care. The trend of general business, for instance, will receive the wise investor's careful attention, as will the progress of the crops and the course of the money market. These three considerations, indeed, may be called the fundamentals on which the situation is pillared.

With the turn of the year it is usually possible to get a pretty good line on the probable size of the growing crops. Droughts and other periods of unfavorable weather may of course intervene and overthrow all calculations but, granted that weather conditions remain normal during the summer, present knowledge of acreage planted makes possible estimates which are not likely to differ widely from final results.

Taking wheat first, it appears that present indications are for a crop of 652,000,000 bushels, slightly less than last year, but close to the five year average. Winter wheat had a poor start and will be well short of last year's yield, but spring wheat is expected to make up the difference. The winter wheat crop had been in the ground for months when the market in Chicago was "taken in hand," but spring wheat acreage was largely increased when farmers saw the high prices they were apt to realize on their grain, and now the outlook is for a crop fully up to the average.

From the government report recently made on cotton, experts figure out a crop of 13,000,000 bales, which compares with a five-year average of 12,600,000. Of cotton, however, it must be said that experts differ more widely on the probable size of the crop than on any other, and in some well-informed quarters the government's report is regarded as altogether too sanguine. But even allowing that the estimate of 13,000,000 bales is as much as three per cent. too high, we shall have a crop, not so large as last year's, certainly, but fully up to the average for the past five years.

As for corn, which after all is what counts most and has a greater money value than wheat and cotton put together, every one seems to agree that a record yield may be expected. The interest with which the corn crop is planted has resulted this year in an increase in acreage of at least fifteen per cent. The full effect of existing high prices has, in the first place, had plenty of time to make itself felt, while the failure of part of the winter wheat crop has resulted in the general replanting of the same land with corn. We used to consider a corn crop of two and a half billion bushels no large, a few years ago. We are likely to get nearer three and a half billion bushels this year.

The outlook, then, is for average wheat and cotton crops and a corn crop very much above the average. But there is another factor which must be taken into consideration. Prices at which the growing crops will actually be marketed may not be as high as at present, but are almost certain to rule well above the price at which the farmer has been able to sell his produce at any time in recent years. The money value of the three great crops this year is apt to be higher than it has ever been before.

Concerning the economic influence of the *domestic* marketing of the crops at high prices there may be some difference of opinion, but sales of our wheat and corn and cotton to the foreigners at high prices are an unalloyed advantage to ourselves which nobody will dispute. And so highly unfavorable has become the trend of our foreign trade that it is of the greatest importance that something should be done to increase the value of our exports. Nor is there any danger that the high price of our staples will greatly check the volume of sales to Europe. Our cotton, for instance, Europe must simply buy at any price within reason; our corn Europe buys the more of when wheat is high for the simple reason that corn is then used in place of wheat. As to wheat itself, present indications are for moderate crops abroad, forcing the foreigner to buy wheat here. Taking it all in all, there is apt to be a very fair foreign market for our exportable surplus of produce next autumn, and prices realized are likely to go a long way toward correcting the tendency of our favorable trade balance to shrink.

Closely bound up with this question of the crops as an influence on the financial markets of the second half of 1909 is the progress which the trade revival shall continue to make. It is conceivable that, even though the harvests do not turn out as well as expected, business may continue to improve, but it is little less than a certainty that, if the crops do turn out well and are sold at full prices, business of nearly every kind will receive a very great stimulus. The progress of the industrial revival, in other words, does not entirely depend upon a big money value for the harvest, but will be very greatly helped thereby. In studying this question of the tendency of the sturdy revival of trade in the past three months to carry over into the year's second half, the fact must not be lost sight of that we are running into the very dullest time of the year, when business normally reaches its smallest volume. Furthermore, the business booked, for instance, by such representative concerns as the subsidiaries of the United States Steel Corporation, represents a pent up demand for material which has been long held back by the tariff agitation or other causes and which, because of its very suddenness, has made itself felt all the more. When the railroads and other big consumers of steel made up their minds that it was time to buy, they bought on a big scale and the resulting rush of orders made May one of the biggest months ever seen in the steel industry. June has been a good month, too, but we are running toward midsummer now, and the steel business can hardly be expected to keep up at the same pitch.

But just as the extent of the recovery in different lines of industry has varied widely, so the pace of the recovery will carry too. Improvement progresses differently in different lines of industry and at different times. The steel business to use a trite expression, has been the exposure of all ears. The copper industry, on the other hand, has been conspicuous laggard. But in so broad a recuperative movement as appears to be under way, every line of trade will have its day. It is all steel now—indications are that it may be all copper soon. Lessened activity in one great industry will be supplanted by increased activity in another. That has always been the case in other periods of recovery from severe industrial disturbances and it is likely to be the case now.

To industry in general the next great stimulus will be the assurance of the crops. Indicated yields are bountiful and prices are high, but there is always the danger of droughts and floods until the crops are reasonably safe. Business in many lines will hold back. But let present weather conditions continue for a month more and a big proportion of the crop will be beyond danger and the rest reasonably assured.

Concerning the influence of the new tariff in shaping the trend of business during the second half of 1909, opinion appears to be more and more divided. After four long months of verbiage wrangling, the only definite idea which the country at large has been able to gain is that an elected revision downward is entirely outside of the Senate's intentions. What will be done it is no more possible to say now than it was when the fight began. But as to the influence on business of the enactment of the law, in whatever shape it is passed, it can be said confidently that the effect will be much less than had been expected. Business has already largely anticipated the passing of the bill, in the first place, and, in the second place, the changes likely to be made are not such as might be expected to have much effect on general business one way or the other.

The third great consideration bearing on the markets of the year's second half is the course of money rates. We have grown so accustomed to cheap money during the seventeen months' period of extreme ease that in the minds of many people the money market has ceased to be considered a factor at all. But that it may turn out to be a factor and of decided importance later in the year is the opinion of many of those who have carefully watched developments during the year's first half. Along with the glut of money and the banks apparently trying to force funds on anybody who could have any possible pretense for borrowing them, there has come about a condition, not at all alarming or unsound, but suggesting plainly that the fall season is to be marked with a distinctly higher level for money.

Briefly stated, this condition is that a great volume of money normally in use in the interior communities has been shipped to New York, to make it earn interest, at which point it has been partly tied up in the form of loans and partly shipped away to Europe in the form of gold. Not that there is anything new or startling about such a condition—our remarkable currency system brings it about almost every year—but the degree differs in which the condition develops. Some years the interior sends us comparatively little currency; we loan it out here, on a moderate scale and don't send much of it abroad. But this year exactly the opposite is the case. The interior has sent us an exceptional amount of currency and we have managed to send about $55,000,000 of it across the ocean, besides running loans up to the highest figure at which they have ever stood.

Demand for the return of this cash by the interior will, inevitably mean extensive readjustment. In the course of which it will be interesting to see how high money rates will go. London is satisfied that we shall have a stringency in the autumn; leading banking interests here are just as sure that we shall not, and are backing their opinion by loaning out their money over the year at four per cent. Whether or not a money pinch develops out of it, one thing is certain—a very complete readjustment of the money position cannot be long delayed and inevitably means an end to the long period of low rates. We are in sight of a money market measurably higher than anything we have seen since January of last year.

What are the conclusions, then, as to the trend after the turn of the year? First, that the crops are the pivotal point in the situation, and that their success and sale at high prices means everything to the country not only in the way of stimulating general business, but in the regaining of our lost favorable balance of trade. Next, there is the fact that during the dull period following the first of July some important lines of industry are apt to show retrogression from present activity, but that this circumstance must by no means be taken to mean that the broad recovery has run its course—indecision and a certain amount of irregularity pending the determining of the crops and of the tariff must be looked for. Lastly there is the question of the money market, of the degree to which the readjustment of the monetary position will raise the level of rates, and of the extent to which securities, so long favored by cheap money, will be affected by a higher level of rates. These are the three main influences which will govern the trend during the year's second half, and at present all three of them seem favorable enough—the outlook is for a fair harvest, business shows all signs of continuing its progress, and, while money rates are almost sure to rise there is plenty of money in the country for all legitimate needs. Evidently, this is still the time for conservative optimism.

There was no industry harder hit by the depression than the copper industry and none in which the recovery has been slower. But with the recent Copper Producers' statement showing that in May consumption finally overtook production, the turn seems at last to have been reached—the industry seems at last to be on its feet.

For the first time since the year began the report showed a reduction in the supply of copper on hand. Supplies held by producers are given at 109,818,000 pounds, a reduction of about 3,000,000 pounds during May. Moreover, this result was obtained not by curtailment of production, but by an increase in consumption to the exceedingly large total of 131,700,000 pounds. All of which is gratifying and highly indicative of the rate at which the recovery is progressing. The uses of copper are greatly diversified, and largely increased consumption speaks unmistakably of great activity in many important lines of trade.

As to the copper industry itself, expert opinion is to the effect that under present conditions it will not be a matter of more than a few months before the whole surplus on hand is absorbed. Purchases, to a certain degree, may have been for speculative account rather than for actual consumption of the metal, but in any case the metal is taken off the producers' hands and the way is cleared for further profitable mining operations. Moreover, consumption is apparently increasing faster than the actual copper can be produced. Which accounts, perhaps, for Amalgamated Copper, a two per cent. mining stock, selling where it does. Copper has always been a dangerous speculation, but has made fortunes untold for those who have been able to read the situation aright.

What has happened to New York City's credit during the past few years has been strongly emphasized by the recent sale of four per cent. bonds, which brought an average of only 100.21 per cent. Few people, probably, realize the extent to which the city's credit has become impaired. In 1901, under money-market conditions not unlike the present, New York was able to borrow money on a 2.63 per cent. basis, for the money recently borrowed, the city had to pay 3.67 per cent. Floods of new issues—the debt has increased from 300,000,000 in 1901 to 720,000,000 at present—are responsible more than anything else for the deterioration of the city's credit. Practically all the first-class cities in the country and a good many that are not first class can sell their bonds on a better basis than New York.

For the man who wants to speculate and yet be classed as an investor, the various issues of convertible bonds offer a great attraction. In themselves bonds of considerable merit, most of the prominent convertibles are debentures pure and simple, and when selling with the stock away above par are liable to exactly the same fluctuation. At the present level, indeed, the fact that the security is a bond does not count in the least. Above, say, ninety-five, where debenture bonds of this kind begin to get down to a value basis, their price is governed entirely by the price of the stock, and the purchaser of the bonds is no less or more conservative than the man who buys the stock.

Discussion over the effects of increasing gold production seems to be becoming more and more general. The current issue of *Moody's Magazine* contains an article predicting dire things as a result of the increase in the supply of the precious metal. The subject is academic, perhaps, but is certainly commending itself more and more to the attention of practical students of finance.

Scattered shipments of gold continue to be made in new development being the export of $2,250,000 to Japan. This transaction, it appears, is of exactly the same nature as the recent shipments to the Argentine, except that in this case London directs us to send the gold to Japan instead of South America. London has to have a credit balance here, of course, in order simply to direct us to ship our gold all over the earth, and besides that exchange rates between New York and London have to be decidedly in favor of the British capital. We cannot prevent London from having a credit balance in our banks, but there are a number of ways in which the exchange rate could be kept away from the point at which we lose all control of our gold supply. One of them would be the stopping of the preposterous creation of unwanted bank notes.

'Possum and 'Taters

The attention of the country has been centred upon the Georgia 'possum since President Taft was feasted upon him in Atlanta. The capital of Georgia is ambitious, and Augusta's capture of Mr. Taft did not suit the Atlantans. They asked Mr. Taft to come to their city and take dinner with them. Mr. Taft said, "Certainly I will if you will have 'possum and 'taters on the bill of fare." And it was agreed. He came, saw, conquered the people, and was conquered by them.

It is the object of this article to tell of the influence of 'possum upon men, and why. Be it understood that many people know what an opossum is, and nearly every one living in the twentieth century has heard of potatoes. But these are different from "possum and 'taters."

For instance, the opossum is a marsupial, and the family name is Didelphyidæ. Suppose you were to tell that to the Georgia cracker or to the Georgia negro. The war would be fought over again.

There is a Georgian living in the town of Newnan who knows more about this little quadruped than any other living man, and he always says "possum" without the apostrophe to show a missing letter. He says possums and politics are closely allied, and the office-holder who partakes of this savory morsel has a guarantee of success in his administration. All Georgia Governors who have amounted to anything have eaten 'possum, and all Georgia Congressmen are required to love it before they can be elected. For years it was the custom to have an annual 'possum supper in Newnan, a smart Georgia town, and woe to the candidate for office who did not accept the invitation to be there.

There was one exception, Allen D. Candler had lost the sight of one eye by a careless shot of one of Sherman's men in 1863. He aspired to be Governor, and was invited to flurry Fisher's annual 'possum supper. He declined on the ground that "It was no place for a one-eyed man." He was elected, but was the exception.

On the occasion of one of these entertainments Bill Atkinson was Governor, having been nominated at a previous 'possum supper. Among the guests was a prominent lawyer from Chicago. He had never eaten 'possum before and it went to his head. So when Governor Atkinson, in his speech, boasted that if he had been Governor of the time of the war Sherman would never have marched through the State the Chicago man endorsed it—said he believed it.

Such is the effect of 'possum on amateurs.

'Possum makes good politicians. Mean men can't love 'possum. Mr. Taft was sure to love it. He is such a different man in appearance from Cassius, of whom it was said: "He hath a lean and hungry look. Such men are dangerous." It was difficult for Mr. Taft to get enough when he once had a taste of the rare morsel.

Senator Bob Taylor, of Tennessee, tells an interesting story of an old negro. Uncle Ephram, who had caught a big 'possum, fat and fine. Ephram had made all necessary preparations, and when the 'possum was in the oven baking to a tove and the "'taters" were fairly soaking in the richest of juices the old man said to himself that it would be an hour or more before it was ready and he would rest his old bones in a little sleep, and then wake up and eat in peace. But, lo! there enters one Isaac, who, arriving at the proper stage of the cooking, took the 'possum and 'taters and devoured it all. He put the bones and the remnants of "'taters" around the old man's head. He even greased his lips with some of the rich juice and then went away. Soon the old man woke up and saw the ruins. He said: "There be the bones and 'taler peelings, here is the grease on my mouth. It looks like I et that 'possum, but I never did eat a 'possum in my life that set lighter on my constitution and had less influence with me than this 'possum."

The Georgia 'possum is a night animal. He sleeps all day and marauds all night. And that is why he is hunted at night, and only at night. Nobody ever caught a 'possum in the daytime. About nine or ten o'clock of night the hunting-party assembles. It is absolutely necessary to have 'possum dogs. They must "tree" the game, and when this is done the most experienced hunter, usually a colored man, "shines" the 'possum's eyes. He does that with a torch made of fat pine knots; he circles the tree, holding the light back of his head until he sees the 'possum's eyes shining from the upper branches. Then the 'possum's doom is sealed. The tree must be cut down. Nobody ever climbs a tree to get a 'possum. Nobody ever shoots a 'possum. The tree falls, the dogs catch him, and the hunt is over unless it is desired to get another.

In the old days no white boy was ever happier than when the old colored hunter would take him into the woods at night, and the master never hesitated to trust his boy to the faithful old negro. Often they would come in just before "sun-up" completely exhausted, but perfectly happy. How did they get the 'possum home alive, as they frequently did? A small hickory sapling was split, and the 'possum's tail was put between, and this held him. He will bite, and the hunter never gets near his teeth.

This raises the question what to drink with it. There is a great variety of opinion. Harry Fisher says "persimmon beer"—a harmless concoction made of persimmons and small potatoes and water, but no one who knows Harry Fisher would say that they ever saw him take a drink of this mild and innocuous liquid. Real beer made at Milwaukee might do, but this is now barred in Georgia. A vile stuff called "near beer" is sold to meet the prohibition law. 'Possum would be insulted if an attempt was made to mix it with near beer.

So a compromise was reached. Captain Dick Russ, another 'possum expert, said the best drink with 'possum is champagne, and the banquet committee adopted this innocent beverage. Of course, up in the mountains, where the moonshiner flourishes, the people would scoff at the mingling of French wine with the Georgia possum. The extract of corn will suit them well enough.

To Mr. Taft himself we are indebted for the suggestion that he wanted to try Georgia's 'possum and "taters." But, having heard the suggestion, the question was settled, and the committee began to look around for one hundred fat 'possums. A term 'possum is sent back to the woods only fat 'possums are good. To show the reasonableness of the great State of Georgia, when it was known that the people preparing the dinner for Mr. Taft wanted one hundred 'possums, one county Worth, offered to furnish the requisite number; and every night the 'possum dogs barked and the horn blew, and the woods were alive with the hunters, and even ex-President Roosevelt, hunting big game in Africa, would not have so much fun. The 'possums came all right.

'Possum-hunting is not dangerous; guns and pistols are not used and are not allowed. The axe and the pine torch only are necessary weapons. It was the innocent sport of the days on the old plantation, when the negro loved his 'possum dog, when the young boss not out of his teens loved the negro, and many is the time he fought for him with tooth and nail. Those days are gone, to be enjoyed no more, but still 'possum-hunting has not gotten to be a commercial pursuit. It has the same weird attractions of torchlight beating among the bushes, wading through swamps at night, the baying of the hounds, the musical hallows of the old colored hunters, and other features that have not suffered change in decades. There can be an improvement in 'possum-hunting. The ingenuity of man cannot make any change for the better in the old-fashioned plan.

It is not claimed that 'possum is a food for aristocrats. It is provender that brings men of brain and mind together, causes them to feel brotherly, neighborly, broadens the view, and fosters patriotism. Just why it does this is something no man can find out, but it is so.

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SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN CENTRAL PARK

Manufacturing Saltpetre from the Air

At the international congress of chemists held recently in London, one of the most interesting and important of the addresses was delivered by Professor Bernthsen, who explained and demonstrated the new process of manufacturing saltpetre by extracting the nitrogen, necessary for the compound, from the air. This was the discovery of Prof. Otto Schönherr, and its great importance lies in the fact that Chile saltpetre (sodium nitrate) is one of the principal fertilizers used to-day by the agriculturalists, and the natural supply, at the present rate of consumption, will be exhausted within from twenty-one to forty-two years. It has been demonstrated that the yield of a field of oats will decrease eighty-nine per cent. when no nitrogen is supplied. By the yearly rotation of crops farm land may retain a considerable amount of its nitrogen, but even then its productiveness is vastly increased by fertilizing with nitrates.

In 1899 Sir William Crookes declared that "one of the greatest discoveries awaiting the ingenuity of chemists" was a method of extracting nitrogen from the air. Although four-fifths of the air is composed of nitrogen, to extract this in a commercial form it is necessary that it be combined in compounds called nitric or nitrous oxides.

Professor Schönherr's apparatus consists of a long, narrow glass tube containing a copper spiral, and smaller tubes at the side containing cold, running water to cool the connection at the upper end of the spiral. An iron tube with a stop-cock leads from the top of the glass tube as an outlet for the nitrogen oxides. When a current of electricity is sent through the copper spiral and compressed air is pumped into the main tube an arc flame moves up the spiral and the intense heat causes the oxygen and nitrogen to combine. This compound is cooled and carried off to be mixed with limestone, forming calcium nitrate, or air saltpetre. Calcium nitrite, which is richer in nitrogen and therefore a better fertilizer, may be made from a slight variation of this process.

Royal Rail-birds

The sons of the Prince of Wales watching guard-mount at St. James'

The accompanying photograph shows the five sons of the Prince of Wales looking over the wall surrounding Marlborough House, in London, and watching the changing of the guard at St. James' Palace. From left to right, the princes are Edward, John, Henry, George, and Albert. In the street outside the wall is a crowd of interested spectators, the majority of whom are "trippers" who have come to the city to witness the playing of a football-cup final.

The Dance of the False Faces

The Iroquois Indians on their reservations in New York State maintain many of their primitive customs, although they have adopted in general the mode of life of their white neighbors. In their famous Long House are held various ceremonies propitiatory of the different seasons in the year, and among the most interesting is the dance of the False Faces. Its legendary origin is fantastic.

According to the present version, this earth was created by Ha-wen-i-yu before mortal man was made. While this creator was admiring his work, a monstrous head with glaring eyes and flowing hair drifted into view.

"What are you doing on my earth?" cried the monster.

"It is not yours, but mine," retorted Ha-wen-i-yu.

"You lie!" was the reply. "I have lived here since the beginning of the world!"

"But I made the world!" cried Ha-wen-i-yu.

"Prove it," said the monster, and to demonstrate his own power he beckoned to a mountain to approach. It moved up and took a position near by.

Now Ha-wen-i-ya asked the monster to turn aside for a moment, and at the same instant commanded the mountain to approach so swiftly that it struck the side of the monster's face and twisted the features awry, giving it the expression of a modern false face. At this display of mysterious power the monster acknowledged Ha-wen-i-yu's superiority and begged for his life and that of his people. This was finally granted upon the condition that the false-face people should live forever at the ends of the earth where they would be unseen of men. In return for this permission they would aid mankind in curing the sick upon the provision that the latter kept their memory sacred.

The Iroquois have a False Face society in honor of these mysterious people at the ends of the earth, and every New-Year they hold a dance for them. Hideous wooden masks are worn by the dancers, who go through intricate evolutions to the beating of a turtle-shell rattle. During this ceremony the sick receive the closest attention and are supposed to derive great benefit through the medium of the dance.

Bears, Beware!

The Legislature of Pennsylvania has withdrawn that particular game law which was enacted two years ago to afford protection to the bears in that State. The open season on bruin extended only from October to March, and any one who trapped or killed a bear outside of these months was liable for a fine of fifty dollars or imprisonment. The reason for such protective legislation lay in the obvious fact that bears had long since ceased to be a serious obstacle in the path of the backwoods farmer and seldom interfered with his agricultural operations; also the wanton destruction of the mother bear in the early spring, when her cubs are entirely dependent upon her, makes their death as certain as though they had been shot. But when the hunters are restrained until the first of October both mother and cubs are then in prime condition.

As a result of the restriction on bear-killing those wilder regions of Pennsylvania, where bruin has escaped the encroachment of civilization, became plentifully stocked with the beasts, and the open season of 1908-09 furnished fine sport for the hunter. A great number of young bears were seen, which gave evidence of the value of the game law, but now the rapid increase is to be materially checked. The backwoods settlers regarded the law with disfavor because they could not reconcile themselves to the fact that a hunter might encounter a bear in the woods at any time in the year and not be permitted to shoot it. As a result, they appealed to their representatives in the Legislature and bears were restored to the free list.

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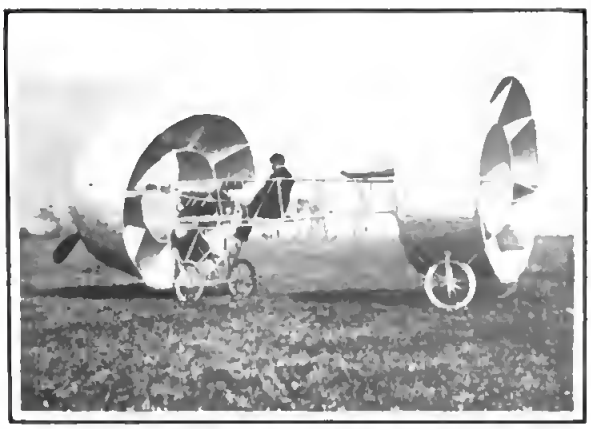
Fires that Burn for Years

In some regions of the earth the inhabitants observe a custom of preserving sacred fires from year to year, never allowing them to become extinguished under penalty of some terrible calamity. At Surhad, in Persia, a single flame has been kept alight during the last seventy years as a token of appreciation of a service rendered a Grand Vizier by a Parsee trader. While in Surhad exchanging his wares, this merchant accidentally discovered a plot against the Grand Vizier and, by announcing his discovery, saved the life of that mighty official. Although the Persians are strict Mohammedans and detest the faith of the fire worshippers, nevertheless, the grateful Shah ordered this Parsee fire to be maintained and not extinguished upon pain of death.

Probably the oldest fire in the world is that which has been burning in a Buddhist temple near Bangkok, in Siam, for nearly two centuries. This is a religious practice and the priests are the only attendants who guard the precious flame. Every four years a new fire is lighted in the great brazier, but one of the old brands is always preserved to ignite its successor.

Sicily furnishes numerous examples of fires that have been kept up for extraordinary lengths of time. This is generally a custom of the vendetta, symbolizing the "fire of vengeance" which the wronged individual will not extinguish until the death of his enemy has been recorded. At the trial of a murderer in Palermo it developed that the fire in his kitchen had remained alight for ten years.

In the arctic regions, where the natives use practically nothing except oil for fuel and have great difficulty in obtaining wood and tinder to produce ignition by friction, it is economical to retain a flame as long as possible. The Laplanders frequently act upon this theory, and one traveller reported that in that country he had seen a tiny fire that had been carried in an old ship's bucket for seven years.



A PECULIAR TYPE OF AEROPLANE

THIS GIRAUDAN MACHINE HAS MADE SOME EXCELLENT FLIGHTS DURING RECENT TRIALS AT VILLEFRANCHE SUR SAONE, FRANCE

The Origin of Popular Dances

Combinations of some of the favorite dances are constantly being introduced by enterprising dancing-teachers and occasionally these hybrids remain popular for a few months, but then drift away and are forgotten. However, the present forms of dances which are firmly established among us are of comparatively recent origin, only two, the minuet and jig, being in vogue two hundred years ago. The former of these is never seen now except on ceremonious occasions.

This country claims to have been the home of various jigs, clog dances, reels, and breakdowns which originated among the negroes on the plantations in the South. Although of a lively and amusing character, they can scarcely be termed artistic, and it is necessary to turn to Europe for the more elegant types.

Germany has the honor of producing the waltz, the exact date being in doubt, but lying between the last of the seventeenth and the early eighteenth centuries.

It was first danced very slowly. But when its popularity spread to Vienna her musicians quickened the pace and gave it the form which rapidly was adopted throughout the civilized world. The city of Vienna deserves the chief credit for the promotion of this dance, because the finest waltzes ever written were by Viennese composers.

The minuet came from France, as did the quadrilla, while the popular English lancers is a variation of the latter French square dance. Scotland has her Highland fling, and the Italian tarantella is danced in England as the hornpipe and in Scotland and Ireland as the reel. Some notable dances were originated in Poland, including the mazurka and the polonaise, which is a kind of processional and is seen frequently at European court functions.

Some Ancient Bells

The ringing of bells is a popular custom throughout Europe, and practically every hamlet in England has its peal of church bells. About the beginning of the sixteenth century sets of bells, generally eight in number, began to be hung in many of the prominent churches in England, but the first tone peal was presented to King's College, Cambridge, in 1450, by Pope Calixtus III. In Scotland, Ireland, and Wales there are a number of ancient bells, many of the earlier ones being made quadrangular in shape. These are of iron plates hammered thin and riveted together. Probably the oldest of the four sided bells is that of St. Patrick, in Belfast, which has gold, precious stones, and silver filigree work in its ornamentation.

On the Continent are a number of bells that date back for centuries. At the Monastery of St Gall, in Switzerland, a rectangular mounted bell exists, similar to those of the British Isles, which belonged to the Irish missionary, St. Gallus. The first great bell of Moscow, which is famous throughout the world, was cast in 1733. It has a circumference of sixty feet, stands nearly twenty feet in height, has a shell two feet thick, and weighs approximately two hundred tons. For a number of years it has stood in a public square and is now used as a chapel.

The largest bell actually in use is the second one of Moscow, which weighs one hundred and twenty-eight tons. "Big Ben," weighing between thirteen and fourteen tons, but unfortunately cracked, is the greatest in England, and there are several others still intact that have a mass of more than ten tons.

A Wireless Outfit for Airships

The latest invention for sending and receiving wireless messages is an outfit small enough to be carried on a dirigible airship, and successfully operated. Such an outfit has been perfected by the U. S. Signal Corps under the direction of Lieutenant Lahm.

Ever since the Marconi wireless method came into being, the U. S. Signal Corps has kept abreast with the science of sending and receiving messages through the air, and some time ago it perfected a wireless apparatus that weighed about two hundred pounds and could be transported on a pack-mule for field purposes. This was a great jump from the old Morse method, in which it was necessary to string wires and restring them as the army progressed. With the advent of the airship, however, it became necessary to devise some means of wireless telegraphy to be installed if such craft are to be used successfully in time of war. To this end Lieutenant Lahm has been working with all his ingenuity for a long time, and his efforts have now been rewarded with a successful solution of the problem.

The apparatus had to be made extremely light, for the weight-carrying capacity of the dirigible is limited, and every ounce of weight counts when up in the air. Then, too, provision had to be made to guard against the airship catching fire from the sparks when the apparatus was in operation; besides, ground wires and receiving poles had to be considered. All of these obstacles were overcome, and the completed wireless apparatus for airships weighs only seventy pounds, including the batteries necessary to work it. The whole outfit is so compact that it occupies only a space as large as a small steamer trunk.

To do away with the danger of the airship catching fire from sparks, provision was made for confining the sparks in a wooden box and a glass case, so that there is absolutely no danger in that direction. The network of wires which supports the car of the airship, it was discovered, could be quite successfully used as the "ground" wires, and, instead of the very tall pole necessary on ground stations to catch the radiations, when messages are sent and received, the simple expedient was adopted of dropping a wire some three hundred feet long from the airship, so that instead of the waves being caught above a station they are caught below. While such an apparatus seems like a mere toy, it has a working radius of ten miles.

Half-fares for School Children on Trolley Cars

The city of Manchester, in England, has adopted a system of half fares for school children on the municipal trolley lines, and since the plan was put into operation in the fall of 1907 its success has been assured.

All school children under sixteen years of age who desire to receive the benefit of the half fare rates must first fill out an application blank supplied by the local railway company, have this signed by the principal of the particular school to which the pupil belongs, and then present the certificate for registration at the railway office. On payment of four cents the company then issues a card which permits the holder to purchase special books of tickets, in blocks of twenty, at one-half the regular price. There is a strictly enforced rule prohibiting the transfer of either the cards or the tickets.

The number of scholars using the school tickets in November, 1907, was 1,878, and a year later there were 3,304 enrolled. The average weekly receipts have also increased from $132.85 to $176.33.

Criminals Identified by the Back of the Hand

The finger print method of the Bertillon measurement system of identifying suspected criminals is probably to be supplanted by photographic records of the back of the hand. Cases have been reported where clever malefactors have deceived police officials by scarring and disfiguring the tips of their fingers and thereby rendering detection from that source impossible.

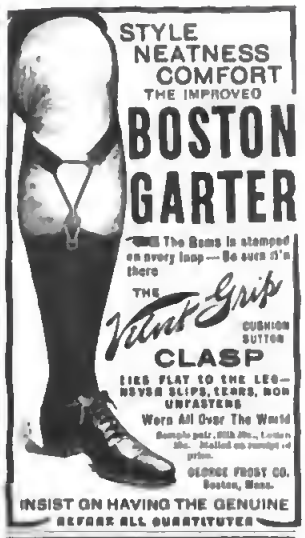
The network of veins on the back of the hand is different in every person, and by means of these individual configurations infallible marks of identification are furnished. Without danger of fatal injury it is impossible to mutilate these veins by bending or otherwise disfiguring the flesh of the hand. By allowing the hand to hang loosely, or by stopping the circulation of the blood for a few moments with a ligature about the wrist, the veins will stand out prominently on the back of the hand and may be then clearly photographed and the picture preserved for future reference and identification.

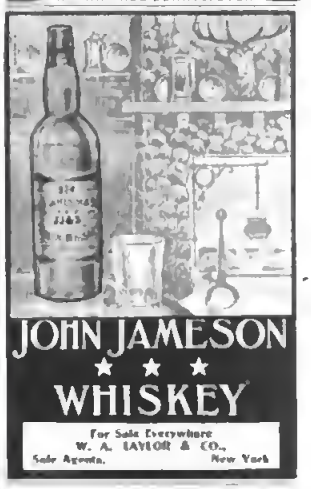
A Gigantic Blast

One of the greatest blasts ever exploded in this country occurred recently near Stein's Pass, New Mexico, a few miles from the Arizona border. Seventy-eight thousand pounds of giant powder were used in this explosion, which completely wrecked one whole side of a mountain, dislodging and breaking into fragments sufficient rock to ballast one hundred miles of railroad track.

The Southern Pacific Railroad for several weeks had been making preparations for this blast, the work being done under the personal direction of these powder expert and one from the mine which supplied the explosive. The intention was to obtain material for ballast on the Tucson Division of the Southern Pacific and the attempt was entirely successful. Approximately 775,000,000 pounds of rock was dislodged.

The spectacle when the charge was fired was stupendous.





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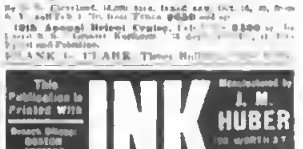

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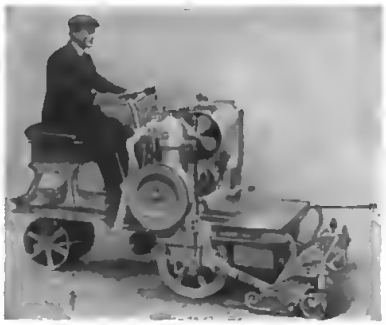

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Higgins: A Man's Christian

In the lumber camps of Minnesota, a plain man named Higgins is doing a great work for his fellow-men—a work even more remarkable than that which Dr. Grenfell has done on the Labrador coast. Higgins is a minister of the Gospel—a minister to the bodies as well as the souls of his people. They call him "The Pilot." The conditions among which he works are almost unbelievable. The work itself is heroic. NORMAN DUNCAN, who visited Higgins in the camps for *Harper's Magazine*, gives a striking picture of the man and what he is doing.

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